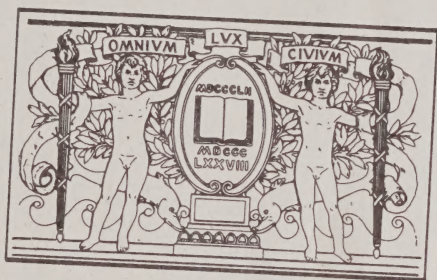


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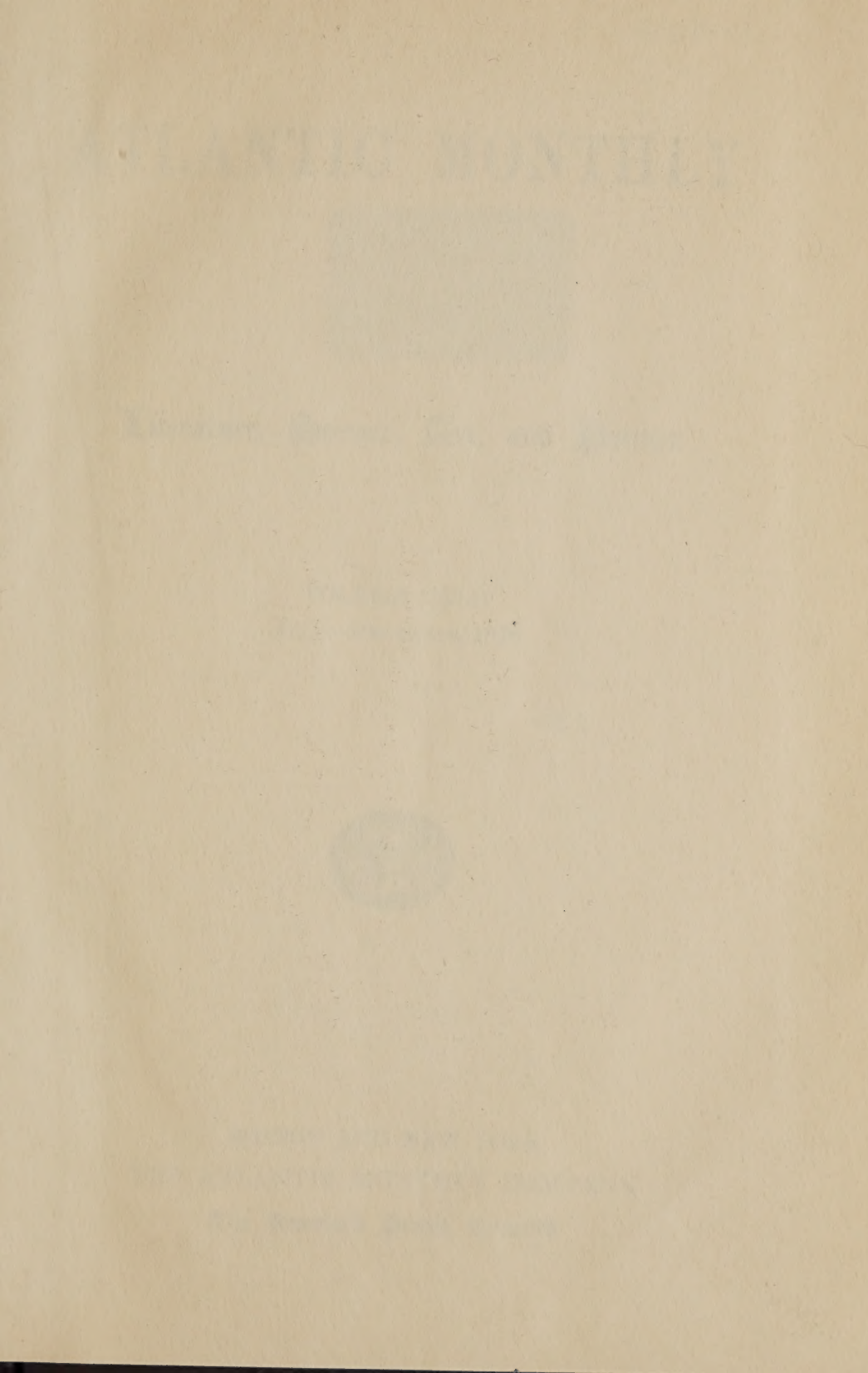
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CONTENTS

INDEX BY TITLES

Prose

	PAGE		PAGE
Admirable Variety, An, <i>Salvador de Madariaga</i>	317	Death of Red Peril, <i>Walter D. Edmonds</i>	673
Al Smith and the Young Men, <i>Parker Lloyd-Smith</i>	104	Desert, <i>Ralph Linton</i>	588
Alabama, Here We Rest, <i>Eleanor Risley</i>	60	Disorderly Production, <i>Thomas T. Read</i>	120
American Way, The, <i>Moritz J. Bonn</i>	300	Dream of Fair Women, A, <i>Mary Agnes Hamilton</i>	210
Ancient and Modern Thinking, <i>Charles Johnston</i>	42	Elephants Again, <i>Major A. W. Smith</i>	633
Ancient French House, An, <i>Llewelyn Powys</i>	768	Energy of Starlight, The, <i>A. Vibert Douglas</i>	523
Apostle to Youth, An, <i>John McCook Roots</i>	807	Ethics and Politics, <i>Philip Cabot</i>	686
Are American Juries at Fault? <i>Victor House</i>	227	'Ever Grateful for the Prize,' <i>Agnes Repplier</i>	467
Are Our Colleges Playing Poor? <i>William B. Munro</i>	433	Evolution — A Conservative's Apology, <i>Paul Shorey</i>	475
Are We Playing the Game? <i>George E. Putnam</i>	13	Fiddlers by the Sea, <i>William Beebe</i>	23
At Home in Puka-Puka, <i>Robert Dean Frisbie</i>	1	Forgotten Hero, A, <i>Frederick Cheever Shattuck</i>	652
Bishop's New Spectacles, The, <i>Right Reverend Charles Fiske</i>	450	France, the Lawn-Tennis Leader, <i>A. Wallis Myers</i>	87
Building a Futile Navy, <i>General William Mitchell</i>	408	Golden Spring, <i>J. M. Witherow</i>	797
Business As Usual, <i>Robert Dean Frisbie</i>	440	Great Galilean, The, <i>Robert Keable</i>	786
Buttin' Blood, <i>Pernet Patterson</i>	361	Hamstringing Insurance, <i>Howard Douglas Dozier</i>	548
Capeadores in Wall Street, <i>Ralph West Robey</i>	388	Hannibal and Rome, <i>Captain B. H. Liddell Hart</i>	532
Chicago to the Sea, From, <i>Bernard K. Sandwell</i>	695	Hidden Treasure, <i>Ellen N. La Motte</i>	234
Chinese, After the, <i>Ian Colvin</i>	54	House of the False Lama, The, <i>Owen Lattimore</i>	774
Christianity in China, <i>Moore Bennett</i>	273	How Much Coal Is Enough? <i>George J. Anderson</i>	823
Christmas Parable, A, <i>Samuel McChord Crothers</i>	785	Humanizing the Missionary, <i>Louise Strong Hammond</i>	664
Coit, Dr., of St. Paul's, <i>Owen Wister</i>	756	Indigenous Simplicity, <i>William F. Jones</i>	171
College Entrance Requirements, <i>William L. W. Field</i>	84	Irritating Efficacy of English Criminal Justice, The, <i>George W. Alger</i>	218
Compulsory Chapel, <i>Willard L. Sperry</i>	657	Italians Capture Rome, The	30
'Conjur.' I, <i>Pernet Patterson</i>	741	Kimono to Overalls, From, <i>Maurice Holland</i>	555
Curse of Leisure, The, <i>Walter Henderson Grimes</i>	355	Larger Agnosticism, The, <i>Bernard Iddings Bell</i>	752
Daughter of Hawthorne, A, <i>Julian Hawthorne</i>	372		

Lawless Heritage, Our, <i>James Truslow Adams</i>	732	Public and Their Utilities, The, <i>Maurice R. Scharff</i>	398
Lincoln the Lover, <i>Wilma Frances Minor</i>		Puka-Puka, At Home in, <i>Robert Dean Frisbie</i>	1
The Discovery, <i>The Editor</i>	834	Regnat Juventus, <i>Allan Hoben</i>	51
I. The Setting — New Salem	838	Revolution, <i>Lucy Wilcox Adams</i>	35
Lonely Log, A, <i>Captain Eustace Maude</i>	379	Revolutionary Forefathers, Our, <i>François, Marquis de Barbé-Marbois</i> , tr. by <i>Percy Noël</i>	145, 343
Love — Or the Life and Death of a Value, <i>Joseph Wood Krutch</i>	199	Sea Boy, The, <i>Captain William Outerson</i>	500
Low Prudence, <i>Robert Hillyer</i>	496	Sensible Man's Religion, The	64
Mind of the Master, The, <i>Robert Keable</i>	786	Shirahama, <i>Gustav Eckstein</i>	680
Mountaineers and Mill Folks, <i>Eleanor Risley</i>	611	Silenus in the Rose Garden, <i>Stanley Casson</i>	243
Nadir to Zenith, From, <i>George Wharton Pepper</i>	247	Smith, Al, and the Young Men, <i>Parker Lloyd-Smith</i>	104
New Era in Wall Street, The, <i>John Moody</i>	255	Snake Night up Posey Holler, <i>Eleanor Risley</i>	309
New Romulus and the New Rome, The, <i>Captain B. H. Liddell Hart</i>	108	Some Constructive Principles, <i>Herbert Parrish</i>	622
Ninety, <i>Walter D. Edmonds</i>	157	Studies in Temperament, <i>E. S.</i>	543
Novels English and American, <i>Gerald Gould</i>	125	This Is the Life! <i>Archer B. Gilfillan</i>	721
Pastor of the Bees, The, <i>Charles D. Stewart</i>	92	Three Wishes, The, <i>Margaret Munsterberg</i>	462
Path of Wisdom, The, <i>Vincent C. Bonlander</i>	529	Trading Post, The, <i>Hilda Wetherill</i>	289, 510
Pedagogue in Revolt, The, <i>A College Professor</i>	353	Tragic Fallacy, The, <i>Joseph Wood Krutch</i>	601
Planks without Platforms, <i>William Trufant Foster and Waddill Catchings</i>	700	Trembling Earth, <i>Samuel Scoville, Jr.</i>	489
Political Equivalent of War, The, <i>Walter Lippmann</i>	181	Unfailing Charm of Some Novels, The, <i>Samuel McChord Crothers</i>	190
Post-War Diary, A. II, <i>Colonel Charles à Court Repington</i>	74	Vatican and Italy, The, <i>Jules Sauerwein</i>	263
Probabilities of War in Europe, <i>Francesco Nitti</i>	414	'Water, Water, Everywhere,' <i>Paul Griswold Howes</i>	239
Professor, <i>Allan Hoben</i>	817	Why Literature Declines, <i>Robert Lynd</i>	334
		World of the Novel, The, <i>Edwin Muir</i>	643
		Poetry	
Ballad of Khas-Bulaht, The, <i>G. A. Miloradovitch</i>	50	Lost, <i>Gretchen Warren</i>	233
Earthwork, The, <i>Geoffrey Johnson</i>	188	Outbound, <i>Nancy Byrd Turner</i>	663
Endings, <i>Daniel Sargent</i>	63	Remembered House, A, <i>Dorothy Margaret Stuart</i>	620
For Sleep, <i>Bernice Kenyon</i>	522	Sonnet, <i>Robert Hillyer</i>	806
King's Daughter, The, <i>Rosalie Hickler</i>	773	Sonnet Sequence, A, <i>R. S.</i>	332
Lesson, <i>Dorothy Leonard</i>	378	Two Sonnets, <i>R. S.</i>	460

INDEX BY AUTHORS

<i>Adams, James Truslow</i> , Our Lawless Heritage	732	<i>Anderson, George J.</i> , How Much Coal Is Enough?	823
<i>Adams, Lucy Wilcox</i> , Revolution	35	<i>Barbé-Marbois, François, Marquis de</i> , Our Revolutionary Forefathers	145, 343
<i>Alger, George W.</i> , The Irritating Efficacy of English Criminal Justice	218		

CONTENTS

v

<i>Beebe, William</i> , Fiddlers by the Sea	23	<i>Howes, Paul Griswold</i> , 'Water, Water, Everywhere'	239
<i>Bell, Bernard Iddings</i> , The Larger Agnosticism	752	<i>Johnson, Geoffrey</i> , The Earthwork	188
<i>Bennett, Moore</i> , Christianity in China	273	<i>Johnston, Charles</i> , Ancient and Modern Thinking	42
<i>Bonn, Moritz J.</i> , The American Way	300	<i>Jones, William F.</i> , Indigenous Simplicity	171
<i>Bonnlander, Vincent C.</i> , The Path of Wisdom	529	<i>Keable, Robert</i> , The Great Galilean	577, 786
<i>Cabot, Philip</i> , Ethics and Politics	686	<i>Kenyon, Bernice</i> , For Sleep	522
<i>Casson, Stanley</i> , Silenus in the Rose Garden	243	<i>Krutch, Joseph Wood</i> Love—Or The Life and Death of a Value	199
<i>Catchings, Waddill</i> , Planks without Platforms	700	The Tragic Fallacy	601
<i>Colvin, Ian</i> , After the Chinese	54	<i>La Motte, Ellen N.</i> , Hidden Treasure	234
<i>Crothers, Samuel McChord</i> A Christmas Parable	785	<i>Lattimore, Owen</i> , The House of the False Lama	774
The Unfailing Charm of Some Novels	190	<i>Leonard, Dorothy</i> , Lesson	378
<i>Douglas, A. Vibert</i> , The Energy of Starlight	523	<i>Liddell Hart, Captain B. H.</i> Hannibal and Rome	532
<i>Dozier, Howard Douglas</i> , Hamstringing Insurance	548	The New Romulus and the New Rome	108
<i>Eckstein, Gustav</i> , Shirahama	680	<i>Linton, Ralph</i> , Desert	588
<i>Edmonds, Walter D.</i> Death of Red Peril	673	<i>Lippmann, Walter</i> , The Political Equivalent of War	181
Ninety	157	<i>Lloyd-Smith, Parker</i> , Al Smith and the Young Men	104
<i>E. S.</i> , Studies in Temperament	543	<i>Lynd, Robert</i> , Why Literature Declines	334
<i>Field, William L. W.</i> , College Entrance Requirements	84	<i>Madariaga, Salvador de</i> , An Admirable Variety	317
<i>Fiske, Right Reverend Charles</i> , The Bishop's New Spectacles	450	<i>Maude, Captain Eustace</i> , A Lonely Log	379
<i>Foster, William Trufant</i> , Planks without Platforms	700	<i>Miloradovitch, G. A.</i> , The Ballad of Khas-Bulaht	50
<i>Frisbie, Robert Dean</i> At Home in Puka-Puka	1	<i>Minor, Wilma Frances</i> , Lincoln the Lover	838
Business As Usual	440	<i>Mitchell, General William</i> , Building a Futile Navy	408
<i>Gilfillan, Archer B.</i> , This Is the Life!	721	<i>Moody, John</i> , The New Era in Wall Street	255
<i>Gould, Gerald</i> , Novels English and American	125	<i>Muir, Edwin</i> , The World of the Novel	643
<i>Grimes, Walter Henderson</i> , The Curse of Leisure	355	<i>Munro, William B.</i> , Are Our Colleges Playing Poor?	433
<i>Hamilton, Mary Agnes</i> , A Dream of Fair Women	210	<i>Munsterberg, Margaret</i> , The Three Wishes	462
<i>Hammond, Louise Strong</i> , Humanizing the Missionary	664	<i>Myers, A. Wallis</i> , France, the Lawn-Tennis Leader	87
<i>Hawthorne, Julian</i> , A Daughter of Hawthorne	372	<i>Nitti, Francesco</i> , Probabilities of War in Europe	414
<i>Hickler, Rosalie</i> , The King's Daughter	773	<i>Noël, Percy</i> , Our Revolutionary Forefathers	145, 343
<i>Hillyer, Robert</i> Low Prudence	496	<i>Outerson, Captain William</i> , The Sea Boy	500
Sonnet	806	<i>Parrish, Herbert</i> , Some Constructive Principles	622
<i>Hoben, Allan</i> Professor	817	<i>Patterson, Pernet</i> Buttin' Blood	361
Regnat Juventus	51	'Cunjur.' I	741
<i>Holland, Maurice</i> , From Kimono to Overalls	555	<i>Pepper, George Wharton</i> , From Nadir to Zenith	247
<i>House, Victor</i> , Are American Juries at Fault?	227	<i>Powys, Llewelyn</i> , An Ancient French House	768

<i>Putnam, George E.</i> , Are We Playing the Game?	13	<i>Sargent, Daniel</i> , Endings	63
<i>Read, Thomas T.</i> , Disorderly Production	120	<i>Sauerwein, Jules</i> , The Vatican and Italy	263
<i>Repington, Colonel Charles à Court</i> , A Post-War Diary. II	74	<i>Scharff, Maurice R.</i> , The Public and Their Utilities	398
<i>Repplier, Agnes</i> , 'Ever Grateful for the Prize'	467	<i>Scoville, Samuel, Jr.</i> , Trembling Earth	489
<i>Risley, Eleanor</i> Alabama, Here We Rest	60	<i>Shattuck, Frederick Cheever</i> , A Forgotten Hero	652
Mountaineers and Mill Folks	611	<i>Shorey, Paul</i> , Evolution — A Conservative's Apology	475
Snake Night up Posey Holler	309	<i>Smith, Major A. W.</i> , Elephants Again	633
<i>Robey, Ralph West</i> , Capeadores in Wall Street	388	<i>Sperry, Willard L.</i> , Compulsory Chapel	657
<i>Roots, John McCook</i> , An Apostle to Youth R. S.	807	<i>Stewart, Charles D.</i> , The Pastor of the Bees	92
A Sonnet Sequence	332	<i>Stuart, Dorothy Margaret</i> , A Remembered House	620
Two Sonnets	460	<i>Turner, Nancy Byrd</i> , Outbound	663
<i>Sandwell, Bernard K.</i> , From Chicago to the Sea	695	<i>Warren, Gretchen</i> , Lost	233
		<i>Wetherill, Hilda</i> , The Trading Post	289, 510
		<i>Wister, Owen</i> , Dr. Coit of St. Paul's	756
		<i>Witherow, J. M.</i> , Golden Spring	797

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

Cellar Holes	281	Little Knowledge, A	137
Chinese Proverbs	139	Milestones	566
For the Book Page	714	Milky Way in China, The	857
Georgia Peach, A	571	More Wisdom from China	282
Have You 'Martin Chuzzlewit'?	423	Privacy	425
Hosts	712	Punnet sive Pundigrion	283
How I Got to the Top	858	Roadside Statistician, A	569
Insouciance	710	Shelter	135

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JULY, 1928

AT HOME IN PUKA-PUKA

LIFE ON AN ATOLL

BY ROBERT DEAN FRISBIE

I AM a South Sea trader on the atoll of Puka-Puka, or Danger Island, to give it its English name. If you search carefully on a chart of the Pacific along a line drawn from Lima, Peru, to Cape York, the most northerly point on the Australian mainland, you should find the island, a dot smaller than a flyspeck. Perhaps the dot does n't appear to the naked eye; in that case, if you still wonder where the island may be, intersect the first line with a second running from San Francisco to the northwest cape of New Zealand, and a third traversing that mighty waste of waters from Wenchow, on the coast of China, to Cape Horn. Very near to the spot where the three lines cross, either you will find Danger Island or you will not, depending on whether the hydrographer thought it worth while marking on his chart such an insignificant crumb of land. In any case you will agree, I think, that the place where the island should be is a sufficiently lonely one.

I

Danger Island comprises three small islets threaded on a reef six or seven miles in circumference, which encloses a

lagoon so beautifully clear that one can see the strange forests of coral to a depth of ten fathoms. The islets are little more than banks of sand and bleached coral where coconut palms and pandanus and puka trees break momentarily the steady sweep of the trade wind. On the outer beaches a few grotesque gale-twisted trees survive both the poverty of the soil and the depredations of the Puka-Pukans, who lop off their branches to make drums, popguns, coffins for dead babies, and poles on which to hang spirit charms.

But when a hurricane comes hundreds of trees are destroyed, and the little Puka-Pukan houses are blown away like so many card castles. Everything goes then — drums, popguns, coffins, spirit charms, and sometimes a man or two, whirled high in air with his household gods to be carried to Maroroyi, the legendary land of the departed. At such times the natives scramble up the stoutest coconut palms, hack off the fronds not already blown away, and roost among the frond butts until the storm shrieks itself out and the seas subside.

But for years on end Puka-Puka is untroubled with great storms. Then

the weeks and months slip serenely by, their monotony broken only by the yearly arrival of Captain Viggo's schooner, the Tiare, from Rarotonga, bringing me my trade goods: perfume, talcum powder, rolls of green and red ribbon, all-day suckers, lemon drops, firecrackers, paper balloons, Japanese kites, tin whistles, marbles, and such-like necessities of life. For these the natives are glad to exchange their worthless copra, which is only good for making coconut oil.

The trading station is a two-story building made of blocks of chipped coral. There are two large rooms below for the store and two above for living quarters, opening to verandahs both front and back. The front verandah overlooks the road and the central village, with the schoolhouse directly opposite and the church a little to the right. The back verandah faces the lagoon and is so close to the water's edge that when I sit there, cooled by the trade wind, I can easily imagine that I am living on an otherwise uninhabited island. Now and then, to be sure, the silence is broken by a sleepy voice, the crowing of a cock, or the monotonous drumming on coconut shells of the village children, but these are such familiar sounds that often I am no more aware of them than of the wind humming through the palm fronds.

At night I prefer sitting on my front verandah, where I can see the villagers passing to and fro, for on this topsyturvy little island the people sleep in the daytime and wake at sunset. Then they stumble drowsily into the lagoon for a bath and, having thus refreshed themselves, start the day's activities. Fishermen put out in canoes, some with torches and nets for flying fish, others with spears for the lobsters and parrot fish of the reef. Fires of coconut shells cast grotesque shadows among the groves, and groups of

chattering natives stroll up and down the village street as they have done from time immemorial. Now and then I will hear a ripple of laughter and, turning my head, I see eyes peeking over the floor of the verandah. The native youngsters never tire of shinning up the verandah posts for a near view of the strange white man. The moment they are detected they let go and fall — thump, thump, thump — to the ground, rushing off in the darkness with whoops of delight.

When a young Puka-Pukan feels that he has grown to manhood, he simply has to let off steam, and one method of doing this is to walk with his friends through the villages, stopping before every other house to make a speech. One of these young village bucks is Tihoti (George), a youth of seventeen. He and his crowd of satellites often stop before my house. George wears a heavy British army overcoat and a bowler hat which Captain Viggo once gave him. Although the temperature at Puka-Puka never drops below seventy-five degrees Fahrenheit, George is never seen on these dress occasions without his British 'warm.' He addresses me thus: —

'Noo akaleilei kotou kia akalongo i toku tara-tara! Sit down prettily, you people and listen to my speech! I, Tihoti, being a man of the village of Yato, son of the exceptional man whose name is Abraham, and of the woman from the village of Ngake whom everybody knows to be the daughter of Ura, chief of police and deacon of the church — I, Tihoti, take it upon myself to inform you of the new talk that has come to my ears. I have heard that a white man has come to this island and that he is called Ropati (Robert), so I lose no time in warning him to keep his pigs tied up and not to steal taro from me, my father, my mother, or any of my relatives. I further warn the man,

Ropati, not to steal taro, chickens, or coconuts from any of my friends; but if he is hungry and must steal from someone, let him steal from my enemies.

'I, Tihoti, must also warn this person, Ropati, that the young women of this island are dear to the hearts of me and my friends, and if —' But at this point George becomes altogether too outspoken and explicit to permit of translation. At length, when he is out of breath, his friends gather round him and they all grunt an obscene but amusing chant peculiar to the island. Then they all laugh uproariously and go on to another house for further speechmaking.

II

The three settlements on Puka-Puka are called Ngake, Roto, and Yato. The first means Windward, the second Central, and the third Leeward. There are also, as I have said, three islets on the Danger Island reef, each village owning one. Central Village, being the sleepest of the three, has contented itself with Puka-Puka Islet, from which the atoll derives its name.

Leeward Village owns Frigate Bird Islet. It is the smallest of the three, but valuable because of the thousands of sea birds that nest there. There is also a fine tract of guano, where grow limes, oranges, breadfruit, and mummy apples. Nearly every month the Leeward Villagers go to Frigate Bird, scramble up the great puka trees, and rob the nests of fat young sea birds.

At first I could not eat a frigate bird, a booby, or a shearwater, but after a few months at Puka-Puka I tried one of these birds broiled over coconut-shell coals, and I have never since missed an opportunity for such a feast. In a civilized country where one has an abundance of fresh meat, the thought of a frigate-bird meal would, perhaps, be abhorrent; but on an atoll where the

weekly chicken and the monthly pig make the sum total of fresh meat, an ancient man-of-war hawk seems as succulent as would a squab at home.

Windward Village owns the large islet of Ko, which produces more copra than the other two together; but there is little taro on Ko, and for some unaccountable reason the sea birds shun it.

Despite their system of village land ownership, the Puka-Pukans all share alike. Theirs is, I imagine, one of the few examples on earth of a successful communistic government. There is no private ownership of land other than the tracts upon which the houses are built, and even in this case the land really belongs to the villages, which give the residents unlimited lease to live thereon.

When the villagers move for a few weeks' sojourn on their respective islets, the coconuts are gathered, stacked in their temporary village, and then equally divided among the men and women, a small share being reserved for the children. The nuts are then opened and the meat dried into copra, which is pooled and sold to my store. The money received is either divided equally among the villagers or used to purchase clothing, tobacco, tin whistles, and marbles, which are divided. Likewise, when it is found that the puka trees are full of young birds, the men catch them and the same division takes place. The fishing, too, is managed in this manner.

The general direction of the work rests with the fathers of the villages, who belong to an organization called the Company (Kamupani). They meet once a month, or oftener, to deliberate on community activities.

The Puka-Pukans all belong to the same church. They call it 'Zion.' Every Sunday morning Puru (Husks), the Leeward Village policeman, beats the tom-tom to announce the service,

whereupon all the inhabitants don their most highly prized finery and throng forth Zionward — all of them except old William, the heathen, who has never yet been cajoled into joining the church.

King-of-the-Sky is usually the first to appear. He is a huge, grizzle-haired old man, six feet four, and weighing two hundred and sixty pounds, all solid bone and muscle. He is dressed in a swallow-tailed coat and trousers made of a cloth of vivid green, the shade of green used for billiard-table cloth. The coat is double breasted, with two rows of large brass buttons, eight to a row. Beneath it appears the mighty hairy chest of King-of-the-Sky, for what cares he for such trifles as shirts, collars, or neckties?

Scratch-Woman wears a black lace dress which was probably discarded by the wife of some ancient trading skipper, thrown overboard, perhaps, close to Puka-Puka reef, and salvaged by an ancestor of Scratch-Woman to be forever treasured by his female descendants. She also wears a pair of men's striped socks, and her huge feet are squeezed into a pair of ancient high-heeled shoes. She walks churchward lifting her feet high and putting them down carefully, having learned through experience that gravelly ground makes precarious footing on Sundays.

George, grandson of the redoubtable Ura, wears his British army overcoat with his bowler hat set at a rakish angle. His feet are shod in brogues that would do credit to a colored minstrel. Now and then he draws a yard-square turkey-red bandana from his pocket to mop his face and neck. A British warm is hardly necessary in latitude ten-fifty south, but what is a little discomfort to a man convinced that he is the best-dressed individual on Puka-Puka?

Ears (Taringa) has somehow assem-

bled an almost complete golfer's costume. He has checked knickerbockers, striped woolen stockings, a golfer's cap, but, alas! no brogues. Therefore he must walk to Zion in his stocking feet, and many such journeys have, of course, told sadly on the stockings. His huge toes and calloused heels are indecently displayed among ragged shreds of yarn.

Dear old Mama, the wife of heathen William, never fails to wear her ancient bedgown, from which hang shreds of lace sewn there, perhaps, by some bride of fifty years ago. On her head she wears the crown of William's straw hat. True lovers she and William must have been years ago when William acquired the hat, giving her the crown and reserving only the brim for himself.

Ura, chief of police and deacon of the church, comes in a commodore's coat, decorated with epaulettes and an abundance of tarnished brass braid. It was a present to his father from the commander of one of Her Britannic Majesty's ships which visited Puka-Puka in the eighteen-eighties.

So it goes. The Puka-Puka church parade is the most heterogeneous display of rags and tags of cast-off clothing that may be seen anywhere outside of bedlam. Once, when Captain Viggo was viewing it with me, he said: 'What have the missionaries not done to the natives with their eternal harping on the necessity of covering the sinful body! Here we see the result. They have organized a Sabbath-day procession of scarecrows and buffoons!'

Sometimes I too go to church. I wait until Sea Foam, the preacher, walks pompously past, wearing his bandmaster hat and celluloid collar; then I put on my Sunday coat of white drill and follow him into Zion.

The service is much as it is at home: there are prayers, hymns, and a sermon, but here the hymns are sung with Polynesian gusto, interlarded with

grunts from the young fry and piercing counter-melodies sung by one or another of the village virtuosos. After many hymns have been sung, Sea Foam clears his throat and begins:—

‘Members of this church of Zion, young men, old men, deacons, Christians—health to us! This is the word of God as it is written in the Tabu Book. It says that the birth of Jesus was like this: When Mary was betrothed to Joseph he did not know that she was with child, but later Mary told him of this. Of course Joseph, being only a foolish white man, was very angry and called her many bad names. But the angel of God appeared to him and said that Mary had spoken the truth when she said that she was with child and still a virgin. This child, the angel said, would be a Son of God and would bring the Church to the children of these islands and also to the white men.

‘God was right when He gave His child to a virgin to bear, for do you think that any hard woman like you women here could have borne him? Of course we children of the islands do not know how such a thing could happen; but it is so written in the Tabu Book and therefore it is the truth.’

Sea Foam rumbles and rambles on, filling an hour with his profound theological speculations. My interest occasionally wanes before he reaches the end of his sermon, and I lean back against a post, staring at the great thatched roof. It must contain at least ten thousand square feet of pandanus thatch, each sheaf being laid with mathematical precision and bound to coconut-wood plating with fine native sennit. The various supports, rafters, braces, and plates are made of pandanus of a rich oily brown. Gazing at this roof supported with beautifully smoothed and polished posts, one might think this a sylvan cathedral

where hamadryads came to dance. I close my eyes and see Syrinx being chased by Pan, Daphne by Apollo, but such visions fade when the congregation roars ‘Saints of God, the Dawn Is Brightening,’ in the native tongue.

When we come forth we are horrified as usual to find that old Mama’s heathen husband, after sleeping all the week, has wakened just in time to chop wood of a Sunday morning. After the crowd has dispersed I beckon old William into the store and we discuss all sorts of matters over a bottle of my island-brewed ale.

I found the Puka-Pukan language easy to learn, for all the Polynesian tongues are allied, and before I came to the island I had a fair knowledge of Tahitian, Rarotongan, and two or three other dialects of the Maori speech. In three months’ time I could speak the language with considerable fluency, but for a year or more I had difficulty in following conversations between natives when they slurred their words, or expressed themselves in obscure Puka-Pukan metaphors.

The chief difficulty was in distinguishing between homonymous words, which usually have a subtle analogy, such as the word *ara*, for example. It was Peni, my store boy, who first pointed out to me that the word means both ‘to sin’ and ‘to waken’; ‘for,’ he explained, ‘is it not a sin to waken someone who is deep in slumber and very likely in the midst of pleasant dreams?’

Once Puka-Pukan was acquired, there was little for me to do in my leisure hours, — and they are many, — so I devoted myself to reading. Often I read all day long, day after day, with scarcely an interruption. Here, at last, I have read the books I have long promised myself to read: Pepys, Casanova, Swinburne, Borrow, Mungo Park, John Stow, Sterne, Conrad, Pierre Loti, many others. I had a regular

Swinburnian orgy, and for weeks my head swam with his 'Hendecasyllabics.'

In the month of the long decline of roses
I, beholding the summer dead before me,
Set my face to the sea and journeyed silent.

I have a library of a thousand volumes at Puka-Puka, and the natives, knowing no other book than the Bible, take it for granted that all my books are Bibles of a sort. A few of the more intelligent ones realize that some of these Bibles are different, containing, perhaps, stories of Noah and Abraham not thought proper for Puka-Puka readers.

I occasionally relate to them the Hellenic myths, the traditions of King Arthur, stories from the *Arabian Nights*, or one of Grimm's fairy tales. They listen with deep interest, and some old man is sure to ask why this story was left out of the Puka-Puka Bible.

III

As I have said, Puka-Puka is a drowsy little island. The greater part of the inhabitants reverse the usual order of things by going to bed at dawn and rising at sunset. For this reason it was necessary for the Reverend Mr. Johns, the missionary who occasionally visits the island, to insist that no child of school age should sleep between the hours of 8 and 10 A.M. During these hours Sea Foam teaches the children to read the Bible, while his assistant, Tamata (Try-It), vainly attempts to initiate them into some of the mysteries of arithmetic.

School opens with one hundred and twenty-odd children lined up before the schoolhouse. Sea Foam and Try-It, a tall, gloomy-faced individual reminding one of the immortal Ichabod, march down the line examining hair and faces, and when, as usually happens, there are evidences of uncleanness the culprits are sent down to the lagoon to wash.

When they reach the lagoon, the children of course wade in, not having any clothes to get wet, and they have such a happy time splashing and ducking one another that they forget all about school. Sea Foam sees no more of them that day.

Following inspection comes a quarter of an hour of calisthenics, an innovation of the Reverend Mr. Johns. Parents look perplexedly on while their children go through the motions with grunts and sighs. 'Vuni — tooi — treei!' cries Sea Foam, giving them the time for the movements.

Sometimes Sea Foam takes a nap in the schoolhouse, — in fact, he frequently does, — whereupon all the children go home, and when the parson wakes he finds that the sun is setting. He tucks his Bible under his arm and strolls down the village street, stopping at the store to have a chat with me. School-teaching, he informs me solemnly, is a great burden. Often his whole day is taken up with the business of searching out suitable texts and stories for the children to learn.

Try-It's classes are held in a small thatched hut adjoining the more pretentious coral-lime schoolhouse. It is open at the sides; the children sit cross-legged on the floor, and coconut logs are used for benches. Here Try-It instructs the youngsters in their ABC's, and attempts to hammer the science of numbers into their heads by singsong repetitions of 'One times one is one, one times two is two,' and so forth.

One morning I looked on secretly at one of Try-It's sessions. It was a very warm day; the faintest possible breeze fanned the cheeks of his charges and caressed his own stubbly jowls. Try-It, with his back to the children, stared vacantly across the lagoon. Perhaps he was thinking; possibly not. The singsong of the children died away to silence. Several youngsters stole

quietly out; others curled up on the ground and fell asleep.

Try-It dug his hand into his overalls pocket and drew forth a mouth organ. Putting it to his lips, he breathed out sleepy strains. A little tot in the back row stood up to do a dance in time to the music, while others clapped their hands, but in a few moments everyone was asleep but the schoolmaster. He played on. I could see his long bony legs doing a sort of dance beneath the table. Presently his head began to nod, his arms dropped to his side.

By that time I too had become so drowsy that it was all I could do to stumble across the road into the store. Peni, my store boy, was snoring on the counter. In the corner old William and his crony, Bones, had fallen asleep over a game of checkers. The village street was blazing in the sunlight, and not a soul to be seen the length of it. I went upstairs and stretched out in my steamer chair, intending to read for a few moments, but the book fell from my hands before I had reached the end of the first paragraph. It's a busy life we Puka-Pukans lead.

One evening, after his hard day's work at the schoolhouse, Sea Foam called at the store. I could see that he had some request to make, for his bearing was both dignified and obsequious. It was like this, he explained: The Reverend Mr. Johns was expected to visit the island by return of Captain Viggo's schooner, and Sea Foam wished to make a fine showing in the school. He remembered that on Rarotonga the school children often sang certain patriotic songs in English, which greatly pleased the missionaries. Now if I would consent to teach the Puka-Puka children some such song, Sea Foam would esteem it a great favor.

I readily agreed, and entered the schoolhouse the next morning just as

lessons were beginning. I wrote the verses of 'God Save the King' on the blackboard and then had the children repeat the lines of the first stanza after me. They quickly memorized it, although they were ignorant of the import. In three days' time they had memorized the three stanzas.

Then I began to teach them the air. I played it over and over on my accordion, singing to my own accompaniment. When I thought I had it well impressed upon their minds I rose, swung my hands bandmaster fashion, and said: 'One, two, three, sing!'

Good Lord! I soon realized that I might as well try to teach them *Parsifal*. However, for a month I persevered and for a month completely failed to din the melody into their heads. They simply could not grasp it, but must chant the words in their own guttural manner, with grunts and weird arpeggios. I then tried various other songs: 'The Wearing of the Green,' 'Hail Columbia,' 'Marching through Georgia,' but the result was the same.

After two months of intermittent effort I decided to give up the business. But one evening I chanced to pick up my accordion and finger the keys idly, singing to myself. My friends paid little attention, for American or European music nearly always bores the Puka-Pukans unless it be a song they themselves have adopted and completely transformed for their own use. I went on from one song to another as they happened to come to me, and presently found myself singing the rollicking old slavers' chantey, 'It's Time for Us to Go.'

'A quick run to the south we had, and when we made the bight,

We kept the offing all day long and crossed the bar at night.

Six hundred niggers in the hold and seventy we did stow,

And when we'd clapped the hatches on 't was time for us to go.

'Time for us to go,
Time for us to go,
And when we'd clapped the hatches on
'T was time for us to go.'

Old William pricked up his ears and Peni leaned forward to mumble something vaguely like 'Time for us to go.' And to my astonishment Little Sea hummed the air without a mistake.

Instantly the thought came to me that this was the song to teach the school children. It had a fine swing to it and the air was one they could master. The next morning I returned to the schoolhouse, and a day or two later I had one hundred and twenty children lustily singing:—

'Time for us to go,
Time for us to go,
When the money's out and the liquor's done,
Why, it's time for us to go.'

I have since had certain prickings of conscience because of this affair, for when the Reverend Mr. Johns came and Sea Foam had the children rise to greet him with this old slavers' chantey, the missionary was very much upset. I have a warm spot in my heart for the Reverend: he is a truly good man, though somewhat narrow-minded. He knew, of course, that I had taught the children this sinful song, but he never once reproached me. He merely told Sea Foam, later, that he was pleased to find the children learning English so rapidly, but on the whole he believed it would be better for them to learn no more secular songs. Perhaps it was preferable for them to continue with their hymns, 'Blow Ye the Trumpet, Blow!' and 'Bringing in the Sheaves,' in the native tongue.

IV

When I first came to Puka-Puka, the house on the west side of the trading station was occupied by Old Man

Breadfruit, his wife, and family. One of his children was a tall thin lad named Wail-of-Woe, who was given this name because at the time of his birth neighbors were wailing over the body of a dead baby. Thus most native names are acquired. A man may be called Sickness, because of some illness in the family at the time of his birth, or Many Fish, in honor of a record catch of albacore.

As I have said, Wail-of-Woe was thin. He coughed frequently, and I soon realized that he was consumptive—in other words, doomed, for I have never known a Puka-Pukan to survive tuberculosis. Two thirds of the deaths on the island are caused by this disease.

Nevertheless Wail-of-Woe began to think of marriage and soon found the girl of his heart, Sun-Eater, the unwieldy daughter of Rock Grouper. My first intimation of the match was when Rock Grouper came into my store to spend a carefully hoarded bag of money on trousers, shirt, arm bands, red necktie, green hat-ribbon, a bottle of perfume, and a pair of Boston garters for his prospective son-in-law. It is the island custom for the bride's relatives to clothe the groom for the marriage, while the groom's relatives deck out the bride. Later in the day Breadfruit and his kin came to purchase a great quantity of finery for Sun-Eater: ribbons, calico, Jap lace, Swiss embroidery, and yards and yards of white muslin.

On the day of the wedding all the villagers gathered in the road to see the bride and groom pass churchward. Wail-of-Woe walked ahead, very stiff and self-conscious in all his new clothes and some borrowed ones as well. His red necktie and the green ribbon wound many times around Tihoti's bowler hat were very conspicuous, almost as much so as his Boston garters, which had been attached outside the legs of his trousers. As there were no socks to

support, the ends flapped against his bony legs. He had also borrowed Abel's wonderful squeaking shoes.

Sun-Eater walked a modest distance behind, her comfortable girth increased by ten yards of muslin dress and a dozen chemises and petticoats borrowed from her friends. The skirts of her dress dragged on the ground, and so many ruffles had been attached here and there that only her chubby face and the tips of her fingers were visible. Perched on top of her head was a pandanus-leaf hat of native manufacture, decorated with innumerable ribbons and streamers, including two old red-and-black typewriter ribbons I had contributed.

All of us then followed to the church, and after Sea Foam had married them Wail-of-Woe and his wife repaired to Breadfruit's house, where they sat stiffly on a mat placed before the door.

Then began the most important part of the wedding-day ceremonies. With a loud whoop, Rock Grouper, the bride's father, rushed from his house across the street with an old patched singlet in one hand and two yards of dungaree in the other. Stopping before the married pair, he did an extemporaneous dance to the accompaniment of a weird song. Then, holding the singlet and the dungaree aloft, he shouted: 'This is a day of great sadness! Gaze at these, O people of Puka-Puka! A new singlet which cost me twelve shillings [I had sold it to him six months before for three], and all thrown away on this good-for-nothing, ugly imbecile, Wail-of-Woe!'

Here Wail-of-Woe nodded his head sympathetically as though in full agreement with his father-in-law. With another whoop Rock Grouper continued:

'This marriage is none of my doing! I have been against it from the first! For years I have refused to let my fine fat daughter marry this ne'er-do-well.

Look at her, people of Puka-Puka! She has the royal blood of Peru Island in her stomach: a finer, fatter woman is not to be found — and all, all thrown away on the worthless idiot, Wail-of-Woe! Curse him, the bag of bones! Not only does he steal my beautiful daughter, but he robs me of my substance as well! See! The very clothes on his back — it was I who bought them, for I was ashamed, knowing that without my help he would come naked to the wedding! And now he takes my beautiful singlet, too! *Aué!* My beautiful new twelve-shilling singlet! *Aué!* I am now a pauper!'

With that he furiously threw the ragged singlet at Wail-of-Woe, and hurled after it the two yards of dungaree. He had worked himself into an almost frenzied state, and tears of self-pity were actually flowing down his cheeks.

Then came Breadfruit, as speedily as his elephantiac legs would permit. Six yards of cheap print cloth streamed from one hand, and in the other was a pair of old white cotton stockings.

'This is a day of great sorrow!' he yelled, waving the stockings. 'Weep with me, people of Puka-Puka, for to-day a penniless woman, old enough to be his mother, has robbed me of my son! For years I forbade the match, but at last the tears of Sun-Eater's family softened my heart and I foolishly consented to this marriage. I was ashamed, so I threw away all my wealth to clothe the hussy! Look at her great mouth that would frighten a shark! Her hair is falling out with old age, and she has hardly a tooth in her head! And gaze upon my fine son, the flower of the young men, thrown away upon this hideous cannibal!'

Here Sun-Eater nodded her head in agreement, as did the rest of the throng.

With many a despairing grunt, Breadfruit moved clumsily through the steps of a dance; then, flinging the

print cloth and stockings at the bride, he moaned: 'Now I am a pauper! Everything is taken from me — my son, these beautiful stockings, six yards of the finest cloth, which cost me five shillings a yard [I had sold it to him at ninepence] — all is gone, thrown away on this loose woman!'

Thus went the Puka-Puka ceremony of 'making big.' No wedding would be complete without it.

Wildly waving his arms, George, the Leeward Village dandy, sprang before the couple, flourishing a bottle of hair oil and yelling that it had cost him eighteen shillings. Everyone knew that the price was one and sixpence, but that mattered nothing. He, the generous George, cared nothing for expense. He was more than willing to buy costly gifts for Sun-Eater; for, he admitted, she had been his sweetheart in the past, but he had generously given her her freedom when he learned that poor old Wail-of-Woe wanted to marry her. Then he took from Wail-of-Woe's head the bowler hat he had lent him for the wedding, threw the bottle of hair oil into Sun-Eater's lap, and strode off at a manly gait.

Old Mama, the wife of William the heathen, came next. She was dressed in her mildewed bedgown and flourished a handkerchief in her hand. I had sold her the handkerchief that morning for ninepence. Mama screamed that this was no ordinary handkerchief, but a particularly fine one that her friend the trader had brought with him from his own land and had reluctantly sold to her for nine shillings. Such a splendid gift was quite thrown away on such a skeleton as Wail-of-Woe; however, since he was her nephew, she would give it to him merely as a matter of family pride. She then put her withered limbs through a dance movement.

Many others, friends and relatives, brought gifts, each of them trying to

outdo the others in praising his gift and disparaging the bride or groom. I presented a bag of flour, and when I turned away without 'making big,' Peni, my store boy, jumped up and spoke in my stead, bouncing the price of the flour to as many pounds as it was shillings. Then my old friend William joined him, and together they heaped insults on Sun-Eater and Wail-of-Woe, telling them how utterly unworthy they were to receive this priceless gift from the white trader, a man known as far away as Apia and Tahiti and Rarotonga for his great deeds and his unheard-of generosity.

'There!' said Peni, coming up to me. 'If I had not spoken, people would have thought that was only an ordinary fifteen-shilling bag of flour.'

'So it was,' I replied. Peni gave me an astonished glance.

'But it is n't now!' he said, and I think he believed it.

Some brought presents of roast chickens and pigs; others brought drinking nuts, fish, and taro cooked into puddings. When evening had set in the food was so divided that all those who had taken part in the gift-giving should have a share. The other gifts were kept by Wail-of-Woe and his wife, although at some marriages even the offerings of clothing, perfume, and so forth are divided. In that case a man who has given the groom a pair of trousers may very well take them home with him again, or perhaps a shirt or a pair of secondhand shoes in place of them. At this particular kind of 'making big' George invariably presents the groom with his British army overcoat and Scratch-Woman's offering to the bride is the black lace dress handed down from mother to daughter in her family for many years. The understanding is, of course, that these articles shall be returned to the donors when the division of spoils takes place.

V

A year after his marriage Wail-of-Woe was in the last stages of consumption. Bosun-Woman and Jeffrey, her husband, visited him daily, for one is the island undertaker and the other the island doctor.

This loud-mouthed Bosun-Woman! None of Walter Scott's old women who hobble to wakes could surpass her in ghouliness. She takes a morbid pleasure in visiting the dangerously ill and is never so happy as when laying out a corpse. Although she is not far past forty she appears to be much older, except for her hair, which is black. It hangs loosely down her back in tangled hanks, damp with fish oil. Her cheeks are withered and flabby, her eyes are like buttons of black jade, and her mouth is large and pale.

Jeffrey is much older. He is tall, bony, and walks with a wriggling motion as though his hips were out of joint. He shaves every Christmas with the Central Village razor. He wears a grass skirt, nothing else, and his legs are as hairy and almost as thin as a spider's. He is the only doctor on Puka-Puka and mixes noxious things like fish intestines, chicken droppings, coconut bark, sea urchins, and the like, for all diseases, external or internal. These he administers in large doses, and if the patient is not cured by the power of suggestion he dies from the effect of the medicine.

Jeffrey has three other methods of treatment. One is massage, which is often helpful. The second is by invocations to the spirits of the dead, who cause the patient's illness by possessing his body. In some cases Jeffrey's invocations cure, for they create a hopeful state of mind in the sick person, who believes that the malignant spirit is being driven out.

The third method of treatment is

disastrous in most cases, particularly in cases of tuberculosis, for it consists in putting the patient on a strict diet of a very coarse kind of taro, land crabs, and coconut crabs. Jeffrey claims that by eating good taro, fish, eggs, fowls, and the like, the effect of his medicine is neutralized. This tabu doubtless comes from ancient times when the witch doctors shrewdly killed off the weaklings in an effort to combat overpopulation. The tabu also saved the fish and taro for the warriors and the witch doctors themselves.

Wail-of-Woe sank fast on his diet of *puraka* and crabs, as well as from his daily doses of nauseous medicine. Bosun-Woman called at his house every day, where she amused herself by composing the death chant to be wailed over his body. Wail-of-Woe did not in the least resent her visits. On the contrary, he seemed to look forward to them and would make suggestions for improvements in the verses she was composing. And he would discuss with her the arrangements for his burial — how many yards of white calico would suffice for the winding sheet, and so forth. He seemed to have no fear whatever of the approaching end.

One evening old Mama came to tell me that Wail-of-Woe was to die that night. Jeffrey had said so.

I went to Wail-of-Woe's house and looked in. He was sitting in Sea Foam's steamer chair, propped up by pillows, while close by squatted a dozen people staring at him. His eyes were hollow and his body frightfully emaciated.

'I am going to die to-night, Ropati,' he muttered hoarsely, and then broke down with a racking fit of coughing. Bosun-Woman was not there; it was not proper for her to appear on the last day until after the first death wail — she was at home, wide-awake, waiting.

I returned to the trading station and put a lively record on my phonograph,

but it did little to cheer me up. I retired early and was awakened about two in the morning by a piercing scream. Hurrying footsteps sounded in the road below. I went to the verandah and looked down. Bosun-Woman passed, going to the wake, her flabby face with its ghastly smile looking even more horrible by moonlight. She walked with a light mincing step and her hair slapped back and forth across her back like a wet rag.

Others followed: children, old men, old women, all on their way to hear the new dirge Bosun-Woman would wail over the body.

Screech after screech cut through the still night air, but at length these subsided and the death chant burst forth. How is one to describe such a song with nothing of the sort from civilized lands to be used as a comparison? Puka-Puka death chants are peculiar to this island, and there seems to be nothing human about them. The sounds range from eerie guttural moans rising slowly to ear-splitting screams when the wife throws her body across that of her dead husband, tearing her hair with outcries that chill the blood; then there are almost whispered chantings and sobbings that seem to come from another world. When I first heard one of these songs I was fascinated by its unearthly quality, and found myself unconsciously swaying my body in unison with Bosun-Woman, uttering meaningless syllables in her unvarying cadence. I had to tear myself away from the spot and dash my hands against my head to break the spell I was under.

All that night, all the next day, and all the following night Bosun-Woman led the death chant over the body of Wail-of-Woe. Thus all the relatives exhausted themselves emotionally, abandoning themselves to grief until an inevitable reaction set in. As a result,

when Wail-of-Woe was buried, even Sun-Eater could greet the world with a smile.

VI

At night the coconut groves of Puka-Puka are filled with moving shadows — lacelike shadows of fronds, shadows of stiff-limbed pandanus trees, of ground bush, of fleecy trade-wind clouds skimming low overhead. And there are the shadows of the *kaki*, the young unmarried, stealing from the villages to their meetings on the lonely outer beaches, where great breakers thunder on the reef and long stretches of pure coral sand glimmer faintly under the light of moon or stars.

If some Paul Pry were to follow them to these nightly rendezvous, he would doubtless be greatly shocked. He would see naked youthful figures dancing joyously in the ghostly light. He would hear snatches of weird heathen song, provocative rhythms drummed out on coconut shells; and faintly above the roar of the surf he would hear, far offshore, exultant shouts where groups of young Puka-Pukans disport themselves like schools of porpoises in the deep sea, riding the great swells just rising to break on the reef.

The young unmarried of Puka-Puka correspond to 'these wild young people' that parents of our day — of all times, in fact — are forever shaking their heads about. But the parents of this island are by no means concerned about their sons and daughters just emerging into manhood and womanhood. They themselves were once young, they remember, and did precisely as their children are doing now. Their parents before them did the same, and so it has gone through countless generations. If there is any place on earth where men and women live naturally, surely it is Puka-Puka.

ARE WE PLAYING THE GAME?

BY GEORGE E. PUTNAM

I

SINCE the end of the war we have heard much about the doctrine, long recognized as a commonplace among economists, that the debts of one country to another can be settled only through the transfer of goods or services from the debtor to the creditor country. We have been confronted with this doctrine more and more with each succeeding year. We first encountered it when we ventured to form an intelligent opinion on the reparations question — how much Germany could pay and the manner in which she would pay it. We next heard about it when we began to deal with the disturbing problem of war debts — how England, Belgium, France, and Italy were going to pay the interest and principal on their war and post-war borrowings from the American Government. Bringing the matter all the way home, we are now obliged to take fresh cognizance of the doctrine whenever we seriously consider the status of that large group of private American investors who have been buying enormous quantities of foreign bonds — how these investors are to receive the interest or dividends in years to come on the foreign securities they have been putting away in their strong boxes.

In its more refined form the doctrine does not state that a debtor country seeking to effect a settlement of its obligations must send goods direct to the country where its creditors live. On the contrary, it may sell its goods or services

in any foreign market. The essence of the doctrine is that a debtor country in its trade relations with the rest of the world must develop an excess of total exports over total imports, an excess approximately equal to the yearly obligations it expects to meet. It will then be in a position to satisfy its foreign creditors. The sale of goods abroad in excess of purchases abroad will leave cash balances, somewhere beyond its own boundaries, on which drafts can be drawn for the payment of external obligations.

Just as a debtor country must sell more than it buys, so a creditor country must buy more than it sells. It must increase its importations of foreign goods, no matter in what country the goods originate, or it must diminish its export trade, if it would receive the money payments which the foreign debtor is trying to make. In short, a creditor country must have an excess of total imports over total exports sufficiently large to permit it to receive in goods or services the interest and principal payments due from the outside.

At times we have given an attentive and sympathetic ear to this doctrine. It has seemed clear to everyone, for example, that Germany could make reparation payments only to the extent that she was able to develop a surplus production of goods and services which outside markets would take. Up to this point there has been no ground for argument. We have accepted the doctrine outright as applied to the method by which a debtor country must discharge

its external obligations. But when it comes to fitting the doctrine in with our own status as a great creditor country, foredoomed to receive large payments from foreign debtors, our attitude toward all such doctrine becomes at once lukewarm, then cold, and, on further consideration, openly antagonistic. Surely, we argue, there is some way to beat it.

We have made determined efforts to negate that portion of the doctrine which tells how a creditor country must receive its interest and principal payments from debtor countries. We have shown unequivocally that we do not want foreign goods to compete in our markets with the products of our own manufacture. If foreigners can arrange to send us raw materials which we do not produce, all well and good, but under no circumstances do we want their manufactured products. That has been our answer to the widely proclaimed doctrine of the economists.

II

Our demonstration of protest began shortly after the end of the war. We had a strong feeling at the time — and it may have been a reasonable feeling — that European countries would make a supreme effort to recover market outlets which had been lost while the war was on. Our feelings in the matter were aggravated by at least three important considerations. In the first place, there lay in the back of our minds the fact that European countries owed the American Government billions of dollars on account of our war and post-war advances which, according to the doctrine of the economists, could be repaid only in the form of goods or services. Secondly, it was realized that Germany in particular had need of a large external market where she could sell her products and build up cash bal-

ances with which to pay her reparation obligations. And what more accessible or coveted market was there than ours? Finally, our leaders made much of the argument, though it contained only a modicum of truth, that a nation having a depreciated currency enjoyed special manufacturing and selling advantages not possessed by nations whose currencies were on a gold basis.

Confronted with an international trade situation which seemed ominous, at a time when our own industry was languishing as the result of post-war deflation, we promptly convinced ourselves that drastic action was needed to meet the trade emergency. In order to safeguard our industries against the alleged dangers of European competition and to ensure the maintenance of our high standard of living, we put through special tariff legislation in 1921 in the form of an Emergency Tariff Act. In the following year we reaffirmed our belief in the efficacy of goods-exclusion principles by passing the Fordney Tariff Act.

Our return to a high-tariff policy did not inflict great hardship on European countries at the moment. Although heavily indebted to us on open account as a result of the war, they could not immediately pay off these obligations by sending us goods. Their productive efficiency was too far below pre-war standards, their trade was still disorganized. It is impossible to believe that they could have become dangerous competitors in our markets forthwith, even if our tariff had been left unchanged. Be that as it may, the effect of the very substantial increase in our tariff duties was to make their case more hopeless than it would have been otherwise. It not only operated to retard the revival of their internal trade, but it put off still further the day when they could pay their external debts in the ordinary commercial way. Deprived of

the power to send us goods, they had no alternative but to send us gold. Here was a product which could be sent in duty-free.

Throughout the three and one-half year period ending January 1924, we had a veritable flood of gold imports. Our gold holdings piled up at an average rate of more than \$1,000,000 a day. We became the possessors of one half of the world's supply of monetary gold. Never before had a single country amassed so large a proportion of the world's standard money; such a persistent and one-sided movement of the metal had never been considered within the bounds of possibility. It was as if one half of the contents of the Atlantic Ocean suddenly moved over into the Pacific and remained there, notwithstanding an old-fashioned doctrine about water seeking its own level.

Our tariff legislation of 1921 and 1922 was not, of course, the only factor which caused foreign gold to pile up in this country. There were a number of contributing causes, not the least important of which, as will be seen presently, was our manner of dealing with imported gold after it reached our vaults. But when all of the causes of this phenomenal gold movement have been enumerated and appraised, there is no escaping the conclusion that our goods-exclusion policy, as expressed in post-war tariff legislation, forced us to take vast quantities of gold which need never have come and which now constitute a serious problem to be reckoned with.

III

Had our banking authorities utilized the gold as it came to us, matters would have righted themselves in the course of time in spite of tariff barriers. Gold imports would have set about automatically to create the conditions under which foreign goods could be sold in our

markets. The flood of gold coming to our shores would have cheapened the dollar and, in accordance with the predictions of practically all European students of the question, we should have had an inflation in our prices. On the other side of the picture, the countries which were sending the gold to us would have experienced the opposite effects — they would have had a corresponding deflation in their prices. Sooner or later the automatic workings of the gold standard would have created a sufficient differential between our level of prices and that of foreign countries to permit their goods to scale our tariff wall and to create cash balances which they could use to pay their obligations.

Wisely or unwisely, we did not permit the flood of gold to work toward this goal. We astonished the European prophets by temporarily depriving gold of its inflationary power. We deliberately thwarted the intelligent purpose for which it came to us. We delayed the issue.

Putting vast quantities of gold into storage where it could have no stimulating effect upon the volume of credit or the level of prices was an accomplishment without precedent in the world's banking history. We need not delve into the technical structure of Federal Reserve banking which made this accomplishment possible. It is sufficient to note that we happened to be in a position where a gold-storage, or gold-sterilization, policy could be carried out, within certain limits, if we wanted to make the attempt. And we wanted earnestly to make it. We had just come through a painful period of deflation, following the inflation of 1919 when a too liberal use had been made of our gold reserves. Having had that memorable experience with the full cycle of inflation and deflation, we were bent on avoiding a repetition of it.

Moreover, the feeling was general among Federal Reserve authorities that we were only trustees for a large part of the gold which was being sent to us, and that when European countries set about restoring their depreciated currencies we should have to part with some of our holdings. In these circumstances it was deemed the part of prudence that the vast gold supply we were accumulating should be so managed that it might be kept available for redistribution, as the occasion arose, without producing any untoward or disturbing effects on our own trade or financial situation.

Some have objected to the statement that we 'sterilized' gold, and a number of other terms have been suggested as more fairly descriptive of our policy. For the present purpose it matters little whether we say that gold was sterilized, valorized, neutralized, buried, warehoused, hoarded, impounded, or conserved. The records show that during the period between August 1920 and January 1924 our net imports of gold amounted to \$1,400,000,000, and yet — here is the extraordinary fact — over the period as a whole we had no net expansion in the total volume of credit either at the Federal Reserve banks or at seven hundred of the largest member banks. Whether we sterilized \$1,400,000,000 of imported gold or merely conserved it, we did what we could in a financial way, though we must have done it unwittingly, to make the tariff all the more effective in excluding foreign goods.

IV

It is still too early to make a full appraisal of the consequences of our gold-sterilization policy. That there are and will continue to be important consequences of a policy which, whatever its purpose, effectively postponed

the date when foreign debtors could pay us in goods, we can rest assured. Or, to state the case in other terms, we can hardly expect to thwart the intelligent purpose of a large and sustained gold movement over a period of three and one-half years without getting consequences of a far-reaching nature, affecting not only ourselves but our foreign debtors as well. A few of the immediate consequences can be seen already.

One of the direct results of refusing to employ the gold we received was that we continued to get more gold. This result was inevitable. In the face of excessive gold supplies we maintained money rates at a high level, a level too high to make it worth while for business to expand and use up some of our dormant credit. We engaged in a kind of price-fixing programme with respect to gold, arbitrarily fixing the interest price at which gold could be used as a basis for credit. Our object, of course, was to prevent inflation, and in this we were partly successful, but the net result of our efforts was to aggravate the problem of excessive gold supplies in a way that was never contemplated.

We could at any time adopt a similar policy with reference to wheat or any other farm product for the purpose of bringing relief to a depressed agriculture. We could enact a law requiring some federal agency to raise the prices of farm products arbitrarily. We have not taken this drastic step as a remedy for agricultural depression because we have known full well that such a step would be unwise. It would stimulate farmers to produce more wheat when we already have too much, and the supplies would eventually become so large that arbitrary price maintenance would break down of its own accord.

Our price-fixing efforts with respect to gold met exactly that fate. The

vacuum created by our artificially high interest rates caused more and more gold to be thrust upon us. It was a case involving the operation of a simple economic law which states that goods will move to that market where they can be sold to the best advantage. In response to this law, foreign gold continued to move to our markets until they became congested. By the early part of 1924 our gold stocks had become so large that arbitrary control broke down,—on gold as it would have on wheat,—and all gold which came in thereafter automatically became the basis for credit expansion.

The automatic relationship between gold imports and credit expansion following the breakdown of control may be seen in the developments which took place over the ensuing three and one-half year period, ending July 1927. During this period we had net imports of gold of approximately \$400,000,000, and an expansion in the loans and investments of about seven hundred of our largest banks of more than \$4,000,000,000. Thus every dollar of gold coming in during this period multiplied itself in credit operations more than ten times. It was impossible for the Federal Reserve banks to prevent this phenomenal expansion. They had reached the end of their power to sterilize imported gold. Once our rain barrel had been filled to overflowing, we could no longer control the use of the additional water that poured into it.

Another consequence of our gold-storage policy—and this consequence was felt acutely by our foreign debtors—was that we brought on a fall in the world's level of prices. The truth of this statement cannot be demonstrated mathematically, but it stands to reason that the transfer of \$1,400,000,000 of the world's gold stock from foreign bank reserves, where it was being used as a basis for credit, to our own vaults,

where it was held in complete idleness, should artificially raise its value. If we warehoused 15 per cent or more of the world's supply of wheat in the course of a crop year, and kept it warehoused, would not the price of wheat rise? And if we could raise the price of wheat in this manner, would not the storing of 15 per cent of the world's gold supply raise its value also? The evidence seems to be unmistakable that our storage policy raised the value of gold throughout the world. And raising the value or purchasing power of gold is the same thing as reducing the level of prices.

Theory says that our policy should have caused a fall in prices, and the trend of world prices following the termination of our gold-storing activities bears out the theory. Between January 1925 and July 1927 there was a general decline in wholesale prices in all gold-standard countries, ranging from 10 per cent in the United States to 17 per cent in England. So pronounced an appreciation in the purchasing power of gold—that is what a fall in prices means—was bound to have an adverse effect upon foreign debtors. Their loans had been contracted when the dollar was cheap; now they had to meet interest charges on cheap loans when the dollar was more valuable. It may safely be said that in creating a condition of gold shortage throughout the world we imposed an additional burden upon our foreign debtors of approximately 10 per cent.

It was impossible for foreign countries to overcome the artificial gold shortage by increasing gold production at the mines or by making new economies in the use of gold. There were, however, certain economies that could be made, and our policy compelled the central banks of foreign countries to economize in every possible way. Strange as it may seem, their principal

means of economy lay in transferring a part of their gold reserves to our own banks. To accomplish this purpose they had only to buy with their own currencies the dollar balances which were being created through the sale of foreign securities in our markets, or they could make direct shipments of gold. Once they had acquired a deposit balance with our banking institutions, they not only had something which would pay them interest, but also, in many cases, something which the laws of their respective countries allowed them to count as part of their required reserves.

It was in this way that foreign banks responded to the artificial gold shortage we created. They sent us gold, which we did not want, in order to make their reserves do double duty. We have no precise means of knowing the extent to which they practised this particular form of gold economy, or how our international account now stands as the result of these operations. However, we have an estimate of the Department of Commerce for the year 1926, which shows that foreigners had deposits and short-time investments in this country of about \$2,250,000,000, and that after allowing for the unfunded items they owed us there remained a net credit to foreign account of about \$1,150,000,000. There is every reason to believe that our net debt to foreigners on short-time account is far greater now than it was in 1926.

A good deal of concern has been shown about this situation. It has been suggested that at any moment we might be called upon to convert these short-time investments and deposit balances into gold for export, and that the sudden withdrawal of so vast a quantity of gold would put a serious strain on our credit structure. Whether or not the fears on this score are well founded, it is to be noted that we have

here a disturbing problem of our own creation — we are reaping the harvest of years of resistance to natural forces which, if allowed to operate, would have compelled us to take foreign goods in payment for the obligations due us.

V

The record of our accomplishments thus far shows that we have succeeded temporarily at least, in negating the doctrine of the economists — first through tariff legislation, and then, indirectly, through the pursuance of an adroit monetary policy. In order to defeat this doctrine we chose to go directly against the tide. In so doing we not only created for ourselves serious problems which have yet to be faced, but, what is also important, we inflicted upon foreign debtors certain injuries which are already plainly visible. First of all, our high-tariff policy excluded their goods at the very time they owed us money. This operated to retard the revival of their trade and the restoration of their currencies. Then our hoarding of gold contributed to the same end, preventing the development of a situation where they could have sent goods to us in spite of the tariff. Finally, our gold-storage policy gave rise to a world shortage of gold which deflated foreign prices and made it more difficult than ever for foreign debtors to pay the interest on high price debts out of low-price products. In the light of these considerations, is it any wonder that there is a growing gulf between the United States and foreign countries? Have we really played the game?

As for ourselves, it is difficult to say wherein we have accomplished anything of a constructive nature. In the years since our tariff legislation took effect the problem of getting our payments to come no nearer to being solved.

has, in fact, been aggravated by our obstructionist tactics. We have become a great creditor nation with known foreign investments of around \$14,000,000,000, on which we expect to receive interest of approximately \$1,000,000,000 a year. In addition to these investments, which are held privately, we hold a great mass of European war-debt obligations on which we are receiving interest and principal payments of \$200,000,000 a year.

As a creditor nation we ought to be receiving these payments in goods — we ought to be importing more than we are exporting. But we are doing exactly the opposite. We are still showing a substantial export balance 'in our favor.' Instead of taking goods in payment for the yearly obligations due us we are taking promissory notes and other pieces of paper on a large scale. During the past year we made loans and investments in foreign countries of \$1,500,000,000. This means that we advanced our own money to foreigners in the strength of their promissory notes, and they gave it back to us in payment for goods and past interest accumulations!

Thus far we have fared pretty well in our holdings of foreign bonds. To all outward appearances we have been getting the interest payments on these promissory notes in the normal way. In reality, however, we have been cashing one another's interest coupons. Tom received interest on his 1926 foreign bond because Dick bought one in 1927. Both will get their interest in 1928 if Harry buys one. As time goes on, Tom, Dick, and Harry must all return to the market at intervals and cash their own interest coupons by buying new bonds, or other bond buyers must be found who will cash the interest coupons for them.

As a nation, our position is not unlike that of the merchant who on making

a sale to one of his customers takes the customer's promissory note, bearing interest. At the end of the year the customer offers another promissory note in payment for the accrued interest. He then proceeds to buy more goods for which he pays with more promissory notes, repeating the same operation year after year. The problem is: How long can the merchant continue to give credit in this manner, and how long before the customer is a bankrupt?

When confronted with this perplexing problem, we are inclined to brush it lightly aside. We have been so successful in cashing the interest coupons on foreign bonds over the past six years that we are not much concerned with philosophical speculations on the future status of debtor or creditor countries. We prefer to dismiss the whole problem by agreeing with the optimist who, falling from the roof of a forty-story skyscraper, at length passed an open window on the third floor, where he was heard to remark, 'Everything's going all right so far.'

With the continued advance in our position as a creditor country, as now seems inevitable, the question arises as to how we are going to get the payments due us if we go on showing resistance to the importation of goods. At the rate our foreign investments have been growing and will probably continue to grow, larger and larger interest payments will be due us each year. We cannot take promissory notes in payment for an indefinite period. There is a limit also to the number of sound promissory notes that can be offered. Suppose we simplify the problem as much as possible by forgetting about such items as interest and principal payments on the war debts, on the assumption that these items may be canceled at some future date by a stroke of the pen. That helps a little.

We then have to deal with foreign obligations of about \$14,000,000,000, all privately owned, which cannot be got rid of through cancellation. How are the holders of these obligations going to receive their interest in years to come?

Under a goods-exclusion policy, the holders of foreign bonds may get some of their interest payments in the form of duty-free raw materials which do not compete with our own products. They may also get payments in the form of foreign services. For example, the countries in which our tourists travel and spend their money are rendering us a service. The same is true of those countries which receive remittances from our immigrant population, which carry our ocean freight, or which insure our cargoes. The more we spend for foreign services and noncompeting raw materials, the easier it will be for the holders of foreign bonds to collect their interest.

Will these items be large enough to balance the international account and provide cash for the interest coupons? We are gambling that they will be. Who knows whether we shall win or lose in this particular gamble? Mathematically, the chances are all against us. If we put on one side of the scales the rate at which the yearly interest bill of foreign debtors is accumulating, and on the other side the greatest conceivable rate of increase in the importation of services and duty-free raw materials, there is not the remotest possibility of getting a balanced relationship. Only through 'an act of God,' as the lawyers say, could the scales be balanced.

VI

Having created the problem of international payments, we alone can solve it. We can approach the problem in

the spirit that we are dealing with a purely personal matter of business affecting only ourselves; or, as before our newly acquired status as a great creditor country, we can take a broader view that we have certain responsibilities to our debtors. What are we going to do about it?

There are at least three ways of dealing with the problem. One way is to ignore it, 'sit tight,' and 'let Europe stew in its own juice.' Under this plan we should manage our trade and monetary affairs for our own immediate advantage. Although continuing to lend freely on the outside, we should have no concern whatever for the rest of the world. Eventually we should find that the countries and foreign industries to which we had made loans and sold goods could not meet their interest charges. The principal of the loans, too, would be wiped out. The problem would then be solved.

Many of the proposals which have been put forward from time to time for credit restriction or goods exclusion could lead to no other result. As a means of balancing the international account a solution of this kind would be effective, but it is surely not the kind of solution anybody wants.

A second method of dealing with the problem would be to remove its principal cause—that is, reduce the tariff and allow a greater quantity of foreign goods to be sold in our markets.

It is beginning to seem clear to the writer that our post-war tariff legislation was a mistake. There was an emergency at the time requiring emergency treatment. We were not being flooded with foreign goods. In the psychology of the moment we let our feelings get the better of our judgment. Moreover, we should have realized that this is one of the easiest things in the world to put up the tariff and one of the most difficult things to get it lowered. Or

high tariff duties have been imposed, industry promptly adjusts itself to the situation; but when the same duties are taken away, the stimulus to activity is gone, industry languishes, and men are thrown out of employment. The mere uncertainty caused by an agitation for tariff reduction has a depressing effect upon business. Who shall say that because our post-war tariff legislation was a mistake we should now rectify it and deliberately plunge business into depression, as a means of solving the problem of international payments?

The alternative plan is to leave the tariff where it is, utilize more of our gold, and take the consequences. The consequences would consist of credit expansion and inflation, which should eventually lead to a decline in our export balance. Under the influence of rising costs and prices in this country, foreign industries would revive, their goods would find new openings in our tariff wall, and our export trade would encounter fresh obstacles. Sooner or later we should have an import balance sufficiently large to provide the cash for our interest coupons. The consequences might not all be pleasant in the long run, but they would seem to be preferable to the consequences of any other plan.

There is a hopeful inference to be drawn from the events of the past year that we have already embarked, in a limited way at least, upon a programme of this kind. Beginning in July 1927, we made an astounding reversal in our monetary policy. Over the preceding period of seven years we had tried, with varying degrees of success, to hold credit expansion in check; now we proceeded to release credit on a grand scale—we began to utilize for credit purposes some of the gold we had sterilized prior to 1924.

The semiofficial explanation for this

unexpected move was that we were trying to do something to assist the European situation and to facilitate the exportation of our products. The whole explanation might just as easily have been put in terms of self-interest. Self-interest demanded that we make a change. The continued inflow of gold was, or should have been, a matter of the greatest concern. It must have seemed clear that gold was becoming scarce in the world and that foreign currencies could not be restored to a sound basis so long as we continued to import gold. What should we gain if we absorbed so much of the world's gold that other countries were unable to restore their currencies to a gold basis and, in desperation, were forced to seek a new standard of value? Instead of being better off we should be worse off. We should find that our vast stock of yellow gold had become a white elephant on our hands.

It was also clear that as fast as we received foreign gold it automatically gave rise to credit expansion. The gold which had been pouring into our overflowing reservoir during the preceding three and one-half years could not be controlled. The moment it flowed over the top it went into use as a basis for credit. We must have been forced at last to recognize that, while credit expansion could not be checked, the further inflow of gold could be stopped. The only effective way of doing this was to get our interest rates down to a point where gold would no longer be attracted.

The new monetary policy quickly accomplished spectacular results. It raised the value of foreign currencies, checked the fall in world prices, and stopped the flow of gold to this country. Incidentally, it provoked a storm of opposition from those who saw in our mounting volume of credit expansion inflationary tendencies.

It is true that the policy produced great credit expansion, on top of an expansion which had already reached phenomenal proportions. It promptly set up new high records in the volume of bank loans and investments, in stock-market prices and brokers' loans, and in new capital flotations. But great as the expansion in credit has been, it must go much further yet if it is to create a situation where goods can come in over the tariff wall and provide cash for the interest coupons on foreign bonds. Will our antipathy to inflation dictate our future policy? Shall we stand in the way of a credit solution to the problem of international payments? There is always the risk that we may.

There is still another danger to be faced. When we once reach the stage where we begin to get a substantial import balance, it is probable that we shall want to superimpose new tariff duties. Such action would be strictly in line with our basic theory of tariff making, which is that the duty on a given product should be approximately equal to the difference in the cost of production at home and abroad. From day to day we are endeavoring to apply this theory to individual products under the 'flexible provisions' of the Fordney Act. We have in actual operation the machinery which could thus effect a general increase in tariff duties without any new legislation on the subject, merely by singling out for

consideration *seriatim* those products which persisted in scaling the tariff wall. It may be that the flexible provisions of the tariff law have proved a failure thus far, but our questionable tariff theory goes on.

It is time that we gave serious consideration to our situation. We are no longer a nation in isolation. Our commerce and finance have become international. The industrial and financial hegemony of the world has been thrust upon us. We cannot 'sit tight' and ignore the responsibilities of this new position without suffering the consequences. We prosper in proportion as we go with the tide, not as we go against it.

The occasion is not one which calls for philanthropic considerations. It is enough that we make sure what self-interest is, and then let ourselves be guided accordingly. If in the course of our business dealings with the outside world we are motivated by a genuine desire to better our position, we shall protect the equity of our investors in foreign bonds by keeping our policies in tune with inexorable economic forces; we shall recognize the commercial advantages of an import as well as of an export trade; and, finally, we shall show a disposition to do our part, in an economic way at least, in bridging the gulf between ourselves and foreign countries — a gulf in the making of which our trade and monetary policies have been mighty factors.

FIDDLERS BY THE SEA

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

I

I HAD dived deep beneath the waters of Haiti; I had climbed her mountains, horseback and afoot; but I had not stopped halfway and looked with any attention at the shore. I doubt if there is really any more dramatic place in the world than 'tween tides. We usually pass it by with a comment on high or low water, but if we will lie flat on our backs just above high tide (because of our unamphibian infirmity) we may see miracles.

I picked out a clump of trees above a white beach half a mile from the schooner and rowed thither. They were my old friends the mangroves, — the red kind, *Avicennia*, — whose roots by the thousand forever keep saying 'thumbs up.'

Behind a sandy strip of beach I found an old boat sinking into the elements of all boats, and, climbing in, I waited. In five seconds a great cuckoo fell into my lap, thrashed out again, leaving two tail feathers, and flopped up into the branches overhead. Over all the world cuckoos are remarkable for two things — the astounding quality and diversity of their food, and the difficulty they have in making their wings and tail behave. This was the great lizard-eating cuckoo of Haiti, and in his pursuit of saurians was as regardless of direction and feathers and ultimate balance as his ebony cousins, the black witch cuckoos, who at this very moment 'whaleeped' in an adjoining thicket. While he preened his

remaining feathers, I stuck my mementos in my helmet and waited for my next Haitian adventure.

Solitude is impossible in this human-ridden land, and I could hear the soft French patois of blacks working in the sugar cane behind, while on the reef before me two men bailed their leaky boats almost all the time, and in brief intervals of safety examined their wicker fish traps and stabbed sea-urchin bait with nails on long poles.

The right of present possession and force of concentrated interest having made this my very own beach, I leaned back with a feeling of contented ownership and watched for all comers. The first was a slender beauty, a shadow-thin Louisiana heron which paced slowly past in the shallows, eyeing my boat with suspicion, but paying me the compliment of not distinguishing me from the surrounding rotting boards and lichenized roots. Once he stooped and snatched a tiny, flickering fish, and again pecked vainly at a dark spot which I knew was a live conch. Then he spread his wings and left my beach without sound or track. My next visitor was a trespasser, a Haitian, half clad in a garb of filthy rags, unwashed and unpleasant. Shining through these was most beautiful copper-mahogany skin, perfectly tempered to this tropic sun and air, infinitely more modest and sane than his hopeless attempts at conventional dress. Clad as I was only in abbreviated swimming trunks, my fair skin would have been an offense

beside his were it not that in two months of constant exposure I had attained the hue of a dark mulatto.

My Haitian also stopped at the conch shell, picked it up, and, disentangling a rusty knife from his shreds of civilization, cut out a section of the mollusk and ate it. It was so natural a use of the beach and so skillfully done that I felt like withdrawing the stigma of trespasser and classing him with the native heron.

A mocking bird began to sing directly behind me, and for many minutes drowned out the sound of human voices in the distance. My cuckoo croaked overhead and spat down berry pits into my landlocked boat. Then magic began in the boat itself. The bottom boards had long since rotted away, and I sat on a mat of dry mangrove leaves. As if at a signal these leaves began to shift and lift and rub noisily against one another like recently crumpled papers in a wastebasket. The morning breeze had not yet sprung up, and I sat waiting for the elves which haunt old boats. In half a minute a dozen fiddler crabs bustled forth and, with one impulse, immediately vanished. I was comfortably frozen and had not frightened them, but the actual cause was as satisfying as the sight of the crabs themselves. A small green cockroach flew into the farther end, and after it, pell-mell, two fellow country folk, a parula warbler and a Maryland yellow-throat. They sensed me and, in spite of our common nationality, fled headlong, with only a single chirp between them.

The tide was going down my sloping sand, and on the uppermost ten feet I could read in the deep ripple marks the record of the strong wind which had whistled around our schooner tents at midnight. When I reached the five o'clock zone of calm, the sand's surface was smooth as paper. Nothing in the

world seemed more certain than that in a few hours the returning tide would wipe out every ripple mark, and yet I recalled many fossilized beaches, some over a mile above the present sea, where the tide had never returned, when by some velvet convulsion of Mother Earth the delicate furrows of shifting grains had become solid stone.

Everywhere on the smooth sand were records, as clear as tracks on snow, of watery beings who were compromising or pioneering in this ribbon kingdom of dual elements — forever fought for by water and by air. The fiddlers were high upshore, pretending that they were land folk, yet never daring wholly to desert the dampness.

On mid-beach a few fiddlers were working like fury, digging tunnels and throwing up breastworks, piling pellets of sand with as perfect confidence as the foolish man in the Bible. Below them were scores of parallel lines drawn by terrified little black snails, all of whose bravado about the land had evaporated with the water, and they were following their ancestral element with all the speed of their tiny, muscled foot. One giant, a half inch in length, ploughed the distance of his stature in half a minute, and had therefore covered the eight feet of his back trail in an hour and a half, hardly the speed of the retreating tide. These jet-black handsome beaded turrets speeding over the sand were only a few of their kind — those which had been caught in the blazing sun far from shelter. Wherever a depression promised dampness during low tide, or where the cool, mossy mangrove rootlets raised their spikes, thousands of the ebony spires gathered, spun a moisture-proof varnish across their front vestibule, and slept or dreamed or thought, or perhaps, being merely mollusks, only existed until the returning water awoke them to the joys and sorrows of snail life.

II

If I had ventured to make a probable list of the sea creatures most likely to be found among the mangrove roots at low tide, I should have completely failed. I should have favored sturdy, strong-housed snails and hermit crabs. But here instead were the flabbiest bits of life — unpleasant, wormy sea cucumbers which, as seen half dried in the sun, not even an enthusiastic holothuroidologist could call attractive. Their claim upon our interest, as I have shown elsewhere, is quite another matter.

Here in the sandy mangrove zone I was surprised to find sea anemones. I came across a symmetrical impression as if there had rested upon the sand a glass tumbler with base cut into an intricately scalloped pattern. As I stepped closer, the whole circular area sank a little, and a touch identified it.

All around was the evidence of considerable wave action, sand ripples an inch in depth, and it was hard to understand how this bit of flaccid animal jelly could maintain its hold upon the shifting grains. With my penknife I began excavating on one side, going down and down until at last I discovered its foot on a horizontal mangrove root, eight inches below the surface. When I dislodged it, a thick sheet of the red bark came along with it. I was reminded of the mixed character of this zone of life by a cohort of stinging ants, which raced over the sand and occasionally nipped me as I dug. The type of mind which is thrilled by having picked oysters from trees could make an excellent Haitian yarn from the juxtaposition of anemones and ants. As I labored, a green-and-brown lizard dashed past in pursuit of the tiniest of fiddler infants. This astonishing race resulted in success for the aquatic kingdom, when the crablet dived safely into its hole.

By the time I had freed my anemone it had contracted to two inches and looked like a sandy mushroom. At first glance there was little to choose in point of beauty between it and the near-by stranded sea cucumber, but washing worked wonders, and the cucumber changed to the semblance of a rolling field all aglow with a dense crop of tansy in full bloom, and the moment I planted the anemone in an aquarium of sand, things beautiful began to happen.

Balanced on its contracted base, it gradually commenced to flatten and to grip the bottom with long, bulbous furrows. The summit opened slowly, like the slow-motion picture of an expanding flower. Structure after structure came into view, none showing the brilliancy of those blossoming on the coral reef a hundred yards from shore, but very beautiful with the exquisitely subdued patterning of hen pheasants. First there uncurred a broad Elizabethan ruff of clove brown, revolving outward in an expanse of surface like lace spread over a ploughed field. Then, like rabbits and bouquets from a conjurer's hat, from no space at all rose up rank after rank of long finger tentacles, until forty-eight were numbered. These were thick at the base, and pale misty olive with whitish scars scattered down the inner side. Within the three circles of the ever-moving tentacles was a flat field of olive, marbled with reddish brown, guarding in its centre the half-opened mouth with still-concealed inner organs showing as four pearly spheres.

The first two anemones which I excavated had columns of pale pink, the exact shade of the bark of the submerged mangrove roots, but even the most violent protective-colorite could derive no support from this pigmental by-product, for in the next two anemones the long stalks were green.

Although they move and eat and are animals like ourselves, anemones, as personalities, pall after a time, and my interest was about to shift to other organisms when, in the lee of a small mangrove growing far down the sand, I saw a large individual with a brood of young alongside. There were eleven, and all clustered in a squarish space of about three inches. Their discs were tiny, but the slender tentacles were bravely expanded to their widest extent.

Sea anemones are delightfully diversified in the matter of reproduction. The eggs may be fertilized in the water or may be retained until they become good-sized embryos. Some actinian mothers have special brood pouches like aquatic kangaroos. Or adventitious infants may suddenly develop like buds on the stalk of the parent; or the anemone herself may have a sudden longing for a double life, and slowly and gently split in twain.

It would almost seem as if the small family I had discovered had dropped off as buds, and instantly sunk their tiny, living shafts to bed rock, or in this case bed shell, for all reached down a full inch to a long-buried wreck of a conch. To this they clung with a persistency resisting the movements of both sand and water—which to them were, on the one hand, avalanches of great boulders and, on the other, terrific pounding of huge breakers. Thus did one family of Haitian sand anemones—or, if you will, *Asteractis expansa*—start their lives on my beach.

III

About six o'clock one tropical winter evening, a disgruntled mother fiddler crab kicked several hundred of her offspring into the sea. Most of them soon died, some being eaten, others tangled up in drifting seaweed or thrown ashore and thoroughly dried.

One at least lived, and to-day on my beach, a year later, I watched him come out of his burrow near the bow of my desiccated boat. I state all this with assurance, because it is the manner of birth of all fiddler crabs. For many days the mother crab carries dozens of bunches of eggs around with her. These are so heavy that she fears to leave her burrow except at dusk. She has little or no warmth of affection for them, and only through instinct is moved nightly to wade into the treacherous shallows and flick her growing offspring about thus aerating them.

One evening, invariably about dusk, the young burst their shells, and every flick of their mother's body they are scattered by the thousand through the water. They bear exactly the same amount of resemblance to their parents that a horned toad does to a pussycat. The head and thorax part is enormous and is made up chiefly of two long spines and a pair of monstrous eyes. A slender string of five beads forms the abdomen of sorts, and two small oar-like project at the sides, whose blades are tufts of feathery hairs. Twenty-five of these uncomfortable, unreasonable little beings could line up upon a pin's length.

Our infant crab lives the simple life—in fact, it is the simple life even to its name, *Zoea*, which in Greek means 'life.' The whole object of *Zoea* for many weeks is to row itself furiously along, onward and upward as near the surface and light as possible, and to clutch at creatures still smaller and devour them. It kicks itself along through a whole world of infant life—all at the mercy of waves and tides and currents. There are sea worms, sea urchins, snails, jellyfish and starfish, moss animals, sea eggs, larval fish, and lobsters—all youthful, frantically swimming, boiling with futile energy, kicking, snapping, wriggling, flapping.

their way through the water in preparation for the time when age shall force most of them to settle down to a life of crawling, creeping, winding, or even vegetative existence on the bottom of the sea.

With and about and around all these tiny creatures drifts still another world of life — billions upon billions of one-celled animals and plants. And, were we of sufficient lack of stature to observe these adequately, we should be hard put to it often to tell which was plant and which animal; such easy marks of difference as green coloring matter and lack of movement are meaningless here. We are in a strange cosmos where no second glance would be given to a geranium with wings or a paddy with roots. This third world furnishes an abundance of nourishment for the second, which is that of Zoea. And Zoea crumbs fall from the banquet table of the fish fraternity, and so on.

In the matter of privacy, the famous oldfish lives in an opaque seraglio in comparison with Zoea. The latter is absolutely transparent, and nothing is hidden from friend or enemy — the heart, beating sometimes fast, sometimes slow, or stopping, the food going cheerfully on its way through the body, while we can see the muscles move as behind clear glass.

For a few weeks Zoea succeeds in creeping near the surface, but, as it moults again and again, its oars are blunted and it gets heavier, until it gives up and rolls about helplessly on the bottom. The fifth Zoea now moults into a being somewhat awfully like a crab, but one misshapen and gone all wrong. It is as horrible in disposition as in bodily form. *Megalops* it is called, and claws its way through the water, feeding voraciously. Its own brothers and lesser Zoea nephews are especial titbits. Another month passes, while the crab spirit grows stronger, and for a

week or more it clings to floating nuts or weeds or bits of wood, and at last crawls unsteadily out on land. Here it is probably devoured by its father, mother, or relatives, for it is still only a twelfth of an inch in length. If, however, it runs the gauntlet, it digs a tiny burrow, and for the first time in its life has a short, safe breathing space.

When it moults into one-eighth inch of crab, it observes with interest (or should do so) that one of its front pincers is larger than the other. It is easy for us to imagine how exciting it must be to watch one's figure alter after each moult; to hold up one's hands and see one growing larger and larger, while the other stays unchanged. It is fortunate that one does remain unaltered, for the great claw is more in the way than it is useful. While the body of the crab is drab gray, exactly the color of damp sand, the enormous claw is of a conspicuous ivory-white.

If a man of average size and weight changed a pair of mittens every week, and developed along the lines of a male fiddler crab, his hand finally would measure ten feet in length and weigh sixty pounds. With such a handicap (no pun intended), he would surely have trouble at a lunch counter.

Day by day now the growing fiddler leaves its burrow and follows the tide up and down the beach, feeding on all the flotsam and the windrows of dead and living creatures, and the algal manna spread twice a day by some benignant god of fiddlers. If the crab is hungry he must envy the lady fiddlers who shovel in the food with both hands, while he must lug the great claw about and ply his single little spoon as best he may.

IV

Our fiddler, whether right- or left-handed, is now finally started upon his way of life. Up to this time he has been

the plaything of wind and wave, tossed and tumbled about, snatching at whatever bits of food fate sent him — with as much conscious will and power of choice as a rolling stone.

Now he builds him a house, and although it is founded upon, or rather in, the sand, yet for him henceforth the stars revolve about the entrance to his little burrow, the sun shines only upon it, the tide rises merely for the purpose periodically of dampening it. Then one day I appear, — a most unimportant shapeless intrusion, — harmless and disregarded if I am quiet, something to be avoided if I move.

I can take no conceit for this, for all his cosmos is divided into two parts — things harmless and things unknown, and therefore probably harmful. First are the darkness and the sunshine, the wind, the rain, the rising tide, and all quiescent things. A heron — a hungry carcinophagous (look it up, it's a good forthright-sounding word) heron — who has the patience to imitate the immobility of his likeness on a Japanese screen, such a heron is but a spindling bush or is not at all to the fiddler peering out of his burrow. But if the bulging eyes of the heron so much as wink, if the smallest muscle gives an anticipatory twitch, the spindling bush becomes what it is — a cancerivorous (you may like this one better, if your forbears came from Rome instead of Athens) horror. It may then stand still till doomsday, and the crab will remain in his burrow until a few minutes after that time.

Immediately the morning sun has boomed down the Valley of the Cul-de-Sac and set fire to Port au Prince and the waters of the great gulf, my fiddler peers out from behind his plug of earth — his barricade against unknown and therefore imminent dangers of the night. He pushes it aside and stands aloft beside his burrow. The new day dawns

for him alone, as far as he knows, and three problems await him. He must avoid danger and death, he must secure and find food, and he must detect and secure a mate and ensure future offspring. Not being a self-conscious 'higher' animal, these are to him sacred responsibilities, none of which he must avoid.

It was at this moment that I settled down to a comfortable position within my decayed and stranded craft, and watched him over the crumbling step-post. A small flock of blackbirds dashed past the mangrove tree over my head, and the fiddler dived sideways into his hole. I stretched out my hand, rested the ends of all five fingers on the sand, and waited. Soon the tip of his eyestalk appeared and then all of it, and fiddler was above ground again. He surprised me now, for after only a few seconds he walked on toe-tips with my thumb and gently nibbled it with his small claw, then strolled around and between my fingers. His sense of sight was apparently the dominant one for the odor of my hand, and, as I subsequently found, even the roar from a shotgun, conveyed nothing. It is difficult to study fiddlers seriously; they are so comical in their appearance and motions and so absurdly like human gnomes, and yet the slightest smile or laugh will send them headlong. Whenever my fiddler came out from his burrow, he cleaned himself carefully, wiping off every fleck of mud from eyes and whatever parts of himself he could reach.

A file of fiddler brethren passed and my crab raised aloft and brandished his great claw — broadsword, battle-axe, mammoth shears — all similes failed. He was answered by every male in sight, and a youngster ran up and made one or two passes at him. The ebbing tide was lapping a yard or two away and all the host gradually made its way

own to the water. With eyes on high the little chaps worked at feeding with might and main. They simply spooned the mud into their mouths and there made selection of edible morsels, or with the tiny forceps of the small claw picked up bits of seaweed. Once full the treat was sounded — a false alarm, for one crab had seen another frightened by some youngster down the beach, who suddenly caught sight of a small hermit crab bumping along peacefully enough and fled headlong, doing what other crabs do instead of screaming.

My muscles rebelled at last and I sat up to ease them, and by the action sent every crab into its burrow. They even ran toward me in order to reach their holes. All was quiet for the space of two minutes, and then the elves and hobgoblins again appeared. When the procession had fairly begun, I saw a new development. Every male in sight stiffened to attention, and lifted his great claw as high as he could reach. And down the line came a female fiddler. There were others of her sex in sight, some larger, but this particular one worked magic. The frantic gesticulating and waving on all sides would have stirred any blasé movie queen to appreciation. Food and danger were forgotten. The only thing in the world was to get one's ivory-white claw noticed, and then gently to persuade Her to enter one's burrow. The action was that of a mighty gesticulation, a beckoning in five jerks, the last of which most threw the crab over on its back. When all the male crabs in the colony were suddenly seized with this frenzy of persuasion, the distant view was exactly that of a mob of cheering human beings, the simile being all the more remarkable because of the desperate and complete silence which

clothed the emotional outburst of these crustacean citizens.

The difference between this gesture of the right hand of passionate fellowship and that of shaking the fist in the face of any passing male was hardly to be discerned. In the case of the courtship the fiddler would often freeze into a statuesque pose for three or four minutes at a time. And if any man sneers at fiddler crabs because they are inedible and hence unworthy of notice, let him try to hold a sixty-pound weight at arm's length. The crab's record is ten minutes.

My Haitian fiddler crabs were christened sixty years ago by a certain Dr. Smith, who called them *Uca mordax* — from Uça, a native Brazilian name, and a Roman's appreciation of their pinching and biting ability. Although a crab's sand burrow is his castle, and the most savory morsel or most charming fiddler wench can tempt him hardly more than a yard or two away, yet his race is widespread. Many times in past centuries his ancestors must have clung fearfully but tenaciously to floating trees and other oceanic jetsam, and drifted far and wide, for his brethren are found to-day from the Bahamas throughout the West Indies, clear around the Gulf of Mexico and on south as far as Rio.

In the course of ten visits I observed a noticeable increase in an acceptance of me as something not wholly inimical. I should dearly love to identify myself in the fiddlers' notions as a swaying mangrove for harmlessness. I believe I should find more than the three basic problems. The courtship I think would prove to be more complex, and actual uses more apparent and vital for the huge claw, twice as long and nearly half as heavy as all the rest of its owner.

THE ITALIANS CAPTURE ROME

A CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF THE TEMPORAL POWER

THE *Atlantic's* recent series has led to so much discussion regarding the history of the Temporal Power that it seems pertinent to print the following document, highly interesting in itself. The report, intended only for the eye of the Secretary of State, was in a strict sense official. Curiously enough, it has not hitherto been published.

— THE EDITOR

U. S. CONSULATE
ROME, 23rd September, 1870

TO THE HONORABLE HAMILTON FISH
SECRETARY OF STATE

SIR: —

I have the honor to acknowledge receipt of dispatch dated August 1.

On the tenth of September the Italian troops crossed the Roman frontier. I immediately left Como, where I was staying. The railway through the Roman territory had already ceased running regularly, but a military train took me within twenty-five miles of Rome. From thence a wagon brought me to the city, after many hours of dusty travel, through the now parched and deserted Campagna. We met no travelers; no one was at work in the fields, and we saw nothing of the Italian troops, until within about five miles from Rome a small encampment was seen on a distant hill. A little further on the railway bridge had been destroyed by the Romans. Near this we crossed the River Anio, by the Nomentana bridge, which was guarded by the first Papal troops we had met.

In a little while we entered Rome by the Porta Pia, where earth barricades had been erected and a deep trench dug outside the gate. The gate itself had been padded with sandbags, and other preparations made to receive the enemy. All the other gates were pretty much barricaded in much the same way. From this time until the attack began on the twentieth, Rome was in a state of quiet expectancy, almost, it seemed, of apathy. The streets were comparatively deserted, most of the shops closed, all telegraphic communications cut off; from the twelfth until the twenty-third of September the mails were not received. On the walls were posted proclamations declaring the city in a state of siege; forbidding all people to enter or leave the city, or to assemble in any considerable numbers in the streets. Still they did assemble to some extent, and quietly talked over the situation.

A careless observer, particularly one who read the Roman newspapers, all of which were under strict Government control, might have supposed the Papal Government to have been reasonably popular, and to have relied implicitly upon a faithful people. But although they have made violent exertions for some time past, they have been able to induce only two hundred additional volunteers to enlist. With the exception of these, and the few Romans already in its service, not one of the people raised a hand for the defense of the Papacy. A body of men who are said to have been employed hitherto

by the Government as spies were uniformed and constantly patrolled the streets. These were assisted by the Squadriglieri, about seven hundred in number, many of whom were refugee Italian banditti, pardoned by His Holiness on condition that they should serve in his ranks. To such defenders was the Pope reduced!

It was known here that numerous propositions, looking towards a peaceful settlement of the question, were being made by the Italian Government. However, all propositions were rejected; the Pope was firm, cheerful, and hopeful. In the meantime he held special services in St. Peter's and visited the monasteries and nunneries, telling the inmates that the Italians would never enter Rome. They might, he said, come to the gates, but there they would be stayed. Only once did I hear of his having given way; last Saturday, during a service at Ara Coeli, he burst into tears and all present wept with him. On the evening of September 19 he visited the Porta San Giovanni and blessed the barricades and the banditti-soldiers defending them. On the fifteenth news was received of the fall of Civitavecchia; on the sixteenth the Italian troops began leisurely to assemble, and by the eighteenth they completely surrounded Rome.

In the meantime such preparations as the Papal troops wished to make had been made, and they anxiously looked forward to an attack; in fact they provoked it by firing on the Italian troops, who did not reply. The enemy were 60,000 strong, the Romans 13,000, with an immense extent of wall to defend. No one not Papalini supposed for a moment that it could be successfully defended, although the Army here seemed sanguine as to the result. On the twentieth of September at 5 A.M. the attack began by a sharp fire of musketry and a heavy cannonading

of about forty shots to the minute, extending from near the Porta del Popolo to the Porta San Giovanni, along about one third of the whole city wall. A slight attack was also kept up at the Porta San Pancrazio, on the opposite side of the city. The most severe cannonading was at, and near, the Porta Pia and the Porta San Giovanni. At eight o'clock the firing was about twenty-five to the minute; it then slackened materially. The guns at the Porta Pia were soon after dismounted, and a little later the gate at San Giovanni was entirely gone, but guns were manned and discharged until the enemy were within a few feet of them.

The old walls generally proved utterly useless against heavy artillery; in four or five hours they were in some places completely swept away. A clear breach was made near the Porta Pia, fifty feet wide, and the Italian soldiers in overwhelming force flowed through it, and literally filled the city. Simultaneously the Porta San Giovanni was carried by assault; a white flag was then seen flying from the dome of St. Peter's, and the city was known to have surrendered. After the cannonading ceased, the Papal troops made but a feeble resistance. They who a moment before ruled Rome with a rod of iron were nearly all prisoners or had taken refuge in the Castel San Angelo, or St. Peter's Square. Yesterday they were all sent away from Rome. As a general rule they were only too glad to submit quietly, except the Squadriglieri, some of whom, dreading the gallows, made a desperate resistance.

I believe that no private citizens made the least effort or demonstration in favor of the Papal Government. During the attack the streets were crowded with expectant, orderly people. The fire was directed entirely

against the walls, no shot having been thrown intentionally into the city, although some buildings were injured and some noncombatants killed and wounded. A bullet passed through an upper window of this Consulate.

After all, it was an easy victory for the Italians, and the loss in killed and wounded on both sides was not great. They were in overwhelming force with very heavy artillery, and they knew that the mass of Romans were their friends. The Zouaves, on the other hand, although they never could have imagined how much they were detested, must have at heart feared the people, and could not fight their best. They were a fine-looking body of men, many of them, even the common soldiers, of superior education and refinement. Some of them undoubtedly served the Pope from religious feeling; many for the sake of the romance and adventure of the thing; very few for pay, as it was ridiculously small.

The Italian troops in the service of the Pope were treated in the main with kindness, as soon as they had surrendered. But no one can imagine the storm of curses and abuse that were heaped upon the foreign mercenaries, particularly the Zouaves. I saw some of them, prisoners, brought from the Porta Pia through a dense mass of Italian soldiers, hot with victory; the soldiers struck them with their muskets, reviled and spit upon them in the most brutal way. With this exception the Italian troops have behaved admirably. Two hours later I saw many hundred Zouaves taken to their former headquarters in the Piazza Colonna. The rabble felt that their turn had now come, and if the Italian soldiers had not then prevented them they would have been torn to pieces. Yesterday, before the Papal soldiers were sent away, some of them gathered in the Square of St. Peter's and the Pope

blessed them from the balcony of the church. Many wept.

As soon as the white flag was seen on St. Peter's, I visited the different gates. The Porta Pia was in a horrible state; the barricades torn to pieces, the cannon broken and dismounted, the beautiful gate blackened and ruined, the fresco of the Virgin on its front defaced by many cannon shot, the heads and arms of the sculptured saints on either side wanting. The lodge of the villa adjoining, belonging to Cardinal Bonaparte, was burned, the villa itself much injured, several Zouaves lying dead, where they had fallen, on the ground. The Porta San Giovanni and the barricades which the Pope had blessed but the evening before were in much the same condition. There, however, the walls were baked by earth and no breach had been made; only the gateway was broken, and through this narrow passage the assault was made.

On the entry of the Italian soldiers the people met them with outstretched arms, with the wildest enthusiasm. As if by magic the whole city was literally covered with Italian flags, and busts and portraits of the King were seen everywhere. On this and the following evening, the city was brilliantly illuminated, and the Corso and other streets filled with excited people, shouting for the King and Rome, the Capital of Italy. No very great violence was committed, although much was apprehended. The Papal arms were almost all torn down and dragged through the streets. Certain palaces and monasteries were threatened and windows broken. Many persons were insulted in the streets, and some few were robbed.

The quarters of the Gendarmes were sacked. Undoubtedly during the last few days anyone connected with the Roman Church or State was in serious danger of life and property. But in the main the cases of violence were

exceptional and committed by the lowest rabble. In every case where guards were asked they were given by the general commanding, and now quiet seems to be almost completely established. The mass of the people, though, have been far too happy to indulge in anything but harmless manifestations of the most extravagant delight.

A self-constituted municipal government was immediately formed. They were popularly supposed, and probably supposed themselves, to be ruling Rome. But in fact, for a day and a half before the military government was fully established, there was no real government in the city. Yesterday, however, General Cadorna issued an order stating that Rome was under military rule and calling upon the citizens to cease their manifestations and resume their ordinary employments. He announced that order would be preserved, all property protected, and the former employees of the Government retained in their positions. This gave general satisfaction. To-day it is known that the General has selected eighteen persons, from among those suggested by the popular voice, to act as a provisional government. These include princes and other leading men of Rome, who of course will act more or less under the General's direction.

Yesterday a Republican meeting was held, but it was composed to a great extent of the rabble and exiles, who now swarm in Rome. This Republican movement is not by any means favored by the people at large. It is much discouraged by the best and most influential men of the Liberal Party. As far as I can learn from many inquiries and careful observations, the Romans are now the most loyal subjects that the King of Italy has. What they may become in the future no one can say, when the seeds of liberty sown in this virgin soil within the past few days shall have

been carefully cultivated by the many Garibaldian exiles and other designing men, who have so long and anxiously looked forward to Rome as the Capital of a Republic.

Of course there is a large party in favor of the old order of things; among these are the greater part of the nobles, and of course all the priests and their dependents, and a few others. Still many of the most wealthy and influential of the nobles are liberals, such as the Princes Doria and Piombino. But the middle and lower classes who are not in the Church, or not dependent on it for their livelihood, are, I believe, almost without exception in favor of the new order of things. Those who say to the contrary — and there are some who do — seem to me to be either willfully blind, or they intentionally misrepresent the facts that they cannot help but see. The Carnival has of late years been supported by the rabble and strangers; even at that time of rejoicing Rome was a dead city.

During the late demonstrations the Corso has been filled with well-dressed, happy people, with a new light on their faces such as has not been seen in Rome for years. Certainly, for the present, this is a popular movement. Many of those who hitherto had opposed it had been taught by the priests to look upon the coming Italians as Vandals. However, finding in these Italians a well-disciplined and orderly soldiery, superior in every way to their former defenders, they have changed their minds somewhat and are more hopeful of the future. No Italian seems to doubt but that Rome was to be the Capital of Italy.

The general feeling now appears to be, even among the Pope's friends, that he made one of the greatest mistakes that man ever made, in not submitting to the inevitable and listening to the King of Italy. It would seem to have

been a sufficient protest against violence if he had simply closed the gates and not allowed blood to be shed in vain. By resisting, as he did, he lost all; his prestige for the present is entirely gone; he is now little more than any bishop in his diocese. In fact, he is less, for now he could hardly go through the streets without insult, perhaps not without personal danger. No one could imagine a greater fall than his, no greater contrast between the arrogant, infallible Pope of yesterday and the weak, deserted old man of to-day. He is still at the Vatican, and there is every prospect, I hear, of his remaining there.

In all cases I have allowed American citizens to put up the American flag, which hitherto has not been allowed in Rome, even at the Consulate. I am happy to say that it has been of great service, and has been universally respected.

I have been at my post during the whole affair, and have made every effort to obtain reliable information from all sources. I feel that I have had great responsibilities and some difficulties to contend with, as I have been almost alone. There was not one of my countrymen, in whose judgment I had

confidence, to consult with. But fortunately thus far everything has gone well with this Consulate, and with every American, and all American property (which was considerable) in Rome.

I have mentioned in my dispatch some things which under ordinary circumstances would not have been worth mentioning. However, as Rome at this unpleasant season is deserted by all who can get away — I know of no correspondent of an American newspaper having been here during the siege — I have thought that an account even of some seemingly trifling things might be of value.

I enclose a map of the city. I also send some newspapers published both before and after the surrender, which I thought might be of some interest. I would call attention to the two articles marked with a cross.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed) D. M. ARMSTRONG

U. S. CONSUL, ROME

September 24th

The city is now quiet and order seems to be completely restored.

Photographs of the Porta Pia enclosed.

REVOLUTION

BY LUCY WILCOX ADAMS

I

'IN half an hour we shall have to go down,' said the president, turning from the window, from which he had been studying the crowd, and addressing the others in the room. 'You understand what you are to do. You will go to the platform, divide, and stand at each side, while Joseph and I come forward. There will be singing. Igor will recite the proclamation of government, Stephen will announce our immediate plans, and then Joseph will speak.'

His eyes ran from one man to another, and each one nodded his head, except Joseph, who remained at the window, looking out over the square. The president glanced at him with a slight frown, and went on in the husky voice that never rose above a whisper. 'It is best that the meeting should be a short one.'

His audience was respectfully silent for a moment or two till Zteck had disappeared into a little alcove half hidden by heavy gold-embroidered curtains.

'I wish my old woman could be here to see me,' sighed one of the men, looking up from the sausage at which he was hacking with a gold-inlaid dagger. He passed it on to Matthew, who sliced off a large portion, remarking contentedly:—

'Who would have thought that they would have sausage in a palace?'

'It is good sausage,' added Jacob. 'For three years I have not tasted

meat, until three days ago. Igor, you should take some.' He thrust it into the face of the herder, who on account of his enormous size and great voice had been chosen to make the proclamation of the new government.

Igor shook his head violently and groaned. 'I should as soon be hanged as high as that tower as make a speech. I shan't be able to whisper any louder than Zteck, I shall be so frightened.'

The men glanced apprehensively at the alcove where the president was conversing in low tones with Stephen, the schoolmaster, and one of them remarked hastily, 'Imagine you are shouting to your cows in the mountains. Shut your eyes and think of that.'

'I shall smell them. They don't smell like cows. Ah,' he cried longingly, 'the smell of cattle in the winter when you're cold!'

Several of the men got up and went to the window of the palace and looked out on the crowd seething below, and, seeing Joseph apparently in deep thought, talked and laughed together in subdued voices.

Joseph was hardly conscious that they were in the room. He was not thinking of his speech, nor of anything in particular. His thoughts flew hither and thither like the pigeons fluttering from lentil to lentil. Looking down at the vast multitude, he was reminded of wheat fields before a storm, and instinctively glanced up at the sky, where the clouds were flying in ragged battalions past the sun. The pale,

fleeting sunlight gleamed and faded on massed ranks of peasant faces. Even from here they looked pinched and blue. His wandering attention was caught for a moment by something that moved among the stone figures on the façade of the cathedral on the other side of the square. It was a man, and Joseph wondered what he could be doing so high above the ground. Perhaps he had climbed up there so that he could see them. He gazed at the great building with its massive towers, its forests of buttresses and pinnacles, and it seemed to him monstrous that men should have labored to pile up so great a mass of stone. 'It is unnatural,' he thought. 'Men ought to work on the earth and build close to it.'

'You should eat, Joseph,' a voice interrupted, and the small monkey face of Matthew peered into his. 'You are like one of the saints, and fast in the midst of plenty. Now I have been a saint and fasted for four years, and so has Jacob here, and Igor, and perhaps even Zteck. But when the king throws open his palace,'—they all laughed loudly at this witticism,—'we must at least eat the feast he has prepared.'

'How the old spider lived,' growled Jacob, and spat on the rich silk rug, 'while we poor peasants searched for grasshoppers and worms in the fields to fill us.'

Benda leaned over and whispered, 'If those outside in the square could see this palace and the great store-rooms in the cellar, they would perhaps not be so ready to return home to their bare fields as our president thinks they will be.'

'Yes,' remarked Matthew shrewdly, 'now we are all here it's a problem what to do with us. It's like the old woman who raised her nine sons to be kings when there was only one kingdom.'

Zteck appeared noiselessly behind

them, and Matthew in confusion swallowed a piece of bread a great deal too big for him, so that his eyes stood out from his head and tears started in them. But the president paid no attention and spoke in Joseph's ear.

'I know you agree with me that nothing should be said to excite. The thing now is to send the most of them home as quickly as possible. We are promising them all seed and at least one animal for every village. What we must tell them is that our victory here is won, and that they must return to their homes to make it secure all over the country. Tell them that those who are remaining will watch over things for them.'

'Make the victory secure,' repeated Joseph, gazing at his leader out of bright, feverish eyes. The ex-shopkeeper looked at him attentively; his pale eyes had a hint of menace; but he did not say anything, and turned away to the ebony-and-ivory table on which lay the remains of a meal. He spoke sharply to Benda and Jacob, who were trying to pull apart the fittings of a silver toilet case.

At that moment the door opened and a round head peered in. 'You must come immediately,' said an uncereemonious voice. 'They are all ready to fire the cannon.'

The men instantly became nervous and Igor trembled violently. Only Matthew appeared unconcerned and stuffed an end of sausage into his pocket, saying, 'Who knows? It may not be here when we return. Courage, Igor. Remember the cows and bellow your loudest.'

They stood uncomfortably at attention under the president's critical gaze. Joseph had not moved. He was wondering where the man among the images on the cathedral had disappeared. Stephen nudged him at last, and he turned.

'Is this a time for dreaming?' Zteck's cold whisper rebuked.

The president moved down the stairs a little ahead of the others, and Joseph and Igor brought up the rear.

'Ah, if I were like you and could speak so well!' said the herder. 'You would have been a wonderful herdsman. All the cattle would have come to you like children.' He gazed humbly into the pale face of the other.

Joseph smiled. 'Don't be afraid. Think how proud you'll be all your life. Everyone will talk about it.'

Igor appeared somewhat comforted by this assurance, but outside, at the foot of the platform steps, he said anxiously, 'Do you think they will give me the three cows they promised me?'

II

The great bell in the tower of the cathedral boomed three times and a cannon thundered from the palace steps. A hundred thousand faces turned toward a broad granite pedestal which rose a man's height above the crowd. Yesterday it had carried the bronze statue of an emperor. To-day it was empty except for a few chairs. As figures appeared on the platform the people surged forward impulsively. Then the president and Joseph advanced slowly, and the crowd burst into tumultuous shouting. Tears ran down hollow cheeks.

'Zteck, Zteck, Joseph, Zteck and Joseph, Joseph and Zteck!' The two names were shouted over and over.

The throng which had eddied round the edges of the square now pressed in to look. They were quicker, sharper-featured, and a little less ragged than the mass of the peasants — the people of the city come out to look at their new masters.

'That's the leader!' shouted one to make himself heard above the noise.

'They say he's dumb, and that he drinks blood.'

'A hundred women would not content him,' replied a pale, disease-ravaged man whose head was bandaged.

Fierce looks appeared on the faces of some of those about them, and the two were hastily silent and presently slunk away to another part of the square.

Gradually the uproar and cheering changed to song, a strange melancholy wail that chilled the hearts of many listeners.

'Wolves,' said a one-armed man, drawing a moth-eaten fur collar closer round his neck.

But the singers seemed intoxicated and sang it over and over, swaying with shut eyes to its mournful rhythm.

Out of all the multitude only Zteck and Joseph appeared unmoved. Joseph gazed absently at the pieces of paper flying about above the square, and was conscious only of a sense of emptiness.

The moment that should have been a crowning one, when the mist lifted on the plain, revealing to the straggling half-starved army the sunlit towers of the city, had left him unstirred. From all about him there had risen shouts of hoarse exultation, while blue cracked lips parted in smiles, and rude jests flew back and forth. Joseph, gazing at the glittering icy beauty of the cathedral spires, had held his breath and waited for the inspiration that in a moment must flood his tired spirit. He had gazed and gazed, his soul in his eyes, while his body was being jostled and hurried, his arms grasped, and men were shouting excitedly to him, their eyes flashing wildly in their starved, sunken faces. But it had all been a confusion in which he had found no meaning.

That night at the camp where they slept, huddled in an open field, no fires to thaw the heavy, damp cold that crept up out of the ground and wrapped

them about like a garment, everyone had been talkative and quarrelsome. The men kept turning to look at him expectantly, and the baker's vagabond son, who had grown up in his village, leaned over and whispered, 'When the winning post is near, you should put spurs to the horse.' Joseph was ashamed and dropped his head, pretending to sleep, because he had nothing to say.

The same sense of emptiness paralyzied him now. He looked down at the multitude below him, at the packed, swaying bodies from which rose a smell as of sour hay. Soon they would stop singing, and he would have to speak to them.

The wind was cold and he shivered, drawing closer about his shoulders the rusty black shawl. March winds . . . dry, cold winds . . . drying the land for sowing. This year at last they would sow, and there would be corn for all. Sowing . . . turning over the sticky black clods, each clod glazed to silver by the share. Then the seed, pale, so little, so potent for the life of men. He thought it strange that God should trust the life of His creatures to anything so small, so likely to be lost in the earth. It would rot if the soil were too wet, and wither if it were too dry, and grow feeble and stunted if the sun did not shine enough.

He thought of his own fields, the corner where his land sloped to the stream and the wheat grew lush and strong, the little stony patch where the rows thinned. Those acres that he could plough in a day had given him life, and his father, and his grandfather, and no one knew how many generations before that. In his mind the past sloped up, quiet, peaceful, unmenaced, till all things began at the throne of God, where He had smiled and given to each his little plot of land. Then into this untroubled, toil-filled

existence had come the war, tearing them up by the roots and flinging them to the four winds of heaven.

The singing died away. A rough hand was groping for his — Igor? He grasped it firmly and smiled at the trembling herder. The huge man stumbled to the front of the platform and stood there shaking like a tree. He opened his mouth to speak and no sound came. The faces of his comrades were strained and anxious. Then Joseph could see the blue eyes suddenly close tightly till the wrinkles spread round them like a fan, the massive head thrown back so that the flying hair on the bulging forehead, and childish upturned nose were all outlined against the sky, and a voice as melodious as bells rang out over the square. 'We have been called by God . . .' The words which he had himself written — how long ago? They sounded alien and strange now, and woke no answering chord as they had done when he wrote them.

He remembered the first time he had seen Igor, after a meeting in the little village of Matten, where the mountains seemed to lean down and crush the houses. The hollow-eyed starving peasants had listened dull and gone away, and Joseph lingered by the old wooden cross, spent with fatigue, hunger, and an emotion that had evoked no response. Then the giant herder had risen up from the stone on which he had been squatting and touched his sleeve and said, 'Is God really angry with us? You said that while He was angry nothing would go well with us. Is that why my cows all died?'

Joseph nodded his head wearily. 'But who cares now?' he asked. 'They are so miserable they think things can not be worse.'

He walked on, but Igor kept by his side. 'I will tell you something about

od,' he said mysteriously. 'He is not so strong as people think. I hear him in the mountains sometimes crying for help like my cattle when they are lost. In the old days, when there were only a few people in the world, it was easy for Him to be king, but now there are so many and they are so strong that He cannot look after them all; they do wicked things.'

The herder's half-crazy fancy had found an echo in Joseph's brain, and he imagined sometimes that God was being bound somewhere, and that he must find and free Him.

The thundering applause broke out again. Igor opened his eyes and smiled broadly on those below him. He stood there so long that they had to pull him back to his seat. In spite of the cold, sweat glistened on his brown forehead and he wiped it away with his hand.

'Now they will give me my three cows,' he said contentedly.

Joseph was chilled with sudden doubt. Was it true that everything would be well now? Could he go back to the low gray farmhouse, and to Lisa his wife—to long days in the fields in summer, and long lamp-lit hours in winter when he carved endless toys, and she worked so swiftly at the lace on the pillow, and the old grandfather painted the little figures and set them on the shelf to dry? Would the lamplight make a golden circle on the ceiling, and the strings of lanterns cast fantastic shadows on the walls, and the child at Lisa's side nuzzle in his wooden cradle?

Stephen rose and began to speak in his meticulous school-teacher's voice, announcing the programme of the new government: '... To every man his own land without rent or taxes. ... need enough to keep you from starving at least ... machinery ... no more money to be squandered by the people of the city ... supervised

shops so that you will not be cheated by high prices. ...'

Joseph had had no hand in drawing up this programme. Some of it he did not even understand. That had been Zteck's work. He glanced at the president, sitting so still beside him, his hands on his thin knees, his pale blue eyes gazing steadily into the crowd below. What was Zteck thinking?

The age-old peasant distrust of the shopkeeper pricked him as he looked at the crooked features and mottled skin, and he thought of the proverb, 'Trust a thief before a priest, but trust a shopkeeper not at all.'

None of their little group liked him, except perhaps Stephen, who wrote his few letters for him, and conferred with him often in secret.

Joseph's eyes followed Zteck's probing gaze and he too looked intently into the sea of upturned faces so hungrily eager, seeing scores whom he could call by name. There were Reuben and his foolish young wife, who had insisted on marching with them, and a man whom he had known in the trenches, another with whom he had stayed in the hill country to the east—hundreds who had come because of his words as he hurried from village to village preaching the new, warming doctrine of revolution to those to whom peace had brought nothing but misery, starvation, and the daily acquaintance with death.

He thought of his own words when suddenly, while all the village was on its knees in the fields praying for rain, he had jumped to his feet and pushed aside the astonished priest and spoken, trembling with the sense of the revelation which had descended upon him:—

'I have been thinking a long time and wondering why we are so miserable, and why we are all starving when we might be living as we used to—comfortably on our land. I know now it is

the war that made it all. I ran away from it. I did not know why, but I was afraid of it. I know now that we did a wrong thing to fight. God gave us the earth to care for. He is our Lord, and we must work for Him, but at the command of His enemies we marched away from the homes of our fathers, and wherever we went and wherever we fought we destroyed the soil and its fruits. That was wrong and God is angry with us. He has sent a curse upon the land.'

And then he had cried out in a voice so terrible that the priest had hidden his face. 'I say we must seize the sword of God and march against His enemies, who rule in His land, and overthrow them! We have been patient too long. We are a thousand to their hundred, and they melt away before us like frost before the sun. We will make God's law of peace our law, and God will be pleased. The curse will pass away. We shall return to our homes, and all things will prosper with us. I say take up the sword of God, lest it kill us all!'

With those words on his lips he had gone from village to village wherever they would listen. Here and there some had heeded and made plans, until before he knew it the movement had swept far beyond him and begun to multiply and increase of itself, and Zteck had created an army out of the starving and miserable people.

III

A low mutter of anger that ran over the crowd roused him for a moment to the present. Stephen was denouncing the crimes of the old rulers whom they had driven out. The mutter increased to a roar, ominous as the thunder of floods in snow-swollen streams.

And now they were here in the capital. It was all over. The king had fled.

Zteck was in the palace, Stephen was promising them good times, and to-morrow these people would begin to return to their homes. Surely his visions, and the words that seemed sometimes to spring from his lips and though another spoke them, meant more than this.

What, he thought suddenly, if this is only the beginning? Beyond the people stretched their fields, and beyond theirs others, all waiting, and somewhere God. And God had not spoken.

'And now, before you march to the halls where the feast is to be served, our great leader, whose voice has been the trumpet call which awakened us to consciousness of power, will speak to you.'

Stephen sat down at Zteck's side and bowed his head to the applause which was already punctuated by cries of 'Joseph, Joseph,' till the word became a thunderpeal.

'Nothing but a common peasant and a deserter from the army!' shouted the man in the moth-eaten fur collar to his companion.

'He does n't look much,' remarked one woman to another as they stood on their toes and craned to see; and a young fellow on whose shoulders sat a wizened child gripped the little boy's legs tighter and cried, 'Wave your cap, Tito! There he is!'

'Hush, hush. He is going to speak.'

Strong hands were pushing Joseph forward, for he had sat sunk in his chair so long that he might have forgotten what he was to do. Zteck frowned and pulled at his knuckles.

Joseph waited almost dreamily amid the tumult. The shouting seemed to lift him off his feet till he was floating high above the cathedral spires where he could see the whole land stretching away in infinite blue distances, and yet every village was as distinct as though

it were immediately under his eye, even to the little place in his roof which had been packed with moss to keep out the winter cold. He brooded over it, unmoving as the eagles he had sometimes seen in the mountains where they had fought for a time. He stood so long wrapped in his dream that a vague fear spread over the crowd, and it moved uneasily. The cheering died away till the flutter of the pigeons' wings could be heard in the air above their heads. And then a thing he seemed to have known dimly since as a child he had followed the harrow, dropping the seed into the furrows, blazed out in sudden splendor, and the earth was God — how else so inexhaustible, the giver of life since time began? And he was aware of a voice that cried from the earth, as Igor had said, like his cattle when they were lost in the mountains.

Someone in the crowd had begun to sob. Zteck half rose to his feet. Then Joseph threw back his head to speak.

A shot rang out, and Joseph cried once sharply and pitched forward into the crowd. Among the stone gardens on the cathedral a figure twisted a moment and fell headlong, and the frozen crowd suddenly woke to life. Hoarse screams filled the air; terrified shouts that the king and his soldiers had returned, that men with guns were hidden on all the roofs. The crowd stampeded into the streets and alleys that surrounded the square, crushing hundreds under their feet in frenzy to leave the place of death. They tore up street signs, doorposts, anything that would serve as a weapon.

There followed a night of such terror as the old city had never seen. Mobs broke into shops and houses, beating to death men whom they found hiding

there, stripping women of their clothing, looting and burning, and, when they thought of their dead leader, crying aloud like children.

When the dawn broke it was as though a storm had swept over the city. The streets were still patrolled by scattered bands of peasants, which dwindled as one and then another leaned for a moment's rest against a doorstep or shop front, and slid down to the pavement and slept where he lay.

In the palace Zteck awakened Stephen, who had fallen forward asleep on the ebony-and-ivory table. 'Get your paper and ink.'

As the schoolmaster moved toward the desk, he picked up from a chair Joseph's worn old cap with the torn ear-pieces, left where it had been tossed the day before. He held it up silently. Zteck smiled a little as he bent down to loosen his shoes. 'He is more use to us dead than alive.'

Suddenly from the hallway came the sound of running feet, and someone beat furiously on the door, shouting in a hoarse voice, 'They're in here! I must find them! Let me in!'

Zteck had risen to his feet, his face paled, and his hand flew to his throat. The noise outside grew more confused, then ceased abruptly. The door opened and the round-headed guard looked in. He was breathing rapidly.

'Who will give me my three cows now? Where are . . .' The words reached them clearly from the marble corridor and were suddenly stifled.

The guard grinned. 'It is only Igor. He has gone quite mad. He's been down in the square all night calling his cows!'

The door closed, and Zteck drew a long breath. 'Why are we waiting?' he demanded impatiently.

ANCIENT AND MODERN THINKING

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

I

THERE was one aspect of the eclipse of the sun, on that arctic morning in January 1925, that the astronomers seem to have overlooked, perhaps because they were so absorbed in mathematical subtleties that the human side of that marvelous experience failed to touch them. We were watching the revelation of awful beauty from above the harbor at New Haven, where the quiet water was carpeted with ice floes and the clean spars of ships were etched against the pearl-gray sky. The railroad yards along the water front, the streets, and the hills beyond the town were covered with shining snow; the bare trees on East Rock were silver-white like an old man's hair.

As the black disk slipped over the golden shield of the sun and the light waned, the brightness faded from the snow. Then came the brief minutes of full eclipse, when the rays of the corona shot out on either side like golden sheaves and the jet-black rim was dotted with rubies; off to the right, in the darkened sky, a group of planets glittered — silvery Mercury, Venus, Jupiter. All the treasures of our solar realm were revealed together.

At no time was it darker than evening twilight. We could see the intent crowd of watchers plainly, along the streets and on the flat roofs of the railroad station. There were many negroes among them, eager as children. All were absorbed, visibly overawed. Little flocks of doves flew this way and

that, not in alarm, but surprised, perhaps disconcerted, by the unwonted aspect of their world.

Then the jet disk slid backward, the golden arrows of the corona were withdrawn, the planets faded into the brightening sky, pale sunlight was blown across the snow-covered world. The great moment of marvel had passed.

Yet the human impress of the marvel lingered. One could see it in the faces of men and women — a luminous surprise that held them silent, wondering, walking meditatively, the claims of their duties still held in abeyance. Their sudden vision of solar and planetary splendor had brought them illumination: for the first time in their lives they realized that they were denizens, not of New Haven only, or of New England, or even of this our earth. They were inhabitants of the universe. Realizing it, they were filled with awe, an overwhelming sense of the immensities of which they were a part. They had had their transfiguration, though they would presently descend from the mount.

The knowledge that we inhabit, not this green earth alone, set in shining seas, but the wide universe, is a rightful part of the heritage of man. It should be continuous and universal, keeping us alert to our high destiny. Among all living things in the world, it belongs, so far as we can judge, to man alone. Beasts and birds rejoice in the sunlight. Migrant warblers and terns and golden plovers follow the sun northward and southward every spring

and autumn, catching the light upon their wings. While the morning star yet shines, robins herald the dawn with magnificent choral song. Tigers and owls, stalking in darkness, pay an inverted tribute to the light. But none of them, save man alone, looks beyond this earth to the outer immensities. Beasts and birds inhabit the world. Only man inhabits the universe.

It would seem to be the same with the immensities of time. Man looks with forward and reverted eye, but beast and bird, even when instinct impels them to lay up store for the future, live wholly in the moment. The bird's whole consciousness goes into his present song. The animal that has just escaped from imminent death is in a few minutes serene and happy again, with even pulse and quiet heart. But man broods over past and future, even though this may make him neither happier nor wiser.

If we compare to-day with even the recent past, five or six centuries back, we shall realize that our conception both of time and of space has expanded immensely, almost infinitely. The general human mind has gained the consciousness which for a few minutes brooded over the surprised watchers of the eclipse. The universe we inhabit has opened out, backward and forward, upward and downward, to a degree almost inconceivable.

Not so long ago, time began for Western thought in the year 4004 B.C. I remember my astonishment when, as a boy, I came upon an Egyptian statue, in a museum, bearing the date 4150 B.C. It seemed to stick out into the void, a century and a half before the universe came into being. And, not so long ago, space was as constricted as time. With so great a mystic as Dante, it is rash to think that we have sounded to the depths of his meaning; but, taken literally, the universe he describes

is a little one, with earth looming large in the centre of a star-flecked shell, in whose narrow spaces sun and moon and little planets whirl, all of them vassals of our central world. The whole of time, for that small earth-centred universe, was limited to scant six thousand years, before which time was not, after which time should be no more. To-day we think of the age of our earth alone as not less than a billion years, and we use proportionate measures for star-strewn space. A marvelous release of pent-up thought, a splendid expansion of the universe and of the intelligence which seeks to fathom it.

Yet this modern opening of the universe is not altogether a conquest of new territories. It was preceded by an equal shrinkage. The date 4004 B.C., for the beginning of things, seemed to Archbishop Ussher a logical and certain deduction from the chronology of the Hebrews, with their tradition of the Flood and the ages of the patriarchs. But the older peoples of the Orient thought in ampler periods, and it seems likely that the Hebrew patriarchs, even with their long life spans, are abbreviated copies of the antediluvian kings of Babylonia, and that these were not persons but periods. Solon, when he visited the Egyptian temples, was told that the history of Hellas went back, not a mere thousand years, but ten thousand; the Greeks, like children, had forgotten.

As with the constricted centuries, so also with the small, earth-centred world. Dante followed Ptolemy, who, in the second century of our era, made our earth the hub of the solar system. But, long before Ptolemy, Pythagoras and his disciples had taught that the earth swings free around an orbit with a distant centre, and they also taught the movement of the sun in space. Copernicus and Galileo were not

altogether pioneers of a new way. The great Samian had already said, 'Eppure si muove.'

Iamblichus tells us that Pythagoras, like his mentor, Thales, had learned much in Egypt, where he spent more than twenty years, studying astronomy and geometry in the recesses of the temples and being initiated into the divine mysteries. He adds that, when Pythagoras was taken by the army of Cambyses to Babylon, he gladly studied with the Magi, perfecting himself in their sacred knowledge, as well as in numbers and music, during twelve years. So Pythagoras, who framed the great word 'philosophy' for our Western world, was a debtor to the ancients. And quite recently it has been shown that the Babylonian astronomer Kidinnu knew of the precession of the equinox; Hipparchus, hitherto held to be its discoverer, really borrowed the teaching ready-made. Since a single precession covers nearly twenty-six thousand years, it is clear that the Magi thought in immense periods of time.

II

So the small earth-centred world lasting but six millenniums is comparatively modern. It marked an eclipse of thought, a shrinkage from an ampler past. But while it lasted the reign of this shrunken world was absolute. It bound the human mind with a band of steel, as Galileo could testify. And it endured in our general thinking until the day before yesterday; it even endures to-day.

Archbishop Ussher's chronology held sway over Western thought when our pioneers went to India to delve into Sanskrit lore, a century and a half ago. So far as the immensities of past time were concerned, Sir William Jones, Charles Wilkins, and their gifted fellow workers still wore the band of steel

about their brows. Their thought and imagination were stereotyped in terms of 4004 B.C. for the beginning of all things. Ancient India was discovered too soon, before the key to the hieroglyphics and the chronology of Egypt had been found, before the long periods recorded on cuneiform tablets had been disclosed. So it unfortunately happened that the chronology of India was explored by men who thought only in terms of 4004 B.C. for the Creation, with the year 2349 B.C. punctiliously fixed for Noah's universal deluge. All post-diluvian history had to be crushed into that Procrustean frame. And the past of India was thus compressed by our unconscious disciples of Procrustes. Max Müller, who had a wholesome respect for Archbishop Ussher, accepted their conclusions, which overshadow all books dealing with India even to-day. So it happens that in an excellent book on India, just published, we are told that the Aryans entered India 'approximately in the year 2500 B.C.' Apart from Max Müller's fancy, there is no better evidence for that date than for 2349 B.C. as the date of a universal flood.

When our earliest Sanskritists began their invaluable work in India, they found in actual use an era, then approaching its five-thousandth year, which had its starting point in the year 3101 B.C. — the era of the Kali Yuga, as it is called. It began, according to Indian tradition, at the end of the great war of the *Mahabharata*. Immediately, and quite inevitably, our scholars said: 'Impossible! Absurd! That is several centuries before the Flood!' So they set themselves to 'correct' this ridiculous error, and the chronology of India was telescoped from millenniums to centuries. If they had known something of the ancient history of Egypt and Babylonia, they would have been more cautious, less summary. Only the

other day graves were unearthed at Ur of the Chaldees which were confidently assigned to the year 3100 B.C., and beneath them was another layer, many centuries earlier. No one then said, 'Impossible! Absurd! That would be before the Flood!' Yet it was exactly in that antediluvian mood that the foundations of our Western dates for India were laid, a century and a half since, when Warren Hastings was the great patron of Sanskrit learning. The docile followers of Archbishop Ussher were still unconsciously conspiring to dwarf the world in time, just as Galileo's judges contracted the universe in space. Indian chronology suffered a detriment which has not yet been repaired.

The wise men of India looked back, not to a few centuries of past history, but to many millenniums. And they also steadily contemplated epochs of man's existence, and of the world's, to be reckoned, not by thousands, but by many millions of years. The universe, for them, was beginningless in time, and infinite in extent.

And they had for their large calculations an admirable instrument which the West has only recently borrowed from them. We speak of the Arabic figures which displaced the clumsy reckoning of the Romans. They are not really Arabic, but Indian, and it seems likely that they were adapted from the initial letters of the Sanskrit numerals. To show the immense intellectual reach of these ancient Aryans, it is well worth while to cite their conception of the larger numbers, as they are set forth, for example, in the Buddhist scripture called *Abhidhamma*. The first large number is called a *laksha*, a hundred thousand; the modern form is *lakh*, or *lac*, and the Treasury of British India still reckons in lacs of rupees. Then followed a *koti*, ten millions, modernized as a crore. But this

is only the beginning. From the *koti* upward, each succeeding numeral is ten million times the preceding; they are, in fact, the square, the cube, and the higher powers of the crore. For these ascending numbers there are definite names up to the twentieth power of ten millions, or one followed by one hundred and forty ciphers. There is nothing constricted about that. It would be entirely easy to express either in Sanskrit or in Pali the vast distances of our modern astronomers; to translate the hundred million light years with which we measure the width of space, and to express the result in miles, or even in inches. We should still have a sheaf of numerals left unused.

Nor were these huge numbers mere playthings of the Aryan mathematicians. They were measuring sticks for their conceptions both of time and of space. To begin with, they assigned to the antiquity of man a period so immense that even Western science, a few short decades back, would have dismissed it as ridiculous and absurd, exactly as our early Sanskritists dismissed the very modest date, 3101 B.C., for the close of the *Mahabharata* war.

But our anthropologists are gaining courage. A dozen years ago Sir Arthur Keith ended his fine work on man's antiquity by saying that he knew of no facts which made impossible the existence of man in the Miocene period. This would take us back not less than four or five million years. Only a few months back Henry Fairfield Osborn said that the prologue of human life must be sought even earlier, in the Oligocene, which preceded the Miocene, and he fixed that time as sixteen million years ago.

This in itself is sufficiently striking, and it involves a remarkable coincidence, for, some forty or fifty years back, certain of the Brahman computations

were published in India which gave to our present mankind an antiquity of over eighteen million years. Forty or fifty years ago even our most liberal-minded anthropologists would have called this absurd and ridiculous. Only in 1927 have we ventured to approach the traditional Aryan figures for the immense antiquity of man.

We have our series of geological ages, Archæozoic, Palæozoic, Mesozoic, Cenozoic — often subdivided into groups of four. Thus in the Mesozoic there are the Triassic, Jurassic, Comanchean, and Cretaceous; in the Cenozoic there are Eocene, Oligocene, Miocene, and Pliocene, leading us up to Pleistocene and modern times. It is interesting to note that ancient India had a somewhat similar system, consisting of Kalpas and Yugas, and also divided fourfold. Thus the Yugas are arranged in a series of four, in the proportion of one, two, three, four. This group makes a total of 4,320,000 years, called a great Yuga. But this is only the beginning. For two thousand of these great Yugas are needed to make up a Kalpa, which is thus a period of 8,640,000,000 years. This immense period of nearly nine billion years is but one day and night of the formative Power, whose lifetime, one cosmic period, consists of a hundred years of such days and nights. So the ancient Aryans had plenty of scope for their big numerals.

It is difficult to say whether these Aryan periods are based on geological or on astronomical thinking, but there is at least a suggestion that they are the former. The ancient Aryans spoke of a succession of Avataras, or 'Descents of Life.' So we have the fish-descent, the tortoise-descent, the man-lion-descent, and then the human incarnations. And this succession immediately suggests the age of fish, the age of reptiles, the age of mammals, and the age of man.

But we need not lay too much stress on details. It is enough for us to realize that only in the last few decades has Western thought approached the vast reach of ancient Aryan thought. For our early Orientalists, in the days of Warren Hastings, these long periods were simply unthinkable and meaningless. So they blandly discarded them and made up, for India, a chronology more in harmony with the civilized views of Archbishop Ussher.

III

The larger age in the West began with the discoveries of Becquerel and the Curies, thirty years ago. Once the facts of radioactivity were established, geologists began to see that there was in them a possible basis for a new computation of the age of the world. Thus our radioactive geologists hold that certain Eocene deposits are thirty million years old, while Archæan rocks may go back one billion or even sixteen hundred million years — periods with the fine amplitude of the old Aryan Yugas and Kalpas. But this is not all. One of the masters of radioactivity, Frederick Soddy, following out the speculations of Joly, has dared to suggest that the pent-up radioactive forces in the earth will one day fuse the whole mass and turn it into incandescent gas. According to Joly, there is no evidence that this has not already occurred more than once, nor any assurance that it will not recur. The accumulation of thermal energy within a world containing elements undergoing atomic disintegration during the 'geological age' must alternate with a state of things which might be termed the 'incandescent age.' This periodic cycle of changes must continue until the elements in question have disintegrated — that is, over a period which radioactive measurements indicate is of the order

of tens or hundreds of thousands of millions of years. Thus, says Soddy, in cosmical time geological age and incandescent age alternate as night and day. And this brings us straight back to the days and nights of Brahma, in ancient Aryan science.

For the picture of periodical destruction is very much the same. Thus, in the Buddhist book called *Vishuddhi Marga*, it is said that when a world period is ended by fire all the mountains crumble and disappear in the sky. This fire does not go out as long as anything remains; but after everything has disappeared it goes out, leaving no ashes, like a fire of oil. The upper regions of space become one with those below, and wholly dark. This is the incandescent age of Soddy's speculation, when it culminates.

Then that which had been the world once more begins to condense. First a great cloud arises. This takes the form of very fine rain. The rain condenses into water. And then a wind arises, below and on the sides of the water, and rolls it into one mass, which is round like a drop of water. The round world consolidates, and the sun and moon appear again, and the mountains reappear. And this process is repeated through many world cycles.

Once more we are interested, not so much in the details, but in the general conception. In the Buddhist scripture, the teaching is attributed to Buddha himself. This would make it at least twenty-five centuries old, long antedating the small, constricted universe of Ptolemy. And in this scripture there is a notable phrase which brings out with singular force and clearness the largeness of these ancient conceptions. That phrase is 'one hundred thousand times ten million worlds' — or, to express it in our figures, 1,000,000,000,000 worlds.

How did the ancient Aryans arrive at this figure? By gazing into the skies

on a clear, moonless night? But our books on astronomy tell us that, on the clearest nights, only some five thousand stars are distinguishable by the naked eye. Perhaps, in the deserts of Egypt or Arabia, primitive stargazers might make out twice as many. And it is worth remembering that in those low latitudes nearly the whole of the stellar sphere is visible night after night. The sun descends almost vertically in the west. Within an hour it is nearly dark, and in the east stars are already visible. The great star-dotted shell above turns on its axis, so that an hour before sunrise it has almost completely revealed a new hemisphere of stars, from one stellar pole to the other. But even this admirable opportunity for observation will reveal, at the most, only ten thousand visible stars. From this to the million million worlds which we have quoted, there is an unbridged chasm. It may be said that the Milky Way, like a golden sash about the sphere, reveals millions upon millions of worlds. But how did these ancient observers know that that faint band of luminous cloud was made up of worlds? How did they anticipate, perhaps by two millenniums, our modern observations, to be made only with immense telescopes? 'The stars are large,' says the *Mahabharata*, 'though they appear so small in consequence of their distance.' Heraclides almost echoed this when he said, 'Each star is a world.'

So that, as regards both the immensities of time and the immensities of space, our newest conceptions are rather reconquests than a winning of fresh territories from the unknown. The small, earth-centred universe, lasting in all six thousand years, was but an interlude, a temporary shrinkage of the vast conceptions of the past. The constricted universe has vanished, but it lasted long enough, at least so far as time was concerned, to go with

our first Orientalists to India. And even in those days the ban of the Index still lay on the heliocentric system. The simple truth is that, because of the stereotyped narrowness of their thinking, our first Orientalists were utterly unable to appraise, or even to grasp, the grand conceptions they encountered. So they said, 'Absurd! Ridiculous!' Only now, a century and a half later, have we Westerns thought ourselves up to the point where we can understand what the ancient Aryans were thinking at least two millennia back, and perhaps millennia earlier. Only in the spring of 1927 have our anthropologists ventured to name, for the antiquity of man, a period nearly equal to that of the Brahmanical computations.

IV

If, then, these old Aryan thinkers were so far ahead, when the West discovered them, as to be unintelligible, so that a century and a half were needed before we could attain to conceptions of a like immensity; if they had thought to such good purpose thousands of years ago, is it not worth while to ask whether other departments of their thinking, as recorded in their ancient books, may not contain treasures of wisdom for us, elements of thought that are still in advance of the point we have attained?

There is at least one such conception, which we may call 'the continuity of consciousness,' a parallel, on the spiritual side, of the conservation of energy. And one may say that, for the whole realm of consciousness and all that concerns it, Western thinking still seems rather vague. Our biologists and geologists face the perpetual puzzle of the beginning of life on our small globe. One of them, in his mental distress, has even suggested that life made the voyage hither with a colony of microbes

riding on a meteor. But, if this were true, it would only postpone the difficulty, to be raised again for the putative port of departure of that meteor. But the ancient Aryans solved the problem magisterially. Life, they said, had no beginning. It has been from everlasting, inherent in Being itself; only the successive vestures of life, the forms of matter which make life manifest, have a beginning and an end. So with consciousness. Consciousness, in a latent form still inconceivable for us, is from everlasting, as it is infinite in its expanse. Only the vestures it wears have their beginning and their end. Here, say the ancient Aryans, is our way of salvation, of immortality: to make ourselves progressively more like in nature to the primal consciousness, whose inherent nature is eternity, wisdom, joy. Goodness is thus a form of wisdom, a wise conforming of our acts and thoughts to the Real of the real, as the fine phrase of the *Upanishads* goes.

Certain sides of this wide view of consciousness may be suggested. First, the eternity of consciousness. Clearly it is not the personal consciousness of our present bodies that is everlasting, but the greater primal consciousness, the boundless deep from which we drew out at birth, and whither we are to turn again home. Nevertheless, even in our personal consciousness, there is the seed, the intuition, of eternity. And it is precisely this living intuition that sends the intellect forth, to plumb the vast depths of geological time, and also to look forward to like æons in the future. The materialistic geologist finds the source both of life and of our consciousness in a pin point of protoplasm, a blend of chemicals, each a pattern of electrons. How can a pinch of carbon, oxygen, and nitrogen have the intuition of eternity? Unless, as we are quite willing to admit, they

also have the germ of consciousness, some small spark of the primal consciousness. It is, then, this eternalness inherent in all consciousness that sets us to measure the vast darkness of the past. What else could make us believe in the past? In perfect strictness, it is always to-day, always 'now.' The geologist, standing before a cliff built up of successive layers of limestone, sees the whole in to-day, in the present moment. But the divine intelligence in him translates that 'now' into tens or hundreds of thousands of years, seeing in the successive layers the record of an ocean at work for ages, piling up the bodies of small sea lives. It is really a tremendous transformation, which converts the present cliff face into almost endless ages of past time, and it is the pressure of the eternal in his consciousness that constrains him to do this, even though he may believe himself a sheer materialist. The cliff swallow that constructs his gourd-shaped home of clay on the face of the rock lives wholly in to-day, in each moment. For him it is always here and now. The hour has not yet struck for his consciousness to make the great projection into the past, into the future. There is, in geology, something bigger than geologists. Geology is the true science of the immensities of time.

Another thing is not less notable. No single geologist can see with his own eyes and competently examine more than a few patches of the earth with its rock garments. The fossils of a single period are a life study for any man who would know them well. Yet geology is not a congeries of patches. It is a consistent whole. The consciousness of each geologist dovetails into the consciousness of all other geologists, not by a happy accident, but because the one primal consciousness underlies them all. So with every science. Its

true home is not in books, nor in laboratories, but in consciousness; not the consciousness of one man, but the larger general consciousness, from which all flow, and into which all may enter. Without consciousness, there might conceivably be rocks and fossils, but there would be no geology. This, like all sciences, dwells in consciousness, and lives only in consciousness.

And the impulse of order in consciousness is as imperative as the impulse to swing backward into the unfathomed past. When the geologists came upon the rocks, what was their first impulse? What have they been doing ever since? Discerning the dominion of order, the long unrolling of causal forces, which have built up the vesture of our world. Once more, whence comes the impulsion? Surely from the very nature of consciousness, in which law and order are inherent, have been inherent from everlasting. If these were not in consciousness, how could we find them elsewhere? How should we ever set forth to seek them, or recognize them when found?

So with astronomy, the science of the immensities of space, as geology is the science of the immensities of time. When our astronomers eagerly await the hours of darkness, in order that they may peer forth into the depths among the stars, they are obeying a like imperative power of consciousness, which claims its kinship with infinities. Once again they seek and find, even in the farthest nebula, a unity of law, a unity of substance, which are inherent in consciousness itself.

So we have regained in part our ancient heritage, the intuition of infinite space, of boundless time. We also may recover, if we will, that other intuition, even more vital, of the continuity of consciousness, which in its own nature is eternity, wisdom, joy. So we shall begin to inhabit the universe.

THE BALLAD OF KHAS-BULAHT

Translated from the Circassian

'KHAS-BULAHT, thou art brave, but thy cabin is poor.
With rich Persian rugs will I cover the floor;

'The finest gold braid shall adorn thy caftan.
I will give thee my sword that is fit for a khan;

'I will give thee my horse with a saddle so fine.
See this dagger of price! It shall also be thine.

'On the blade is engraved from the holy Koran
A verse of great power to give strength to a man.

'My treasures and gold are all thine at thy will,
And thou hast for all this my one wish to fulfill!

'Give thy wife unto me! Thou art old, thou art gray.
She is young, she is fair. Canst thou force her to stay?

'At the fall of the day, in the shade of yon tree
By Allah she swore that she loveth not thee.

'She is mine by our love, to the end of my life.
Khas-Bulaht, take my gold, but oh, give me thy wife!'

'Prince, keep silence, I pray, for thy words are as nought;
I know all since last eve. I am not to be bought.

'Keep thy treasures and gold, and take from me, free,
The wife of my heart who is false unto me.

'Wouldst thou gaze on her now? There she lies as at rest,
With thy kiss on her lips, and my steel in her breast.'

G. A. MILORADOVITCH

REGNAT JUVENTUS

BY ALLAN HOBEN

It is the easy and proper pastime of historians to explain revolutions after they have happened. They pick up and bring to pattern the dynamic fragments or the propelling forces that played into the big upheaval. In social evolution, as in practical politics, there are not many who are wise before the fact, while the number who can tell all about it after the social order has taken new form, or after the ballots have been counted, is quite impressive.

Now that a revolution, rather unique in human history, has taken place before our eyes and has brought all persons over forty under a new set of masters, it is only natural to offer some explanation of how we, the oldsters, came to be dethroned. What we have suffered at the hands of the new dynasty makes a pitiful tale, and some of the causes of our downfall can be perceived despite our advanced age of twoscore years or more. We have been humbled, our pride and power broken. Youth reigns unchallenged. Some of us scold in plaintive voice, others fawn and flatter, but all yield and pay tribute.

Had it been 'barbarians coming down from the north,' we might have preserved a little pride and hauteur as the custodians of culture, and we should have retained, at any rate, the comfort of kith and kin under a common adversity. But the conquerors were ushered into the world by us. We gave them welcome, food, clothing, shelter, education, love, and all of the advantages that money or credit could procure, with the result that Job was

not more pained or puzzled than we, or King Lear more desolate.

It is in the sad course of things that the little tots who thought us gods and who trotted along holding divinity by the finger and plying omniscience with questions that would fracture the awful mystery of the universe — it is in the course of things that they should some day guess that we did not make the world; that, in the daring and glory of adolescence, they should doubt us at least enough to achieve clear selfhood. That has always been a bit awkward for parents and painful for children, but with honesty and humility it has usually passed into mutual understanding and comradeship, as if they stood again hand in hand looking out upon the ocean or to the stars. It is not the individual's rebirth or the emergence of independent thought that accounts for our disaster, but a mob movement induced by us, the victims.

This post-mortem will do no good, at least not for us who provide it. But let the dissection begin; we are past feeling. Possibly the first big mistake that our generation of men made was to discard whiskers. We committed social suicide with the razor. Consider the flowing beard as the breastworks of authority. How often it concealed the weakness or mobility of the face, gave poise, steadiness, and distinction. A child could not have a beard, neither could a woman. Not even a suffragette could have a luxuriant one. Every utterance emerging from a beard had oracular worth, mystery, and an

Olympian quality making for command. The naked face was the beginning of our dishonor. The ancients knew better, Dowie knew better, the late King Ben knew better, and the Bible, too, is against it. Why should a man make himself appear childish and effeminate and hope to maintain status? Can you blame the women and children for concluding that we are all alike, irrespective of sex or age?

But this was only the beginning of exposure, for, while it weakened the first line of defense by shearing down the men, there were still the women, who might have saved the day had not they too been betrayed by exposure. And who was it that challenged the older women to this unequal contest in pulchritude but the young and comely? When skirts started to recede from the earth, all of the older women were bound to lose social standing. They took up the gauge of battle with the young, not realizing how merciful the civilized convention of clothes is, and how much it has to do with preserving respect after a certain age. Obviously many women are too old or too different from the Greek anatomical models to qualify for the annual event at Atlantic City. But they did compete everywhere, and the public, looking them up and down and rating them by stock-judging methods rather than by distinctly human values, gave all of the blue ribbons to Youth.

In reading books and sober periodicals one learns that every explanation of present social trends or problems must include the World War as a major cause. That the post-war psychology added to adult humiliation seems reasonably clear. Whether justly or not, the young people, particularly in the colleges, were persuaded that all the statesmen dealing with the crisis of 1914 and the causes leading to it were stupid and depraved. It was not

reluctantly that they came to believe that any sophomore could have done better than Earl Grey and that, irrespective of study and experience, Youth somehow had higher morals and better judgment than the men who steered our Western civilization into disaster. All adults came under indictment. The fact of having been born forty years ago was a patent disgrace. Besides this, and more important, was the current conviction of Youth that a great deal of lying had been done by their elders. In a word, out of that awful calamity came the conclusion that the present breed of adults were not fit to run things, and the beautiful hope that they who are to follow us will do much better. They who have not tried have no failures; we who have tried and failed, what can we say? Again we have been exposed.

Add to our cup of sorrow the collapse of hero worship, the fall of the adult nobility of the past, accomplished by modern biographers sniffing the trail of mental complexes of sex, superiority, inferiority, until they have the 'great' at bay and bring them down. The illustrious who had been our symbols for the control of Youth are no more; the idols have fallen; the taboos, ceremonies, pomp, and circumstance that supported the prestige of adults have been swept away. It was not enough to expose us; those from whom we inherited the right to rule must also be brought low.

From this assault of the psychological biographers we might have fled for sanctuary to the modern church, had it not already established the enemy within the gates; for it is historically true that Youth first came to consciousness as a cult within the kindly fold of the church. Be it said that the clergy who advocated and engineered the religious autonomy of Youth were actuated by idealism and love, and,

like other uplifters, failed to foresee the main by-products of the Great Reform. Hence solemnly ordained ministers made the discovery that Youth must lead Youth in the things of the spirit. Could they not organize, talk, pray, testify, and sing according to their own genius? What mattered the small item of seven years of collegiate and seminary training, the seasoning of long service, or the sacrament of the cure of souls?

Youth performed with a vengeance; ran meetings in serio-comic style, held mammoth conventions, 'peppy' rallies with yells and contests, slang and nicknames, slogans and sidelong glances that betokened, perhaps, a horizontal interest in religious assembly quite equal to the old-time vertical one. They had their own extempore brand of meeting and began to leave the decorum of public worship to their elders. From that time the family pew was for father and mother only. The young people took up their own interpretation and uses of religion.

To be sure, a few shirt-sleeve evangelists went after them on their own terms, with now and again a boy preacher enriching the juvenility of the scene, or some beautiful female performer such as floods the Western coast with auroral splendor and the continent with spicy news; but for the most part Youth bade farewell to the old folk and adapted religion to their own fancy. At present teachers are considering a similar 'reform' in education. Then will follow, no doubt, physicians and surgeons, engineers and the hard-boiled scientists.

Gradually, and while all this was taking place, the delicate instrument of speech which serves subtly to define and preserve social order played us a mean trick. In our directness, haste, and love of equality, we had never been strict in protecting or adorning the

termini of our remarks. These symbols of English aristocracy and French nicety had never been maintained on this soil without effort and early training. Manners from below seeped upward. We made it snappy: 'Yes, sir' gave place to 'Yep' or 'Sure'; 'Good morning' became 'H'lo,' and all the little courtesies of language so rewarding to seniors everywhere and so productive of morale became Victorian. 'Applesauce' and 'So's yer old man' were the victorious banners of militant Youth. We fled.

Furthermore, not only men of letters, who now begin with the woes and failures of married persons of middle life, but entertainers, fun makers, movie lords, columnists, cartoonists, and dramatists joined in the sport of baiting Age. They gave color, din, and romantic zest to the rout. Then came the big contingent of business based on salesmanship. 'Pep' was the cardinal virtue and pep was found in Youth. Vivid suggestion, not reflective judgment, sold the public to its utmost limit, including next year's salary. Thrills beat logic all hollow. Exit the aged.

Even the State rebuffed us by revoking the parental right to educate children at home, to require of them remunerative work, to follow our own ideas of health; and, not being content to demote us, said plainly that we ourselves were incompetent and not to be trusted in selecting what we should eat or drink. Besides that, it put Youth on an equality with us as lawbreakers, adding the thrill of danger and naughtiness in youthful adventure. Prosperity also worked against us, for it telescoped the normal rate of acquiring comforts and luxuries and gave Youth everything without the prolonged effort and discipline of former times. Science, of which they learned more in high school than we did in college, banished nature lore, including the stork, and

gave them automobiles, radios, and airplanes which they could handle better than we.

Socially they conspired to put through whatever programme they desired. Parents did not confer or organize; hence they fell one by one under the combined demand for later hours, more money, more cars, more country-club affairs, and, being at the same time ambitious for the social rating of their offspring, they succumbed to the knock-down argument of 'So-and-so does it.'

For the reasons given, we, like the conquered everywhere, pay the bills

and indulge the speculation as to whether our present rulers will in turn be overthrown. How will it fare with them when their children have taken to the air, when American football teams and fans by the thousand fly to Paris or Rome for week-end games, when jazz has been perfected in the exclusive use of the erotic tom-tom, when dancing has become completely stationary, and when full dress has become nothing more than a loin cloth? Then perhaps our present rulers will join us under the juniper tree and swell the dirge which runs, 'Now when I was young . . .'

AFTER THE CHINESE

BY IAN COLVIN

I

IN 1923 there was published in London, and no doubt on your side also, a book entitled *The Works of Li-Po, the Chinese Poet*, 'done into English verse by Shigeyoshi Obata.' It is an interesting, even a delightful book, but it has this peculiarity, that it is not in English verse, as stated on the title-page, but in English prose. It must appear strange that an intelligent Japanese scholar, with a remarkable knowledge of the English language, should write prose under the impression that he was writing poetry.

The United States is not altogether without responsibility in this matter, for Shigeyoshi Obata, as he tells us in his preface, graduated at the University of Wisconsin. Can it be, then, that at an American university they do not

teach their students the difference between prose and verse?

If it be objected that America cannot hold herself responsible for the mistake of a foreign student, there is another case which comes nearer home: *Fir-Flower Tablets*, 'poems translated from the Chinese by Florence Ayscough, English versions by Amy Lowell.' Here, again, there is the same confusion. Both Mrs. Ayscough and Miss Lowell labored in the belief that the latter was writing verse, whereas these charming line-for-line translations are, like Shigeyoshi's, in prose.

The book, it need hardly be explained, is a collaboration. Mrs. Ayscough translated Chinese poems into English; Miss Amy Lowell's task was to fashion them into English poetry.

Mrs. Ayscough — to illustrate their ideas on this subject — mentions as

'a curious fact' that 'there has lately sprung up in America and England a type of poetry which is so closely allied to the Chinese in method and intention as to be very striking.' And she quotes, as typical of this school, 'a little poem' by Miss Amy Lowell. Here it is:—

NOSTALGIA

'Through pleasures and palaces' —
Through hotels, and Pullman cars, and steam-
ships . . .

Pink and white camellias
floating in a crystal bowl,
The sharp smell of firewood,
The scrape and rustle of a dog stretching himself
on a hardwood floor,
And your voice, reading — reading —
to the slow ticking of an old brass clock.

'Tickets please!'

And I watch the man in front of me
Fumbling in fourteen pockets,
While the conductor balances his ticket punch
Between his fingers.

Now it is not necessary to be insensible to the charm of this little piece to see that, were it printed as prose, it would never be mistaken for verse. Thus, for example:—

'Tickets please!' And I watch the man
in front of me fumbling in fourteen pockets,
while the conductor balances his ticket
punch between his fingers.

If, then, this is a poem, the difference between poetry and prose would depend upon the printer, which, as Euclid would say, is absurd.

Is Chinese poetry really like this? If it is, then the Chinese poets are all Oriental Walt Whitmans, and write not only without rhyme but without metre, as we of the West write prose. But there is a notable contradiction here, for Mrs. Ayscough, in her introductory essay on Chinese poetry, observes:

One of the chief differences between poetry and prose is that poetry must have a more evident pattern. The pattern of

Chinese poetry is formed out of three elements: line, rhyme, and tone. . . . The Chinese line pattern, then, is one of counted words, and these counted words are never less than three, nor more than seven, in regular verse; irregular is a different matter, as I shall explain shortly. . . . Rhyme is used exactly as we use it, at the ends of lines. Internal rhyming is common. Tone is . . . woven into a pattern of its own which again is in a more or less loose relation to rhyme.

If this be true, then the 'method' of the Chinese poet is something altogether different from the 'method' of 'Nostalgia.' The Chinese poet employs rhyme, and he uses 'pattern,' commonly called metre, or regular rhythm. His lines have the same number of words, corresponding, no doubt, to our metrical feet. Since the Chinese language is monosyllabic, alternations of tone are employed, which correspond to our alternations of short and long syllables. There is, in fact, a metrical system, a strict prosody. There is no sanction, then, in Chinese literature for that prosodic anarchy which confuses poetry with prose.

And now let us see how Miss Amy Lowell, herself, justified her method of translation:—

It has been necessary, of course [she wrote in her preface], to acquire some knowledge of the laws of Chinese versification. . . . It was totally impossible to follow either the rhythms or the rhyme schemes of the originals. All that could be done was to let the English words fall into their natural rhythm and not attempt to handicap the exact word by introducing rhyme at all. I hold it is more important to reproduce the perfume of a poem than its metrical form, and no translation can possibly reproduce both.

Now here is a perfectly simple position: it is impossible to translate a Chinese poem into English poetry. Let us, therefore, be content with a

translation into English prose. But the question is nevertheless begged, since Miss Lowell assumed that what she calls the 'perfume' of a poem lies not in its metrical form but in its meaning.

Miss Lowell, alas, is no longer with us. Otherwise I should have proposed to her a testing experiment. Take one of the poems of her beloved Keats, — say, the 'Ode to a Nightingale,' — by paraphrase strip it of rhyme and metre, and see how much of its 'perfume' remains. 'Barbarous experiment!' as Tennyson said in a similar case. As well take out the nightingale's tongue and see if it can still sing!

Here let me say what should be obvious but is often forgotten, that there is no compulsion upon anyone to use metre and rhyme. The writer, if he so desires, can go without rhyme and write blank verse, or he can go without both rhyme and metre and write prose. He can do anything he likes, and what he does will be judged, not by its adherence to or departure from any 'rule' or 'law,' but by its effect. The 'laws' of poetry are merely the technique of an art, a traditional means of giving delight. If the poet can give this delight without the technique, he is welcome to try. Walt Whitman possibly mistook what are called the laws of poetry for a relic of English feudalism, and threw them overboard as the good people of Boston threw the East India Company's tea into their harbor. But, as they lost something of 'perfume' in their tea, so Walt Whitman lost something of perfume in his poetry. As a matter of fact, although he eschewed rhyme, his best work is metrical. 'Whitman,' says Professor Saintsbury, 'could and did write more or less regular metre, and his actual medium is often a plumpudding stone or conglomerate of metrical fragments.' When Whitman

wrote metrically he was a poet, although he would probably have been a better poet if he had begun by learning his job. When he wrote unmetrically he wrote prose.

I say this yielding to no one in my admiration of Whitman at his best: that best makes a thin volume, but contains some superlative things. But I cannot see, either in commerce or in literature, the rhyme or reason of wrong labels. Unfermented grape juice may be a very nice drink, but nothing is gained by calling it *Château Margaux*.

II

The Chinese poets, then, attempted something altogether different from the prosodic anarchy of some of our moderns. They laid themselves under the yoke of their prosody, not because it came down from ancient times, but because it gave to them and their readers the maximum of poetical delight. It expressed a certain rhythmic harmony which is strong and deep in human nature; and so, as their potters followed tradition in the firing and glazing of their porcelains, for the perfect works of art they could thereby achieve, the Chinese poets practised rhythm and rhyme to produce the perfect poem. There is, after all, no other defense of prosody worth making.

How, then, are we to translate the Chinese poem? If we leave out metre and rhyme we turn it, not into English poetry, but into English prose. We preserve something, the sense or the theme of the poem; but that, after all, is no more than the poet's raw material, the kaolin out of which he makes his beautiful porcelain. Let the reader experiment again by reducing any of our finest lyrical poems to its meaning in prose. What remains is usually a commonplace, a mere truism, a bird plucked of its feathers, a violin with

broken strings. The 'perfume,' the beauty of the poem, as we find, lies not in the meaning, nor even in the words, if they are put out of their order, but in that subtle union of rhythm and feeling, of sense and form, which is the complete poem as the poet fashioned it.

It is instructive to make these experiments. To cite, if I may be allowed, a personal experience, I have turned first into English prose and then into English verse the Chinese poems translated into French by Saint Denys (*Poésies de l'époque des T'ang*). They are thus at three removes, yet, whereas the prose translation is like a piece of dried seaweed, the poems seem to revive in the medium of English metre and rhyme, as the seaweed rises and sways and resumes its life when the tide returns to it. But take, for example, one of the most popular of Chinese poems, 'Drinking Alone in the Moonlight' by Li Tai-po, greatest of the Chinese poets. The sense differs in various translations; but here is Miss Lowell's version:—

A pot of wine among flowers.
I alone drinking without a companion.
I lift the cup and invite the bright moon.
My shadow opposite certainly makes us three.
But the moon cannot drink,
And my shadow follows the motions of my
body in vain. . . .

And here is Shigeyoshi's:—

With a jar of wine I sit by the flowering trees.
I drink alone, and where are my friends?
Ah, the moon alone looks down on me;
I call and lift my cup to its brightness
And see there goes my shadow before me.

Hoo! We're a party of three, I say, —
Though the poor moon can't drink,
And my shadow but dances around me,
We're all friends to-night,
The drinker, the moon, and the shadow. . . .

Now let us see how metre and rhyme restore at least something of the poetical life which, we feel, has departed from this piece:—

Alone, with my wine, 'mid the flowers, we are
three,
The moon and myself and the shadow of me.

As I sing and I dance I am happy to think
That neither the moon nor my shadow can drink.

When I dance with my shadow it never goes
wrong,

When I sing the moon silently bows to my song.

No parting to quench my abundance of laughter,
The moon lights me home and my shadow comes
after.

Obviously, at least in this case, verse is the better medium for the translation of verse. And there is another point which makes the case stronger. The Chinese poets wrote their poems to be sung. Saint Denys tells us, in that admirable introduction which remains to this day the standard work on Chinese poetry:—

From all time versification and music were two inseparable sisters in the eyes of the poets of China. . . . Thou-fou and Li Tai-po sang their verses. The same custom reigns to-day among the modern poets; certain national airs, consecrated by usage to the expression of such and such an order of sentiments and ideas, are transmitted, generation to generation, from antiquity. . . . From this indispensable accord has resulted this curious fact, that certain popular airs have become both prosodic and musical rhythms, in such sort that the careful analysis of the structure of an ancient poem is sometimes sufficient to enable us to recognize its origin or the air to which it can be sung.

If, then, we strip Chinese poetry of metrical effect, we take away something which the Chinese, at all events, looked on as essential. A poem to them was an exercise in the metrical art—or nothing. It is true that we cannot use the same metres as the Chinese; but neither can we use the same words. There is excellent reason for saying that a poem cannot be translated at all; but there is no logic in the contention

that one part — the words — should be translated and the other part — the metre — ignored.

III

The reader, of course, has been asking himself all this time why Mrs. Ayscough, who knows that the Chinese poet uses metre and rhyme, should have compared Chinese poetry to a piece which had neither. The answer, doubtless, is that there are other qualities in poetry besides rhythm. One is the loading of a word or phrase with a significance which kindles trains of poetical thought in the reader, or, as a poet puts it, 'vibrates in the memory.' A poetical line may be so charged with this significance that it reverberates like a gong which has been struck in the mind, sending out tones deep or delicate, flashing out mental pictures, awakening associations long asleep. We find this quality in 'Nostalgia'; to make this appeal is the whole purpose of the piece. And, as Mr. Ezra Pound points out in his *Cathay*, this subtle quality seems to be highly developed in Chinese poetry. To preserve it in translation is obviously difficult and may be impossible. The classical references, the hints of other and older poems, the thousand and one appeals to legend or scene familiar to the Chinese mind but unknown to the West — how are we to get such subtleties 'across' in translation? We must lose a great deal; we can only attempt to convey the feeling that more is intended than is said. Here, for example, is a poem of Tsin-Tsan's, which depends for its significance on the Chinese belief that the spirit actually leaves the body in dreams: —

Last night to my chamber came spring
And my spirit took wing
To the Yangtse-Kiang where she dwells,
The Weaver of Spells.

Ah, my dream of the springtime how brief!
It passes belief
That although there are five-score 'li'
Between her and me,
One moment I knew I was there
By the musk in her hair
And the next I was back in the gloom
Of my room.

The translator can only make his shot at it, hit or miss, but there is a still more subtle beauty of the Chinese poem which might cause him to despair. It depends upon a system of writing which conveys not merely the sound of the word, as with us, but, directly to the eye, the thing or the idea itself. The Chinese ideograph, which began as the simple picture of an object, became, so to speak, a rebus, a symbol or combination of symbols, representing not merely things but ideas. These characters are beautiful in themselves, and are used by the poet to bring to the mind through the eye a train of picturesque and literary associations.

The poet, in fact, uses a double language, of the eye and of the ear. 'The physiognomy of the character,' says Saint Denys, 'has an altogether different value from the pronunciation of the word.' The characters paint the theme and make it visible. 'It is,' continues Saint Denys, 'the peculiar quality of Chinese prosody that it appropriates at the same time two kinds of beauty which proceed from these two languages — the music which charms the ear and the painting which strikes the eye.' The calligraphy, the beauty of the character, plays so large a part in Chinese poetry that in China poems are hung on the wall as we hang pictures. The poetical appeal invades the mind through two senses. Moreover, these characters are divided into two classes, the one signifying an idea, the other a thing, and from this division springs a system of opposition and parallelisms, which might be

described as a pictorial rhythm. We have the visual rhythm of the character as well as the verbal rhythm of the tone or sound of the word. Here, certainly, is something to reduce the translator to despair.

The Chinese writing being ideographic, what we call parts of speech are unrepresented. There are not only no prepositions and conjunctions, but no verbs, adverbs, or adjectives. There are simply pictures of ideas and things, and, according to their place in the line, so are they substantive, verb, or adjective. This gives a strong but to some extent a fallacious appearance of laconism to the Chinese poem. So much may be enclosed in each character that a great deal may be expressed in few words — if indeed we can call words what are more than words, what are also symbols and images. Yet there is this quality of briefness, which we may call laconism, in the Chinese poem. The poet with a few dexterous strokes of his brush paints a picture — and leaves it at that.

Let me attempt to convey to the reader, by one example, this quality of laconism. It is Li Tai-po's 'Descent from the Mountain':—

I came down at the end of day
From Mount Tchong-nan, the blue, the gray;
The moon came with me all the way.

I turned me in the failing light,
And gazing backward at the height,
I lost it in the shades of night.

But shining at my journey's end,
A homelier welcome to extend,
I saw the cottage of my friend.

You held my hand; your son in haste
Opened the fence of interlaced
Branches across the pathway placed.

And as we passed beneath your eaves,
The overhanging bamboo leaves
Rustled against our silken sleeves.

Then kindled by your glorious wine,
I sang — I sang that song divine
Which the wind singeth to the pine.

The Milky Way had left the sky
Ere through our gladness you and I
Felt the day breaking like a sigh.

I may say that the version used here is from Saint Denys. The poem will also be found in *Fir-Flower Tablets*, and the several differences between the two versions suggest another difficulty of the translator. As he must translate not a word merely but a picture, so he may take much or little, one thing or another, from the symbol. Here are two lines, the one from Saint Denys, the other from Mrs. Ayscough and Miss Lowell:—

Son regard se perd dans
Les vapeurs de la nuit.

Green, green the sky; the horizontal, kingfisher
green line of the hills is fading.

Obviously, what has happened here is that the one translator has analyzed the characters more closely for their pictorial qualities than the other. And here, no doubt, is what Saint Denys means when he quotes a phrase used by another French scholar, Père Cibot. Translating a Chinese poem is 'a little like copying a miniature in charcoal.' The only way really to enjoy Chinese poetry would be by mastering Chinese and Chinese characters. That is said to be a life study; but it might be worth while. There would seem to be there a world of beauty almost unknown to the West — a very fair garden behind a very high wall.

ALABAMA, HERE WE REST

BY ELEANOR RISLEY

WE were resting by the roadside, for it was July and nearing noon. Even in the cool mountains nature makes obeisance to the sun at noonday. The singing birds are already hiding in lost green glades, and the jeweled lizard, forever darting across the white sand, sleeps now, beneath his broad leaf, as still as the pebble beside him. After the joyous allegro of the morning, the crescendo of winds and woods attains the pause before the languid and prolonged adagio of a summer afternoon.

We had been walking since sunrise, up and up the mountain road. Peter, who pushed the cart, was dejected. He had ivy poison. John, the beloved mongrel, was dejected. We had taken away his kitten. Two nights before he had brought a scrawny, badly blondined kitten to camp. He had divided his corn pone with her, and she slept in the ashes of the camp fire by his side. He insisted that she continue the journey with our party. John, who hates cats! The mystery of the masculine mind! A scrawny little blondined cat! Even we objected to hiking accompanied by a yellow cat; so this morning we presented the kitten to a friendly mountain woman. I am persuaded that John felt it keenly. I too was dejected. I could not forget the little three-year-old boy who plays all day in his old grandfather's blacksmith shop, while his mother lies always sick and alone in the cabin beside it. I could not forget how joyously and completely that curly-haired elf used the tools in the shop where his grand-

father's forge had burned for over fifty years, to make his own playthings. The grandfather is very old and the mother cannot last long. There is no one else. What then, for that wonderful little creature? Buddie's father, so the grandfather told me, had kissed him and ridden away into the night.

'Hit war like this,' he said. 'We-all had allus made good corn whiskey. The sheriff of this county, he owns all the stills now, and he makes whiskey quick with this hyar red-devil lye. Lige, he would n't jine 'em, so one night they come and burned his still and whooped him and putt him on his horse and driv him outen the country. I could n't holp none. I jest stayed on with Buddie. Whar you-all'll camp to night by the big spring is whar the sheriff is buildin' a big pleasure place. But he don't live thar. He lives down in the valley, and he's got fifty thousand dollars in the bank thar, made outen red-devil lye.'

We knew our hike through this particular country held an element of danger. We had been repeatedly warned to turn back, and we had often been stopped by half-drunken men in motor cars and keenly questioned as to our business in these mountains. We had always succeeded in making them believe we were not revenue officers. But we were careful, at night, to set our little tent near a human habitation. We camped that night by the big spring near the sheriff's pleasure place. The caretaker's wife brought us some milk. Milk is buttermilk, in the

mountains. Sweet milk is so called and is a luxury. After supper I sat on the porch and talked with the caretaker's wife. A mountain woman talks only of fundamental, basic things of life. She tells me how her husband has pellagra; of her two sons, dead of pellagra. How old am I? And how many children have I? And she tells me if I look away beyond the cotton patch I can see the stone that marks a little grave. 'She war my only gal. She choked to death of diphthery. We could n't get no doctor.' And I tell her of a little green grave so far away I shall never see it again. We are silent then, but not far apart in spirit, and watch the young moon shine from the lilac west.

The next morning, as we leave, she tells me in her sad monotone, — a mountain woman does not whisper, — very softly, that even Peter may not hear, that I must never leave the pushcart. 'Hit won't be safe even with the dog quiled under hit. They'll putt a bottle of whiskey in hit. Then they'll catch your man and he'll have to work out his fine on the road. The convicts air a-buildin' a road fer the automobiles to peddle whiskey on a right smart piece beyant hyar. I reckon I orten to told you. But you-all don't look like you could pay no fine.'

Now we were nearing the road the convicts were building. Beyond, on either side we could see the great iron cages — larger, but exactly like the animal cages of the circus — where the convicts lived.

Down the hot road between the iron cages walked a tall, gaunt mountain woman. She was neatly dressed, as are all mountain women outside their homes, and she carried a basket from the crossroads store at the top of the mountain. 'Happy Top' it is called. God save the mark!

As the woman reached us, she fixed

me with her great fierce eyes and asked, 'Air you the woman as is walkin' fer comfort?'

I laughed. I could n't help it. But Peter understood. He knew that *Comfort* is the name of the family paper which has the largest circulation of any paper in America, and that a Pearle someone was writing a hiking experience for this paper. If a mountain woman reads a paper she reads *Comfort*. I was sorry I was not Pearle. The woman's world was small. She was disappointed. So I told her I had a fiddle in the cart, and would she wait, and did she think I might play for the convicts at noon?

'I'm scairt they won't want to hear no music when they belong to eat,' she replied. 'I reckon the gyard won't let you nohow. You might play to-night, after they're in their cages, ef they all ain't dead then. Hit's a powerful hot day fer 'em. Yesterday a little city feller, he fell down a-diggin' in the sun, and I axed the gyard ef I could n't carry him a gourd o' water. He would n't let me, and he kicked the feller up agin and he fell down agin and they throwed a bucket o' water on to him and let him lie. He war in a faint. You'll see him as you pass by. He wears big specs, and his hands air a-tremblin' so he can't wipe the sweat off'n 'em.'

'What did he do? What was his crime?' Peter asks.

'He war a-walkin' down to Gadsden by hisself and they slipped a bottle o' moonshine in his bundle, and then ketched him to work out his fine. Thar's a ole man — you see him on the left side a-diggin'; hit's him with the long white whiskers — his wife's a-dyin' and he went over on tother mounting to shoot something — she war a-honin' for something more'n hawg meat — and he could n't find nothing but a chicken a-drinkin' at the crick, and he

shot hit and carried hit home, kind o' brash like — he war miserble — and they ketched him, and he's workin' out his fine, an' the neighbors on tother mounting air a-holpin' his wife. She's a-dyin' of pellagra. The ole man's allus been kind o' lackin'. He's powerful old, and him bein' lackin' he's kinda off'n his haid. He hollers out loud and prays. The gyards hit him over the haid yesterday when he holered to some folks a-passin'. You see the sun is so hot, an' the ole man's lackin' anyhow.'

'There is a store beyond?' I ask faintly. 'We want to buy some alcohol. My husband has ivy poison.'

'Yes,' she answered. 'Hit's a right smart store. I don't know about alcohol. The storekeeper he owns a right smart chance of everything on this and tother mounting. Sence the boll weevil tuck us we all owe him due bills, and he owns all the land. They're about all renters but me. My son's a engineer in Birmingham. I own my place. He's a-movin' the mounting to get me out. Good-bye. I'd be proud if you-all'd write me a card. I kin read writin' too.'

We put John on the chain, and trudged on up the hot road between the iron cages. Mules and scrapers; negroes and whites; guards with pistols; and over all a pall of silence. Dirt and toil and sweat and torture! The 'city feller' with the 'specs' turned away his pallid face; the old man who was 'lackin'' cried out a prayer to us; the guard shook him roughly by the shoulder. The silent horror of the road, broken only by the old man's cry, crept into our blood and caught at our hearts.

The store was packed with silent, lank mountaineers, sitting on boxes, spitting tobacco with great accuracy and perfect regularity from the open windows. Each man took his turn. There was a small amount of denatured alcohol in the lamp. We might have it, but there was no bottle to be found, no can, no receptacle whatever. We were in despair. Peter, tortured with ivy poison, grew more dejected.

A tall, lean mountaineer unfolded himself in sections from his box.

'Stranger,' he said, 'my advice is to step behind them flour sacks and putt hit on. Hit'll be yourn then.'

Presently a stifled groan came from behind the flour sacks. The mountaineer spat through the window out of his turn — it was an unusual occasion — and remarked dryly, 'All of which he done so.'

We camped that night by a stream where I fished. John, barking at every fish I caught, forgot the kitten. Once more he was a gay dog. Peter, the pain of ivy poison allayed, was serene again. Nature healed us. But the old man who was lacking wept in his iron cage for his wife who was dying alone on 'tother mounting.' God send the pallid city youth slept the sleep of exhaustion. The little boy who played all day by the forge lay beside his tubercular mother in the cabin beside the shop. Perhaps the father who would n't join the sheriff in making red-devil whiskey thinks of them to-night. The caretaker's wife, whose husband has pellagra, rocks in the moonlight that shines on the grave of a child 'that thar war n't no doctor to help.'

O America! Land of peace and plenty. Alabama! Here we rest.

ENDINGS

God loves the things that love to have an ending:
Oceans that do not roll into the sky,
Hills that are hills, and not ashamed of bending
Their heads beneath the thunders that go by.
Meadows that love a boundary-stream's befriending,
Pastures that drift towards a forest nigh,
Waves that have crests, and have no fear of spending
Their final flash of crystal ere they die.

Roads without ending are not roads at all.
Books without covers are for winds to read.
Houses are ruins when they have no wall.
Leaves without blossoms are a useless weed.
Only one moment is all life a flower
After a rain's end, after an April shower.

DANIEL SARGENT

THE SENSIBLE MAN'S RELIGION

A COMMON-SENSE INQUIRY

THE Earl of Shaftesbury is said to have remarked on one occasion: 'Men of sense are really but of one religion.' When asked what religion that was, he replied: 'Men of sense never tell.'

This anecdote must have struck a responsive chord in the minds of many, if the frequency with which it has been quoted affords a fair test. It has rested in my own mind for many years, and a year ago I concluded to institute an inquiry among a few representative friends as to whether Shaftesbury's judgment was a witty half-truth or approximated the whole truth.

I

Substituting 'men of common sense' for 'men of sense' and qualifying 'never tell' with the phrase 'except upon certain agreeable occasions,' I selected my list, and on such occasions proceeded to dip into the minds of a number of newspaper writers, doctors, lawyers, professors, statesmen, and business men, to whose friendship several positions I occupied gave me convenient access. The study, of course, required patience and some tact. Too hurried or insistent an inquiry of this sort emanating from a banker might have given rise to rumors as to his sanity.

It is my purpose to report, as accurately as possible, the views of these men on religion. It is not my intention to discuss my own personal beliefs, or those of that oft-quoted but undiscoverable individual, 'the average man,'

or the views of a majority of men; nor to engage in a discussion of theological doctrines or historical origins. My intention is to act simply as a recorder and to a limited extent as a commentator.

For convenience in recording, I use the Apostles' Creed as a common index to points of view.

I am quite well aware of the fact that, as Mr. Quick says, 'The first necessity is not to restate creeds, but to explain them,' but I shall ask the reader to bear in mind that my purpose in this investigation was to find out what was in the other man's mind and not to put something there.

Although impressed with the idea that Shaftesbury's dictum offered at least a half-truth, I confess I was somewhat surprised to find a substantial unanimity of opinion among these men as to what was fundamental in the Creed, and, what is more surprising perhaps, similar conclusions with relation to these fundamentals.

Their approach to the various subjects was sometimes different, but in the whole it was not difficult to find a common base. Some went a little further than others in the expansion of their views, but the least common denominator was rather clearly defined and that is perhaps what Shaftesbury meant.

It might clarify the discussion at the outset to state what this common base was in terms of the Apostles' Creed. As accurately as I can state it, it was as follows:—

'I believe in God Almighty, Maker of the Universe, and in Jesus Christ, His spiritual Son, worthy to be our Lord; possibly conceived of the Holy Ghost and born of the Virgin Mary (but these seem unimportant); suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried.

'I believe in His descent into Hell and ascent into Heaven, symbolically. I believe there is some evidence that bodily He arose from the dead, and I believe in the immortality of His spirit; also allegorically that He sitteth on the right hand of God Almighty, and that I am judged or shall be judged by the spiritual views He taught on earth. I believe that no one could find a wiser, juster, more understanding, or more merciful judge of my actions.

'I don't quite understand the Holy Ghost, though I believe in the Holy Spirit of God; I believe in the advisability of some church organization though I do not like any of them very much. I do not appreciate the significance of the Communion of Saints. I believe in the forgiveness of sins, in the possibility of the resurrection of the body (though this seems remote), and in the probability of spiritual life everlasting (concerning the desirability of which many are in doubt).'

II

Let us consider the Apostles' Creed phrase by phrase and I will attempt to present the reasons that led to the several conclusions.

I believe in God the Father Almighty. Practically all of these men, I found, believed in a God. Some asserted that they possessed an 'intuitive' feeling of the existence of God, and believed that others did. As Ratzel says, 'Ethnology knows no race without a religion, but only difference in the degree to which religious ideas prevail.'

The intuitionists among my friends argue that intuition is a quick subconscious summary of accumulated knowledge and experience, and that a feeling of this sort, widely prevalent among sensible people, should be relied upon. They point out that correct thinking existed before logical premises were discovered, just as words existed before the alphabet, and language before grammar. They look upon intuition as a northwest passage of thought that often leads the mind as accurately to the truth as the longer route of logical premises. They are quite persuasive, but I found this argument did not appeal to most of the men with whom I talked.

The latter preferred what they called a 'common-sense argument.' They knew from personal experience that intellect brings order out of chaos, and, seeing order in the universe, they had concluded that a Supreme Intellect had brought about order.

Herbert Spencer, one pointed out, has shown rather conclusively that no one will ever be able to prove through scientific methods either the existence or nonexistence of a God. These men expressed the same idea in the oft-used term, 'the finite cannot grasp the infinite.'

But, in the vast silence of science on the subject, my friends automatically pursued the same course they followed in the affairs of daily life; they dealt with probabilities. They are accustomed consciously, and often subconsciously, to weigh conclusions as well as reasons; they felt they would be foolish to demand proof where proof is impossible and equally foolish not to use the scale of probability in weighing the merits of 'is' and 'is not.'

In substance they said: 'It may be difficult to conceive of a Supreme Intellect creating and directing order in the universe, but it is more difficult

to conceive of order in the absence of a creating and directing force.' Or, to put it in even simpler terms: 'An orderly universe is more likely to be run by an orderly intellect than by nothing at all.'

In brief, they are theists, and in this conclusion I think they have reached a common ground with men who have thought much more deeply on the subject. There was n't an atheist among them.

Some of them leaned a bit toward agnosticism, but all were inclined to think that the agnostic sets too high a premium on his own intellect. As one of them said: 'That great group of scientists of the nineteenth century, responsible for so many agnostics of their day and the succeeding generation, naturally placed a high value on the methods and rules of scientific investigation; but the difficulty, as we now begin to see it, is that they greatly overextended the area to which their methods and rules might be applicable.' The generation of the man who discovered the multiplication table must have experienced similarly excited sensations and demanded mathematical proof of many matters to which the multiplication table was in no way applicable.

III

They believe, then, in a God. What kind of God? Here one finds just what he might expect. The argumentative theists, we know, split some two hundred ways in describing the qualities of their God. Why so few, it is difficult to understand. Men's vision of a God, His interest in them, their love and reverence for or reliance upon Him, proceed from their emotions as well as their thought. Heredity, environment, education, experience, are of course unlike. They would be as

likely to select the same God as the same wife. Their general conclusion might be grouped and classified, but would as likely be identical in detail as their respective thumb prints.

Therefore my friends do not attempt to describe their God. When pressed as to the term 'Father' in the Creed I found, curiously enough, that all interpreted the word 'Father' as indicative of the relationship of God to man; no one of them had appreciated the contrast of the words 'God the *Father*' and 'His only *Son* our Lord.'

Only a few warmed to the idea that God resembles even the best of human fathers. I do not think any of them were much concerned about the question. If God is all-powerful, they said, He can do or be what He pleases. It is quite possible that He has established a fatherly relationship; on the other hand, He may not have done so.

If anything, they rather agreed with the view Huxley expressed in that wonderful letter to Charles Kingsley in which, after saying that he cannot see a shadow or tittle of evidence that the great unknown underlying the phenomena of the universe stands to us in the relation of a Father, he explains what he does believe. He says

The whole teaching of experience seems to me to show that while the governor (if I may use the term) of the universe is rigorously just and substantially kind and beneficent, there is no more relation of affection between governor and governed than between me and the twelve judges. I know the administrators of the law desire to do their best for everybody and that they would rather not hurt me than otherwise, but I also know that under certain circumstances they will most assuredly hang me; and that in any case it would be absurd to suppose them guided by any particular affection for me.

They grant that one cannot be too sure that a wise father would not adopt

the same attitude for the ultimate welfare of his child. Postponing the question of life everlasting for a moment, there is n't much difference in infinite time between hanging and spanking. I did not find any reasoned or pronounced opposition to considering the term 'Father,' by way of analogy, sound enough. All confessed that it has been most helpful to many suffering souls, and an aid even to the strong in times of trial and hopelessness.

I repeat, however, that most of them said that, while they were certain a close personal relationship with God was possible, the relationship of Father did not quite express their idea. On the whole, their feeling in this matter was that the differences of opinion which so many men become excited over were vastly unimportant; that it was mere speculation to say, and of very little value to know, who was right and who was wrong. They thought that the only people justified in becoming aroused on the subject were those who believed in a divine revelation which they could not get others to accept.

As to the term 'Almighty,' they accept it literally. The idea of a God in conflict with His own self-restraints is a bit too mystical for their thought.

The next phrase of the Apostles' Creed, 'Maker of heaven and earth,' is too small a picture of the sensible man's Creator; further, the term 'heaven' may involve a theological definition as to its character. 'Maker of the universe' better conveys the idea — or perhaps, to borrow from the Nicene Creed, 'And of all things visible and invisible.'

IV

And in Jesus Christ his only Son our Lord.

There seemed to be no doubt in my

friends' minds as to the admiration in which Christ is held by all believers, most doubters, and many, if not most, thinking unbelievers.

I have talked with several people, claiming to have been earnest readers of the Gospels, who reject the divinity of Christ and yet speak of Him with an admiration halfway between reverence and condescension. And I have heard this type of reader refer to Jesus as 'inspired' — whatever that may mean if one does not acknowledge a source of inspiration.

Let me put it in this way: If the records of all other religions and the books of all the philosophers were set on one side and the Gospels of Christ on the other, and either had to be destroyed, I think beyond doubt all my sensible men would toss the philosophers, together with the Vedas and Korans, into the fire and save the Gospels.

Their conviction rings clearly and convincingly concerning Christ: 'Never man spake like this man!' They feel that the uneducated son of a carpenter could not have seen so deep down into the well of fundamental truths unless he had been inspired, and that there could be but one source of inspiration, the 'rigorously just and substantially kind and beneficent governance' which they accept as God.

Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, Born of the Virgin Mary.

These two phrases of the Apostles' Creed, I found, were associated in their minds as one, involving what is generally discussed as the Virgin Birth. Most of my friends said they had no views that were worth while on the subject. They rather thought the idea represented a strained effect on the part of overnice or overreligious minds. If Jesus was the spiritual Son of God — the nearest approach to divinity that man has ever seen — that is quite

sufficient for them. They do not deny the high-powered force of the full acceptance of revealed beliefs; they have read of the martyrs; they have occasionally, though very seldom, seen a real Christian — yet in the absence of a spiritual revelation, such as occurred to Saint Paul, they classify these doctrines as somewhat unfruitful speculation.

Suffered under Pontius Pilate, Was crucified, dead, and buried.

As to the historical facts of the life, teachings, and death of Jesus, they apparently entertained no doubt. They know that in the rapidly disintegrating process which followed Darwinism, even the simplest, most probable records were attacked by ignorant plunderers, who, following behind the sincere searchers after truth, attempted to destroy everything within the temple. The motives of these gentry do not appeal to them. They accept all of the above as true without drawing any very significant deductions therefrom.

He descended into hell; The third day he rose again from the dead: He ascended into heaven.

As to the descent into Hell and the ascent into Heaven. They do not see that much importance is to be attached to such a picture. They are inclined to feel that it is a bit symbolical; otherwise that it is allied to a conception of Hell and Heaven such as they do not cherish. As to the character of Heaven and Hell, while they hold no definite views, they do not believe in eternal damnation any more than they desire a milk-and-honey Heaven.

The only reasonable approach, they believe, to the acceptance of a particular kind of Heaven and Hell would be through faith in a revelation, and they are under the impression that revealed religion has been, on the whole, wisely silent on the subject. The

description of these abodes of reward and punishment has been left to the imagination of preachers and hymn writers, whose theology, they believe, may be as bad as their verse. To them, for example, the Book of Revelation is imagery.

So also, concerning the resurrection of the body of Jesus, they refuse to puzzle their minds. They quite admit the possibility of an all-powerful God so saving the body of the greatest of His spiritual sons, and they confess that the evidence of the many honest men who were supposed to have seen Christ in the body after His death and burial is impressive. They would not accept such a belief, however, without a further study of the sources of evidence. This they have no inclination to make, since they regard the ascension of a spirit as quite as remarkable a miracle as a physical resurrection and they need no evidence of the latter to strengthen their belief in the former.

And sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty: From thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

These things, I repeat, most of my friends neither affirm nor deny. They look upon it as imagery. One thing all, somewhat surprisingly perhaps, agree upon is that the various incidents in the life of Jesus, His love of humanity, His understanding, His compassion and tolerance toward human weaknesses, His kindly words to the sinner, — 'Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more,' — would lead all sensible men, if and when there is a judgment day, to select Him above all others as their judge.

V

I believe in the Holy Ghost.

Few of my friends were even superficially familiar with the library of discussions concerning the Holy Ghost or the Trinity. Here again, they said, a

Supreme God may take what form He wishes—numbers may be mere symbols invented by man. The sensible man feels no capacity to understand the question, and no desire to study it.

They believe in the Spirit of God; subdivision of His powers they regard as metaphysical. That Christ 'sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty' seems to them immaterial as a matter of belief.

The holy Catholic Church.

I found that most of them believed these words had been inserted by the Roman Catholic Church with the purpose of binding together its followers, and readily taken over by the Church of England, as the word 'Roman' was not found in it.

They are quite unfamiliar with the numerous interpretations of the word 'Church' as used in the Creed and the various adaptations of the word 'Catholic.' They believe that the Creed, as formulated, was intended to cover the Church as constituted at the time of the adoption of the Creed.

As to the Roman Catholic Church, I find most of my men have considerable admiration for its learning and its facility for adapting psychological laws to the benefit of both the higher and the lower forms of intellect. Their criticism is of its priestcraft and its natural but abortive effort to determine a truth by ecclesiastical authority.

They extend the same criticism to other church organizations. They believe that the churches have departed from the tolerant spirit of their Great Leader, and while they believe in organization for coöperative effort, and acknowledge the inspiration that comes from association with men of high purpose, they regard the internal affairs of church organization as leading to self-exaltation, inflexibility, and intolerance, and they think that nearly all churches attempt to speak with a

self-appointed authority that is not justified.

The Communion of Saints.

They know nothing of the controversy that has waged around this phrase. They take it literally and they regard it as a possible and very pleasant experience for the chosen few, but as one of them said, 'Having no hope of being included in this group, I see no reason why I should concern myself about a meeting to which I shall not be invited.'

The Forgiveness of sins.

We now come to that very difficult phrase, 'the forgiveness of sins.' Here most of my friends find themselves much at sea when they attempt to apply either the test of reason or the measure of probability.

One of the qualities of these men is tolerance, and an absence of a vengeful or unforgiving spirit. They cannot believe that a beneficent God would punish the slightest peccadillo as severely as some preachers have believed and wished. Nor do they believe that even the greatest of sins would doom a man to everlasting punishment. Their feeling is well expressed by the Persian: 'Pish! He's a Good Fellow and 'twill all be well.'

They cannot picture God as a petty bookkeeper with a ledger containing debit and credit accounts of sins and virtuous acts. To pursue the analogy, they believe only in a well-estimated balance. My man knows that sin hurts and virtue aids him; that sin and virtue mark his soul as they mark his face, and that a trained observer may tell at a glance what manner of man he is. If all of a man's sins should be remitted, he feels that he might well become the kind of man he would like to be, and that he might become worthy to occupy some place, however lowly, in the continuity of things.

This point of view gives sensible men

great tolerance toward the sins of others, though not necessarily toward their own; it disposes them to judge others more by their general intent than by their specific acts, and enables them to understand why moral conventions shift according to time, place, and circumstance, if not at the centre, at least at the circumference.

They can therefore understand what Christ meant when He said, 'Thy sins are forgiven thee,' whereas the forgiveness of a single sin seems to them somewhat trifling.

They believe that on the whole the churches have by far the fairest and most reasonable way of dealing with this problem through the doctrine of repentance and the re-creation of the individual.

VI

The Resurrection of the body: And the Life everlasting.

First, as to 'life everlasting.' More than one of my friends questioned its desirability. As an emotional experience, this is not unique. At least three important present-day religions throw a doubt, I believe, on the desirability of an after life, although its existence is not questioned.

One of my friends quoted sadly the old German epitaph which runs something like this:—

I SHALL ARISE, O CHRIST, WHEN THOU CALLEST,
BUT I PRAY THEE, LET ME REST FOR A WHILE,
FOR I AM SORE WEARY

Some seemed indifferent. A few were greatly moved by the prospect of meeting again some spirit they had 'loved long since and lost awhile.' None thought of a life hereafter as a life of ease, but as one of continuity of happy labor. Were I compelled to decide for them, I should say that, on the whole, they preferred a life hereafter, believing it to be good, but

refusing to puzzle their minds as to how it could be so.

Quite apart from the desirability of survival, however, they all were agreed apparently as to its probability. I do not know why this should have surprised me, but the unanimity of the belief, I confess, did so.

They were not influenced, apparently, by any innate feeling of continuity of personality, or by the sentiment that injustice in this world implied a compensatory life to come; nor could I see that with any of them the wish was father to the thought. Yet one of the most interesting of the group asserted that the soul's extinction would deprive creation of all purpose.

They proceeded along their customary line of thought, first accepting what was proven and, with that as a base, weighing the probability of conflicting conclusions as to questions beyond the reach of proof.

All were of course familiar with the fundamental laws of the indestructibility of matter and the conservation of energy.

They did not regard the idea of a life hereafter as so miraculous in its conception that it must, for that reason, be rejected. They seemed to feel as Huxley felt when he said of survival after death:—

It is not half so wonderful as the conservation of force, or the indestructibility of matter. Whoso clearly appreciates all that is implied in the falling of a stone can have no difficulty about any doctrine simply on account of its marvellousness.

It was from the physical law of the conservation of energy that nearly all of my friends took their reckoning. If Nature or God (whichever you wish), they said, is concerned to conserve the minutest form of energy and the tiniest atom, what will be done with the greatest original producer of energy we know

— the human ego? Is it more likely to be conserved or destroyed? Their answer was 'conserved.'

They all fully realized that energy changes its form and, in a sense, is dissipated. They appreciated that the same result might be anticipated as to personality, if analogy alone were relied upon. But my man was not dealing in this instance with analogies; he was basing his conclusions on a fundamental law — namely, the economy of Nature or of God. He was not thinking in terms of energy itself, but of something that, in a sense, creates energy.

To illustrate: In some great city one finds that, from a common source, a thousand street cars are moved, a hundred thousand lights are lighted, and the wheels of many great industries turned. In a single day the power produced is enormous; over a period of years the results, in terms of energy, are quite beyond the mental grasp. If one attempts to trace the source of all this power, he will first find a great power plant; but this is not the original source of energy. Who built the plant? Thousands of workmen; but the origin is not with them. Great bankers financed it and great engineers drafted the plans; but the source still is not there. Finally, the way is traced back to the individual who first conceived the project and set it in motion. But we still must analyze the individual. What part of the individual started it? Not his flesh and muscles, nerves, or brain, for we at once realize that none of these is a source of energy. A dead man possesses them all.

The living man possesses something different within him. There was some indefinable ego within this man which at some time and place said to him, 'Go'; or, to use a different analogy, some 'X' within him which at some moment 'pulled the lever' in his mind.

This 'X' was the creative source,

then, of all that vast energy. One does not mean that it created something out of nothing; but it was creative at least in the sense that it changed latent energy into high-powered kinetic energy. It is the most amazingly powerful producer of energy we know.

If Nature permits death to destroy this producer, she reverses her fundamental law of economy, unless perchance, in this case, she has an inexhaustible supply to which she can always turn; but through infinite time, and with infinite use, there is no such thing as an inexhaustible supply of anything; there is only one way to make the supply inexhaustible, and that is to return it to the original source to be again used.

It is possible, my friends said, that the little muddy stream of our life, by analogy, flows back into the great purifying sea of all life, where its identity is perhaps lost — though its parts be again used for some fruitful purpose — and survives only as a part of the great all.

Most of my friends, however, do not accept this last point of view. They believe that personality survives. I repeat that they are not discussing energy — they are dealing with a vital something which, in a practical sense, creates energy.

It is true, they say, that a Creator, in the ultimate meaning of the word, can create something out of nothing; but, having created that something, then by various combinations the Creator can again (in a common-sense use of the term) 'create' something new. Mankind seems to share this latter faculty with the Creator; shares it because mankind understands to some extent the laws of the Creator. This understanding presupposes at least a similar quality of understanding, and in this sense, perhaps, God has made man in His own image.

This particular and peculiar creative power, then, given in any degree to man alone, is the power which can command the great forces of nature. It seems probable, therefore, it is of a character that could be delegated only by a Creator. They think the doctrine of probability is that such a creative power represents a totality which will not be divided.

It is worth noting that my friends spoke of the creative power of man in terms of energy, but the creative faculty, they feel, often expresses itself in terms more convincing of personal survival than energy: in art, in music, in poetry — in all the various fields to which we apply the term 'inspiration.' If it is inspiration, we must logically admit the existence of a source of inspiration; if it is merely a creative and constructive force common to all men, then, in the economy of nature, we should expect it to be conserved.

My friends do not claim that the argument above outlined is in any sense a scientific argument, or that it attempts even to imitate the precision of scientific methods of thought. They feel, however, that, as between the destruction — the everlasting destruction — or even dissipation of this kind of creative energy and its preservation, it seems more probable, from what we can see about us, that it will be preserved than that it will be destroyed.

Second, as to the resurrection of the body. Here the laws of nature seem to them likely to prevail. The body is matter; as such, in a sense it is indestructible, but we know it will be disintegrated into a million parts. Are they gathered together again at the last trump?

My men said they did not care as to their bodies; it seemed to them rather unimportant. Not a few said they would not wish to be cursed with the same defective body through infinite

time, and none seemed so pleased with his 'muddy vesture of decay' as not to prefer a better.

They thought that the resurrection of the body has no sound justification in reason or probability, if divine revelation is not accepted, but, granting at once that an all-powerful God may do as He pleases, they concede the possibility of the resurrection of the body.

VII

Here my men stand. They believe in an undescribed and, to them, indescribable God. They will go so far as to use the adjectives 'all-wise,' 'just,' and 'merciful.' They believe that Jesus taught a doctrine so wise, just, and merciful that He must have been spiritually inspired. This is as far as the doctrine of probability permits them to go. They then admit that, in the vast field of speculation beyond, any man has the right to believe as the other forces of his mind and emotions direct.

One who reads this report will readily see that the men selected have not been students of theology, or of the history of the Christian religion, or of the Church and its dogmas; nor are they familiar with the history or significance of much of the language used in the Apostles' Creed. Few, if any, of them have thought deeply on the subject of religion, and they have not concerned themselves greatly as to the supposed conflict between science and religion.

Their view, on the whole, was clear that science had little to add to or subtract from the fundamental base of religion. The area covered by and the approach to the study of science and religion, the methods of testing truth, and the weight to be attached to conclusions were quite different.

They would accept at once a proven scientific conclusion which negated a

prevailing religious belief, but they believe that science so far has trimmed away only the nonessentials from religion and is silent and will always be silent on the essentials. They have reached such conclusions as they hold by the same mental processes used by them in dealing with their daily problems: that is, through a frequently untraceable method of thought influenced by their own experience and guided to a decision by a feeling of probability. For the most part — lacking imagination, as men of 'common sense' most frequently do — they rejected mysticism, not scornfully, but as something alien to their experience.

They regret that they do not go to church. If they wish help on their way to find out something more about God, they admit that their best bet, if conditions were different, would be to turn to the Christian churches. They think, however, that as things now stand the churches fail to aid them very much.

These men see their God and their spiritual Christ at the top of a distant hill. They think they know the point at the foot of the hill at which their own pathways begin. They see the churches surrounding the foot of the hill with their walls guarding their own special pathways; they may even wish to enter, but they picture to themselves a priest, rector, or parson guarding the doorway through which they would like to pass.

They believe that they may be asked to subscribe in the most solemn form, not merely to their fundamental beliefs, but to additional beliefs concerning which they are at least uncertain and covering a number of subjects which they regard as unessential or irrelevant.

If one is scrupulous, he cannot do so. He may earnestly desire to indulge himself in the luxury of public worship, or obtain the rare comfort and strength-

ened resolution that follow the silent confession of sin within a holy place. Regular habits in these matters might make him a better man. If for this reason, or with a desire for instruction, or to comfort his wife or aid his children, he joins or continues in a church to whose beliefs he has solemnly subscribed with his tongue in his cheek, what kind of Christian have you?

One cannot avoid the idea that an organization which maintains a common place of worship, founded on the fewest and simplest possible principles (or no principles at all except a yearning after God), with fewer required beliefs, with the preacher free to confess his own doubts, might attract the active interest of this type of man and prepare a rich harvest from which the established churches might later draw. Huxley suggested, I think, that a church founded on somewhat similar principles might well become an established church and no one would ever seek its disestablishment.

One may say that the above doctrine points to the Congregational or the Unitarian Church, but my men think — perhaps wrongly — that these churches have a tendency to deny where the others assert, and that at least one of them is headed toward a confession of faith — probably 'Three persons and no God.'

But it is not my intention to commend or criticize the churches; my sole purpose has been to discover and interpret the point of view of a body of men who at least seem to be very well worth while. If any church is going to help them, the parson must know where to go to find them. Men of such sincerity, tolerance, and open-mindedness would listen with patience and interest to the empirical reasoner and even to the sound mystic.

A POST-WAR DIARY. II

BY LIEUTENANT COLONEL CHARLES À COURT REPINGTON

Saturday, October 18, 1924. — Saw Tardieu in the early morning. He is a private gentleman now, out of politics and the press. He sees the uselessness of belonging to a party of which Clemenceau is the head, for one must recognize facts. Tardieu has lost his health and his money by his work and is disgusted with it. He considers French politicians of the Right and Left as a *tas d'imbeciles*, and he has washed his hands of them. He has been shooting in Scotland and catching salmon; has shot chamois in Switzerland, and was just off to shoot pheasants. That was his life and he knew what he wanted. But he made many shrewd remarks on French politics and politicians, and was very agreeable. He thinks that we are heading straight for another war and that we shall lose it.

Went on to see M. Loucheur at 9, Rue Hamelin. He was in good form and full of ideas. He thought that the post of ambassador had lost all importance and he had refused the post offered to him. But when the British elections were over he would go over to discuss affairs and would be supporting Herriot, though not of his party. He would be forward and back constantly. After we had discussed our elections we came to the question of the next British foreign minister. Loucheur thought that the Labor people had been a good influence on the whole, but had put the fat in the fire over the Disarmament Conference, a subject on which they knew nothing.

It was necessary to have a Franco-Belgian-British accord and not to hurry the Conference. He even thought that our Dominions might not ratify the Protocol, in which case the whole thing would fall down. He is not only for an accord, but for the Pacific Treaties, and would have a third group of nations in the east of Europe who had special interests, and all three accords should agree to the general principles of the Protocol. This would be the link between the three accords and might bring America in. This is also Briand's idea. Bourgeois, Briand, Loucheur, and Paul-Boncour were the French team at Geneva. He hoped to meet Burnham and would be charmed to lunch with him so long as he did not invite Gerothwohl, who had done him great harm in France by publishing an interview with him.

Loucheur says that he told Austen Chamberlain, in December 1919, how to avoid the unemployment which now worried us. The way was to seek for the cleansing — *l'assainissement* — of European finance by lending money to France, Germany, etc. This had proved possible with Austria, etc., and should be extended. America would follow us, as he had said in 1919, and the loan to Germany was typical. When the currencies were restored to the old standards our trade would revive, because we should no longer be undercut by lowly paid workmen. It was the debased currencies of Europe that were killing British trade. I have frequently written the same

thing, from Europe and America. Copernicus made the discovery in the sixteenth century, and Lord Burghley created the wealth of England by it. He had not changed his views and thought this the only remedy. He considered that the last part of Alfred Fabre-Luce's book, *La Victoire*, represents the present ideas of France, but agreed with me that in writing the first part Luce had been guilty of a *mauvaise action*, as Mandel, too, had suggested. He could assure me that the mass of the country was for an accord with England.

The French public during the elections had loudly cheered his allusions to the matter. 'Soit, les Anglais sont des malins, mais il faut marcher d'accord avec eux.' [The English may be rascals, but we must get along with them.] It was the peasants who had upset Poincaré. They would not have his anti-British policy. Poincaré hated the English. Poincaré was politically dead for four years. Millerand was not a very intelligent man, but was a better man than Poincaré and very honest. The *Avenir*, which Millerand was purchasing, was worth nothing. I made an allusion to the French press and said how little I thought of a press which could be pro-Poincaré one day and pro-Herriot the next. I said that Mandel had revealed the reason to me, and Loucheur said that I could not have had a better guide. Lunched with the Marquis de Castellane at 49, Avenue Victor Emmanuel III. He is renowned for his cook, the pretty women, and the wine. I was late and found mostly princesses, grand duchesses, and duchesses there.

Returning from Boni's, I found a large crowd in the Champs-Élysées waiting for Anatole France's funeral to pass. Waited as long as I could and then went off to see ex-President Millerand. I found him in his flat,

2, Avenue de Villars. The same as ever, but hair whiter. I was glad to see him. We discussed French politics. He will go into Parliament at the first opportunity again — into the Chambers or the Senate, he did not know which. 'And you will have a party of two hundred behind you?' 'Yes,' he said, 'the *Avenir* will represent the party.' But he personally had had nothing to do with the arrangement. It had been settled by his friends. He would, of course, be in opposition. He almost entirely agrees with the views of Painlevé, Briand, Loucheur, Serrigny, and myself about the Disarmament Conference, which he thinks a great danger. The accord with us that he would like would be a simple one to say that in the event of any infraction of the peace treaties we should act together. I thought this covered by the League of Nations Convention, but he wanted us to guarantee the east of Europe and was not surprised when I said that I doubted whether we should accept any special obligation outside the west of Europe. He was all for an accord between England, France, and Belgium. He was very sarcastic about the handling of this question by our Labor people, and we agreed that there could be no confidence in the League of Nations until scores of years had elapsed and the new system had proved successful in practice. Colonel Fabry, the best military critic in France, is in Millerand's group and is now *rédacteur en chef* of the *Intransigeant*. I said that I would try to see him, and Millerand thought that it would be a good thing. I said that we had great confidence in M. Millerand in England and were glad that he had kept his flag flying when the Cartel played him a dirty trick. Millerand is a *bon père de famille* and impresses by his transparent honesty. He is a very courageous man.

By the way, Boni is still for inventing a new Austria, but as it will mean dismembering Czechoslovakia and Jugoslavia I think it is too far-fetched, and I poured cold water on it. We have enough troubles without beginning to upset the peace treaties. Had a talk with him over this question and he gave me some papers about it. He has some good pictures, tapestries, and books in his gorgeous flat, and there were heaps of menservants. But it lacked simplicity and was overcrowded. The Grand Duchess Marie thought it gloomy.

Monday, October 20. — Went to see Colonel Fabry at the office of the *Intransigeant*, which he now edits. His views will appear in that paper only. He is the best military critic in France, and is a fine character and dependable. He lost a leg in the war. His reports to the Chambers have been admirable. He says that the one year's service will be very agreeable to the country, but that an entire change of the military laws will be needed. With three years' service all went well as regards mobilization, training, and *couverture*. Now all will be different. The eighteen months' service was the minimum with the French system even when there was no Ruhr affair on. A great piece of staff work was needed, and it would take long. It would cost more, for an *armée de métier* of a kind was a necessary compensation. People thought that if one had 18,000 officers, with the eighteen months' service, one would have 12,000 with one year's service, but actually the reverse was the case, and there must be reëngaged men and N. C. O.'s. It was a very big affair. He had thought the thirty-two divisions, with the eighteen months' service, too many; it should have been twenty-five.

We discussed the matter, and that

of the black troops, and we agreed to *faire campagne ensemble*.

Tuesday, October 21. — Went to see General Debeney, the new Chief of the General Staff of the Army, at the War Ministry this morning and had a long talk with him. I began by congratulating him on his appointment and hoped that he would not miss too much the calm atmosphere of the *École de Guerre*. 'The life of a soldier is one continued labor,' he replied. I said that it looked like being so in his case, for after Nollet's announcement it seemed to me that a tremendous amount of labor awaited the French General Staff, amounting in fact to a *remaniement complet de l'armée*. He agreed that it was so. 'When will it come into force?' I asked. 'Will anything be ready for next year's budget in the spring?' No, it would not, he answered. Not even the bases of the new plan had been settled, and it would take long, very long, to carry them out. He thought that things would go on as they were pretty much all next year, and meantime the elements would be prepared for a change of system. 'You will want a lot of *rengagés*,' I suggested. He admitted it, and said that the *couverture*, oversea garrisons etc., would all require to be found. It would cost money, but not next year until the plan was complete.

I found him less a man of the world and more a Frenchman, pure and simple, than his predecessor, Buat. He has a profound suspicion of the Germans. He pointed out that, in this so-called Republican Reich, von Seeckt and his War Minister had been steadily in office for four years despite all changes, and that von Seeckt at one time had been given dictatorial powers. What did this mean, he asked, except an intention to seek revenge? He also pointed out that at Düsseldorf, some

time ago, a mass meeting had proposed the separation from Germany, and 20,000 Germans, marching in fours, had traversed the town to revolutionary songs. The Schupo had fired upon them, and a few days later 20,000 more had marched by again, but this time to the goose step and singing *Deutschland über Alles!*

He was all for a short statement of the accord to the League of Nations, and then for the Staffs to get together and see what it all implied. 'You asked me in the *Daily Telegraph*,' he said, 'to explain what I meant by an Interallied Staff, and now I will tell you, for I could not put it in the lecture.' His idea is that we should regularly train up a body of Staff officers to study questions which concern the military interests of the Allies, and that there should be Staff rides every year in which the French, British, and Belgian Chief of Staff should successively act as Director. The final *Généralissime* would be decided by events, as he had explained in his article. I said that I liked the plan and approved of the idea. He had been deeply interested in the reports of his officers in England who had been at the Staff College, etc., and had called them up and put questions to them. He thought that British officers took more from life than from study and had a broader view of things. He had learned much from these reports. He discussed geography and remarked how narrow was our natural Channel frontier and how easily crossed by air, and covered by long-range guns. It is a great river, and we always had to hold both sides of a river to keep enemies at a distance. Spain was all natural frontier. So was France, except on the Rhine front, and this front was the natural frontier of England, France, and Belgium. He was perfectly convinced

that an accord with England was the single and whole-hearted wish of the French people, and that all would go well when it was accomplished.

At present there was no security but a scrap of paper. It was impossible to lay down for nations what they should do or not do for their own security, and the only way was to follow the principle of the League Convention and to allow every Power to maintain the amount of force which it required. There were many things in the Protocol of which he approved, — arbitration, for example, — but the second aim, security, had not been attained, and therefore disarmament, the third item, was impracticable. (Clive asked me whether I thought the French as decadent as some people had begun to say. I said no.) I asked and received permission to explain Debeney's Allied Staff plan to the King of the Belgians. 'Je ne vois pas d'inconvénient,' he said. He would like to come to England, but had not been able to do so. For this reason he had not been able to discuss his idea of Allied Staff training with Lord Cavan. Debeney said that neither England nor France was a Power out for conquest. They had been, I said, but now they were not. That phase has passed.

Wednesday, October 22. — Saw Giraud (Pertinax) at 91, Rue de l'Université afterward, at 11 A.M. He was disheveled, in a dressing gown, with his hair in a great mass. We had an hour's talk on affairs. He was reading Morgan's *Quarterly* article and was much impressed by it. Found Pertinax in his usual condition of sanguine despondency and distrust of everybody, French and English. Though living at the door of the F. O., he is not on terms with M. Herriot and does not see him. He calls the R. S. party

one of the *petits fonctionnaires* and is evidently a disgruntled Poincaréist. He gave me no specially illuminating ideas except general criticisms, but was interesting in his reminiscences. He told me that M. Albert Thomas gave away our English Radicals in an article dished up by Herd in the *Times* of January 1917 — and that Signor Nitti gave away Caillaux's Florence papers by telling Mr. Barrère about them. Pertinax is horrified at Caillaux's reappearance at the Anatole France funeral, and I said that the anticlericalism of the present Government would do no good in England. I put it down to France's old wars of religion, which we had never had. 'You cut a few throats all the same,' said P. I said yes, and burned a few zealots on both sides, but France lost four million people in thirty years — that is to say, with a sixteen-million population the French were reduced to twelve million, and that beat the World War record. I had always explained anticlericalism by those records. Pertinax was surprised by these figures and I referred him to Lavissee.

Friday, October 24. — Audience with the King at the Palace at 11 A.M. H. M. talked English with his customary deliberation, which made the conversation a little slow, but perhaps I have become so accustomed lately to talk with the quickest brains in France that everything seems slow in comparison. H. M. was looking well. He was in very stiff uniform. On the subject which was uppermost in my mind he said that from very old times he regarded England as the bulwark of Belgian independence, and would be very happy if an accord could be brought about. There would be no difficulties made here, and he thought that the main ones would come from England. He said that some bad blood

had been made by war histories in which one or other Power had claimed all the glory. For instance, it was said that without Foch the Belgians and English would have gone away from the Yser and Ypres, whereas nothing of the sort was ever contemplated. On the contrary, his order was to stand to the last. (This is perfectly true.) I said that it was customary for generals and people to claim all the credit for victory and to do injustice to others. He thought F. M. Lord Ypres's volume good and accurate. What he particularly disliked was that generals should give their views after a war without giving the text of the orders actually issued. It was these orders, which gave their views at the time, by which history should judge them. Therefore he approved of the *French Official History*, proofs of which he had been shown, because it gave the text of the actual orders issued. He told me that he thought the Staffs should meet if an accord was arrived at.

We talked of Wembley, of his favorite canaries, and of his old days as company officer with the grenadiers. I told him that I was going to endeavor to bring our people over to the accord idea, and he wished me all success and said it would be a great and good work. He told me that he did not think the German princes would soon return to their old places, and he did not appear to have read the German Nationalist programme. He thought Mandel the cleverest man in France and Tardieu a very alert intelligence. The King thought that the naval aid of England during the war had not been sufficiently appreciated.

Lunched with the Needhams. Drove out to the golf course and back in time to see the Foreign Minister, M. Paul Hymans, at three. We were quite in accord on the whole subject, and I found after an hour's talk that

nothing divided us. He is strongly for an accord and thinks it indispensable. He hates the Disarmament Conference and is, as I am, strongly for keeping the disarmament to the terms of Article 8 of the League Convention. He considers our Labor people infantile and in pursuit of chimeras. He admits that it is very difficult for the League Council to prepare this Disarmament Conference, which will not only lead to a wrangle, but will destroy the Protocol, which has many things in it that we want to keep. He and others do not consider the Jap amendment as a serious danger. He thinks that an accord will cause the Germans to reconsider their position and will promote peace. Belgium is now more defenseless on paper than in 1914. She has no security and therefore cannot disarm. He is for keeping the accord, so far as the League of Nations is concerned, to a short paper like the Franco-Belgian agreement, which consists of only four lines; and, similarly, the Staff work would be done in secret. He is not prepared to face a situation where we all disarm, leaving the more populous and the best-equipped nation, in the industrial sense, in command of the future. He does not want to extend our liabilities, under the accord, beyond the west of Europe. I told him, as I told the King, that the French were frightened at the future prospect, and that when the French were frightened they became reasonable. Both the King and Minister laughed heartily at this opinion, which they seemed to share. France and England, said M. Hymans, were the twin pillars of Belgian independence. In respect of France, the language, commerce, and French propaganda have their influence, but the British guaranty had always been for the Belgian F. O. the most important factor.

Saturday, October 25. — Saw M. Fort-homme, the Minister of Defense, 2, Rue de la Loi, this morning. A solid, youngish man of some competence and character. I should say a safe man to work with. He made no secrets and told me the general situation of the army. The First Army, of eight divisions (four A. C.'s), can mobilize very rapidly, in about three days — 200,000 men, with the four youngest classes, including the one in the ranks. The Second Army, 160,000 men of the four next-youngest classes, can mobilize soon after. They were pretty well up with rifles, field guns, and Maxims, and had a heap of German ordnance which they were repairing. They are no longer tributary to Krupp, as they were in old days, against all my advice. We had a long talk over army matters, when I drew him on to talk of the future. He told me his deep anxiety over the position, Belgium being tied to France; and that he, and all the best men in Belgium, were for resting on the twin pillars, France and England. Let the British fleet only appear off the coast and it would be enough. We had a long talk round the desired accord and about the military conversations which should follow it. I told him confidentially about Debeney's plan of creating an Allied Staff, and asked his opinion of it. He found it very ingenious and interesting, and said at last that, however original it was, he did not see why it should not come about. He offered to help in every way possible, and asked me to write to him when I needed information. He was good enough to say that he expected me to ask small details about the Army, but found he was talking to a statesman. He thought that if I could make the British people accept an accord I should put the crown upon an extraordinarily successful journalistic career, but I told him that I could not bring

up the question unless the *Daily Telegraph* backed me.

The *Étoile Belge* had an article about me this morning: nothing very indiscreet in it.

Major R. Van Overstraeten, the King's orderly officer, sent me his very valuable book on Belgium in the war, profusely illustrated. Colonel Gallet, whom I visited to-day at the École Militaire, which he commands, told me that it was at present the authoritative book on the war and the textbook for schools and colleges. I told M. Forthomme to-day that I was grieved to find that Belgium had erected no monument to Émile Banning, who was the man who had always seen most clearly fourteen years before the war and had foreseen events that had occurred. M. Forthomme and M. Henri Jaspar, whom I visited later in the day, both acknowledged their debt to Banning and said that they were ashamed of the oblivion. Happily, in Van Overstraeten's book there is a photo of him, and a just acknowledgment of his merits. Forthomme, however, said that there was still no monument to Leopold II, and that it was only little men who needed monuments. He told me that the Belgians had scrapped all their fortresses, and had replaced them by prepared field positions, a course which I approved.

Went off to see M. Jaspar, at 93, Avenue de la Toison d'Or, by appointment, after leaving M. Forthomme. M. Henri Jaspar has won a world reputation by his conduct of Belgian foreign policy during the last two years, but I have never come across him before. A very attractive figure and a man of enthusiasm, intelligence, and imagination. If anything, a little too passionate and deadly in earnest for modern diplomacy. The best man in Belgium, so far as I can read political

character. I told him of my visit here and in Paris, and of my conclusions. He told me that he was absolutely in accord with me, and proceeded to express his own views of the past and to give his opinion of the future. He told me of all the negotiations at Cannes and in London, and of their failure. He said that the English were too slow to comprehend the French. You must reckon France as a woman, he said, who has a great capacity for love, hate, and jealousies. I said that this was an old idea of mine and that I had frequently stated it when in charge of the French section of the Intelligence Department. One must think of Marieanne, and bring flowers and sweetmeats. In fact I would always choose a lover — any lover — for negotiating with France. We treated her as if she were a president of the Board of Trade, and that was quite useless. All the beatific F. O. dispatches scoring off France were a luxury which we could only afford ourselves if we did not want to settle with her. That is Jaspar's point of view also.

The question, I said, if we were agreed as to the principle, was how to proceed. I thought the time had come for action and not for words. We had very little time, and if we did nothing and came into the Disarmament Conference unprepared, we should all quarrel and wreck the Protocol. Jaspar thought that our Laborites were primitives and visionaries. They had made a bad mess and we had to pull them out of it. First the accord, then all the rest would follow. A formula for disarmament was unattainable. Every country must be left mistress of its own destiny. Things would drag on forever if we attempted to scale down the armies. We all wanted lasting peace, but the present plan would not achieve it. The world did not care to hang for the opinion of a pack of

little states, but cared immensely for the acts of the Great Powers, and their views would prevail and set the note.

He quite agreed with me that we should stick to Article 8 of the League Convention. But time was running on and we should soon reach November and have to settle the preparations for the Conference. It would be best to postpone the preparatory November meeting till we had put things in order. He declaimed against history, pointed to his bookshelves, and asked how we could teach youth all this humbug. He had been concerned in many conferences of which some alluring accounts had been written. They were all lies, he thought. He had been in the *batterie de cuisine* and had even prepared some of the sauce. He knew how utterly realities differed from the fictions told. He was writing on the subject in the reviews, one of which is the *Nineteenth Century* for December, and he will send me copies.¹ I said I noticed that at St. Gilles he had advised Belgium not to ratify the Protocol unless Germany signed it.

Jaspar did not consider the Belgians either militarists or military. No, I said, they are the most pacific people in Europe. He said they were all commercials, the Army was nothing in the State, and he had had the utmost difficulty in getting the title of count or baron accorded to the leading soldiers who had done best. Jaspar indeed hoped for the day when Belgium could disarm altogether, but that time had not come. Jaspar told me of the terrible time they had passed through during the war, and of how my articles were smuggled through, read with avidity, and passed from hand to hand secretly.

¹I have just received from him the *Revue Belge* for November 1. It contains an excellent article by him on 'Paix et Sécurité.'

Sunday, October 26. — Returned to Paris. Read in the train a good deal of Van Overstraeten's book. Deeply interesting and places all the Belgian operations in a new light. It is rather appalling that all the things which the French H. Q. did *not* know about the great turning movement of the Germans in August 1914 were known to the Belgians long before, from the reports of their intelligent and patriotic people. Moral: trust the local population when it is friendly, rather than preconceived ideas, and also arrange an interallied intelligence service, to begin work on the first day of mobilization, if not earlier. By the way, I found General Maglinse disturbed about the evacuation of Wesel. He would now add Düsseldorf to the three Napoleonic *brides du Rhin*. I think, also, that the Belgians will not be secure until some arrangement is come to with Holland. If the Boche ever comes that way and the Mynheers go back to their water line at Utrecht, the Belgian Left may be turned again. I believe that we pay as little attention to the Low Countries as we did before 1914, and we ought to square this matter up and have a good firm Staff and F.O. decision about it. Is our Navy prepared, and has it the right type of ships to operate successfully on this bit of coast?

Tuesday, October 28. — Saw Marshal Pétain at his office, 4 bis, Boulevard des Invalides, at 10.15 A.M. He was looking uncommonly fit and well after his stay in the country, and is still the best brain in the Army and the safest guide. But, alas, he declares that he will not stay beyond the end of next year, when he will be sixty-nine. It is true that marshals have no age limit, but he says that age counts all the same and he will not wait to be asked to go. We discussed my tour and impressions. On the political side I

can add nothing to the views expressed by others, as he fully shares them. Then we fell to talking army matters. He was not at all pleased with the proposed new army law which would take some four years to work out. I said, 'Will not the Army be worse and more costly?' He said, 'Yes, it will be.' He had made estimates of the additional cost, which will be from one and one-half to two milliards of francs. France had to supply the covering force, the troops in the Colonies, mobilization, and training. It could just be done with the eighteen months' service, but not with the one year's service. If the Army is to be a militia, as it now will be, it must be strengthened by a large number of officers and re-engaged men, and the garrison fatigue duties must be found by a civil personnel paid at current rates of wages.

I asked about the moral and material situation of the Army. The officers, he said, were very discontented, and did not like to see the improved scale of pay for functionaries while nothing was done for them. A printed paper, which he showed to me, had been circulated, calling on officers to meet at the Cercle Militaire to discuss grievances. It was unsigned, and the meeting would not take place. He had nothing to do with it, but it had been useful to him and had alarmed the Government. There was a paragraph in the *Matin* to-day to say that something was being done. Syndicalism was not going to be restricted to the working people, said Pétain. He said that the Germans in the Reichswehr and the Schupo had the *cadres* of their future national army and they could get their war material by camouflage. The spirit of revenge was still strong.

I asked him if he counted on the Belgians. 'Very little,' he replied; and the railways were bad. The Nord Line complained much of the ineffi-

ciency of the Belgian railways. If we ever came in again in a war with Germany, we, the English, should have to use the Belgian lines, for our place was marked, as before, on the left of the line which had proved to be the right place in the last war. He said that our mobilization was terribly slow. He did not think that the Dutch would do anything, but agreed that we should make sure of the Dutch attitude. The German attack would come on the front Wesel-Bonn, not only because there were five lines of rail to facilitate concentration, but because the Germans had to cover the Ruhr. He did not know whether we could do anything from the sea on the German right. The project had been examined in the past and the landing, etc., had been found useless. It might be examined afresh, for circumstances have much changed. An evacuation of the Cologne and other bridgeheads was highly unfavorable to the Allied position. He told me that General Nudant, who has just taken up the *Temps* military criticism, was a good officer who had commanded an army corps in the war. He was now in the reserve, but had been considered for the Conseil Supérieur.

We discussed a French monument to the British dead in London. He would like to come over to inaugurate it. He had been much pleased by his last reception in London. He gave me some information for myself alone. We parted on the best of terms. I asked the Marshal not to mention that I had brought the matter of the French monument to his notice. He had told the Government that, rather than leave the Army *cadres* discontented, he would prefer to reduce the programme of rearmament. I asked him whether, in fact, the *armée de métier* was not likely to be the type of the future army in Europe. He thought it possible.

I don't think that Pétain, from other things that he said to me and showed me, has got very much further than laying down the first principles of the new army law. I feel sure he is not going to leave, with the law on his conscience, without a very clear exposition of the hurt that will be done to French defense by it. It is his way to express his feelings very straightforwardly. If a political decision is involved he will of course submit to it, but he will not dim his military renown by calling a bad thing good.

Saw General Desticker, one of Foch's men, at 8, Boulevard des Invalides in the afternoon. He had nothing new to tell me. I was not much impressed by him, but Clive says he has a European mind. He is very thin and has a new face. There came in Colonel Equin. I was glad to make his acquaintance. A short, thickset, fair man with a good and cheerful face. He has talent and I like him. He is well known for his work on the League of Nations. We all had a talk round the situation, but no fresh light was thrown on it. Ended my last day with a talk at the Embassy with Sir C. Mendl, and McClure, just come from Rome. Two very capable men. McClure thought that Mussolini was

holding his own and that he had learned a lesson from Corfu. There will be no more rampaging, McClure thinks, but agrees that an outlet must be found somewhere some day for the surplus Italian population. Mendl's account of how the French press is fed by publicity advertisements does not materially differ from Georges Mandel's. He spoke of a Greek who wanted to insert an article in some French paper. He was recommended a certain paper, but refused it because the Turks had bought it. But that does not matter, said his friend — there are still two days, Tuesdays and Thursdays, for sale!

Mendl does not go bail for the absolute authenticity of this story, but is sure that one can publish almost any article by paying three thousand francs for it. Mendl does not like Pertinax's general political outlook, but likes Pertinax himself. Mendl doubts whether Herriot will survive the budget next March.

Wednesday, October 29. — General election in England. Crossed with the Agha Khan. We talked India, racing, the war, etc., all the way. The Agha Khan agrees with my views on the Indian Frontier.

COLLEGE ENTRANCE REQUIREMENTS

BY WILLIAM L. W. FIELD

It has long been fashionable to bewail the burdensome nature of college entrance requirements, and many persons do this without attempting to distinguish between the prescription of studies to be pursued in preparation for college and the prescription of examinations by which the student's attainment is to be tested. In many instances both of these prescriptions have been shown to impose undeserved hardship upon meritorious students, and it is easy to lose sight of countless other instances in which they have been immensely helpful to students who, by force of circumstances, have been compelled to pick up their secondary education in fragments, partly from one school, partly from another, partly by the arduous method of digging the material out of unfamiliar books without the help of a teacher. It is, of course, quite unreasonable to impose upon students who have had the good fortune to work systematically through a carefully planned and administered course of study the same dry formulæ which may be not only helpful but indispensable to the less fortunate student. It is the purpose of this article to show that it is quite unnecessary to do so.

Not long ago I was present at a meeting of a group of teachers who were discussing the relation of secondary to higher education, with particular reference to the way in which the school should present that relation to its students and their parents. There was substantial agreement upon the

adoption of this statement: 'Higher education should represent an extension of secondary education; it is the progressive expansion of an essentially similar process. Admission to college is an institutional transfer within a homogeneous development.'

From that meeting I was called almost directly to advise a student who, with his father, was going about from one college office to another seeking guidance as to how he might best secure admission to some good college in September of this year. He had attended two excellent schools and had done faithful and effective work in both, and moreover he had already passed a number of college admission examinations; yet the state of his mind, after what should have been a very broadening educational experience, might best be represented by the following formula: Algebra [2], Plane Geometry [1], Latin [2], Ancient History [1], French [3], English [3], American History [1], Chemistry [1]. In each of his two schools this candidate had ranked somewhat above the middle of his class. No one could talk over his situation with him without becoming convinced that he had made good use of his opportunities. He had not failed in any course, or in any one of the examinations he had taken. What, then, was his quandary? Simply this: that the figures in brackets, as represented in this summary of his examination records and prospects, could not be added up to make fifteen, and he had been told by several sympathetic but

rather helpless advisers that until he could reach that magic score of fifteen he could not secure admission by the Old Plan to any college of the first rank.

Now this Old Plan is the same old plan upon which abuse has so often been heaped. It is still helpful to the student who has been forced to piece together his secondary education in a haphazard way. For more fortunate students a new and better plan has been in existence for seventeen years, but it is interesting to observe the reaction of the great majority of parents and teachers to the demand thus made upon them for a choice between two methods of procedure. They have railed for years at the unreasonableness of the old method and longed for a new and better one, but when the Old Plan and the New Plan present themselves side by side, some kind of instinct for the sanctity of tradition is awakened. They fear hidden risks in the new, and proclaim their intention of sticking to the true and tried. And so they go on appraising a secondary education in terms of little figures enclosed in brackets and eagerly counting up gains. It matters not whether a subject once 'credited' is forgotten or remembered. What matters is that the sum of the numbers shall be fifteen.

The New Plan of Admission was first made available by Harvard in 1911 and soon thereafter adopted by Yale and Princeton. It is now recognized by thirty-seven colleges and universities of the United States, though not on exactly the same terms by all of them. In 1927, 2876 candidates, out of 22,384 reported by the College Entrance Examination Board, were New Plan candidates.

To many persons the name 'New Plan' seems to imply merely the substitution of the so-called comprehensive papers for the papers of the older and

more subdivided type, but, while the employment of these papers is one characteristic of the New Plan, it is by no means its essential feature. The New Plan is not merely a plan of examination, but, as its full title indicates, it is a plan of admission to college, and it involves the investigation by the college of the candidate's school record for four years, the usual span of the high-school course. In order that a candidate may be enrolled for the New Plan, the school from which he is about to graduate must submit to the college a detailed report of the studies pursued and the standing attained in each of these four years, together with such evidence as can be assembled of the candidate's special tastes and aptitudes as manifested outside the narrow limits of the curriculum. Upon the basis of the general picture of the candidate thus presented, the committee on admission at the designated college decides whether or not this candidate may be regarded as qualified to take examinations under the provisions of the New Plan, a favorable decision meaning that the candidate has up to that point been found eligible, and that the only remaining requirements are four examinations which must be taken in one group and ordinarily in June of the year in which he is graduating from school. It is not demanded that these four examinations shall be approached by a course of study which in the final year of school is concentrated upon four corresponding courses, but it is usual for the school authorities so to adjust the pupil's work. It is greatly to the candidate's advantage if he 'finishes strong' in this final year.

The four examinations are not a rigidly designated list; indeed, anyone who cares to figure out the possible permutations sanctioned by the leading colleges will find that there are

more than two hundred approved combinations. It is generally and properly required that English shall be one subject, and that the second shall be some foreign language, ancient or modern, and that either mathematics or science must be represented. No school is afforded any pretext for reducing the breadth of its course of study. The same values must be represented as if Old Plan examinations were to be taken, but the need of reviewing and cramming for examinations in two or three different years is done away with, as is also the need of bringing various of the earlier studies to definite, circumscribed conclusions at particular dates in June. Furthermore, the temptation to base the choice of studies upon the reputation for simplicity of the examinations in which they severally culminate disappears.

When the examinations have been taken, the results are first appraised by the readers of the College Entrance Examination Board, but reported to the college concerned and not directly to the candidate. The college then considers these examination results, not as isolated criteria to be measured by a predetermined scale, but rather as checks upon the validity of the returns previously furnished by the school.

In this checking of the returns the characteristic strength or weakness of a given school in a given kind of instruction may be observed and heeded, so that, in the discretion of the committee, an abnormal lapse from the expected level by a single student may be investigated, and, if found to be correlated with illness or excessive nervous strain, overlooked. Indeed, some colleges frankly state their readiness to overlook a failure in one of the four examinations, provided that the school record has been satisfactory, and that the other three examinations support the verdict of the

school. The passing of the examination in English is, however, commonly regarded as essential.

It is thus apparent that, even in the senior year of school alone, the New Plan gives to the student an assurance of reasonable flexibility, with emphasis upon positive qualifications rather than upon negative quantities. It represents an effort to find out where his strength lies, not to lay bare his weakness; but perhaps the greater value of the New Plan is in the reasonable freedom which it bestows upon school and pupil for the planning of studies in the earlier years. The school horizon is broadened; the interrelation of studies can be and, indeed, must be emphasized; the gains are cumulative throughout the four high-school years and are appreciated as cumulative by the student. Best of all, the student has the assurance that every piece of work well done during those four years does its part in establishing his right to advance, and that all true educational advances are orderly and related. His teachers in school will pass his whole record on to his prospective teachers in college, and by that record, checked only by the composite picture afforded in four examinations, he will be judged. 'High school education should represent an extension of secondary education; it is the progressive expansion of an essentially similar process. Admission to college is an institutional transfer within homogeneous development.'

The New Plan does not exempt a student from hard work, nor does it offer any encouragement to the trifling, but, to a degree which is still far from being adequately recognized, it banishes the petty futilities and the overshadowing worries which have often oppressed the pupils in our schools and bestows a sense of ordered progress and an ever-widening view.

FRANCE, THE LAWN-TENNIS LEADER

BY A. WALLIS MYERS

I

For this year of grace France leads the lawn-tennis world. She is in front not because of her plant or organization but because her lawn-tennis votaries exceed in number those of other countries. Her ascendancy is measured in will and ardor as tested on the championship court, and in that indefinable quality which is called personality. The Davis Cup, symbol of international supremacy, is in her possession; her players hold the championships of England, America, and Australia, the three oldest lawn-tennis countries. The record is at once sweeping and suggestive, a record for which there must be psychological reason, for very few resaw its advent five years ago.

John Stuart Mill has said that genius can only breathe in an atmosphere of freedom. Can it be doubted that the exaltation of spirit which came to France after the Great War — an exaltation which only a land thrice invaded by a neighbor could experience — radiated through the field of sport? 'Be advised, young men, and whilst the morning shines, gather the flowers.'

Yet we must go back further than the cataclysm of 1914-18 to trace the evolution of France in lawn tennis. The royal and ancient game of tennis or court tennis, that is — may have had its original root in Persia; it was pursued in France centuries ago. A prototype of tennis, handball, — or *jeu de paume*, as it was called in the Middle Ages, — was played in France

in the parks and fosses of the châteaux, in any uncovered arena that could be found suitable for the purpose. Did not Louis X die from a chill caught while playing in the forest of Vincennes in 1316? Was not Charles IX, when not campaigning or in action, always playing *la paume*, of which he was a devotee? Longue paume may have faded since there was last an enclosure for it in the Luxembourg Gardens; the appeal of its principles remains, its application to the French character is as insistent as ever. We know that long before Jean Borotra became famous the Basque provinces produced *pelota* players, whose quickness of foot and hand and surety of aim with the *schista* were the envy of Europe. No one etymological research may have solved satisfactorily the exact derivation of the word 'tennis.' Several professors of philology assert it had a French origin.

There are no tennis lawns in France; the game, which was founded on British turf, has been pursued on immutable wood or *terre battue*. Therefore it is called tennis in France, although out of chivalry to English-speaking creators the federated governing body, which has its headquarters in Paris, is called the International Lawn Tennis Federation. The French players of distinction were incubated under the roof of the Tennis Club de Paris at Auteuil. It was to this almost original shrine of the game in Paris that a sturdy band of British pilgrims made an annual visit at Easter time, just before and just after the birth of the new century.

Most of these invaders came from Queen's Club, London. They were true disciples of the game in that they studied strokes and tactics, and cared as much for the stern and level friendly battle as for the tournament tie for which a prize was awarded. Nor were they exponents of any stereotyped style; among them were players of distinctive methods which, when they were observed in practice by the French, helped to propagate the variety and versatility of lawn tennis. Among them was Mr. George Simond, now the best-known referee on the continent, a player of tactical skill who often played with, and against, the Dohertys; Mr. G. A. Caridia, the prince of half-volleyers, who not only took the ball on its rise, but took it immediately it had left the ground; Mr. M. J. G. Ritchie, an All-Comers' winner at Wimbledon, who has beaten Mr. H. L. Doherty on a covered court, as he has also beaten Mr. Beals Wright in America — a veteran who, despite his fifty-odd years, can still hit the ball into the right place with the right stroke; the late H. S. Mahony, the genial Irishman, who used to cross the Channel with no heavier luggage than a pair of odd shoes which he borrowed from the dressing-room attendant at Queen's; and one or two other kindred spirits.

These English visitors, because of their courtcraft, were able to win most of the events in the first decade, but all the time, with cumulative strength, they were firing the zest of youthful France. The brothers Vacherot — one, I believe, was the first T. C. P. champion — had easy styles that reflected the natural grace of France; but the first Frenchman to make an international mark was Max Decugis, who had been to an English school and absorbed, some time before he was champion, the atmosphere of the game. When Decugis, at the age of fifteen,

had won the Renshaw cup for the boys' championships at Queen's Club, at twenty-one or thereabouts the first international tournament at Auteuil, and three years later the Olympic medal at Athens, the star of France was definitely in the ascendant. Decugis had both personality and wit, and both were useful to him in match play. Not that victory can be achieved by words used on court, although sometimes an ejaculation will so enlist the sympathy of the crowd as to buoy up the speaker in his moment of peril; it was his conversation in the lawn-tennis community which exercised a subtle influence over many of his opponents. They may have felt that this quick-witted Frenchman was seeing through them; he rarely wrapped up his remarks in complimentary verbiage. When the play began, those of weaker character felt that this man might impose his will, and, since he possessed the strokes to provide a free and forceful game, the psychological advantage was material.

Max Decugis may not have been the father of French lawn tennis in the sense that Dr. James Dwight was its parent in America; he was the first Frenchman to unglove his fist on the tennis court. His successors were a brilliant line of champions, each borrowing something from the past decade, each gaining in championship mettle by the wider vogue of the game, and the increasing competition which it offered. The war cut athwart André Gobert's career when he was in his prime. He was still a great player after it, but his dangerous experiences as an aviator included a fall — over the English lines, by the way, where he encountered tennis friends — that nearly brought death and inflicted internal injuries. Gobert was covered-court champion of France, as of England, for several years; as a server and a volleyer, supported by a great height

and a great reach, he was almost unplayable at his best.

I saw him achieve many of his triumphs; two are salient in my memory. They followed each other in the spring of 1912. In the first, the Frenchman was defending his title of English covered-court champion against the challenge of Anthony Wilding, who was then holder of the world's grass-court title. Wilding had not lost a set on the way through; it seemed likely that he would regain the title for Britain. And so he would have done if Gobert had not displayed, at the crisis of a grim struggle, a genius of stroke play that was irresistible. Wilding had won the first two sets and gone to 3/1 in the third when, by a fatal damping of his fires, he encouraged Gobert to make one supreme effort. The holder carried the third and fourth sets by as brilliant a display of service and volleying as was ever seen at Queen's; he traveled serenely to 4/0 in the final set. But the end was not yet. With splendid spirit and concentration the New Zealander pulled up to 4/4. Those who thought they knew Gobert visualized his defeat; they forgot that every French player has mercury in his mind. Gobert served the ninth game as well as he served any game; he won it and the next, and the match and his title were safe. At Stockholm, a week later, the Olympic crown was his by unanimous vote; he won both singles and doubles. It remained for an English base-line player, F. G. Lowe, to strike the sternest blow against him. Lowe won two sets and nearly a third. Wilding had been beaten by C. P. Dixon, whom Gobert, rising to the greatest heights, defeated in the final.

These matches were under cover; rain, wind, or sun could not affect the flight of the ball or the sighting of it by the player. In the open country, at Wimbledon or St. Cloud, though he

would have his brilliant periods, Gobert was never quite the same force. Two months after he had dominated the Olympic tournament at Stockholm he met Gore on the centre court of the old Wimbledon in the final of the All-Comers' singles. His eclipse at the hand of the veteran, who was then exactly twice the age of his adversary, was almost a tragedy. With an initial lead, gained by volleying, Gobert had retreated to the base line, thinking he could hold his man in any position. He never recovered from his disillusionment, and at the end Gore was his master. After the war Gobert still won titles, but his days of glory began to wane, reviving, however, when he won the amateur golf championship of France.

II

Space will not permit me to set out in detail the careers of the French champions who have taken up the mantle of Decugis and Gobert. The late William Laurentz — he was of Belgian descent and had a physique which could not stand the strain of continuous match play — was a beautiful volleyer. I umpired a Davis Cup match which he played against Tilden at Eastbourne in 1920. When Laurentz had won the first set by a burst of dazzling net play, the great American, realizing that he was in for a stern fight, had to change his tactics and chop slyly to the feet of his opponent.

Of the moderns, I rank Lacoste and Borotra above Cochet, although the smallest of the three has won undying fame at Wimbledon and was the first European to defeat Tilden in the American championship. It is not that Cochet cannot rise to heights of brilliant adventure when all seems lost; that virtue the French have all cultivated, inspired by the example of their compatriots. But I do not consider

that Cochet's ground-stroke equipment is as sound as Lacoste's, or that he possesses the dash and élan of Borotra, which, when the physical penalty is most severe, can yet bring him victory. René Lacoste, twice champion of America, is a living example of what application and persistency can achieve. As a boy he was never robust; you would never have imagined that he would have survived five grueling sets under a fierce midsummer sun. His conquest of the game was long and arduous, even though he is still a young man. He toiled while others rested; he was ever the patient apprentice, studying every tactic, polishing every stroke. It is said that he has an index folio recording the weak and strong points in the equipment of every international player. Like a sea captain navigating strange waters, he examined his chart before every match of importance. By this means he avoided many rocks. The voyage might be tempestuous; he reached harbor serenely. Lacoste has made good entirely by his own efforts; his character is a fine one; he is a worthy champion of America as of France.

Jean Borotra comes of very different stock. Bred in the Basque country, he has the volatile nature of its uplands. Dauntless before danger, whether it be on a lawn-tennis court or in an aeroplane, — or even when he is late for some social or business engagement, — he will take every conceivable risk; yet his buoyancy and optimism will win through. His defeat on successive days of Vincent Richards and W. M. Johnston in the American championship of 1926 — and both his adversaries were favored by the quidnuncs to win — was but one of his many brilliant exploits in big events. He has won at Wimbledon twice, and but for cruel fortune should have won again last year. He invades Australia and con-

quers the Commonwealth both on the court and off. While the Australian championship is in progress he spends two nights in the train; yet he wins all three national events, though separated from defeat by only a few points.

He and Jacques Brugnon, with Christian Boussus also a member of the team, have just concluded a world tour. They have been popular everywhere, in Buenos Aires as in Wellington, in Melbourne as in Johannesburg. They have not escaped defeat in individual matches; as a team they have only lost one test, and that was on landing at Durban after a long sea voyage. It was an innovation for Frenchmen to travel round the world armed with tennis rackets. Englishmen had done so and so had Americans, but this was the first organized mission of non-English-speaking players. That in Australia alone the invaders should have enriched the treasury of the Australian Lawn Tennis Association to the extent of \$80,000, permitting the tourists to receive \$17,500, the maximum sum arranged to cover their expenses, is a striking tribute to the popularity of M. Borotra and his comrades. Like Cæsar, they came, saw, and conquered.

France was eminently fortunate in her leader. No better ambassador, expressing the courage and vivacity of his race, could have been chosen. M. Borotra was a source of perennial inspiration to his team, and since his social charms were marked, and his wit as a speaker ingratiating, he made an ideal captain. Good captains are as valuable in sport as in industry or war; and the leadership of France in lawn tennis has been constructed to a large extent on mental equipment.

One must not forget the influence of Mlle. Lenglen on the rising fortunes of France. Her name became a household word long before France won the Davis

Cup or her male players triumphed at Wimbledon or Forest Hills. She was the first Gallic invader to win a singles title at Wimbledon, and she won it at the age of twenty under dramatic circumstances, with the King and Queen and packed galleries in attendance, snatching victory from defeat, proving to the world at large that France possessed the will to conquer. Her successive triumphs on the centre court, each more conducive than the last, emphasized this truth. They did more; it was demonstrated to the Continental invader, bred on a non-turf surface, that the grass plane permitted the best expression of a refined art. Fluency of footwork, at which the French excel, reveled in the lighter and easier tread, the softer carpet for swift toe work. The delicate volley, the application of check or slice, the strokes that satisfied finesse rather than force—these were better displayed on green and yielding turf.

If the influence of Suzanne Lenglen on French psychology was striking and permanent, so were the methods by which she achieved success. They were orthodox methods, those of past masters, like the Dohertys. There was nothing transitory or freakish about her stroke action; the style was easy, without effort. Had Mlle. Lenglen been a specialist in one stroke, rather than the mistress of all strokes, she would not have left such a deep imprint on the game. The fact that her repertoire was complete left no opening for the dissenting voice. She became a standard by which the play of others could be judged. Incidentally, she revolutionized the department of women in court. Instead of the conventional stride she made the hurdler's leap. This characteristic was born in her childhood years. She could not run like the adult; she had to jump. Her style became moulded on the new

mobility; it was a style that made a servant of acrobatics, a style that introduced a new cult. The advent of this cult synchronized with the emancipatory ardor experienced by women of all nations after the World War. They discarded their primness, their reserve of motion, as they discarded their long skirts. Mlle. Lenglen was French, but her example was world-wide. She may not participate again in competitive lawn tennis, although she is still comparatively young; that fact will not lower her position in the annals of the game. The French ascendancy dates from her first championship; the wide development of women's lawn tennis throughout the world has followed it.

The French owe much to their organizers. It is always difficult, in the direction of sport, to mix new blood with old. Without this diffusion there is a risk of a too arrogant conservatism, of old players, now out of harness, failing to keep step with the new steeds. That they should give the benefit of their ripe experience in counsel is indispensable; but any autocracy in sport is fatal, for young people who play games thrive on the direct encouragement of those who have achieved deeds in the sight of the juniors. The old champion cannot inspire the young unless he is companionable, unless he can talk the language of youth. The French would seem to have realized this truth. They have incorporated young men into their controlling body. Their clubs are organized with a view to tending budding talent. The athlete is not lost in the lawn-tennis player; there is a running-and-jumping track in addition to the courts. Do not imagine that athleticism has to be imposed on the French; the sport is there to be cultivated. The Government wisely nurses it, for there is no better antidote to communism than a healthy ambition to excel in sport.

THE PASTOR OF THE BEES

BY CHARLES D. STEWART

I

WHEN you walk into a grocery store and look about you upon all the wondrous works of God, your mind must linger often upon the honey. For those who prefer it in the comb, the bees have put it up in one-pound sections, all neatly built into frames of basswood four and a quarter inches square. For those who might want to buy the sweetness without the wax, and are willing to forgo the privilege of having those delicate cells break inwardly upon the tongue, it comes clear and beautiful in a bottle. In either form it is delightful; though, as for me, I have always felt that honey is a work that is worthy of a frame.

In order to get the bees to produce honey for him, man must proceed by taking the measure of the bee. It has been found that the thickness of a working bee of the standard strain is $\frac{1.63}{1000}$ of an inch, that being the width of opening she can pass through without discomfort. A somewhat ampler and freer fit, to be used in parts of the hive where more freedom is allowable, is from three sixteenths to three eighths of an inch; but nowhere in the brood department must this latter measurement be exceeded.

If a swarm of bees were allowed to conduct a hive according to their own notions, they would do about everything that a man does not want. Their principal concern in life is the raising of young; consequently honeycomb, in a state of nature, is filled with bee life

in every stage of development from the egg to the full-grown insect. Some cells will contain the eggs, almost microscopically small; others little white worms; others big fat grubs; others quiescent nymphs or pupæ; still others the stores of pollen or flower dust upon which the young are fed. Others, again, contain the supply of honey for present and future needs; and it is this sort of indiscriminate mixture that drips from the paw of the bear and constitutes the sort of meal that a bear likes to sit down to. But it is hardly the sort of honey that the grocer would offer to a customer.

A hive, therefore, is built with upper and lower stories. In the lower story the bees are allowed to manage their affairs somewhat as they would in a state of nature, while the upper part is to receive the clear, broodless honey for the use of man. A screen of sheet zinc having oblong holes $\frac{1.63}{1000}$ of an inch in width, or a grid of smooth wires accurately spaced, is usually placed between the two stories. This arrangement permits the workers to pass upward with their loads of nectar while it prevents the passage of the bigger-bodied queen when she goes on a quest for more cells to lay eggs in. The result is obvious. With no eggs going into the upper story, there will be no little white worms, no big fat grubs, no nascent nymphs, and no store of special food for the feeding of the young; and the clear comb honey will be fit to grace the big cut-glass bowl and attract to its scintillating self all the

finer allusions of the grace before meat.

In modern practice the zinc excluder, with its sharp edges burred by the die, is being displaced by the grid of smooth wire which does not wear out the bee's wings so quickly, and consequently affords a bigger yield of honey. In this case the spacing is but $\frac{1}{1000}$ of an inch, and most ingenious means are used to space the wires so accurately.

This standard opening in the queen excluder, while it serves such a useful function in honey production, is, nevertheless, among the less important of the measurements used in the management of the bee. Far more fundamental is what is known as the 'bee space,' a measurement ranging from three sixteenths to three eighths of an inch, beyond which limits error must not go. The bee space, the basic secret in hive building, was discovered in this country in 1852. Its exact limits were determined, not by the simple means of measuring a bee's body, but by experiment with the nature and psychology of the bee at work. Its importance is such that it has worked a world-wide revolution in hive building and in methods of beekeeping.

Up to the year 1852, man had no practical means to regulate and control the interior economy of a beehive. It was a closed world to the beekeeper; he could only enter it and take his share by killing the bees with sulphur, or by turning it upside down and acting as an invader and destroyer. This was because the modern hive with movable combs had not been invented; and this is but another way of saying that the Reverend Lorenzo Lorraine Langstroth, a Congregational minister who loved both bees and men, had not yet appeared upon the scene. He not only discovered the principle, but he devised the hive which gave it practical and permanent application. All other inven-

tions pertaining to the hive, such as the queen excluder, are subsequent and secondary in their nature; for, without the movable-comb hive itself, they would be useless.

This measurement and principle called a bee space affects honey production in so many ways, and ramifies the discipline of the hive to such an extent, that it may be said to comprise the whole art of bee management. A little explanation of the fundamental facts of bee life will make this easily understood. And moreover it will help us appreciate the life work of a man about whom the public knows too little.

II

Nature did not intend a swarm of bees to produce a great surplus of honey over and above the amount needed to raise their young, found new colonies, and support them through the greater part of the year. In the few short weeks of honey flow, the bees must hurry in enough to last them through all the flowerless months of fall and winter and spring; and so great is the rush of life with them, in periods when the nectar is coming, that they work themselves to death almost as rapidly as new generations can be raised. If man wants them to lay by a considerable extra store for his own use, he must make certain changes in their way of life.

First, he must relieve them of the task of making wax and shaping it into cells. To make one pound of wax, bees must use from seven to fifteen pounds of honey, eating and digesting it and extruding it from their bodies in the form of wax scales. Wax is a form of animal oil or fat, and it takes a great deal of food to make a little fat. While doing this, great numbers of bees hang inert from the roof of the hive; so that, in making material for comb building,

they not only consume a great deal of honey, but they lose time during which they might otherwise be working afield and bringing in more nectar. There is here a loss in two directions.

Second, he must see to it that the colony does not produce the thousands of drones which nature prompts it to nurse and nurture and support in adult idleness. These shining gentlemen of leisure could not gather nectar and pollen even if they had a mind to, for nature has not provided them with the special bodily parts needed in such work. They live upon the honey which the other bees bring in and deposit in the cells. Their life is a pleasant one while it lasts. They hang about the entrance of the hive, taking the sun and making idle excursions in the most inviting hours of the day. It has been estimated that it takes the labor of six working bees to support one healthy drone. And yet the bees are inclined to raise them in great numbers. If this were all, it would not be so bad; but every drone that is hatched and raised requires the use of one of those waxen cradles or cells, which, if it were not being occupied by a drone, would serve to produce a worker. The drone not only consumes honey himself, but he reduces the number of bees that are making it. Besides this, when he is not basking outside in good weather, he is cumbering the surface of the combs and getting in the way; and thus the raising of drones, like the making of wax, involves loss in several directions. Certainly, if man is to have much honey for himself, he must contrive a way to keep the queen from laying so many drone eggs.

Third, he must keep the bees from 'swarming.' Bees have an instinct which prompts them, at the height of a honey flow, to subdivide their community, sending out a delegation to establish a new colony. The greater part of

the swarm, consisting of the older working bees and the queen, will be seized with the moving fever; and some day when the weather is just right they will make their exodus to the promised land, leaving behind only enough bees to tend the thousands of young in their cradles and give a proper start to the new generation that will inherit the hive. The absconders, settling first on a near-by bush or tree, and making sure that the queen is with them, strike out for some hollow tree or other suitable habitation; and, once started, they will never turn back, no matter what fortune may befall them. They have made their last will and testament, leaving all to the children, and there is no danger that the old hive, with its accumulated riches of honey and its complete furniture of comb, will ever see them again.

Having parted with everything, they must now start the world all over again, like Robinson Crusoe or Adam; and this is a most strenuous and risky undertaking when you consider that a bee can do nothing in a home without furniture, and that all her prosperity depends upon the weather. We have already seen that this furniture costs a great deal in time and effort, to say nothing of the honey that must be laid by. In the new home the bees will have to work hard while the honey flow is on to get enough comb built and enough nectar stored away to keep the colony over winter. At best they will hardly have more than enough to last them; and as for the depleted swarm that they left behind, they will have to increase and multiply, starting with a new queen; and the newly hatched bees will have to improve each shining hour if they are going into winter with a big, warm cluster of bees and sufficient food to support the population.

From the standpoint of a bee owner, this habit of swarming is unnecessary

and foolish. It is evident that if a colony of bees can break off work right at the height of the season, and start the world all over again by building expensive new combs, they have a great deal of energy to spare. And if this surplus energy were kept at home and devoted wholly to honey making it would bring large results. Fifty to a hundred pounds of honey would be gained by each colony — and in some localities a much greater amount; and the beekeeper could carry away this much without taking any that the bees would need for their proper support.

That it is quite unnecessary for bees to leave the home hive can be shown by a simple example in arithmetic. As the queen lays a certain maximum number of eggs a day — about three thousand — and it takes twenty-one days for a worker to hatch and come to maturity, and the life of a worker in the busy season is about five weeks, it is plain that the size of a swarm is limited and fixed by these figures. The bees do not swarm because they are crowded out by a continual increase in numbers. Moreover, the size of the lower story or brood chamber has been calculated with these figures in mind, remembering that every square inch of comb contains fifty-five cells — twenty-seven to twenty-eight on each side. As the hive builder has computed these measurements with fair accuracy in the brood chamber, and as the beekeeper is quite willing to furnish them with new upper stories as fast as they fill them, it is plain that bees can have no real excuse for acting as they do. Their custom of having but one queen, whose capacity is limited and whose laying season is short, together with the high rate of mortality among her offspring, makes a set of conditions which keep the possible size of a swarm within bounds and make it somewhat standard. Hence

they could — if they would only listen to reason as the beekeeper sees it — just as well stay at home and keep on making honey. The one brood chamber would accommodate them all; and that surplus energy which they use for colonizing could be turned into surplus honey in the upper stories. It is one big swarm with a single queen, not two small swarms with two queens, that can find time to make honey for man's benefit.

What most people do not know, though it is a main factor in the beekeeper's calculations, is that honeycomb is not a perishing and temporary thing. The same comb serves the purposes of the bees year after year; it has been known to be good at the end of twenty years and even longer. The house of the bee is a permanent institution, intended to serve future generations and hold the honey of many summers in the place in which it was founded. It is only the inhabitants that change. And right here is where the bee's conduct seems most outrageous to the mind of the bee man. The queen, going her spiral round from cell to cell, needs only a certain area of comb. After twenty-one days, at three thousand or more eggs a day, her brood begins to hatch, and the empty cells are ready for her to use over again. These cells, together with enough cells to hold the current and winter supplies, would serve for all time; and thus the bees, having never any comb to build for themselves, could spend their whole superfluity of time in putting honey in the upper story for the use of man. It is perfectly logical, entirely natural — a consummation devoutly to be wished!

The attitude of the beekeeper as he stands, pencil in hand, and contemplates the promising facts and figures, is quite understandable. It is plain that if we are to have honey in any quantity

we must devise some way of keeping the whole swarm in one house. We must checkmate nature in that instinct to start a new colony. The surplus of energy that is put into such enterprises is just the energy we need to supply us with honey.

III

Strange as it would seem to a beekeeper of a hundred years ago, — or a thousand years ago, for that matter, — all these things are quite easily done. In all those little white boxes that stand in rows in any farmer's yard — boxes of white magic that are not half as simple as they look — it is a matter of everyday practice. And the way it is done is simple enough in the telling.

In the production of extracted honey, the problem of relieving the bees of the work of wax making is solved by movable combs. The bees build their combs in large, light wooden frames, which are free to be lifted out of the hive and as freely returned to it. Upon being removed full of ripe honey, a long knife is drawn across the surface of the comb so as to cut off the capping of the cells, thus releasing the warm and quite liquid honey. A centrifugal machine, whirling the comb rapidly inside a metal container, causes every last drop of honey to fly out of the cells and leaves them fairly clean; after which the frames of uninjured comb, of which there are usually ten to a story, are put back in the hive to be refilled by the bees. There is thus no delay in building cells to accommodate the swift bounty of summer. There is no hanging in festoons from the roof of the hive to consume honey and produce wax. The bees instead hurry in more and more of the golden hoard while the nectaries are flowing and before a change of weather causes them

to close. It is a labor-saving system of great importance to the managers of bees.

The second problem, that of preventing the queen from laying male eggs and producing drones, is accomplished by means of sheets of wax run through a pair of engraved rollers working like a wash wringer. Bees build their cells of two sizes, those intended for the reception of male eggs being one fourth of an inch across, while those that are to receive worker eggs measure one fifth of an inch. The queen, going her rounds from cell to cell as methodically as a farmer dropping corn in rows, lays eggs that are very small, first thrusting her head into each cell as if to inspect its condition. When she comes to one of these larger cells she will deposit a male egg in it, while one of the other cells, intended to hold a bee of the opposite or worker sex, will receive an egg such as its size calls for.

The queen, by a miraculous-seeming provision of nature, has power to control the sex of the eggs she lays. Man has taken advantage of this state of affairs by engraving on the metal rolls which make the sheets of wax the outline of cells of the worker variety. A sheet of this comb 'foundation' is fastened into the frame into which comb is to be built; and the bees, willingly making use of what man has begun for them, rapidly draw out the wax into cells which produce nothing but worker bees. When comb gets old or broken in handling, or is damaged in the centrifugal machine, it is renewed in this way; and the beekeeper has always a spare stock of comb large enough to meet the demands of the busiest season. And he uses the same comb over and over, catching the honey crop as fast as the bees bring it in.

While this is the practice in producing extracted honey, comb honey is in

a somewhat different case, for here the customer insists upon having the whole product. As the same comb cannot be used over and over, the foundation machine comes into use each time a crop is taken off. The middle wall, or midriff, of each little section of comb honey is produced by the rollers from wax on hand. This is fitted into the one-pound basswood sections, and the bees rapidly draw out the cells. While this does not eventually save the bees the labor of making wax to replace the wax that is sold with the honey, it greatly lessens the work they need to do in building the comb. The wax on hand may be from extractor combs that have become damaged or broken down.

Thirdly, — and I hope my readers remember that this is going to be the story of a preacher, — we have to consider the swarming problem. If we are going to have honey for the table, the bees must not waste their time going away to build new mansions of wax. Their instinct to do this is accordingly frustrated by taking advantage of a still stronger commandment in the bee world. Under no circumstances will a swarm of bees strike out for a new location without being sure that the queen is with them. If anything has happened to prevent her coming, they soon know it; and in that case they give up their colonizing plans for the time being and return to the hive. The sagacious beekeeper turns this detail to his own advantage by clipping off a wing of the queen bee in each hive. And then he takes a more fundamental precaution. A swarm of bees will not leave a hive without taking measures to provide a new queen for the ones who stay behind and carry on the business of the old home. When they intend leaving, they build large queen cells and start a number of royal babies that are duly sealed up and left to develop; and if all

their plans go well, though much depends upon the weather, they may time this queen hatching so that the queen-to-be would ordinarily make her appearance about a week after the swarm has departed. The beekeeper, knowing this, keeps track of his bees' intentions by going through the hives at regular intervals; and he takes pains to destroy all royal progeny in its cradle and to damage materially any queen cells that may have been started.

As there may be as many as a hundred thousand bees in a hive, it might seem an impossible task to pick out the queen from such a throng in every colony. It must be kept in mind that the combs in the modern hive are movable. It would indeed be impossible were it not that the combs may be taken out, one after another, and held up to the light of day. The queen, surrounded by her royal escort, with their heads all toward her, is like a marked paragraph in a book; and she is soon picked out from the rest of the text. And then, a wing being snipped off, she will never make a success of any effort to abscond with the swarm. This treatment will not, however, keep her from trying when the time comes. To prevent all such efforts upon the part of the swarm, the combs must all be gone over once in ten days — a considerable task for a man with many colonies. In case he neglects, or is too busy, the wingless queen holds the situation in control for him. While the truant swarm is hanging in a seething mass on the limb of a near-by bush or tree, the queen will be found in the grass at the front of the hive making lopsided efforts to fly. The beekeeper puts her back in the hive in a little cage; and now he may rest assured that the congregation temporarily holding conference on the limb of the tree will make a change in its plans and return

to the hive. It is not really the same hive, however, for the beekeeper has been shrewd enough to put in the place of the old hive one whose interior has been made more inviting by means of some empty comb all ready for the queen to fill with brood. And then the bees in the other hive, flying afield and coming back with their loads, will enter this one, thinking it is the one they have been using because it occupies the same location; and thus all the working bees of the original swarm are brought together again under one queen. The result is that while they may think they have successfully swarmed, being at work in a different interior, they have not swarmed at all, because they have not succeeded in dividing their forces. The beekeeper has had his way; and now they are not going to waste their time in colonizing and building new comb and raising drones. It is not the mere absconding of the swarm that the beekeeper objects to; it is this division of forces which reduces the honey output and turns the bees' energies in a direction that is useless to him.

IV

There is a great deal of human nature as well as bee nature to be studied in the bee yard. In former days it was thought that if the owner died, and the bees were not formally notified of the fact, they would stop making honey. Consequently it was the custom to hang black crape on every hive while someone went through the operation of 'telling the bees.' Now that science has taken the place of superstition, the beekeeper does not tell them anything; he fools them.

Up to the year 1852, when Langstroth invented the movable-comb hive, the 'brimstone pit' for suffocating the bees in the fall was a regular part of the apiary. According to that old-

world and world-old method, beekeeping was a very simple procedure. All you had to do was to get a swarm of bees into a box, a hollow log, or a 'skep' of twisted straw, and leave them to their own devices. They could be depended upon to clean house, fill all cracks with a cement of wax and resin, repair any imperfections, and set to work in accordance with the ancient laws of the craft. If you wanted to get any honey without killing them you would have to turn the hive upside down and dig right into the comb; and if you expected to keep them over winter you would be careful not to take much, else they would not have a surplus sufficient to last them. Naturally, the usual custom was to wait till autumn, when the crop was all in, and rob them outright. And, as this was to be the end of the bees, the hives were kept for a while in the fumes of burning sulphur to make the operation easier.

This method brought greater immediate reward, but it was destructive of the source of profit. And besides, the quality of the honey, some of it stored in cells adjacent to dead brood or bitter and often poisonous pollen, was not likely to be of the best. Sometimes, in order to save it all, the comb would be melted and the honey heated till the foreign matter rose in a scum which could be skimmed off; and this was likely to result in an unsavory mess.

As knowledge of the bee became more scientific, the invention of hives began. Inventors in England, France, America, and Russia produced hives with ingenious features, but they all ended in failure. They were not founded on a close study of the bee.

And then Pastor Langstroth, a most interesting and lovable man who was minister of a Congregational church in Philadelphia, made the discovery regarding bee nature which was to

have world-wide effect and change the methods of beekeeping for all time.

His object was to make a movable-comb hive. But, while this is easily said, it was not easily done; and the more one studies the habits of bees, the more impossible it appears. It is bee nature, whether in a hollow log or a home of planed pine, to give the interior a coat of varnish, use propolis freely, buttress the combs securely to the roof or sides, and build cells in any available space. In this view of affairs, any expectation that 'removable' frames could be put in a hive and remain movable after the bees had set to work on them would seem doomed to disappointment. A little experiment or two would soon show such a scheme to be impractical and foolish. One might as well expect bees to alter their whole nature as to think that they would not fasten these frames to the wall of the hive.

But Langstroth had long loved to work with bees; and he made a discovery. His discovery, as we have already intimated, had to do with a bee's policy, or mental attitude, toward openings of a certain width inside the hive. This policy manifests itself as follows. If the bee finds in the hive a passageway of a width between three sixteenths and three eighths of an inch, she will not fill it with comb or glue it up with propolis, but will keep it as a space to be used in passing to and fro. If the opening is less than three sixteenths of an inch, she regards it as a crack or flaw which needs to be varnished over and filled with propolis. If it is more than three eighths of an inch, she regards it as room in which cells may be built. But anything between these measurements the bee seems to look upon as a sailor does gangway' — a place to be kept clear. While these measurements represent the extremes that are allowable, prac-

tice has shown that results are surest with openings not more than five sixteenths or less than one quarter of an inch. This measurement, now standard, has become known as the bee space.

The Langstroth hive was built to take advantage of this point in bee nature, the movable frames being made of such a size that there would be just a bee space between the ends of the frames and the walls of the hive; and the same spacing was provided for between the tops of the frames in a lower story and the bottoms of the frames in a story above. In short, there must be no space in the hive after the frames have been filled with comb that does not correspond with this measurement which the bee recognizes and respects. But, as bees work back-to-back on the surfaces of the adjacent combs, there will here need to be a double spacing. Comb is about an inch thick, and so the beekeeper will space his frames so that when the comb is built out to its natural depth the proper back-to-back spacing will be left between them.

The whole result of this science of spacing in connection with a movable-comb and top-opening hive is that one story may be lifted freely off another, enabling the beekeeper to take away his crop of honey quite separate from that which belongs to the bees; and the combs in the brood chamber may be taken out and freely manipulated, thus creating conditions which will cause a honey crop many times larger than could be expected under natural conditions. The modern beehive, invented in America, is very American in its nature. It is efficient. It adopts the best methods for quantity production. It surpasses anything of the kind ever invented in Europe. No bee of ancient Greece or Egypt, or even the early Victorian era, could hold a candle for efficiency to the modern, American, fully industrialized bee. Europeans

stuck to the theory for many years that our great honey production was due to some peculiarity of the flora of this continent, but they finally learned that it was due to the hive with movable combs.

V

The beehive which Langstroth invented in 1852 has not been improved in any essential detail from that day to this. It was practically perfect from the beginning; and here I believe it is unique among mechanical inventions. It is essentially unimprovable. A hive may be built with a brood chamber larger or smaller to suit conditions, but it has got to remain a Langstroth hive in principle in order to do the work.

The movable-comb, top-opening hive has revolutionized beekeeping in America and had an influence that is world-wide. It has won its way on its merits in country after country. In the mechanical world it is a signal demonstration of the survival of the fittest. A man may go from one end of America to the other, and even to the remotest countries to which our exports have penetrated, and he will find that the frames and various appurtenances of one hive are an exact fit for every other hive. The Langstroth frame measures $17\frac{5}{8}$ by $9\frac{1}{8}$ inches, outside measurement, and the manufacturers of hives all make their hives accordingly. A beekeeper in one of California's great apiaries may buy the small outfit of a New England beekeeper and know that every part and every appliance will match and mingle with his own. Not even the Ford car has equaled it in observing the mechanical principle of interchangeability, and of setting a standard that is national.

It has become the hive of England and of France and of the French-speaking part of Switzerland; and it

has made steady progress among the apiaries of Italy and Germany. American hives have been adopted in Canada, Mexico, the West Indies, South America, South Africa, Australasia, Belgium, Russia, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and other countries. It has increased the output of the world's honey 'from hundredweights to tons.'

Besides having movable combs and being top-opening for convenience in handling, a hive must have oblong frames, of scientific proportions, and these frames should hang free with very little point of contact and come out without crushing bees. Langstroth incorporated all these features in his hive at once. He met complex requirements with an invention of masterly simplicity.

He was himself a man of simple and lovable nature, and had a certain common sense and benevolence of outlook which reminded those who knew him of Benjamin Franklin. He protected his invention with a patent, but was unable to guard and enforce his rights; and when the end came, one day in 1895, he died without a dollar. It is now generally recognized that he was the 'father of American beekeeping' and that no inventor anywhere was prior to him.

It has been said that, up to 1852, the world had never improved in any way upon the beekeeping of the ancient Greeks. As a matter of fact, the beekeeping of the Middle Ages was hardly as good as theirs. The Greeks had three hundred treatises upon the bee; and the fourth book of Vergil's *Georgics* is a poem on bee management. It is only when we think of the beekeeping of the ancients that we get a just estimate of the modern invention. As sugar cane was not brought to Europe from India until comparatively modern times, and the possibilities of the sugar beet were unknown, man's

principal source of sweets was the hive. There was every possible incentive to study bee nature and perfect it. The yield of this important crop could have been increased tenfold if someone had only known enough to make a plain wooden box of certain proportions containing frames of a certain fit. In the making of a hive there is nothing needed of modern manufacturing equipment. It can all be done with wood-working tools as simple as those that Christ used in plying his worldly trade. That the hive was not invented in all these centuries is due to the fact that it is a most complex invention founded upon observations in natural history that were neither easy to make nor simple to cope with by mechanical means. In one regard it is a mere white box or two sitting in the farmer's doorway. At the same time it is the most complicate of mechanisms, being most diverse and intricate in the conditions which it meets and fulfills.

One who knew nothing about it beyond its mere appearance might naturally inquire, 'How is it complicated? Where are its cams and cogwheels, its springs and plungers and quick-acting fingers of iron?' The answer is that its intricacy is not visible. It takes the form of figures and shrewd calculations. It copes with the hidden psychology of the bee as well as her mere bodily measurements. Its every proportion and spacing, seeming to be nothing, deals in some manner with the perplexing problem of the bee.

VI

As Langstroth was one of the greatest of our nature students, judged by what he actually accomplished, and as he was a man of most pleasing and interesting personality, one might suppose that his name would be familiar to Americans generally, and especially to

lovers of nature. That his name is so little known is due, I imagine, to the difficulty of explaining a hive in a few words so that it may be appreciated by the average man. Without an understanding of the hive, one cannot properly value what Langstroth did. As it is, his name is so little known that there is no biographical sketch of him in any encyclopædia, English or American. But his fame is looking up, and will some day be better attended to. Let me make a beginning by setting down here some of the principal facts of his life as known to his fellow beekeepers.

Lorenzo Lorraine Langstroth was born on Christmas Day, in the year 1810, at Philadelphia. His parents were members of 'Mr. Barnes' church' in that city, this being the mother Presbyterian church in the United States. Family tradition tells us that when the boy became interested in the ants working in gravel walks, and experimented upon them with crumbs of bread, his parents deplored that their son should show an inclination to such frivolous pursuits when he might employ the time improving his mind.

In 1827 he entered Yale College and graduated in 1831. From 1834 to 1836 he served as tutor in mathematics at Yale while he completed his studies in preparation for the ministry. In May 1836, he became pastor of the Second Congregational Church at Andover, Massachusetts, and in August of the same year he was married to Miss A. M. Tucker of New Haven, Connecticut.

After two years in the ministry ill health compelled him to resign his pastorate. For a while in 1838 and 1839 he was principal of the Abbott Female Academy at Andover, and in the latter year he moved to Greenfield, Massachusetts, to become principal of the high school for young ladies. In Greenfield he remained nine years, serving five

years as principal of the school for young ladies and four years as pastor of the Second Congregational Church.

In 1848 he moved back to the city of his birth, where he again became principal of a school for young ladies; and after four years in this position he returned to Greenfield.

It was now fourteen years since he first became interested in bees. In 1837, the year after he left Yale, a friend whom he was visiting took him up in the attic and showed him where bees were being kept. His interest in the study of nature, early manifested by his curiosity regarding ants, now became wholly centred upon bees, and before long he was the owner of two colonies in old-fashioned box hives. His knowledge of bees at this time was confined to his Latin readings in Vergil, and to a modern writer who was 'somewhat skeptical regarding the existence of a queen bee.' Thereafter he continued to keep bees, finding pleasure in the study of their habits and benefit to his health through the outdoor exercise they afforded him.

Eventually the thought occurred to him that it might be possible to make a hive so that the interior would be subject to inspection, and after trying all the inventions which had that end in view, including the leaf hive of Huber, he conceived the movable-frame hive and set to work to solve its problems. At the same time he decided to reconsider the problems of beekeeping generally and to design a hive best fitted 'to remedy the many difficulties with which bee-culture is beset, by adapting my invention to the actual habits and wants of the insect.' In October 1851, he completed the movable-comb, open-top hive. And he records in his journal, on October 30 of that year, 'The use of these frames will, I am persuaded, give a new impetus to the easy and profitable management of bees.' In 1852 he

procured the patent which was never to be of any benefit to him, but rather a subject that brought harassment and worry. His health was never reliable, and from his twentieth year he suffered occasional attacks of a distressing 'head trouble' which would give him an aversion to his studies and keep him away from his work for months at a time.

In 1858 he moved to Oxford, Ohio, where, with the help of his son, he engaged in the propagation of Italian queen bees.

In 1887, being then seventy-seven years of age, he went to live in Dayton, Ohio. His wife, always a devoted helpmeet and source of inspiration to him, had died fourteen years before, in 1873. The death of his son, a railroad accident, and a recurrence of his old head trouble, caused him to give up active beekeeping; but he continued to take part in beekeepers' meetings and to maintain his interest in teaching and preaching. Beekeepers in all parts of the country, cognizant of the great importance of his work, now regarded him as 'the father of American apiculture,' and listened with great interest whenever he consented to address them.

In the meantime, circumstances or other influences had attracted him toward the Presbyterian Church, in which he had been born and raised. Writing under date of March 26, 1888, he says: 'I am now a minister in the Presbyterian Church. Although not a settled pastor, I preach occasionally, and delight in nothing so much as the Christian work.' And he mentions that his parents were members of 'Mr. Barnes' Presbyterian church' in Philadelphia.

He died on October 6, 1895, at the Wayne Presbyterian Church in Dayton, Ohio, while he was preaching the morning sermon. As he was then

eighty-five years of age and too feeble to stand throughout the sermon, the regular minister, Reverend Amos O. Raber, had moved the pulpit aside and placed a chair for him to sit in. After a few opening remarks and requests for prayer from members of the congregation, he said, 'I am a firm believer in prayer. It is of the love of God that I wish to speak to you this morning—what it has been, what it is, and what it means to us, and what we ought—'

These were the last words that he spoke.

His daughter, Anna L. Cowan, who was present, has thus described the last scene:—

'As he finished the last word he hesitated; his form straightened out convulsively; his head fell backward, and in about three minutes he was absent from the body, at home with the Lord. There was no scene of confusion in the church. Tears were running down every cheek, but there were no screams, no loud sobbing. As one person remarked, "Heaven never seemed so near before. It seemed but a step."'

The Ohio Beekeepers Association, at its meeting in August 1925, decided that it was time that more recognition was given to the man on whose discoveries so large an industry had been

founded, and it accordingly established a memorial endowment fund in Cornell University. As an outcome of this move the secretary of the Beekeepers Association, Miss Florence Naile, succeeded in bringing to light his long-lost journal. It was found in an attic in Dayton, where he had formerly lived. In this journal he kept record of his observations upon bees for forty-five years. Though he mentioned it occasionally during his life, little was known of what was in it. It was found to contain innumerable records of observations upon bees of which only a small part had ever been published by him. It records in detail the steps through which his work passed in the invention of the modern beehive; and it is, therefore, a detailed history of the early stages of the modern science of beekeeping.

At the following meeting of the Ohio Beekeepers Association, at Medina, Ohio, in September 1926, this journal was formally presented to the Beekeeping Library of Cornell University, where it will be made available to future students of apiculture. It will form the corner stone of the Beekeeping Library of the University, which is now, in large part, a memorial to the man whose work has had such wide influence.

AL SMITH AND THE YOUNG MEN

BY PARKER LLOYD-SMITH

IF Al Smith goes to the White House, no small part of the credit will belong to the young men. Behind the Tammany organization of New York, behind the mass of deserving Democrats who are hoping to be led out of exile by New York's Governor, a great army of recruits is gathering under the Smith banners. It is a young army, untrained, but potent for all that.

These recruits care nothing for Smith's Catholicism, and little for the cause of religious liberty. They are not drawn to Smith because he dislikes prohibition, and most of them have a healthy mistrust of Tammany Hall. Many are Democrats, but almost as many are Republicans. It is neither Smith's creed nor his wetness nor his politics which is drawing the young men to his side.

Al Smith is not the stuff of which a young man's heroes generally are made. Watching him day after day in his office at the Albany Capitol, it is hard for one to picture him as the leader of a cause. About his conversation there is precious little of the crusader. His mouth curves more readily to a cigar than to a trumpet. He is interested in facts, not theories. Nothing would astonish him more than to put down the receiver after a talk with Olvany and be told by an earnest follower that he had captured the imagination of youth. If he ever thinks of himself impersonally, it is as a hard-headed governor, a practical politician. If it were suggested to him that he is a prophet as well, he would chew his

cigar, spit, and change the subject with a story about Mrs. Reilly.

The explanation of his appeal is n't found altogether in the Smith of to-day. One must turn back to the very beginning of his career in the Executive Mansion, to the first years of the peace, to see the events which were shaping Smith's hold upon the young men.

Woodrow Wilson was starting for Paris when Alfred E. Smith took up the office which had come as a reward for faithful service to Father Tammany. The eyes of the nation were upon the slight, nervous President, not at all upon the politician-governor at Albany. Wilson had been speaking for America as no man had spoken within the memory of the people. What the war had rediscovered in the national character, — the idealism, the capacity for sacrifice, the resolve to build a new world out of the ruins of the old, — all this had been keenly felt by Wilson and had been given magnificent expression. If ever there was an American crusade, it was this intellectual and emotional rebirth of 1918 and 1919.

Wilson came back and began his losing fight to convince Congress that his visions were practical as well as ideal. Throughout the battle, and long after Congress had rejected the peace treaty, Wilson remained the leader of the thought of America's young men. Public sentiment generally veered away from the President and toward the nationalist programme of Lodge and the Irreconcilables, but the

universities still held with Wilson, still believed in the League. Even after Harding had substituted normality for ideas, Harvard was forming a strong pro-League club under the leadership of a son of Thomas W. Lamont. When Lord Cecil spoke at Princeton, his references to Wilson drew thunderous cheers from the undergraduates, while the robed and hooded faculty applauded perfunctorily from the platform.

For a time the young men had been given something to which they could cling. They had proof that not all the world's business was directed in back rooms for selfish ends. The boys who had seen the war end just before they were of age to enlist could turn all their enthusiasm into fighting for a new kind of peace. Dollar diplomacy was doomed. The individual again counted for something in the world. It was such a movement as England experienced with Newmanism. The nation was rich enough already; the time had come for something else.

But the time had n't come, and the young men went out from their universities in great confusion of mind. Instead of becoming more spiritual, it appeared that America had become infinitely more material than before the war. Internationalism was part and parcel of the Bolshevik menace. The nation had turned its attention to its own safety, its own prosperity, its own comfort. A ring of politicians again dominated government, bringing with them a rule of corruption of which we are only beginning to know the full details.

There was no place for the young men in all this. They had denied the pursuit of wealth as the sole goal of life, and there was no other goal in sight. A few went hesitantly into the diplomatic service; a few made an abortive attempt to fight Tammany in New

York. One group of brilliant young lawyers offered their help to Emory Buckner in the United States Attorney's office. Many wanted time to think and went abroad, to Oxford, to the Sorbonne, to the Far East. Others sought out agencies of social service, the Rockefeller foundations, the international Y.M.C.A. It was a period of haphazard effort. An editor of a Princeton magazine, leaving for Oxford, wrote bitterly of the 'faithless generation' — faithless because there was nothing in which to put faith. One of the ablest of the young Harvard men declared the best thing that could be said of national politics was summed up by a line of Matthew Arnold's: 'Because thou must not dream, thou needst not then despair!' A speaker rose at the banquet of the American club in Oxford to assert that the Rhodes plan had failed and internationalism was only a long word. One young American went to Geneva, observed the League hopefully, and returned to study the psychology of the Southern negro. The young men were scattered, faithless, aimless, leaderless.

And then, Smith.

What had Smith been doing in these years? Nothing particularly stirring. He had been building hospitals and laying out roads, planning an imperial group of buildings to house the government of the Empire State. He had become interested in tenements; he had broken with Hearst; he had become the real leader of Tammany Hall. He had defended the right of the Socialist assemblymen to their seats in the legislature; he had fought for better hours and living conditions for labor. It was all part of the governor's job and he had done it well. But there was nothing in his record which challenged the imagination, nothing which stood out as a significant achievement to inspire the young men.

For Smith is not a deep thinker. He

is given credit for a far more comprehensive vision than he really has. And certainly Smith is not an idealist. His every act is the result of practical, common-sense reasoning. His sympathies were enlisted early in the effort to care for the state's wards, the feeble-minded, the infirm, the incurables. Instantly he set about improving the state hospitals. He demanded and got money to erect new buildings, to employ better physicians, to modernize the whole charitable system of the state. It was a creditable desire on his part, and a creditable achievement. But a more profound mind, a Wilson, would have sought first to find the root of the trouble and correct the social maladjustment which was responsible for it. Where Wilson would have gone to the final cause, Smith went to the nearest difficulty.

But, by the same token, where Wilson might have failed altogether, Smith was sure of a certain measure of success. The same distinction can be found in the relations of the two men to their political machines. Wilson found the politicians difficult. When they worked with him, as in the New Jersey elections, he thought they were admirable and necessary. When they opposed his plans, he wanted to throw the whole lot of them overboard.

Smith is far less arbitrary in his dealings with Tammany. If the Organization is especially interested in an appointment for a Tammany man, Smith grants it if he can, and if it does not involve running counter to the system of government he has built up. He telephones the Civil Service Commission: 'Do this if you can.' He does not expect an exception to be made in his favor.

It is always the immediate end which Smith seeks and achieves. Beyond that he has little interest. He has no real conception of what internationalism

means, although he insisted that the state platform should include an endorsement of the World Court. The reduction of armaments appeals to him as an economic measure, but he does not look forward to a new order of things in international relationships. Even in the field of his greatest success, in the business of governing the state, Smith has not made any notable contribution to political thought or theory. His financial policies and his efforts to gain control of the state's water-power resources have not been well thought out, have not met with the enthusiastic approval of impartial critics. Much has been said and written of Smith's work at the constitutional convention when Elihu Root commented upon his grasp of the state's affairs, but a careful reading of all that he said reveals a thoroughly sound understanding of how the government operates, nothing more.

Smith has made one or two efforts to identify himself with a political creed slightly more significant than the creed of good housekeeping. His letter to the Democrats at the Jackson Day dinner paid tribute to the principles of Thomas Jefferson, but it is doubtful if he could explain those principles except in large generalities. Nor is it surprising that he could not. Between Wilson and Smith there lies an enormous gap, a gap of education, of opportunity, of natural inclination. Wilson in the professor's chair at Princeton had ample time to reflect upon constitutional democracies. Smith in the sheriff's office at New York was concerned with problems more immediately important.

The mantle of Elijah has fallen upon a curious Elisha. What can this man Smith offer to youth? Not ideals, not culture, not scholarship, not even an extraordinary mentality! As he sits in his office, exploding his harsh voice into a hundred humdrum topics of

conversation, Alfred E. Smith is neither crusader nor prophet, but a very ordinary man.

Except for one habit. He gets things done.

He saw the state government top-heavy with departments and bureaus, choked with officials and wrapped in red tape. Driving his political enemies in front of him, taking their chiefs into his camp, he stripped the government of its useless, wasteful parts and left it free to function efficiently. Reorganization, long an issue in political councils, to Smith was a matter of course. The situation was desperate; he found an almost instant remedy.

The appalling death toll of the grade crossings distressed and angered him. He decided the state should pay its share in eliminating the crossings, campaigned for a bond issue to supply the funds, and started the work on its way. Last winter he found it was progressing too slowly. A word to George B. Graves, his secretary-assistant, and the railroad executives were summoned to Albany. Why was n't the programme moving faster? Smith wanted action.

He found the hospitals and institutions of the state in poor condition. The buildings were antiquated and their equipment was inadequate. Smith determined at once that new buildings must be put up and new equipment installed. The Republicans demurred at the cost. Smith countered with the proposal of a bond issue, and when there were signs of opposition he went direct to the people: 'We need this money. Will you give it to us?' Of course they would.

It is not a very inspiring cult, perhaps, this cult of direct action, but it gets results. The business of the state has speeded up. Men work harder and faster at the Capitol than they did in the old days. There is very little theory about it, but there is a deal of

accomplishment. A simple, direct mind is at the helm; the ship's course is not devious.

Smith meets every attack with a counterattack so open, so vigorous, that the subtler methods of his opponents are made laughable. His letter to Marshall, his answer to the appeal of the Jamaica klansmen, were masterpieces of strategy, because they were so devoid of strategic manœuvring. Smith had something to say. He made no attempt to ornament it or to disguise it. He said it.

Many men dislike what Smith says and does; most men respect the directness and vigor of his thought. Albany is a hotbed of lobbyists. During the session of the legislature, every third person in the city has some axe to grind on Capitol Hill. If it is a question of taxation, there are the realty men who complain bitterly of the unjust burden put on real estate; there are the representatives of the auto clubs who have decided opinions about the gasoline tax; there are the grange and farm-bureau lobbyists who are in daily terror lest the rural districts suffer at the hands of the urban legislators. There are lobbyists for and against every known form of taxation, each with a sheaf of arguments in support of his or her particular cause. The state's welfare is of no consequence. Who cares whether a sound system of taxation is adopted, so long as the lobbyists are satisfied?

Smith cares. That is his job, and he likes it. He has adopted the state, the orphan child at Albany, and he sees to it that the foundling has proper attention.

A man could n't gain a great reputation at Albany in a year or two years by such unspectacular tactics. Governor Miller had many of the ideas of value to the public, but he did n't stay long enough to get credit for them.

Smith has been governor for nearly eight years now, and his methods have been almost uniformly successful. In the end, they have made an impression.

The young men have not come to Smith with a holy fire in their eyes. They are still uncomfortable over the tongue in which the prophet speaks,

and they wish his vision pierced further into the future. But he holds out a promise. He has something to offer. It is not the glittering promise which Wilson gave to youth, but it is enough to hoist the flag of action. The young men want to march, and Smith can set the pace. It will be time enough later to find out where they are going.

THE NEW ROMULUS AND THE NEW ROME

BY CAPTAIN B. H. LIDDELL HART

I

Is Fascism a tyranny holding an unwilling people in thrall by brutal force, as its opponents allege, a tyranny whose only moral watchword and justification is the cry of 'Might is right'? Are the foundations of its régime already cracking under the pressure of economic and moral laws, which it has presumptuously challenged? Or is it a national embodiment of all the virtues, material and spiritual, as its propagandists tell us and its press tells it? Has Fascism produced a system that has solved, as some claim, the age-old problems of human relationship and government? Further, if this régime be indeed good for Italy, is the atmosphere of this changed land one in which the foreign visitor can breathe freely and rest tranquilly? These were the questions which revolved in my mind before and during the course of a visit to Italy, just concluded.

As a preparation I took a strong dose of reading in the voluminous literature critical of or hostile to the Fascist

experiment. On the other side there is no need to search for a corrective, for the Italian Government supplies a series of pamphlets on the many facets of its régime, translated into this and other languages. Of many of these pamphlets it can only be said that their English might be improved, and their seasoning to English taste still more. Fortunately the observer finds that Fascism shines more in its deeds than in its words. Its phrases are often unfair to itself. For its habit seems to be to announce new measures with intimidating language which jars on the Anglo-Saxon, sensitive to the rights of citizenship, and with an exuberant self-confidence which breeds distrust in his 'matter-of-fact' mind. And only when he is in the country does he discover that behind this verbal smoke cloud the measures are often carried out with a quiet effectiveness and a surprising courtesy which lead him to make favorable comparisons with the methods of his own bureaucracy.

The harm of such language is that it not only engenders a sense of insecurity among other nations, but tends

to hinder their people from seeing the new Italy with their own eyes. I have met many English and Americans who hesitate to visit Italy because of a sense of personal insecurity, a belief that the country lies in the grip of an eavesdropping officialdom, and that unless they walk and talk with extreme and painful circumspection trouble may befall them. I confess that before I crossed the frontier some qualms of this nature disturbed me. But with every succeeding day in the country this bogey evaporated more and more, until, in retrospect, it was difficult to conjure up my original apprehension. Within a short time I came to feel a sense of being at home, with all the ease of spirit that phrase implies, such as I have rarely felt in any foreign country.

Aware of the newborn efficiency of public services, I expected, and was prepared to make reasonable allowance for, an accompanying increase in officiousness. My surprise, after I entered the country, was how small was the allowance that I had to make, and how well the Italians had assimilated efficiency without disturbance of their traditional courtesies. I had special reason to appreciate this, for I had chosen to travel through the country by car as a means to a closer acquaintance with the people and the life of the ordinary countryside than is possible with the ordinary traveler who passes in an express train from one cosmopolitan city hotel to another.

In a land of narrow streets and complex traffic regulations, many times must I have tried the patience of authority, and that where its representatives have power to levy fines on the spot; yet everywhere I met an astonishing degree of forbearance. Indeed, as there are few countries where authority of every grade is entrusted with such power as in Italy, so there

are none in my experience where that power is exercised, save politically, with such consideration and restraint. This seemed to me true also of the authority behind authority, the members of the Fascist Militia, who are both the buttress and the guaranty of the State, who are to be seen everywhere, and who might understandably display an aggressive consciousness of their position and power; whereas in fact I saw none, but, instead, several instances of courteous helpfulness to humble compatriots. What is the explanation? For it would be natural for the heady wine of power to be all the more intoxicating in a land where six years ago powerlessness was the badge of all persons in authority. Partly, no doubt, the inbred courtesy of a race to whom from generation to generation a matchless legacy of civilization has been handed down. But also, I think, because nowhere is authority itself more strictly controlled by a higher authority. In Italy to-day the greater the power assigned, the more easily it may be forfeited. Whereas in 'democratic' countries bureaucracy is conscious of its security, conscious that it can only be brought to book by means and processes tardy and difficult in application, bureaucracy under Signor Mussolini holds power at the will of an individual chief, and is subject to a discipline more severe than that which it exercises.

This brings me to a further point, that of the general attitude of the Italian people toward the régime. I do not pretend to have had opportunity for an infallible judgment, but I at least traveled far and off the beaten track, talked widely, and with people of varied opinions and social grades. And as a result, if I should still hesitate to say whether Fascismo is popular with the mass, — although I believe that it is at least, on balance, acceptable

to them,—I have no hesitation in saying that the hold of Signor Mussolini upon the imagination and faith of the people is not only unshaken, but deepening. In some ways the most civilized of peoples, the Italians are also less sophisticated—as well as more patient—than the Anglo-Saxons or the French. This has helped in bringing it about that to them as a whole the Duce has become almost more than man, demigod even. And their faith, as well as their patience to endure until the Promised Land is gained, is fortified not only by their belief in his inspiration, but by the comforting knowledge that above the bureaucrats is the autocrat. If local authorities are not always immaculate,—how could they be in any scheme of society?—and those under them have been sorely tried, it is much to feel that there is one above with the will and power to give instant redress. To such inevitable trials has, of course, been added the far more generally severe trial caused by dear living, trade depression in a poor country, and the hard-won 'Battle of the Lira.' These trials have caused much grumbling, but without a special target; and the traditional patience of the Italian, strengthened by the unquestioned evidence of miracles already achieved, seems to have carried him through the strain—now lessening, if only in degree—without serious damage to his new faith.

II

What shall I say of the atmosphere as it affects the minority who, politically or instinctively, are in opposition to Fascism? As regards the active opponent there is only one answer: that it is stifling! But for those who, because of intellectual disagreement or temperamental individualism, are critical of Fascism, while

content with passive distaste for the régime and doctrine, the conditions, if trying, seem certainly far less oppressive than one is led to believe by critics outside the country.

While, in view of my mission, I met and was received by many of the leaders of the régime and the services, it was natural that I should also meet in literary and historical circles numerous people who were far from being adherents of Fascism. But to my surprise I found that they indulged both their wit and their critical faculties with a freedom, even in public places, which caused me a strong sense of embarrassment, particularly at first. It was certainly incompatible with the idea not uncommon abroad that Italy to-day is a land of suspicion and espionage. And it was a further significant feature that these criticisms were directed against the abstract ideals of Fascism, its suppression of the freedom of the press, and its severe treatment of opposition, but rarely against the probity of its administration or the personality of its chief. The man himself usually held the honest respect even of those who disagreed with his ideal and his action.

And what of this man? For to any returning traveler from Italy the first question seems inevitably to be, not as to the conditions, the people, or the system, but 'Did you see Mussolini?'

No one can traverse Italy to-day without seeing the hand of 'Il Duce' throughout. His face also, incidentally—for on town house and small farmsteads, far off the beaten track, in the endless plains of Lombardy or the towering battlements of the Apennines, his features are to be seen stenciled on the walls. But outside Italy, if all to the youngest know him by name, few know him as more than a symbol—of wonder-working changes or of iron tyranny, according to taste and prejudice.

And with those who would know more the craving for fuller knowledge is rarely satisfied. For neither man nor his personality is made up merely of deeds and words. Yet these are traditionally the stuff that chroniclers and biographers, past or contemporary, serve up in indigestible lumps for our malnutrition. I shall not present Signor Mussolini in this form, and to do so would not aid the appetite. For his passing deeds are duly recorded in the foreign telegrams, and his past deeds enshrined already in several bulky biographies which anyone can obtain. And as for his words, the formal speeches of any statesman rarely throw a revealing light on the man himself or his inner thoughts; still less his utterances in an interview 'for publication.' Instead, as straws show the way of the wind, so do trifles the way of the mind.

So here I propose to give merely a few homely trifles, sprinkled with an impression or two, in the hope that they may help to form a portrait of 'Mussolini Intime,' so that for the transatlantic public which follows the devious currents of European politics he may no longer be merely a deed- and word-producing mechanism. Let me first fill in the background of his daily life before I treat the man. The greater part of his working hours are spent at the Chigi Palace, the Italian Foreign Office, in a room which overlooks the Corso, the principal, if narrow, artery of Rome's daily life. The length of Mussolini's working hours considerably exceeds trade-union standards — as do those of most of the Ministers and officials under Fascism, for the government offices are still humming with activity long after Whitehall has returned to its solitude and its caretakers. There is small reason to wonder at Mussolini's hours, however, for besides being head of the Government he

combines the charge of no less than six Ministries — Foreign, Home, War, Marine, Air, Corporations. The strain on his endurance is not lightened by the fact that since the successive attempts on his life he has been persuaded to forgo, save exceptionally, his former regular riding exercise in the public parks, — he is rarely seen at all now except on formal occasions, — and thus has to take his exercise within the narrower limits of private grounds. Not that he seemingly shows any ill effects; his appearance gives no support to the rumors that periodically float, or are floated, abroad of his imminent breakdown. Perhaps the strain is less intense also, for I gathered that with the machinery running well, and his assistants sifted, he is now able to delegate, and has learned the wisdom of delegating, the more routine functions of his many offices.

His sparse hours of leisure and repose are spent during the winter in a small, simple apartment in an old palace on one of Rome's side streets. Here his equally simple wants are attended to by a single servant, a middle-aged housekeeper, and here also he snatches stray hours for his one recreation, other than riding — that of violin playing. On this instrument he is no mean performer. His wife and children still live in Milan, although they come to Rome for periodical visits. For all his cares as father of a greater family, Signor Mussolini makes opportunity to follow closely and keenly the development of his own offspring.

At the Chigi Palace itself the outward trappings of power are not in greater evidence. Entering from the Corso, the visitor meets a solitary doorkeeper in the gateway, sees a cluster of cars in the inner courtyard, and perhaps catches a glimpse of an unobtrusive but watchful plain-clothes man. Thence, unattended, he proceeds

up a flight of marble stairs to a spacious anteroom, to be conducted through two more, with a dwindling number of people waiting in each, and finally, relieved of hat and coat, through an inner lobby into the Duce's room. A vast tapestry-hung chamber, relatively bare of furniture, save for a statue of Victory in the centre. The door by which one enters is at a corner of the room, and diagonally across, at the far corner, is Signor Mussolini's desk, a model of orderliness. Significantly, behind and above his chair is a bust of Julius Cæsar, and on the desk lies a heavy, finely wrought Egyptian chain, given him for luck by an admirer.

III

What of the man himself? When I had word that he would be receiving me, sundry acquaintances prepared me for an impression totally different from the reality. Certain ones conveyed the idea that the setting was arranged with a touch of dramatic art, and that I should be left to walk the length of the room, growing smaller and smaller, and then be kept in silence for an interval under the penetrating gaze of eyes that are mentioned with awe in Italy. Others, Italians, declared that Mussolini was never known to smile.

I found, instead, a most courteous advance to meet me, a complete naturalness both of pose and of manner, cordial yet not effusive, and in conversation a spontaneous and ready smile at anything that caught his humor or particular interest. In appearance he was shorter than I had expected, broad but muscular, and dressed in a conventional morning coat, well turned out, but not too dapper. The eyes, somewhat projecting, fulfill their reputation in expressiveness and penetration; a powerful jaw, yet a brow that dominates the jaw.

Unlike most men of Latin race, he does not use his hands to emphasize his words; but he uses his head, and by its sharp and often unusual angles of inclination conveys great expressiveness. His voice, soft-toned but firm, is at the same time the most musical I have ever heard. With him, almost alone of the Ministers and senior officers I met, I was able to speak in English, which he understands perfectly so long as one speaks distinctly and without haste. He is already fluent in French and German. His progress in English is the result of lessons he has been taking in the last year or two from an Englishwoman, correspondent for an American paper, Miss Gibson. By a strange coincidence the name was the same as that of the other English woman who crazily shot him. I fancy it appeals to his sense of humor that as one Miss Gibson impaired his nose, another should improve his tongue. And, although so busy a man, he has taken biweekly lessons with marked regularity, an assiduous if a somewhat difficult pupil, owing to his preference for reading Bernard Shaw rather than mastering grammatical points.

My meeting with him was not a formal interview, and I refrained from putting to him the customary inquiries as to the policy and condition of Fascism. To such trite inquiries the replies are long stereotyped; there can be nothing more boring to a much occupied head of a Government than such interviews. Here, fortunately, there was a more intimate conversational link in the fact that my life of Scipio Africanus was being translated by the Italian War Ministry and brought out under its auspices, as well as his interest in my impressions of the Italian forces in comparison with those of other countries. If most of the conversation was thus not of general interest, it yielded, and was perhaps

more conducive to, occasional comments which appeared to me side lights on his mental trend. Thus I had the impression that he keeps a closer eye on the press and polemical literature of other countries than do most statesmen immersed in their own internal politics. This attention is evidently not confined to their views on his Government, but extends to their reaction to domestic questions and matters which may influence their policy or future — and thus, of course, have an indirect reaction on Italy. His opinion of democracy, and its inherent contradiction to human nature and the scheme of nature, he took no pains to conceal. In one vivid phrase he likened it to a candle snuffer.

When, in contrasting systems of government, I referred to him as 'dictator,' I wondered for a moment whether I had stepped out a little too far. I was soon reassured, by implication, that he had no distaste for the term. It was refreshing to meet a statesman with both the instinct and the latitude for uncloaked honesty of expression. And for him the exercise of authority by one man, in turn delegating local authority to other individual men, is quite clearly the one form of government which can govern at a time when and in a country where progress, and not merely the preservation of a relatively static society, is essential. That he enjoys the possession of this power he does not conceal, but to a student of human nature he gave the impression that he enjoys it basically for the power it gives him to improve and advance his country and its ideals for that country. These ideals may change and develop; they have changed and developed; for he is a man the reverse of static in his moods and in his conceptions. And he would not blush for this, or fear the charge of inconsistency, for he believes that

change is the law of life, and that the static is contrary to nature and to truth. But the responsiveness and power of adaptation to the law of change are greater in one man than in many. Hence he is confident that a State directed by one man has the same advantage, and is equally confident that he is the one man to direct it. If this betokens and demands an immense self-confidence, such, in nature and in scale, could spring only from self-dedication, not self-advantage. And, as with all examples in history of supreme self-dedication, one senses in the man a spiritual loneliness — which evokes sympathy.

IV

From the new Romulus I pass to the new Rome that he is striving to build. For the word 'Rome' holds the clue to the understanding of Fascism to-day. Fascism was launched on the banks of the Piave; it has cast anchor on the banks of Father Tiber. Arising as a patriotic revolt of the disillusioned soldiers of the war against the sorry pass to which Liberal politicians and Communists had brought the land, Fascism seized power and restored order. Then, however, came the problem, 'What next?' For mere restoration was a narrow aim, and reconstruction more worthy of their conscious power. To the question the answer came, 'Rebuild Rome.' And to-day Rome in her greatness, her discipline, and her State worship is the pattern and goal of Fascism — the ideal of a new Italy is swallowed up in the greater vision of a Roman State rebuilt and reborn.

No observer who has traveled through Italy recently can deny the reality of the material change and improvement that Fascism has wrought, whatever prejudice he may feel against

its methods or doubts as to its spiritual results. It is true that at present the effect is most apparent in the growing efficiency of the public services of all kinds, and is not yet so marked in the economic condition of the people and their standard of living. But, apart from the fact that in the Fascist creed the welfare of the State takes precedence of that of the individual, it is obvious that, in a long-sighted view, the reconstruction of the State foundation is an essential preliminary to an expansion of the industrial superstructure.

Let me survey briefly a few of the activities and achievements of Signor Mussolini's Government. Order and internal security are indispensable to a healthy state of industry, and the Government has certainly, if severely, ensured the removal of all causes of disturbance to the regular flow of the industrial and civic life of the community.

The Fascist Militia, styled the 'Voluntary National Militia,' represents Signor Mussolini's solution of the problem, ever difficult in history, of converting the heterogeneous elements of the force that made the revolution into a homogeneous force for the preservation both of the régime and of good order. If its position vis-à-vis the other forces of the State remains inevitably anomalous, Signor Mussolini seems on the way to give another proof of his practical genius for turning surplus enthusiasm and energy into constructive and useful channels. For he has entrusted to the Militia the charge of the physical development and moral education—in the Fascist code—of the nation's youth. The first fruits of the former are marked not so much by the erection of stadia, where throngs of spectators can watch the gladiatorial fray of the football field, as by the sight of fields and hillsides dotted with

gymnastic appliances. To judge by the results seen among young men undergoing their military service, the system is producing a race of men agile as cats and of superlative physique and endurance. The second task is characteristic of its source, for Fascist policy is concentrated on the young, and their inculcation with the practical virtues of discipline, integrity, honest work, and subordination of self to the national interest. The attitude seems to be that the present generation can accept Fascism enthusiastically, accept it passively, or accept it under coercion, as they choose, but that the real hope and fulfillment of Fascism lie with the next generation, who will have grown up from birth saturated in its ideals and its code. Only the future can show whether this attitude is too optimistic or not. But its indirect interest is an illustration of how a system of government freed from the trouble of vote catching, with its waste of time and inherent half-measures, can take long views and plan for the future in a way impossible to an elected government.

This habit of working on a programme is now spreading downward, with obvious benefit to efficiency, from the national to the provincial and municipal activities. For the same system of government has also been adopted recently in local government—the one-man system. In each province the authority and responsibility of the prefect are almost absolute, under the Central Government, and below him the old elected municipal councils have been replaced by a nominated podesta, combining in himself all the powers of mayor and corporation. The Fascist system throughout, like the military system, provides for advice and assistance, but leaves the decision and executive power to a single head.

Signor Mussolini is clearly a believer in government by experts, for most of his Ministers have been chosen for expert qualifications in their several departments; and no choice was a greater inspiration than that of Gentile, the great philosopher and educational reformer, who first carried through the reorganization of the educational system and now gives himself to the more ultimately important task of training the teachers. If some may cavil at the reintroduction of religious instruction, and others cavil at utilitarian aim, Italy to-day is almost unique in reviving the pride of honest craftsmanship and discouraging the production of half-educated babus, fit only for office stools, while giving better scope than ever to the youths of more than average aptitude.

Better known to the outside world is, of course, the restoration of Italy's finances, the recovery and final revalorization of the lira under Count Volpi's immediate charge. If the strain for a time was great, and is not yet over, it seems to have been distributed skillfully between the various classes of the population, so that general grumbling has not focused into the more dangerous condition of sectional grievances. Now, with her foreign war debts most favorably funded, a heavy Treasury deficit turned since 1925 into surpluses, strict economy in the public services, the lira stabilized, prices slowly on the down grade, and production developing, Italy has gained a sound economic base for future advance. For this her greatest impulse comes from her apparent solution of the wasteful friction between capital and labor. Putting the national interest before all sectional interests and individual rights, Fascism is now trying a vast and ambitious scheme of coördinating and combining private initiative with public regulation. The

capitalist system is recognized on condition that it serves the national interest, and to this end the employers and employed in each industry are to be welded together in corporations or guilds, under a joint council or syndic, with compulsory arbitration in case of disagreement. This corporative organization, in which all workers, professional included, are to be grouped, is ultimately to have political functions, through the formation of a Corporative Chamber, for which only producers will have the suffrage, but at present it is essentially economic. If its detailed establishment is still incomplete, a working arrangement exists, and its most vital purpose has already been long realized, for strikes have ceased for five years, being forbidden, and there is certainly no sign of 'ca' canny' methods being practised.

V

In many other directions Italy is seeking to check the sources of waste and to augment production. The work of industrial welfare has been taken over by the State. Strenuous and organized efforts are being made, by draining the marshes and by a campaign against the mosquito, to stamp out the malaria which debilitates large sections of the population. Equally scientific and coördinated is the effort to increase the production and quality of the wheat — new machinery, new seed, new methods, even new roads, are factors in the campaign. Similar measures are being applied to other crops, and as Italy is already so closely cultivated that it is not easy to extend the area, the aim is, by intensive efforts, to increase the yield. The exploitation of the natural resources in water power is progressive and continuous. The effort is not to replace coal, for at present there are technical difficulties

which check this ideal, but, by supplementing and economizing it, to develop a cheaper and greater output of power for industrial purposes.

These manifold campaigns are proclaimed and described in the metaphorical language of strategy and battle. Foreign critics are apt to regard these battles 'for the Lira' and 'for Wheat' as evidence of the essentially militaristic tendencies of Fascism — wherein, I think, they reveal the shallowness of their own understanding of psychology compared with that of Mussolini. He is too practical to attempt the suppression of age-old human instincts, and can be trusted to profit by the experience of Imperial Rome, to whom the establishment of universal peace within her borders was a fatal curse, because it closed the safety valve for the virile instincts. Many people talk of the problem and importance of turning these instincts into constructive channels. Mussolini, by one of his shrewdest psychological strokes, seems on the way to solve the problem. And he has done it by investing the prosaic struggles of national life with the glamour that modern war has lost, and with all the romantic trappings of war — even to the war correspondent.

These trappings, moreover, as in an army, are the necessary sugar to coat the severest pill of the new system — discipline, the most stressed note and most recurrent word in Fascist Italy to-day. As this is harder of attainment than any venture that Fascism has essayed, so it is perhaps greater than any concrete achievement — a miracle, indeed — that Fascism has accomplished. This discipline is a combination of two sharply contrasting types which would be curious to anyone not conversant with the conditions which have produced it. On the one hand it resembles what an

Englishman would characterize as the discipline of Sir John Moore; on the other, that of Frederick the Great. The freely offered and even joyous subordination of self for the good of the cause, combined with a discipline of the reflexes — a rigorous repression, not merely of contrary opponents, but of contrary instincts in themselves. It is a commonplace, of course, that under Fascism neither an Opposition nor opposition is tolerated. For those convicted or suspect of it the result is as summary as, and less transient than, in the 'castor oil' days. They may be 'admonished,' which will involve the limitation of their movements and an enforced curfew at 9 P.M., or, if less fortunate, they will be removed to one of the smaller Italian islands, where they will receive ten lire a day for sustenance — provided that they work for it.

But if Fascists are drastic with their opponents, holding that the regeneration of a nation must take precedence of the rights of the individual, their self-imposed discipline is equally stern, emphasizing duties rather than rights. And it is my impression that Fascists high and low abstain scrupulously from claiming any privileged exemption from their own strict laws — wherein they are in marked contrast with most revolutionary and not a few 'democratic' régimes. 'The same law for all' seems here, for a wonder, translated into fact, and the only relaxation is with foreign visitors. Why, with a people so intelligent, should not the discipline be purely of the Moore pattern? The answer may perhaps best be illustrated by the words of a senior Italian officer, who remarked to me a year or two ago that even he, when receiving an order, had an instinctive impulse to revolt against it — an instinct that was the product of an age-old tradition of individualism.

Buried under many strata Italy has the greatest tradition of discipline that the world has known, but she has to drive the girders deep and hard in order to obtain a foundation on which she can bridge the fifteen hundred years' gap — to Rome. For Fascism knows that the source of the greatness of ancient Rome lay in her discipline.

And with this, perhaps from this, moral root has grown up another utilitarian virtue — honesty. Great as was the charm of the old Italy, few travelers would suggest that its people in general were distinguished for either quality. To-day even the trains keep their word!

Brief as has been the span of the new era, I know of no country where the visitor can feel more sure that his ignorance is not being taken advantage of, except in certain districts that are backward or relatively untouched by the Fascist spirit. It is certainly the only country where to any real degree the percentage for service has not become a mere addition to the usual tips, and where the dignity of service is actually emphasized by the refusal to accept tips.

VI

I have indicated Italy's assets for the future. What of her liabilities? I am inclined to think that her women are at present numbered among them. This may be a superficial impression and an injustice to the women of the countryside, but at least in the towns they hardly impress one as having the stability and practical ability of the Frenchwomen. Perhaps it is that their progress is dwarfed by the striking development of the Italian male in character and purpose. Yet, for Rome to be rebuilt, the Roman matron must be reborn, and in assessing Signor Mussolini's own achievements it should

never be overlooked that his mother was of this historic type.

A temporary liability is embodied in the question of how far self-confidence and self-subordination to the State have produced self-control equal to the strain of an emergency. I am reasonably sure that they have already forged an adequate power of endurance to strain, but less sure that they have yet acquired adequate resistance to a sudden shock.

Another liability, I am inclined to think, lies in the emasculation of the press. I use this word advisedly, for to-day there is no formal censorship, but on the other hand the organs of the press, being entirely in the hands of fervent Fascists, chant a never-ceasing hymn of praise. A diet composed entirely of honey would sicken the strongest palate. One may admit that Fascism is far too valuable an experiment to be rashly jeopardized by harmful exposure to the subversive influence of a hostile press working upon the minds of a simple people. But one may, nevertheless, be reluctant to endorse the Fascist alternative. For it is a profound truth that *la critique est la vie de la science*, and the very fact that Fascism is the nearest to science of all the systems of government makes criticism the more necessary to its well-being during its evolution.

I pass next to what is both the supreme moral asset and liability combined of Italy to-day — self-confidence. Lack of confidence in themselves was a characteristic defect of the Italians before and even during the war. This characteristic had undoubtedly a pleasing side in that it produced a nature free from bombast, and to some extent a useful side in that it encouraged a habit of self-examination and self-criticism. But for success as a nation self-confidence is as vital as it is with the individual, and it has

unquestionably been the conscious purpose of Fascism to create this national self-confidence as the essential propulsive force behind the Fascist Revolution — in its deepest sense. For, as no revolution has aimed at so complete a rebirth, so none has set before it so hard and long a path. Only self-confidence — confidence in its powers, its mission, and its progress — can carry it through. But, inevitably, in that very quality lies one of the most formidable dangers. It is a feature of the Fascist Revolution, as in some measure of all revolutions, that the very means on which it depends are the most capable of harm to itself.

Thus, for example, at the very outset Fascism was established in power largely by the efforts of the young-old veterans of the war, all of whom were ready, and many of whom made a second sacrifice of their blood, to save the land from a worse danger than ever Austria had offered. Many of them were Arditi, most formidable of Italy's fighting men in 1915-1918. And as it was difficult to disentangle motives in those who, in 1914, rallied to Kitchener's summons, so was it with the Black Shirts; patriotism, idealism, love of adventure, love of fighting — they are strangely interwoven in the individual, still more in the mass. Stranger still is the way the worst scawlag in peaceful days so often proves not merely the best fighting man in war, but the noblest in sacrifice. Thus it was with the Black Shirts, in motive and in composition; and thus also it was that the hardest test came after the apparent goal had been reached. No government, far less one which has grasped power in a time of chaos, can afford to cast adrift those who have served it well — until they serve it ill. But it was this proportion of black sheep among the Black Shirts which, in the early years of

the new era, caused serious functional disorder in the body politic by the moral harm of the actions which they committed, in an excess of enthusiasm as often as through a deficiency of ethics. But if Fascism was to survive as a new order, not merely a violent disruption of the old order, radical remedies were essential. And it is just to recognize that these have been applied within the body of Fascism with a stringency and by a purging, progressive and continuous, such as no other revolutionary régime in history has attempted with its own supporters.

In place of this danger, overconfidence is perhaps the most serious in the years immediately ahead. Internally, its tendency is to lead to efforts to cure social and economic ills more rapidly than the adaptability of the body can safely stand. Externally, self-confidence takes the form of a conviction of Italy's destiny as a Great Power, and overconfidence that of a belief that she is already fully capable of upholding and regaining her rights vis-à-vis other nations.

In my travels I inevitably met more than a few examples of aggressive assertions of Italy's power to enforce respect and a certain amount of bellicose talk. I recall with special amusement one ingenuous young man who, after declaring that one Italian was worth ten of a certain neighboring race of war-proved martial ability, related to me how last spring, at the time of the Riviera frontier incidents, he and a band of fellow spirits were assembled on the frontier for a 'punitive raid,' only to be stopped, much to their chagrin, by their own authorities. It is, of course, such incidents as this, and the knowledge of such an attitude, which cause the tension that is observable not merely behind the French and Yugoslav frontiers, but even in the Swiss Ticino.

Yet if it be essential to an understanding of Italy to understand these symptoms, it would be folly to exaggerate them. For if all the heads of Italy to-day are young, like the shoulders they rest on, they are shrewd, or they would not have created an organization which has already survived so many strains — and become more compact in the process. When Signor Mussolini speaks now of needing twenty years to fulfill his task, he means, if I may judge, that he wants not merely time to create his new state, but time to allow a complete new generation to grow up in its environment and atmosphere. He is too shrewd to expose, if he can possibly help it, his work to any severe external forms until not only are the foundations firmly laid, but the roof on. Only by generating a continuous current of self-confidence in the nation, and especially in its youth, can the stupendous purpose of Italian regeneration be effected; but his fingers are firmly on the controls, and never firmer than at present. Risky adventures are not on his horizon. If mishap befall him, I am less sanguine. The system is so far consolidated that others might assume control without discord — but also without his unique prestige. And thus perhaps an outward explosion might be a more immediate danger than an internal explosion. Of this I feel reasonably sure: that Signor Mussolini's preservation is the strongest guaranty of the preservation of peace in this generation.

Finally comes the question whether the Fascist system and its discipline, so totally necessary as they are during the rebuilding of Rome, may not ultimately cramp her intellectual growth and the higher fruits of the human spirit and initiative. Critics, even friendly critics, frequently express the fear that in Fascism's pursuit of

concrete ideals, discipline, and material progress, the abstract moral qualities and their value to a nation may be overlooked.

On the other hand, the crop of these was becoming more and more impoverished, and the weeds so thick that the grain was almost lost to sight. If in one generation the habits of hard work, discipline, and honesty can be implanted widespread, — cultivated in the willing and enforced on the unwilling, — there is at least a good foundation for the next, its roots embedded in freshly fertilized soil, to yield a harvest both more plentiful and of finer quality than in the past. And that next generation, being more fit to use liberty well, can receive it more fully. It would be rash to prophesy, but the best promise of elasticity of system lies in the fact that both Fascism and the mind of Mussolini are essentially non-static. There are even symptoms which hint that the new Rome, having begun with and been created by Cæsar, may reverse the process of the ancients and evolve toward the Rome of Scipio and the Punic Wars, regaining the rugged strength and civic sense of that era, but in addition refined by two Renaissances.

Whatever the future may bring, it is at least certain that it will be different from the present, for Fascism, responsive to the law of life, is all the time changing its system, and adapting its ideals progressively to the fresh conditions. And the foreign critic, if he is to understand this and avoid the exposure of his own shallowness, must likewise change his spectacles — of electoral institutions and the paramount rights of the individual. Fascism is not merely an effort toward a new political system, but a new way of life. Thus it is the greatest human experiment of our time, perhaps of any time.

DISORDERLY PRODUCTION

BY THOMAS T. READ

I

A VENERABLE anecdote, not often heard of recent years, relates that an Irishman who was ill took the one teaspoonful of medicine that was prescribed for him and then, noting its good effect, swallowed all the contents of the bottle, on the theory that if a little was good for him a good deal would be better. The results were, of course, not what he expected; or perhaps I should say they were what he might have expected. The current lack of interest in this ancient jest is to be regretted, for nothing could be more timely in the present state of American industry.

In an earlier article I have set forth the view that our present comfortable state in America is chiefly due to the large amount of work done here, which is nearly half the total work done in the whole world. Of the total work done in the United States, more than ninety per cent is performed by mechanical means at a cost so low that, even after allowing for interest and depreciation on the capital investment necessary to make this possible, it corresponds to a wage rate of only a few cents per day per man for equivalent work. It is only through this multiplication of work that we are able to have all that we now possess.

Every frontiersman understands the rationale of the process perfectly; in the early days of settlement, although all the members of the family are busily at work from daylight till dark on the

most essential tasks, they are simply unable to do enough work to provide themselves with comforts and conveniences. On the other hand, the only reason we can have the twenty million automobiles that we are using is that the workmen who were formerly engaged in making other necessities of modern life have been released from that work through increasing their productivity by the application of mechanical power.

Every woman understands it also; she has to wash clothes, scrub floors and do other housework by manual labor, she is quite unable to find time for social affairs and community activities.

I can support by affidavit, if anyone should doubt my veracity, the case of a modern mother who got breakfast for the family, drove her husband to the station and the children to school, washed the breakfast dishes, did the week's washing for the family, and was then on time for a 10.30 A. M. committee meeting on Monday morning. Such performance is not incredible, though it may so appear to some, for most of the work was done by mechanical means, and what she chiefly did was efficiently to apply her able mind to supervising and directing the mechanical slaves that were at her command.

Lowering the cost of production through multiplying work by mechanical means, eliminating unnecessary work, and doing work in such a way that it does not need to be repeated, has taken such a hold upon the imagination

of leaders in industry that we seem now in imminent danger of a collapse something like that which results when a child builds a block house higher than his faulty adjustment of his materials will permit to stand. At the present moment we are confronted with the paradox that when the engineer, working with the scientist, has shown how to produce more with less effort, the result is often not increased prosperity for himself and the industry for which he works, but quite the reverse. As a specific example, petroleum engineers have, during the past few years, shown how to drill deep wells at less cost, and how to bring the oil out of the wells more rapidly at less cost, with the result that in 1927 the petroleum companies made smaller profits than they had in 1926, and many of them made no profits at all. Bituminous-coal production has for some years been a broadly unprofitable business, and a host of other instances could be cited. The increased production thrown on the market causes the price to fall more than the cost of production has been decreased, and, unlike Job, the latter state of the business is worse than its beginning.

According to the ideas of the classical economists, such a situation should right itself by those who cannot produce at a profit going out of business and the industry stabilizing itself at the new price level. Unfortunately things are actually quite different from the way the classical economists imagined them to be. The enterprise goes on producing at a loss, hoping for a rise in prices, until it is hopelessly insolvent and is sold at a sheriff's sale. Someone buys it for a small fraction of the amount of invested capital it represents and, relieved of the former capital charges, it is soon setting a new lower level of production cost. Theoretically this should make the consumer feel

fine, but actually, like the Irishman in the anecdote, it makes him feel very ill. Farmers especially feel very ill, because this same relationship that lowers the cost to them of bituminous coal and cotton goods operates equally powerfully on what they themselves produce, and they find themselves without the means to buy the coal and cotton goods supposedly placed more easily within their means.

To illustrate my point with another anecdote, the production of essential raw materials in this country is in very much the same position as the horse of the Scotchman who began by mixing a little sawdust with its oats, gradually increasing the proportion. The project did not succeed, for, before the Scotchman got the horse to the point where he fed it on sawdust alone, it unfortunately died. An individual enterprise cannot go on indefinitely lowering its production cost to meet lowered prices; it either goes into bankruptcy or dies.

Aristotle thought that virtue represented a mean between two kinds of evils, bravery being the mean between cowardice and foolhardiness. The price of commodities that best serves the public interest is a mean between a high level, which represents either an undue profit to the producer or, more commonly, unduly high production costs because of inefficiency, and a low level that does not afford a reasonable annual income to the workers or a fair annual interest on the capital invested.

In a country like ours, where inventive ingenuity abounds and there are abundant natural resources, the play of unrestricted competition tends to drive prices toward the low level rather than to keep them at the mean.

There are several forces that act toward that end, chief among them taxation, which forces the owner of any natural resource, whether arable land

or a deposit of coal or iron ore, to bring it into production to prevent the carrying charges from eating up its value. Once brought into production, the compulsion to continue to produce is even stronger, for to the increased tax assessment are added carrying charges on invested capital and also the fact that machinery deteriorates no matter whether it is used or not. When profits vanish, it is better to earn part of these overhead charges than to earn nothing, so that the road of uncontrolled production and unrestricted competition in industry leads inevitably toward no return on the capital and an unduly low wage for the workers.

A former labor leader, in describing the working of these forces in the coal industry before the era of wage contracts, pictures a coal-mine operator calling in his men and showing them his books to prove that his production cost is, say, ten cents above the current market price for coal and that this margin cannot be overcome by mechanical improvements, and suggesting that they agree to a sufficient wage reduction to permit him to continue to operate and thus afford them work. The proposal is agreed to, and the operator receives orders for coal at a slightly lower price than that at which some other operator has been furnishing it. The operator who loses the orders has no recourse except to propose a wage reduction to his men. The wage level that results from such a stepping-down process will inevitably be one where only those men will work at coal mining who cannot find some other occupation, while their capacity as consumers of other products will be reduced to a minimum. The undesirability of such a tendency in the economic structure needs no elaboration.

Control of production to stabilize prices is not a theoretical concept in

the interest of a vague general public, but a much-needed practical procedure to benefit the individuals, in all lines of industry, who collectively constitute the general public.

II

Someone will surely here interject that control of production to stabilize prices means that the consumer will no longer benefit by having prices of raw material move toward an irreducible minimum. The answer to this is that consumers do not, as a group and in the long run, benefit by reductions in price that result from any cause other than the producing of what is needed with less expenditure of energy.

An often-quoted English schoolboy story is that the inhabitants of the Scilly Isles make a meagre living by doing each other's washing. In our present highly coöperative society we all make a living by doing each other's washing, printing, news gathering, and a thousand other forms of service, such as the production of raw materials like coal, wheat, and cotton.

It is important to notice that it would not make any difference to the inhabitants of the Scilly Isles what the price per dozen for doing washing was, so long as their system provided for an equitable exchange of services. Nor does it matter in our system what the general price level of commodities is, so long as it is equitably adjusted. The consumer of raw materials likes, if possible, to buy at a little below the general market average, but after one consumer has bought at two per cent below the average, another at three, and another at four per cent, they are all thrown into confusion if the market average drops ten per cent. If the decline is because someone has found out how to produce with ten per cent less expenditure of effort, the resultant loss

to other producers, until they also can find out how to cut their costs ten per cent, is a burden industry has to bear; but if the reduction is because someone who has to sell prefers to take a ten-per-cent loss in order to get out, nobody is the gainer.

That nobody is the gainer may be hard to accept, but it is inescapable. If the farmer cannot make an adequate living growing wheat and cotton, he cannot buy freely from all the other people who have things to sell to him, and the same rule applies to everybody who produces and sells things. The scaling down of prices to the irreducible minimum benefits nobody when they are adjusted on the minimum level, and the process of reduction is accompanied by terrible hardship. I should temporarily benefit, of course, if the prices of clothes and shoes were suddenly reduced to half what they are now, but, unless that reduction came from their being produced at half their present cost, I should inevitably eventually feel the reaction. No industry can suffer losses without affecting the whole of industry, which in time affects all the consumers.

III

The distinction between price reduction as a result of lowering of production cost and price reduction through unrestricted competition cannot be made too clear, because they are often interwoven in actual experience. Take the whole population of a town whose principal industry is shoe manufacturing as a concrete example. If the manufacturer is able to cut his price per pair in half because he has found out how to make a pair at half the cost, he will commonly let a number of his men go, because reduction in production cost usually results from substituting cheap mechanical energy for expensive

human energy. These people will normally find other employment. The workmen who remain employed usually earn more in dollars than they did before, and in spending it give employment where there was less employment before.

Mining companies that initiate considerable enterprises in foreign lands where the economic level is low, and where most of the people are busily but inefficiently engaged in raising enough food to support themselves and their families, often find themselves confronted with an acute labor problem. If any considerable number of workers leave the land to work in and about the mines, those left on the land cannot raise enough food to keep them all unless they are taught better methods of agriculture and provided with equipment that will enable them to produce more with less expenditure of effort. Add to this the fact that managers commonly find that the 'natives,' as our British cousins designate them, usually need more food, and a better-balanced diet, than they have been accustomed to in order to show anything above the lowest order of efficiency in industrial work, and it is clear that to make a new industry possible in what may be termed an economic province involves increasing the productivity, not only of those who are employed in it, but of the whole social group.

It has already been pointed out that the employment of large numbers of men in automobile manufacture is only possible because the others have increased their productivity enough to turn out everything else that is needed without the help of the automobile workers.

This gives the clue to what is needed in modern industry. When a person is ill a physician normally prescribes two things: certain medicines to produce an

immediate but temporary effect, and such modifications in the patient's way of living as will increase his physical vigor and avoid a recurrence of the bad condition. That the medicines should apply to the disease, and not its symptoms, goes without saying, but the collapse of all the various schemes of price regulation (such as the British one for rubber, and the easily predictable failure of various schemes proposed to benefit the farmer) is due to a failure to distinguish between symptoms and disease. Where the trouble arises from the production of commodities in amounts that are greater than needed, the only medicine to apply is control of production. Not only the American people, but the people of the world, seem mentally unprepared to take this medicine, and prefer to rely on the mysterious magic of price-fixing schemes. Carlyle, in his *French Revolution*, keeps reiterating that anything that is not fundamentally sound cannot long endure. No price-fixing schemes have long endured, because they all encourage rather than discourage overproduction.

IV

The hygiene to be applied to the condition described must be reasonably clear from what has been said. The present tendency is to invest large amounts of capital for the purpose of lowering production cost of commodities that are already being produced in sufficient amount. The inevitable result of this is to cause the loss of considerable amounts of capital previously invested in production. A good example of this is the shifting of the cotton textile industry from New England to the South. The mill owners of New England failed to equip their mills with mechanisms and methods that would produce more with less effort, largely because the workers, obsessed with the

medieval delusion that increase of productivity throws workers out of employment, would not consent to their introduction. So the modern mills were erected in communities where the workers had no such delusions. The rest of the story is known to most people and may be inferred from what has been said above. The general public would have been as well served by a much smaller investment of capital in improving New England methods and equipment, and it is at least doubtful whether the advantages reaped by the South counterbalance the losses in New England. The idle New England equipment does not go out of existence, as theoretical economics presupposes, but remains to plague the industry and to work against the general welfare.

What is needed, therefore, is the investment of capital in the production of things that are not now being produced, or else being produced so inefficiently that their price is unduly high and their consumption restricted. Perhaps the most stupid misuse of words to-day is the phrase 'luxury equipment' as applied to automobiles, phonographs, radio sets, and a variety of other things that have only recently been brought within the reach of the ordinary man. The word 'luxury' has a penumbra of immorality about it, and is entirely out of place in this connection. Such things extend the mental and physical horizons of men and, except when they are misused (as all good things may be misused), they are worthy of respect and admiration. It is time that we thoroughly dissipated the delusion, inherited from our European forbears, that it is not good for the common people to have much.

What we now need, therefore, is the imagination to see how the discoveries of science can be applied in the production of new things, or a greater

abundance of things, that will serve the needs of everyone. If Mr. Ford had put his mental and physical energy into the coal industry or the textile industry he would not have bettered existing conditions, and perhaps would have only made them worse. He chose instead to apply it to new lines of endeavor, and has greatly benefited us all. With more

such ideas, and adequate capital backing for them, the workers, released from the production of present commodities through the increase of productivity per man, will find satisfactory employment in the production of new things to enlarge the common life, and the production-control problem will solve itself.

NOVELS ENGLISH AND AMERICAN

BY GERALD GOULD

I

I DOUBT whether the American novel exists, as a phenomenon separate from the English — just as I doubt whether the English novel exists, as a phenomenon separate from the American. The same tradition prevails for both literatures; the attempt to get novelty and emancipation is in both literatures similar; and, broadly speaking, both literatures have the same gods and the same devils. It may not always be so. It may soon cease to be so. The field of the novel — far wider than any other field of inquiry for the literary critic — is so immense that many corners of it are bound to be overlooked. Nobody can cover the ground. Nobody can keep pace with the growth and change. Somewhere, in America or in Britain, there may be at this moment the beginning of a new tradition — one cannot tell. The survey is bound to be perfunctory; the conclusions are likely to be false. But in general one may say that the art of the story is still the old story, and the new schools are still at school.

Go back to the influence of Henry James. It was shed impartially on the two sides of the Atlantic. It is still felt. But all that was peculiarly Jamesian has fallen away from it. All that accumulation of mannerism, with which the later James disguised the fact that he could tell a story, counts now for nothing. There is little trace of it in those writers in whom his influence is most apparent and most beneficial. They have learned from him something of his psychological concern; they have largely discarded his verbal tortuosities. They do not — when they are most successful — so much follow the master as get on with the story. When they suffer themselves to be diverted into labyrinths, they fail. The history is typical. You can reënforce the interest of the novel if you accept the fact that first and foremost it is a story. Forget or deny that, and there is no interest to be reënforced. Complications presuppose the original and central simplicity.

The same moral can be drawn from any other trail we choose to trace. Mr. Theodore Dreiser, still insufficiently

known in England, has exercised an enormous influence in the United States. Like Henry James, he has moulded writers rather than readers; but he has moulded readers through writers. The younger American novelists have learned from him courage in approach, augustness of vision, patience in elaboration of detail. That is to say, they have learned from him exactly what they have learned from any other grand-scale story-teller they happen to have read. Another generation, younger still, seems to have learned from him nothing but the resolution to put in print those things which, when he was first writing, were in many quarters pusillanimously regarded as unprintable. It is a pity; for speaking out, like listening in, is nothing meritorious in itself. All depends on what there is to listen to, and what to speak.

On this question of what to say and what to leave unsaid turns the main method of modernity. All is whether the artist is content with the soul or prefers the outside of the cup and the platter. The Pharisees thought it important to make the cup and the platter clean; many of our young men and women think it important to make them surprising — the error is the same. It is the exaltation of the empty form over the living spirit. It is the pre-occupation with the irrelevant, with the inexpressive. It is the error called psychological. Blake said the last word about it in his injunction to get down to essentials: —

To see a world in a grain of sand,
And a heaven in a wild flower;
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
And eternity in an hour.

II

Mr. James Joyce is an Irishman, Mr. D. H. Lawrence an Englishman, but I

take it that their vogue is as remarkable in America as in Great Britain. Both have genius, and each illustrates the ineffectiveness of preoccupation with one aspect of life. But what strikes an English reader of the novels which come to him from America — many of them brimming with intelligence — is that those which follow the Joyce or the Lawrence method add to it a sort of schoolboy gusto which Mr. Joyce and Mr. Lawrence most noticeably lack.

There is, in these American books, the child's delight at being 'naughty.' The barriers are down, and we break into the hidden places — not with the painful inquisitiveness of the psychological adult, but with the shy, assertive boisterousness of the excited immature.

There is this paradox at the heart of the neopsychological attack — the deeper it goes, the more superficial it remains. Feverishly it cuts, hacks, probes — and does not notice that it is experimenting on a corpse. Did it think the soul dwelt between the sinews? Alas, it apparently did, and will not admit its error.

I wrote some years ago, in my *English Novel of To-day*, some words about modern methods, with particular reference to verse: —

Loosen the ties of art and scrap its limitations! — it is what our young poets are always inviting us to do. Rhyme, they say, is a fetter; strike it off! But it is not a fetter: it is a form. You cannot merely strike it off; you must replace it. Anybody can be negative, anybody can be reactionary. If art progresses, it must be in the direction of greater coherence; the control of the conscious mind increases; rebel chaos yields to the form conceived of God. But this modern movement is backwards towards fear and nihilism.

And again — this time with particular reference to fiction: —

Minute psychological reactions are elaborated with such persistent reference to the one occasion dealt with that they cease to have any value as revelations of character: character, instead of being explained, is literally *explained away*. One gets the impression that the oddity, instead of showing So-and-so to be concretely and individually So-and-so, merely shows So-and-so to be as odd as everybody else, and odd in the same way as everybody else. . . . There is no sharpness, no differentiation, no interplay, no coherence. Individuality is dissolved 'by the discandying of this pelleted storm.'

Examples can be quoted literally by the thousand; one may be pardoned for choosing, from contemporary and influential English fiction, one not less comic than most. There can be no doubt at all that in his novelette, *Glad Ghosts*, Mr. Lawrence has a profound idea; but what shall we say about his way of creating the atmosphere supposed to be appropriate to the idea? A Mr. Morier tells the story. Carlotta married Lord Lathkill, who was very unlucky. Mr. Morier went to stay with them. The dowager was there, with 'heavy hips' — the hips are greatly insisted upon. There was Colonel Hale, with his second wife, who had a 'dusky, dirty-looking neck,' and whose thighs receive honorable mention. The Colonel (who 'seemed, somehow, to smell') complained that he was being haunted by his first wife; she would n't let him go near his new one. There was dancing. The Colonel went to bed, but returned in distress and a dressing gown. Lathkill explained to him that in some way he must have failed his first wife. 'Don't you see, you may have been awfully good to her. But her poor woman's body, were you ever good to that?' And again: 'Why don't you, even now, love her a little with your real heart?' So the Colonel 'unbuttoned the top of his pyjama jacket, and sat perfectly

still.' The dowager came to ask what was the matter; Lathkill explained that the family ghost was walking. In the course of his explanation he declared: 'The Colonel's breast is quite extraordinary.' He said: 'Oh, Mother, thank you for my knees and my shoulders at this moment!' (Strange omission of hips and thighs!) 'Don't you forget yourself, my boy?' asked his mother. Mr. Morier went to bed and was visited by a ghost. The following autumn he heard that both Carlotta and Mrs. Hale had become mothers. 'The Colonel is very well, quiet, and self-possessed. He is farming in Wiltshire, raising pigs.'

All summary is unfair, all comment partial; but those familiar with Mr. Lawrence's later manner will recognize here, even in summary, the reason why so powerful a mind so often falls to absurdity. There is a pursuit of the bizarre. There is an attempt to raise fact to poetry — without the poetic selection; and the sordid is paraded in place of the solemn.

The method here considered has been carried perhaps even further, on the whole, in America. (Nobody, it is true, could go further in incoherence than Mr. Joyce — except Miss Stein!) It is illustrated in Miss Fannie Hurst, with her

The hexameter of the wide, white feet that the earth sucked unto herself in fond little marshes, as they ran through the forests surrounding the Cathedral Under the Sea;

The reality of you and me. The reality of the biology of us;

her 'tearless fashion of a dry locked torment'; her 'Ida, great welt of her' — phrases in which the gush of Victorian sentimentalism wholly fails to disguise itself in the spasms of modernity. Little Nell in Lido pyjamas is still

Little Nell, and from a *Dombey* to a 'dumb-bell' is but a step. But it has most curiously escaped notice that Dickens, who in the lapse and bathos of his genius ladled out his still-adhesive treacle, drew, at the height of his genius, a perfect picture of the latest thing in novelists. That broken style, that butterfly inconsequence, that readiness to be led up the garden to where the demented gentleman from next door throws vegetables and compliments over the wall — they are the insignia of the New School, as they are of Mrs. Nickleby. It is quite true that the human mind works at random, caught now by a sudden silence and now by a passing sigh; but how strange that psychologists should suppose themselves to be penetrating into the subconscious, when they record these superficial divagations of the conscious! How strange that anybody should suppose the vaguer to be the truer! The very meaning of the word 'psychology,' so widely and loosely used, has been forgotten. It is (if it is anything) a logos — a science, an order, a rational synthesis. It is treated as an excuse for mere artistic fecklessness. Listen to Mrs. Nickleby: —

'She was n't well for some days after that day she dined here, and I can't help thinking, that she caught cold in that hackney-coach coming home. Hackney-coaches, my lord, are such nasty things, that it's almost better to walk at any time, for although I believe a hackney-coachman can be transported for life, if he has a broken window, still they are so reckless, that they nearly all have broken windows. I once had a swelled face for six weeks, my lord, from riding in a hackney-coach — I think it was a hackney-coach,' said Mrs. Nickleby reflecting, 'though I'm not quite certain, whether it was n't a chariot; at all events I know it was a dark green, with a very long number, beginning with a nought and ending with a nine — no, beginning with a nine, and ending with a nought. . . .'

And so on. It may be objected that this is too clear, intellectual, and coherent for Miss Stein. She said a hackney-coach. A hackney-coach. Chariots of Fire. Fire and coaches. A hackney-coach she said. It was as if as if it was. A hackney-coach. Tokens and signs that she was. Widowhood and hackney-coaches. Hackney-coaches and widowhood. A widow she was. She was a widow. Her head was swelled her head her face was swelled her head. As if . . .

It is n't that this sort of thing is too silly so much as that it is too easy. Miss Stein's resolve not to write like anybody else has had the result that anybody else can write like Miss Stein.

Meanwhile, the steady stream of narrative goes on. Those who have anything to say, say it. Those who have a story to tell, tell it. Mr. Sinclair Lewis is probably the most notable writer of fiction in America to-day, simply because he has enormous creative energy, and disciplines it to the forms of art. *Elmer Gantry* may or may not be just as a social document, — it would be impertinent for an Englishman to hold an opinion about that, — but it is a story. It is packed with character and incident. The author has so much to say that he cannot waste time in devising fanciful theories of how to say it — so much to say that he cannot say it at all until he has subdued it to 'proportion, season, form.' The same truth is illustrated by writers as different superficially as Miss Ruth Suckow, who deals in plain language with bare life histories, rural, domestic, and Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer, whose imagination is fired by the outlandish, and shaped by his immense knowledge of the world. It is illustrated again by Mr. Stripling, whose narrative vigor is delightfully diversified with irony. The tradition goes on, in brief; the art

of the story has room for a thousand methods. But the method must be a method — not a mess.

III

We recognize in contemporary American fiction a main tendency, and divergences, of which two leap to the eye; these two may overlap, and often do so, but may equally well be observed apart. One is dissolution of manner; the other is dissoluteness of matter. Both are experiments, and experiments that fail. Both are attempts at adventure. Both show rawness, crudity; to neither is it possible to deny sincerity, but the latter certainly gives greater evidences of sincerity than the former. Indeed, of the former we have said enough. It is a mistake, and can come to nothing, and need not be taken seriously. But the latter has the pathos of fierce and frightened youth. It may in some cases be a sign of preoccupation with vice; in most it is more probably a sign of vigor. There seems, at any rate to the English reader, to be a great outpouring from America of sociological fiction, with the motif of the pocket flask and the 'petting party.' We are introduced to a world almost hysterical with drink, jazz, and the intimacies and abandons of sexual precocity. Is it a true picture? Again it would be impertinent for an Englishman to express an opinion. He can only wonder — and remember that his own country provides, though not in such profusion, a similar type. Can he understand the English product, before he ventures to survey the American?

Let us consider, anyway, a Frenchman's explanation. Says M. André Maurois, in his *Études Anglaises*, with a typical blending of wisdom and wit:—

Ce n'est pas seulement en religion que la jeune génération s'estimait libérée. Pour

les choses du corps, le freudisme avait fourni à l'esprit anglo-saxon (en Amérique comme Angleterre) le masque dont il avait besoin pour oser.

All generalizations are to be mistrusted; but I think it will scarcely be denied that the art of fiction in the English tongue has been limited by prudery. Of course, limitation in one direction may mean enfranchisement in another; it is possible that English fiction has extended itself into new interests under compulsion of the very fact that it was debarred from regarding sexual misconduct as the all-embracing and all-sufficing topic. But there is shrewdness and truth in M. Maurois's thrust: to get free, the English writer has pleaded not preference but science. He looked askance at the bedroom — till he could pass to it through the consulting room. The release, equally pseudoscientific, has in America been even more riotous. The tradition of the story has been preserved; even the plain Tom-Jonesian biographical plot still flourishes; but its interest is sought in two adjacent, and indeed overlapping, spheres. The themes are adolescence and adultery.

Why, so, it may be said, are the themes of *Tom Jones*. That is true, and irrelevant. For the point is that the abstract idea of these two topics has rarely before been given the prominence it now enjoys, or been entrusted with the direction of so many imaginary lives. Looking back over recent American novels with these preoccupations, I take as typical the works of Mr. Charles Norris, Mr. Floyd Dell, and Mr. William Bullitt. I have written about these novels in various places, and I shall not shrink from quoting freely, without acknowledgment, from myself.

The very titles of Mr. Norris's volumes indicate an attitude. 'Brass,' 'bread,' and 'pig iron' are substances at once special and simple. The book

Pig Iron belongs, roughly, to the widespread biographical type, in which there is a boy (you are told several episodes of his boyhood); he grows into a youth (you are told several of his amorous adventures); he grows into a man, and either marries unhappily or unhappily fails to marry; he goes to Chicago and sells rails or nails, or to New York and sells bonds. Generally we end on a note of acquiescence or of adventure: the hero is fat and rich and misunderstood; he either runs away and loves and works and gets back a thin body, or stays respectably behind and has a thin time. The minor variations are innumerable, naturally, and I am not accusing *Pig Iron* of conforming too closely to type. Mr. Norris has sincerity, which is to say originality, and he observes things for himself. In so many books of this class one observes the results of observation; the detail is so often excellent even where the original inspiration seems faint; the books are so good that one is sorry they are not better.

Brass is definitely labeled as a novel of marriage. It might equally be called a novel of divorce. Nor does it represent divorce, the marriage substitute, as much more successful than marriage itself. But here the sheer narrative inspiration triumphs over theory, and the lesson does not matter, because nobody can tell what it is. The people live; it is all one asks of people. About *Bread* I feel only a little less enthusiastic, though some may think they see the cloven hoof of the theorist protruding from under the skirts of happy chance. The heroine is in business; one might almost literally say that she is in it 'for her health.' It appeals to something strong in her, and she loves it; and when her marriage proves a failure it is to business that she goes back. She is lucky to have it to go back to. Her husband marries again and is

domesticated and happy. She is left in the end to weep over a cat. She feels the need of babies, and that is human, but it proves nothing as to the influence of business upon marriage. Plenty of women have neither the business nor the babies, but only the cat.

Mr. Bullitt, a brilliant and charming writer, has perpetrated *It's Not Done* to prove that it *is* said. Incompatibility in marriage is here studied with a realism almost ferocious; the husband and wife cannot find common ground for their emotions, and about those emotions little is left unsaid. I hope it is not unfair to take this novel as a type of those which seek originality through plain-spokenness. I am sure the search is quite honest and not at all salacious, but I think it is based on an erroneous principle. There is nothing offensive to morality in Mr. Bullitt's treatment of passion. His impropriety is wholly æsthetic. There are some things which can be said only by being left unsaid. A detailed description of the kind often called 'daring' is precisely what is not wanted to create the atmosphere of passion; there is more of that atmosphere in half a line of *Othello* than in all the moderns. The external fact is often the least indicative, the least æsthetically relevant, and in that case the artist should not speak out — he should leave out. Discretion is the better part of daring.

Mr. Floyd Dell, in *The Briary-Bush*, made a courageous and delicate study of the modern couple who marry on an arrangement that they shall be free and adventurous — as if you could arrange freedom or adventure! The author faces the resultant crash with an admirable honesty — before dwindling to a 'happy end.' In *Janet March*, a more ambitious book, the childhood is well done; when the heroine grows up we are introduced to the now too familiar atmosphere of prostitution, drunkenness,

and abortion. Almost might one choose out this one volume as typical of thousands, in its conventionality of matter and audacity of manner. The English critic is puzzled by these studies in American social life. Are we to believe in the New York 'flapper,' her cocktails and kisses, her fads and her amours? It is a question not strictly relevant to the artistic merits of the novels which portray her, but it has its interest. The novelists who portray her do often, however, make an artistic mistake. They forget that the romantic aspect of things may be the essential reality—a point to be specially remembered when we are dealing with the exquisite and pathetic years of youth. The young may be irritating and flamboyant and egotistical and contemptuous and hard, but at least they believe in their own right to happiness and beauty. The very thing which tends to make them hard tends also to make them idealistic; they judge too easily precisely because they expect too much. Do young men and maidens deliberately enter into loveless love affairs for the sake of 'experience'? Normally, naturally, as a physiological fact, youth conceives of the experience of love as a romantic one; and you cannot hope to get the experience by leaving out the love.

IV

Mr. Floyd Dell, in his later books, has become unashamedly romantic and pretty. The reaction is significant, and in more forceful writers one could perhaps find reactions no less forcible. So far, I have been trying to illustrate mass movements by examples expressive of the mass, for I am in pursuit of tendencies, not of individuals. Now, however, I have to ask whether there are not individuals big enough to modify, or even to create, tendencies. We

must inquire whether the reaction toward normality is discoverable in bright particular stars as well as in what we may call the general representative. If it is so discoverable, it will reinforce the lesson. The return will be not to prettiness but to beauty.

Men of indisputable genius, such as Mr. Hergesheimer and Mr. Sherwood Anderson, are bound by the very surge of that genius to make a law unto themselves. They do not necessarily stand outside a tradition. The most important of all, Mr. Sinclair Lewis, has in fact shaped and imposed one, giving the color of satire and poetry to the ordinary details of American twentieth-century life as Thackeray gave it to the ordinary details of English life in the century before. But then the tradition of his shaping was already there, in shapes not so very different, for his use. It is the old one, and much has been said about it. We are on the track of the new. And we are concerned with Mr. Sherwood Anderson and Mr. Hergesheimer, at the moment, not for their direct achievements, but for their experiments; not for the heart-rending and unforgettable pathos of the old man in the beginning of *Windy McPherson's Son*, or the splendid movement and color of *The Bright Shawl*, but for the queerness of *Many Marriages* and *Cytherea*. In *Many Marriages* a quiet, respectable, middle-aged manufacturer of washing machines grows tired of his wife and goes off with his stenographer; but first he walks up and down naked in his bedroom in front of an image of the Virgin, which seems quite unnecessary. In *Cytherea* there is a similar basic situation: a middle-aged married man hungers and thirsts for romance, but in his case the romance is typified by a doll. It must be added that Mr. Hergesheimer's excursion into oddity is more successful than any of Mr. Anderson's; his treatment

of the doll theme shows subtlety, and one can believe. Yet it is only in special cases that the abnormality fits the norm, and he has been wise in his return to a more usual conception of romance.

Mr. John Gunther is not to be compared with Mr. Hergesheimer or Mr. Anderson for importance; but on his own level he illustrates the same reaction. *The Red Pavilion* was violently concerned with neurotics; his later *Peter Lancelot* is an attempt to be romantic. Everywhere the tide sets back. Freud and flapper have had their fling; the norm, the story, reasserts itself.

These tendencies are paralleled in England. Neither country can in such matters claim the lead. Perhaps it may be said that America, being the larger, more various, and more rapidly developing country, pursues the lead, once it has been given, with greater vehemence; and we in England, taking advantage of that vehemence, may see our own tendencies more clearly as America displays them for us. It is interesting to remark in passing, however, that the little band of distinguished writers who seem, on the Henry James model, to represent America and England alike — so intimate is their acquaintance with the one country and the other — are not as a rule experimentalists. They preserve tradition with double tenacity, though here and there they accommodate a fashion. I speak of Mrs. Edith Wharton, Miss Elizabeth Robins, Miss Anne Douglas Sedgwick, Miss Susan Ertz, Mrs. Ray Strachey, Mr. H. W. Yoxall. And does not Mr. P. G. Wodehouse bestride the narrow Atlantic like a colossus, even as he unites 'highbrow' and 'lowbrow' in a common adoration of imbecility?

Mr. Arnold Bennett inclines nowadays toward the parergon, and Mr. H. G. Wells toward the didactic experi-

ment, but their influence on the storytellers of the younger generations is still in the plain direction of story-telling. So with Mr. Galsworthy, who has never deviated from the main current. Mr. Hugh Walpole, Mr. Compton Mackenzie, Mr. St. John Ervine, wear with their respective airs a mantle which their elders show happily no notion of resigning to them — *that* mantle can be shared without diminution!

Among new writers, Miss Pauline Smith of South Africa has given us, in *The Beadle*, the tale most purely and simply beautiful of all. It is unnecessary to praise Mr. Mottram of *The Spanish Farm*, that subtle epic of war, and *Our Mr. Dormer*, that shorter but ampler epic of peace; nor indeed must I allow myself, by a fatuous attempt at covering the ground, to fall into mere enumeration.

There is among contemporary English writers a strong strain of fantasy. That label will apply to a group — if group it can be called — of the brilliant writers who differ strongly from one another in all save a genius for the fantastic: Mr. Aldous Huxley, Mrs. Virginia Woolf, Miss Romer Wilson, Mr. Geoffrey Dennis, Mr. Ronald Fraser, and, most quietly and completely successful of all, Mr. David Garnett. Each of these has set, or is setting, a fashion. None of the fashions will endure, as fashions, however enduring the original examples prove. And to say this is not to dismiss the writers as unimportant; it is to recognize their specialties. Each of them can do something rare, precious, unique, but the uniqueness cannot be copied. Actors used to wear their hair long like Henry Irving, without acting like Henry Irving before audiences. We are probably in for a number of books about ladies turning, more or less, into foxes; they will not be written with the

austere excellence of Mr. David Garnett's prose.

But consider these fantasists for a lesson. They fall into two groups: those who write 'differently' because of a theory, and those who do so because they must. I will not particularize beyond what is necessary for the argument; but it is clear that Mrs. Woolf belongs to the former school, and Mr. Garnett to the latter. That is why Mrs. Woolf, with all her wealth of intellect and the lyric beauty of her style, does not succeed in giving her novels unity. There are two Mr. Aldous Huxleys: the sophisticated experimentalist and the writer of genius. All, for his future, depends on whether his good angel can be trusted to fire his bad one out. But these particulars are only for illustration. My central contention is that you can have a sudden inspiration which will take you aside from tradition, but cannot successfully depart from tradition in the attempt to do better, on a theory, what the traditional writers have already done with success. With Mrs. Woolf, as with Mr. James Joyce and Mr. Sherwood Anderson, we are conscious of method at war with material. When she is most deliberate to catch the essence of a soul, it eludes her. Times do indeed change, and modes, but only with the changing of the substance. You cannot, if you are a story-teller, evade the obligation of story-telling by any dexterity, however dazzling.

Illustrations of this accumulate. Miss May Sinclair, a writer of deservedly high reputation, seems to show the influence of one school after another. Freud, Miss Dorothy Richardson, Mr. Joyce, and Mr. Lawrence have apparently contributed to her development, whether she has felt their inspiration consciously and directly or subconsciously and indirectly. The merits of her books vary inversely with the

amount of theory they embody. Or consider again Mr. Ford Madox Ford, a man of genius, now, I believe, even more influential in America than in England. How admirably does his manner express the atmospheres to which it is appropriate, how lamentably does it lapse when theory drives it on! Or, finally, contrast the historical novels of Mr. John Erskine, who interprets the past by the present, with those of Mrs. Naomi Mitchison, who interprets the past by the past! Contrast, that is, the 'stunt' which amuses with the truth which moves.

V

In one connection, it must be added, Paris now appears as a suburb of New York; we may yet live to learn that New York is where good Frenchmen go when they die. There is a school of writers, American or partly American, which has, so I am told, found its spiritual home, and even its physical home, in the *Quartier* and on the boulevards. I am not sure of my facts here, for I know nothing of the writers concerned in their private capacity; but Mr. Ernest Hemingway, whose short stories show originality and power, though his novel merely disappointed, writes with first-hand and intimate acquaintance of the cosmopolitan life of Paris; and Mr. Julian Green, despite his name and the American subject of his first novel, *Avarice House*, wrote that novel in French. From these two we may expect considerable things. They have both, in their different ways, given new life, and new material, to the old method of stark statement. They have intellectual reality. They may be balanced against the English fantasists, for proof that, in the one literature as in the other, the tradition of story-telling can accommodate variations of form to fit novelty of approach.

But, on the whole, the impression with which we are left is not one of novelty.

Who are in America the writers of good, established, safe reputations? Mr. Sinclair Lewis, Mr. Upton Sinclair, Mrs. Edith Wharton, Mr. Booth Tarkington; they tell stories. Who are the people of indiscreet and adventurous genius? Mr. Sherwood Anderson and Mr. Hergesheimer; they are at their best when they tell stories. Who are the new writers likely to become classics? Miss Ruth Suckow and Mr. Thornton Wilder. They too, without parade or pretense, tell stories. Miss Suckow indeed achieves greatness through her very refusal of color and variety. So, in England, we have, for safety, Mr. Galsworthy and Mr. Bennett and Mr. Walpole; for indiscreet and adventurous genius, Mr. Huxley and Mrs. Woolf; for new writers likely to become classics, Mr. Mottram and Mrs. Mitchison. All these names, American and English, are but casually selected specimens; my argument has included others. But one, which might have been expected, has been omitted. Mr. E. M. Forster, himself so delightful a story-teller, has a little blasphemed against the story. Let him

stand at the end here as the type of those whose practice is better than their teaching. Mr. Forster asks of the novel that it shall render the story subsidiary; and we agree that it must give us much beside the bare story, just as a poem must give us much beside the bare theme. Only — the poet clothes the theme by expressing it; the novelist cannot transcend the story save by telling it.

Of course, a story in this sense is more than a story. Let me make that clear by two quotations, which I put together for a close, one from Mr. Sherwood Anderson's *Many Marriages*, one from Mr. Dreiser's *The Titan*. They describe the wrong way and the right — the experiment that is bound to fail because it is merely an experiment, and the spirit which keeps alive the ancient glory of the tale.

'Or rather,' says Mr. Sherwood Anderson, casually, 'to be a bit fancy and speak of the matter more in the modern spirit. . . .'

Mr. Dreiser says, 'Life rises to a high plane of the dramatic, and hence of the artistic, whenever and wherever in the conflict regarding material possession there enters a conception of the ideal.'

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

SHELTER

WE chose 'Shelter,' so named on the high-school curriculum, as an appropriate subject for our daughter Sally, in her senior year, by a process of elimination. As we saw it, given the choice of one out of three so-called 'domestic sciences,' 'Shelter' seemed to us the least of three evils. To be sure, we did not know what 'Shelter' was, but it had the virtue of being an unknown quantity, whereas we had already sampled, vicariously, 'Cooking' and 'Millinery.'

In our peregrinations with the Army, Sally had had 'Cooking' all the length of the Pacific slope, from Tacoma to San Diego, arriving always just in time to learn about 'cream sauce' and 'chocolate fudge.' It seems, according to Sally, that the schools maintain a highly ethical attitude toward encroaching on the bakery business—hence the omission of the making of pies, cakes, or bread. To be sure, Sally learned a great deal about salads. She could make an excellent imitation of a candle and stick out of a slice of pineapple by punching half a banana up through the hole and simulating dripping wax and fire by mayonnaise and pimento. Also she learned how to make a porcupine out of a pared apple by punctuating it thickly with blanched almonds. Once she served us cucumber pigs, which strolled heavily through lettuce on peanut legs.

Under the ægis of 'Millinery,' for a whole year we were forced, out of consideration for Sally, to appear in hats of her concoction, her wonderful imagination imparting to us all a rakish

and flighty air which we were not reluctant to abandon.

There was something suggesting a peaceful, impersonal quality in the word 'shelter.' I secretly hoped it would point the way for my Sally, who looks for all the world like an adorable baby with her round blue eyes and close-cropped curls, to a refuge from a 'hard-boiled' world.

'It may teach her how to get on her own,' suggested the Father of Five, hopefully.

Sally's brothers had their interpretations.

'It probably is a snap course,' Tom observed tersely. 'Trust Sally. She may learn to come in out of the rain, which will help.'

'Or where to go when the teacher gets rambunctious,' added Malcolm.

But 'Shelter' proved to have none of these aspects so highly desirable from the family point of view.

Sally came home after the first round with a perplexed brow. We fell upon her eagerly.

'What's it all about?'

'I don't know exactly, yet. We have to come to-morrow prepared to explain the Darwinian theories of the Descent of Man and the Origin of Species. And we have to tell all about the doctrines of Malthus and a man named Karl Marx.'

'Is *that* all!' groaned Tom superciliously.

'What have they to do with shelter?' I made bold to inquire.

'Oh, we're just going back to the beginning of everything.'

'In that case,' commented Father, 'Adam and Eve ought to be the logical

starting point. Did they or did they not have shelter? I don't think I ever heard.'

'Oh, yes indeed,' Sally agreed. 'We had them in class to-day. We got all the way from them to Darwin.'

'Something like Lindbergh's Chinese namesake — One Long Hop,' Tom inserted.

'To-morrow we take up H. G. Wells.'

'Seems to be a panoramic view of Man in general,' mused Father.

'Yes. It's awfully hard, but I do think it's rather splendid, don't you? Later we go much more into detail.'

'I should hope so,' was Father's secret comment to me.

At dinner a few days later Sally asked her father, 'Did you ever think much about prisons, Dad?'

'Prisons? Nothing more than to feel grateful that I was never asked to inspect one personally. Why?'

'They seem to be so badly managed,' Sally heaved a sigh. 'I wish I could do something about them.'

Father hid his surprise behind a napkin.

'How do you happen to feel this concern, might one ask?'

'Well, you see, we're having them in "Shelter." Betty took "Orphan Asylums" for her special topic, and I took "Prisons." They come under the head of "Involuntary Shelter."'

'I'll tell the cockeyed world they're involuntary!' ejaculated Tom.

'I've been reading a wonderful book on Crime and Prison Reform. It seems all the prisons need to be completely reorganized. You've no idea what a social sore-spot they are, Dad. I think you ought to try to be influential and look into them.'

'Yes, Dad,' agreed Malcolm, 'you ought to resign from the Stock Exchange and get a job as warden at Folsom.'

'I can't see anything funny about it,'

said Sally. 'Since I've learned what I have in "Shelter," I for one should admire him very much more if he did.'

'Is n't this prison business rather unnecessary?' my husband asked me in private. He is distinctly mid-Victorian in his attitude toward his daughters.

After that, we withdrew from the parlor to study 'Shelter.' For prisons were as nothing to what followed. The Negro Problem, Tubercular Sanitariums, Juvenile Courts, and Houses of Correction — on we went through the ramifications of human institutional misery. For I too studied 'Shelter.' I found myself nightly interpreter, deadening the pain and softening the blow for our young innocent.

One night we retired to a remote bedroom for a lesson which Sally explained would be a death blow to Grandma if she should overhear it — 'The Effect of Venereal Disease on Population.' Polygamy and polyandry were discussed.

'I'm glad it's only girls. I shall die in class to-morrow.'

At this juncture I myself was ready to call a halt. But Sally maintained, with tears in her eyes, that she had to have another unit in 'domestic science' or she would never get her college 'recs' (popular parlance for 'recommendations'). And if I stirred up a rumpus the teacher would flunk her.

'By the way, Sally, I don't believe I ever heard what finally happened in "Shelter,"' my husband said one evening toward the close of the semester.

There was an ominous pause while Sally blushed and looked at me.

'She got canned, I'll bet,' cried Tom.

'Indeed she did n't. "Shelter" is a profound subject, and Sally got an A.'

'Shelter? Shelter?' mused Grandma. 'We never had that subject when I was young. I do believe in sheltering young girls, and I am glad the public schools are looking into these things.'

A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE

THE materialism and cynicism of our age increase with the apparent shrinkage of the Unknown. Were we more ignorant of physical facts, we should be men of faith; if we knew more, we should be enlightened; but we have grown puffed up with half-knowledge. We are like a party of tourists walking unconcernedly through a vast cave — unconcernedly because the cave has been strung with electric lights, and although we may observe hastily we may explore no longer. We note the formations which the guide points out to us, smiling indulgently at a stalagmite resembling a buffalo's head or a crucifix, but the awful thrill of the first pioneer who with smoky and uncertain torch penetrated these chambers is not vouchsafed to us. We are merely *interested* in our cave — in our world.

Interest has no emotional and very little intellectual value. We are interested in many things which in no wise touch our lives or move us to action, in a dog that talks, the League of Nations, or a bicycle race. We are interested in politics, but we do not vote; we are interested in keeping the peace, yet the world will be in flames again for no sufficient cause. Either positively or negatively this prevailing mood means very little, and, meaning little, becomes a stagnancy of mind wherein cynicism may breed most abundantly.

We receive too much information and suffer too many disillusionments. Sometimes it seems that the Egyptian priests were right in limiting their knowledge of facts to the small class able to appreciate their insignificance. To reach the mass of people knowledge must be imparted superficially to those unready for its complete exposition. And, treated so, it becomes false, and dangerously false. For example, there can be no doubt that popular articles

on the new psychology have marred more normal minds than the abnormal minds cured by the specialists.

When travelers in a new country behold the sunset over western hills, they are rapt away by the beauty of the lights and shadows. Exploring the hills on the morrow, they find them cluttered with mean houses and factories, and never again can they view them, even from a distance, without feeling that the squalor is there, though they do not see it. Henceforth when they approach hills they pay no heed to the distant beauty. They gaze at the sunset with candid eyes, murmuring to themselves, 'Very interesting effect of light, but to-morrow we'll see things as they are.' The tragedy is that somewhere in the world these travelers will come to hills planted with cool groves and watered by clear streams, but they will not go up into them, too wise, as they think, to be deceived a second time. They have eaten too much, and yet too little, of the tree of knowledge.

So many of us are victims to this false wisdom. I remember the flamboyant complaisance of a mechanistic philosopher when he was demolishing a supernatural First Cause. 'First Cause! Why, gentlemen!' His tone was reproachful. Turning to the board, he swiftly drew a tadpole-like creature endowed with two eyes. 'When a ray of light strikes it from the left, it must turn, willy-nilly, to the left; when from the right, it turns to the right. If the light comes with equal intensity from both sides, it will remain perfectly still. If from in front, it will be drawn directly forward. There is no volition in all that, gentlemen! Nothing but automatic nervous reaction! And by multiplying the complexities of the nervous systems and stimuli applied to them we can trace the cause and effect in any form of life — granted,

of course, that we have complete information.' Complete information! Oh, granted — of course! Is the amoeba, then, less the residence of the Unknown than the divided leaf, the rock, the earth itself? For this philosopher it must be said, however, that he was far more than interested in his theory, and that he evoked from one indignant undergraduate a marginal response: 'He has merely reduced in size the dwelling place of the Mystery.' Others considered he had proved his case. They were equipped with one more fact to face a materialistic universe — the only sad part being that the fact happened not to be true.

Without 'complete knowledge' any fact is apt to be false. A trained scientist may be able to reconstruct a dinosaur from its third vertebra; an archaeologist may plot out Zenobia's palace from a single tile; but the average man daily builds horrific monsters from the smallest splinter of evidence, or from one brick of information constructs pinnacles of misinformation compared to which the Leaning Tower is a model of verticality. Nothing is unknown to him. He has the facts!

Even the artists, who, except for the priests, are supposed to be the chief instigators of spiritual exploit, are victims of 'facts.' They have become, as a young musician proudly told me, wholly cerebral. The occasion of this remark was the performance of a very advanced piece of work, scored for heaven knows what ungodly instruments, which purported to express in music the rhythms, sounds, and moods of modern city life. It did! And I shut my ears, having heard that sort of thing just outside the concert hall. 'But don't you see how clever it is! He's a perfect technician — even his enemies admit that.' A perfect technician, this composer had indeed the facts of the matter, lacking only the

fundamental truth that music must in some way please the human ear. And so, too, with the modernist poets and painters. They are clever, they know what they are doing, but they have left out of account such unavoidable elements as the human ear, eye, and heart.

Under this deluge of facts and half-facts, we are interested in everything and understand nothing. Priests of a mystical religion deny the sacraments and turn to sociology; men crammed with a knowledge of obscure dialects, but unable to speak their own language with elegance, teach literature at universities; and everywhere who is most efficient is adjudged most valuable.

Those who continue to believe what they are told become materialists. They are in the large majority. Life being, as is reported, hardly more than a chemical reaction, they might as well devote themselves to physical indulgence. Those who cease to believe become the cynics. Having accepted facts and found them wanting, they find nothing left for them but an airy indifference. They are the disillusioned.

I wish that westward of us there were still an undiscovered or conjectural continent, a blue dream in the mist where anything might happen. An occasional traveler might return thence to fire our imagination with his tales. It would do us no harm to fall again under the spell of Wonder. Indeed, even the old superstitions, the gnomes, ogres, hobgoblins, were mild and truthful as compared with the daily threats we receive from advertisements of disease, social gaucherie, uninsured death.

Let some man with a loud voice proclaim to all the peoples one piece of information without which all the rest is pestilential rubbish: that although we have mapped all the continents, sung 'Yes, We Have No Bananas' by radio from New York to London, invented the Oedipus complex and the

submarine, we still know practically nothing; that the vision of the mystic is quite probably as true as the figures in the scientist's laboratory; that for one America exploited and destroyed there are incalculable Americas of the spirit, where no factory can be built and no information gleaned!

CHINESE PROVERBS

PATIENT waiting may solve a problem when feverish activity fails; simple tolerance may move a sinner to repent when harsh discipline is useless.

To the heart that is free from worldliness, the most vulgar place is as interesting as the capital of the fairies; to the heart that is enchained by passions, the happiest land becomes a desert of bitterness.

The excitable mind mistakes a rock for a tiger and the shadow of the bow for a snake; the serene mind regards the sea gulls as companions and the croaking frogs as music.

There is calm in the very rush of brooks; there is serenity in the very falling of flowers.

The man of leisure is the owner of frolicking wind, beckoning flowers, white moon, and blue sky — in a word, of all nature.

The lover of solitude avoids men to seek quietness; but his seeking it shows that all he tries to shun lies in his very heart.

Secret plots, strange habits, unnatural actions, and exceptional talents are often embryos of disaster and weapons of suicide.

The flowers make beautiful carpets in the spring and the birds give fine concerts; the man that does nothing is not born, though he lives a hundred years.

Freedom is not obtained by running away from it.

Faithful words offend the ears, but

they are good for character; medicines are bitter in the mouth, but they cure sickness.

Subdue your own heart before you try to subdue the Devil; rule your own temper before you try to rule the unruly.

Noble character is built in solitude; great ability is made by overcoming little difficulties.

It is better to offend by straightforwardness than to please by flattery; better be blamed than praised, when both are undeserved.

It is fun to know the quirks of people's minds without seeming to recognize them.

Tall peaks are without trees, but low valleys abound with plants; the superior man warns himself against loftiness.

Success based on virtue is like a flower growing in the forest; success due to ability is like a flower planted in a pot; success gained by trickery and force is like a rootless flower in a vase: it can be seen to wither even as it is watched.

Other people's circumstances are never uniformly good; how can you expect your own to be? You are not always reasonable; how can you expect others to be?

It is other people's faults that you should forgive, not your own; it is your own suffering that you should bear, not that of others.

No merit is so big that it can stand boasting.

Only humility can keep the great from falling.

When people show you kindness, remember it; but when they hurt you, forget. When you do good, forget; but when you do evil, remember.

The full moon must wane and the full-blown flowers must fade; therefore the wise man does not expect to attain enduring perfection.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

A YOUNG American, **Robert Dean Frisbie** has for the past four years been conducting a South Sea trading station. We have it on the word of James Norman Hall that Puka-Puka, or Danger Island, the scene of Mr. Frisbie's commercial venture, is 'one of the few really primitive atolls left in this part of the Pacific,' or in other phrase, 'one of the loneliest islands in all the Pacific galaxy.' When Mr. Frisbie first took up his enviable abode in the lands where professors sleep unashamed with their classes, Captain Hall urged him to keep a record of his life as a trader. **George E. Putnam** is economist to the great packing firm of Swift and Company. His paper, as he writes us, 'is intended to offer, among other things, an economic explanation of the growing gulf between the United States and foreign countries. It is the explanation which has been given me repeatedly in the course of almost continuous European travel during the past six years.' In this light Mr. Putnam's conclusions may be profitably compared with the social explanation of the same phenomenon presented by M. André Siegfried in the *Atlantic* for March 1928. Δ The pellucid lens which **William Beebe** trains upon a varied world discovers endless curiosities and unnumbered delights. **D. M. Armstrong**, as his signature reveals, was the United States Consul in Rome at the time of the capture of the city by the Italian troops in 1870 — an event of decisive importance to the Temporal Power and to the modern Italian State.

The history of European revolutionary movements has proved an engrossing study to **Lucy Wilcox Adams** and her husband, a teacher of history at Yale. **Charles Johnston**, experienced long ago in the British Civil Service in India, releases pent-up imagination and invites us to inhabit a kingdom broader than the four winds. Δ Two years ago **Madame G. A.**

Miloradovitch could describe herself as 'an exile, just beginning to regain a hold on normal life.' After a full experience of the revolution in Russia, she wrote: —

We — or at least a few of us — lived and kept sane — because we ceased to act as sentient human beings; we became marionettes in a human tragedy. Sometimes I found myself thinking, 'All this can't be true. It is too horribly dramatic.'

Madame Miloradovitch describes her poem as an exact line-by-line English version of a folk song.

If the young understand **President Allan Hoben** as well as he understands the young, then Kalamazoo College must be happy hunting ground indeed. **Ian Colvin** is the leading editorial writer of the *London Morning Post*. He is the author of a volume of poems translated from the Chinese, and of a play, *The Leper's Flute*, which has recently served as the basis of an opera. **Eleanor Risley** sends us her sketch from Arkansas. Her own words picture the adventure from which the experience grew: —

We made the journey because I was confronted with invalidism, hospital observation, and insulin. Why not die with my boots on? A century ago my great-grandfather and some of his friends went from New York City to live in these mountains. And on this journey, when the natives asked us why we wandered in their mountains, I would answer that I was seeking my great-grandfather's tomb. They seemed to consider this a natural and laudable ambition. Incidentally, I found the tomb.

We took the train at Mobile across the black lands, and then sauntered toward the mountains of northern Alabama. The first day I could only walk three miles. We avoided highways, and followed any dim old road. Once at Grassy Cove we penetrated a fertile valley where only one of the inhabitants had ever seen a motor car. I grew stronger, swinging along all day, sometimes walking warm moonlight nights, sleeping sweetly with pebbles under my spine.

The mountain people are austere, hostile to 'furriners,' and sullenly on the watch for revenue officers. We knew we were in constant danger. Often men with guns would turn us from our way, and quite politely tell us not to look back. Once I slept in a room where there were three other beds. Before I went to sleep six gaunt mountaineers filed in, laid down their guns before the beds, and presumably slept. So did I. The next morning back of us near the river rose the smoke of a still. The armed guard, quite civilly, accompanied us to the next 'sittlemint.' We grew to love the face of danger. Curiously enough, danger proved a tonic and I thrived on it.

I doubt if we could have succeeded in winning the friendship of these people without the violin. We lived off the land. The people paid me in fruit, vegetables, and eggs for playing at torn-down schoolhouses. Once I attended a musicale where all were lawbreakers. Frequently on Sundays I read to an assembly gathered quickly by grapevine telegraph. Once these reserved people accepted you, there was difficulty in getting away to continue the journey.

A college instructor, **Daniel Sargent** gathers rhymes while the dew is still on them. Δ The author of 'The Sensible Man's Religion' is an experienced man of affairs. He is not unaware of the claims of mysticism, but writes: 'I do not think that anyone can safely fly in that aeroplane until he has studied the ground beneath for "take-offs" and "landings."' Δ Preëminent among military critics of his generation, the late **Colonel Charles à Court Repington** must be accorded high place also among diarists. His two volumes, *The First World War*, are indispensable to history and absorbing to the general reader. The events and conversations of a 'goodwill' visit to the Allied capitals in 1924 are recorded in the notes which we print herewith. **William L. W. Field** is headmaster of Milton Academy. Δ A veteran both in tournament play and in writing of lawn tennis for the *London Times*, **A. Wallis Myers** comments on a new national supremacy. **Charles D. Stewart** — novelist, journalist, grammarian, critic, and follower of curious quests — knows the ins and outs of bees, and informs his knowledge with wise sympathy.

Al Smith has given the sad young men something to be at least moderately glad

about, thinks **Parker Lloyd-Smith**, a recent graduate of Princeton now engaged in newspaper work. Δ The frequent hostility of English opinion to Fascist rule will give special interest to the broad and considered judgment of **Captain B. H. Liddell Hart**, the able successor to Colonel Repington as military critic of the *London Daily Telegraph*. A recent visit to Italy, with the particular purpose of viewing the Italian military forces, gave the occasion for the conclusions which Captain Hart has reached. Δ For several years Chief of Information Service, United States Bureau of Mines, **Thomas T. Read** will be remembered as the author of 'The American Secret,' in the *Atlantic* for March 1927. **Gerald Gould**, an English critic of note, is wary of fishing in the 'stream of consciousness.'

It was not to be thought that the challenge presented by Theodore F. MacManus's vigorous expression of the Catholic position would go unanswered, and the *Atlantic* has enjoyed a wide and animated correspondence in reply. From this correspondence we now quote: —

FIRST REFORMED CHURCH
RIDGEWOOD, N. J.

When a Catholic writes about Protestants 'in this particularly significant political year,' and assures us that he has determined to be unusually amiable, and will use only the best English (even Oxfordian) manners, we begin to fear 'thou dost protest too much.' Here are some of the words which Mr. MacManus applies to his opponents which do not sound quite Oxfordian, — not to say English, — though they may be Irish-English: 'Topsy-turvy, irrational, idiotic, insane, gayly starched surplice, convulsive, epileptic, silly, soppy songs, soppy sermons, morons, without reason, mummery, ludicrous, convulsive gestures, parrotlike, raucous parrot shriek, blinking and bewildered, malinterpretations, vulgarity, banality, travesties, cowardly, devilish, animalistic, platitudinous parrot, mediocre, aberration, insanity, inanity (these three in the same line), mob spirit, pursuit of passion.' There are others, but these are picked out in a casual reading. And the only redemption for this awful country, 'in this particularly significant political year,' is to 'go over to Rome, en masse.'

Sorry, old friend MacManus, we are not ready. We have studied history. Please recall the results in many nations in which your church has

had undisputed 'authority,' and do not wonder why, in spite of all the faults of this great country, and of the Protestantism by which the country has grown, we prefer to remain where we are.

WILLIAM CHARLES HOGG
(Born in Ireland; educated in Ireland,
Scotland, Germany, and America)

Another correspondent trains his guns particularly on two expressions used by Mr. MacManus: —

DEPARTMENT OF PHYSICS
CRANE JUNIOR COLLEGE
CHICAGO, ILL.

The first is 'private judgment.' It may be true that most or even all of the ills of our modern civilization are due to this monster. But I strongly suspect that it is responsible for the good things also. I do not recall just now any feature of our modern life that was not once the child of a private judgment, with sometimes a long, hard struggle ahead of it before it became acceptable to the public. To take one example with which he will not wish to quarrel, there was a time when even Christianity was, and had to be, a very private matter indeed.

But we will grant his statement that everything is going to the bowwows because of private judgment. Suppose I become impressed with the necessity of doing something to set myself right. Shall I not consider the claims of the Catholic Church? Will not some kind Father set before me the reasons for believing in the Apostolic Succession? Suppose the said Father succeeds in convincing me of the desirability of entering the bosom of Mother Church, would I not be welcomed, even by Mr. MacManus? My action, in that case, would have come about as the result of my private judgment that all my previous religious thinking had been wrong; and private judgment is the root of all evil, says Mr. MacManus. Or does he mean that private judgment is wicked only when it leads to conclusions different from his? Or has he never used his judgment in regard to religious matters?

And it seems to me that objection might very reasonably be made to the Catholic abuse of the term 'Protestant.' It had a significance once, just as Smith, Wright, Baker, Clark, once had. Now these are proper names with none of the original meaning. My family has been Protestant as far back as our records run, some four hundred years. I presume there were some protest-ants at first. But not for a long while now. Generation after generation we have got our religion as I suspect Mr. MacManus got his. It was sucked in with our mother's milk.

But I forget! There *were* two protest-ants of

some note a short time ago; prominent because of their father's ability as a story writer. So emphatic was their protest against their family religion that they made a public renouncement of it, and embraced the Catholic faith. So far as I know, there was no outcry against this exercise of private judgment by Nathaniel's daughters on the part of any Catholic, and while others of the family may not approve of their decision, we honor them for the courage of their convictions.

To be sure, we boast of some other protest-ants, though not in the religious lines. There was Governor William Hawthorne, who protested most vigorously against the orders of the King that he return to England and stand trial for general insubordination. There have been other protest-ants against the slave power. And protest-ants against injustice in high places. For that matter, some of the Popes were glorious protest-ants against wicked and tyrannical kings. Christ and the apostles protested against the best form of religion known to the world at large at that time, because they had something better.

But why continue. Protest-ants there have always been; always upsetting things; always a thorn in the side of those who wanted things left as they are. Without them we would all, to this day, be educated in the higher branches — and swinging by our tails from those branches.

W. C. HAWTHORNE

In defense of 'loveless and unloving infidels.'

Mr. MacManus does not seem to realize that there are many individuals mentally and spiritually incapable of accepting the doctrines of Christianity (either Catholic or Protestant). Usually they are people with inquiring minds who spend much more thought on religion than do those who are happy in an inherited or embraced orthodoxy. I do not think they are the destructive force that Mr. MacManus considers them. Surely he could not call Burbank a 'loveless and unloving infidel.' He was more successful than most infidels, but his tolerance, his faith in humanity, his constructive work, are quite typical of the greater number of such challenging, questing minds. Burroughs, Henri Fabre, many other names come to mind to refute Mr. MacManus's sweeping statement.

DOROTHY W. NELSON

This concluding note contains starch, even though surplises be 'ironed soft.'

YONKERS, N. Y.

Upon one point Mr. MacManus should not have erred; he refers to the gayly starched surplises of Episcopalians. They are of pure white

linen, never gay, and never starched. They are ironed soft. This fact is not unknown to the Catholic Church. The thing was not done under a bushel. For thirty years my laundresses, and there were many (average tenure of office two months), were all Catholics. Mr. MacManus could have and should have known this, so when he attempts to take the starch out of Protestantism he makes a bad start at the Episcopal surplice.

His article as a whole reminds me of a conversation on a religious topic between three men. When two had stated what they thought, and referred to the third, he replied: 'Bejabbers, I'm a Catholic. I don't have to think.'

REVEREND R. H. WEVILL

An organist files objections.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I must take immediate exception to Mr. Harvey Wickham's attitude towards the modern organ and modern organists in his article, 'Sons of Tubal-Cain,' in your April issue. The organ has not been deprived of its erstwhile dignity: there has simply been added a richness of orchestral and other effects that has ennobled it nearly to tonal perfection, while the mechanical devices, so lightly considered by Mr. Wickham, have made the organ a truly flexible instrument, as it should be.

To-day you may hear a modern recitalist give as noble an interpretation of a Bach number as may be desired, *but* he can follow it with a Debussy transcription made into ravishingly beautiful organ music, a thing impossible under the old order.

When he has business on the top floor of an office building does Mr. Wickham trudge the stairs in preference to using the modern elevator? I do not know. But I suspect he used a sputtering coal-oil lamp when he wrote his article, as he is very much in the dark about organs and organists.

STANLEY R. AVERY

*Organist and choirmaster,
St. Mark's Episcopal Church*

Mr. Wickham, against whom the preceding exhortations were delivered, bids fair to become a Knight of the Bellows as a result of his paper, which not unnaturally aroused the notice of musicians on two continents.

ROME, ITALY

I little thought, in writing 'Sons of Tubal-Cain,' that it would put me in communication with one of the actual wind-raisers of the Cathedral of Notre Dame, Paris. But here they are, the

two letters from Chet Shafer, Grand Diapason of the Guild of Former Pipe Organ Pumpers, which you were kind enough to forward to me. And I have looked up the article of his which he mentions, published some two years ago in the *Saturday Evening Post*. He seeks to prove that organ blowing is not only the one true road to good organ playing, which was all I hoped to show, but that it is the sole practicable and infallible highway to greatness of any sort, and cites a great many examples of illustrious bankers, poets, editors, generals, whatnots and what-have-yous, graduates of the treadle and of the bellows handle, to establish his thesis upon a sound foundation. As a former pipe-organ pumper myself, though not affiliated with the Guild, I can find no fault with the theory at all. May Chet's grand diapason never be stopped, or warped out of tune!

Sorry was I to learn, however, that 'an electric blowing apparatus was installed in Notre Dame by New York philanthropists' more than two years ago. A pox on New York philanthropists!

And now the Grand Diapason asks me to join his Guild of Former Pipe Organ Pumpers, membership 1500 and more. He practically guarantees my acceptance by the Engineering Corps because of my *Atlantic* article. He offers to confer upon me the degree of Fellow Pumper. He does everything, in fact, save to offer to remit the three-dollar initiation fee. Three dollars is some fifty-seven lire. I don't know. I am a fellow of a sort already. Really, I think I am entitled to the degree of Master Pumper. So I hesitate, well knowing that the pumper who hesitates is lost.

HARVEY WICKHAM

Mr. Newton — God bless him! We could better spare a less fallible man.

BEVERLY FARM, ST. MICHAELS, MD.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

My acquaintance with Mr. A. Edward Newton and his charming humanistic literary style was made, through the pages of the *Atlantic*, long ago, when residing in France. Like Oliver Twist, I wanted more, and *Amenities* was bought in a third edition and then nothing would do but a first edition *Amenities* at twenty-odd dollars, which seemed then a huge sum and more so when I thought of francs and the rate of exchange.

As I write to-night, I can see on my shelves *The Greatest Book in the World*, *A Magnificent Farce*, *Dr. Johnson*, *A Play* (all in large paper), a little case containing some of Mr. Newton's delightful Christmas Greetings, and a slender volume, *The Writings of A. Edward Newton*, by George H. Sargent. Several hundred other volumes, in first editions, are near, all added to

my library since that momentous day when the postman delivered my *Amenities*.

From where I write, I cannot see my bank balance, which is just as well, but I can feel in my heart the pleasure that I have received from the purchase of these books (I now call them items), the reading of many subsequent articles in the *Atlantic* by Mr. Newton, and that received from his literary guidance. I was in sympathy with his views on prohibition and cigars and with some of his marital views and had begun to look upon him as a mentor and almost infallible.

Each month, when the *Atlantic* arrived, my first glance was for the cover page to see if he was a contributor, and if so, that was the first article to be read.

A few days ago the May number arrived and 'A Tourist in Spite of Himself' caught my eye. 'Mais où sont les neiges d'antan?' Here my mentor tells me that the city of Christiania changed its name to Oslo, *twenty-five years ago*. I wondered why its inhabitants did not know this when I was there for the International Regatta in 1914, and so turned to the *Encyclopædia Britannica* and, not having a first edition, contented myself with the eleventh. Here I found that Oslo was founded by Harald (Opslo) Segurdsson in 1048. After a fire, Christian IV refounded the capital and gave it his name, Christiania, in 1624. January 1, 1925, the city of Christiania changed its name to Oslo.

I then read that in European travel one usually finds a Bristol Hotel and as a rule it is the best. 'Depend upon it, Sir, this is too strongly stated' — a quotation Mr. Newton will recognize. The tourist in France will have a hard time to find a Bristol Hotel. He will find one at Biarritz, Boulogne, Marseille, and Paris, but where else? Only in Paris will it be first-class, but then everything first-class one finds in Paris. The tourist in France who depended for a night's shelter on a Hotel Bristol would be in the same fix as the one who was told to try either the Hôtel de Ville or the Hôtel-Dieu.

Had Mr. Newton taken with him, to read en route, his Baedeker, instead of *A Sentimental Journey*, it would not have been such delightful reading, but he would have read, 'In the same latitude in which Franklin perished in the Arctic and in which lies the inhospitable region of Eastern Siberia, the water of the Western Fjords of Norway never freezes, except at their upper ends,' and then he would not have had to wear that blue alpaca suit.

When Maréchal Pétain wrote, in his celebrated order, 'Ils ne passeront pas,' it was the rallying cry for the poilus at Verdun and never used in its translated form of 'They shall not pass' by the Tommies at 'Wipers.'

I anticipate that in the June number of the *Atlantic* Mr. Newton will take us to Paris. Please do not let him tell us that turtle soup and roast mutton at Simpson's are better than *homard thermidor* at Voisin's, or that the view up the Champs-Élysées, looking toward the Arc de Triomphe late in the afternoon, is not so fine as some view of St. Paul's, for if so, how can we be sure that the Gutenberg Bible is the greatest book in the world or that Dr. Johnson is the most quoted writer since Shakespeare? Do hurry Mr. Newton to London, which he knows so well and of which his descriptions are always so delightful.

MORTON B. STELLE

And from Mr. Newton himself: —

May 18, 1928

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I am overwhelmed with letters about my silly paper in the *Atlantic*, and a dozen or more people have told me that a 'Black Knight' bandage is manufactured in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and sent me circulars describing the device. And several people have sent me the thing itself, with suggestions that I carry the 'Black Knight' bandage around with me instead of a black woman's stocking (black woman's stocking, you observe).

But only one woman has accompanied her gift with a poem, which reads as follows: —

'Prince Edward of England, the famous Black Knight,

Was the first to use stockings to shut out the light —

Though his Princess, Joanna, abhorred the sight
And lectured His Highness through curtains
each night.

'And now our Prince Edward has all his friends
flocking

To make up his loss of a single black stocking,
Since his wife wears chiffon, pale flesh, without
clocking —

Quite useless to Edward, whose sad state is
shocking.

'So I'm sending this bandage, so sombre and
black,

To bind on your eyes — since lisle ones you lack.
Why not use the chiffon ones to stuff in your ear,
And shut out the sound of those lectures you
fear?

'Respectfully submitted after reading the
May *Atlantic*.'

Yours sincerely,

A. EDWARD NEWTON

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

AUGUST, 1928

OUR REVOLUTIONARY FOREFATHERS

The Journal of François, Marquis de Barbé-Marbois

TRANSLATED BY PERCY NOËL

August 3, 1779.—Here we are in Boston. On seeing these countrysides, formerly wild and almost deserted, today inhabited, fertile, and covered with orchards, I never tire of admiring the progress of civilization, which has made more headway here in a hundred years than it has in Europe during ten centuries.

The State Council of Massachusetts judged it proper to lodge us at the home of one of its members, Mr. Cushing, a good, loyal American. He received us with hospitable simplicity, unostentatious, unstudied, but as though truly happy to see us lodging with him.

Before we left Europe they explained to us that it was good usage here to commence the day by drinking a glass of wine and eating a few cakes; and that toward ten o'clock one took coffee or tea with fruits and a few cold meats. Also, if one made or received visits, that wine was again brought and one drank a few healths while waiting for dinner; that this dinner lasted two hours; that about five or six o'clock one drank tea, punch, or other refreshment, and so got to supper, which ordinarily was rather frugal.

Americans are sober, but they do

not easily permit foreigners who are living among them to exercise this virtue. However, this régime has not marvelously well succeeded for our health, and I have taken pains to exclude all intermediary repasts in order to relish lunch, dinner, and supper.

The dinner does not too much resemble ours. It commences with a blessing, recited with unction by a priest or by the eldest of the family. All the courses, and even the dessert, are served together. The tablecloth falls on the knees of the guests and takes the place of napkins. To us the dishes appeared to be badly prepared, but that is a matter of taste; thus Americans are permitted to say the same of ours. With the first glass of wine one drinks the health of all the guests, without exception. If one has some affections more private for one of them, he invites him in the course of the repast to refill his glass and the two friends drink reciprocally their health. Ordinarily the women seat themselves next to each other. They retire at dessert, either of their own accord or on a sign from the master of the house. We have had trouble to accustom ourselves to this usage.

It is a part of the austere manner of these people, we are told, to believe that they should banish the ladies at the time when the men, animated by liquors or wine, might forget the respect which is due them. I should like it better if this austerity had led them by a shorter road to sobriety and the respect due women, and if at dessert one would not see the table thus deserted and transformed into a kind of divan, where they smoke or sometimes get intoxicated and where they use all the 'comforts' to a point which seemed to us quite strange. Thus the ladies leave, to our great regret, and the cloth is removed. Bottles, glasses, and fruit remain on the mahogany table and we proceed to drink healths, now political, now military, and to conceive jokes, sometimes rather obscene ones.

August 9. — I should have spoken of the customs of the Bostonians the first days following my arrival in Boston, as I was then more struck than I am to-day by the difference between their practices and ours. I still find it extraordinary that a woman leaves her hair its natural color and is content to arrange it with elegant simplicity, not disguising it at all with colored powders. An American lady to whom I remarked my surprise asked me if French ladies also powdered their eyebrows! Rouge is proscribed still more severely than powder, but I had not the least trouble to accustom myself to a usage so natural. I have not yet seen a beautiful woman, although I have seen several rather comely ones. There are no Parisian waists, so slim and so fine that they sometimes lose proportion with the rest of their bodies; but, if you will, their bodies are well developed and formed by nature, not by tailors.

Religious persecution made the first

colonists flee from Europe to settle in New England; they have kept up to now — and above all, the Presbyterians — a violent hatred for the monarchy. This hatred took new strength at the epoch of the Revolution. On the other hand several prominent people regard religion to-day as a political instrument and most of the ministers have been ardent promoters of the Revolution. The people of each parish decide annually upon a sum for their minister's living, and those whose public or private conduct is little fit are badly treated in the grant. The only authorized churches are those of the Presbyterians or Congregationalists, the Anglicans, the Quakers, and the Anabaptists.

At the time of the early colonization of Massachusetts, reason, good sense, and natural right took the place of laws for the colonists. One had been able to compare the colony in its infancy to a numerous family governed by the authority of a wise and severe father.

A man called Plistore stole four bushels of wheat from the Indians. He was condemned to restore them double the amount, was fined one hundred and fifty Tours livres, and condemned to call himself in the future 'Josiah Plistore' without being able to add the word 'master' to his name. A drunkard was condemned to some work useful to society. They put a workman in irons who demanded a much too large wage, and he paid a fine besides; simply a suspicion of calumny or idleness was punished with the whip and prison. They were content to admonish a girl who had been light in her conduct, but double adultery, proved, was often punished by the death of the two culprits. It must be admitted that nothing is rarer to-day than this latter offense.

A husband is permitted to beat his wife by paying a fine of ten pounds; if

is the wife who has beaten her husband, she receives the same fine, but if she has no money and her husband refuses to pay for her, she runs the risk of being whipped.

Boston houses are almost all constructed on a uniform plan; the only difference is in their proportions. Thus—a ground floor, two stories, five windows wide; the door in the middle, vestibule and staircase on entering. As for anterooms, they do not know what they are.

The governor of the state is chief of the council in which rests the sovereign power, and he is the most eminent person in Massachusetts. We paid him a visit. Following our knock at his door, he came himself to open it and received us in a clean apartment, but of Lacedæmonian simplicity. The visit ended, he reaccompanied us to the door, his candle in hand, and as it was late I judge he put the key in his pocket and went to bed.

In a few states the chief justice, who is always a very important man, receives a very modest salary, and if he has no horses he must make on foot all his circuits, which are eighty to one hundred leagues. Thus he goes from town to town, carrying justice to the citizens.

We often met senators, representatives, and respected magistrates returning from the market carrying herbs or a fish. They called my attention to the same thing in Venice, but there was this remarkable difference, that the Venetian senator hides with care under his robes the merchandise which he has bought and none would be able to guess it if some longer roots or more active fish did not betray him. But the Bostonian goes along with head high and blushes no more to carry his provisions than a European does to carry a book or a print he has just bought; their habits are too simple to make a mystery of such a natural thing.

These Americans who open the door themselves, who go on foot to judge their citizens, who do their own marketing, are the ones who have brought about the present Revolution and who will, if it is necessary, shoulder a musket and march on the enemy. And, between us, I do not know if people who have *suiesses*, stewards, officers, and *berlines* with springs would have likewise resisted despotism.

We were surprised to see regularly every Friday that the tables were covered with fish, and above all salted fish; we were edified to find among the Presbyterians a practice which I believed particular to Catholics. We have learned since that this custom has nothing religious in it, and that the inhabitants of North America, whose principal wealth consists in fishing, adopted it from a purely commercial point of view to favor their fisheries.

August 24. — We have been to see the college at Cambridge, which is three leagues from Boston. It is situated in the midst of a plain cut off by a river bearing the same name. The college itself is composed of five buildings solidly constructed. The greatest part of the funds were given by rich American individuals. They say that England, interested in keeping the colonies in ignorance, did not view this establishment without apprehension, but it would have been too revolting to stop its progress; she contented herself by not contributing. The chairs are occupied by learned men and the plan of study appeared to us well conceived. They estimate the revenues of the college at sixty thousand Tours livres. The war has of necessity considerably diminished the number of scholars, and there are now only one hundred and twenty.

We were received into the library of the museum by all of the professors,

at the head of whom was the rector or president in ceremonial robe. He made three profound reverences to His Excellency,¹ and addressed him a speech in Latin. When the president had finished, he made three more reverences, and then there was another Latin oration. This had been constructed a little hastily, however, and I do not know how the orator made the slip of saying that he looked upon this meeting (referring to our mission) as the 'conubium' of the French and Atlantic muses. Several young bachelors of art smiled malignantly, as if they thought that such a marriage would not be infinitely fruitful.

We did not find any of the curiosities at Cambridge that we expected to see. A few arms, some costumes of the savages, a few snakes, a few mosquitoes, hardly extraordinary—that is what the collection was reduced to. We were shown a complete Bible in the Indian language, translated by an English minister who had learned one of the savage tongues. This monumental work, representing a zeal more active than well directed, will probably never be very useful to the men whom the author had in view. The respect due this sacred book, understanding of which demands a great depth of preliminary knowledge, does not hinder one from observing that it must be very obscure to the individual for whom the instruction was so imperfect. A good catechism of morals in four pages, which the Indians might have learned by heart, would have been useful, and the author of such a work would have been able to flatter himself that he had rendered a real service to humanity.

Before leaving Boston I should really tell you something of the Adamses and

of Generals Gates and Hancock, who have had such a large part in this Revolution and will leave respectable names to posterity. We have seen them frequently during our sojourn here, but I promised to enter not a line of politics in my journal. I much prefer to speak to you of Phyllis, one of the most extraordinary creatures in this country and perhaps in the entire world.

She is a negress, born in Africa, from whence she was imported at the age of ten and sold to a citizen of the town of Boston. She learned English with extraordinary facility and read and reread the Bible with eagerness. This was the only book which had been put into her hands. Phyllis was filled with its poetic imagery and at seventeen published divers poems in which there are poesy, imagination, and enthusiasm, but little method or interest. I read them with some astonishment. They are printed and one finds on the flyleaf of the book authentic certificates which do not permit a doubt that she is the author.

We are now to leave Boston on a little pilgrimage to other places of interest.

WESTON, *September 4.*—We left Boston at five in the afternoon in a carriage drawn by six horses, and we have come to pass the night at Weston; we have provisions of all kinds and shall renew them each time the occasion presents itself. We are in the most favorable season of the year to make this voyage and to know the localities that we have to cross. The country is beautiful, the fields are fertile as far as Weston; fine orchards, Indian corn in abundance, green and flowered prairies, houses scattered along the road, continually vary the point of view.

WORCESTER, *September 5.*—We dined at a pretty village, fairly large, and passed the night in Worcester.

¹ Chevalier de la Luzerne, formerly one of La Fayette's officers, and in charge of the Mission sent to the United States by the King of France. — TRANSLATOR

As we approached the latter place we noticed that we were traveling in an entirely new country. The roads were practicable, but the habitations farther apart; our companions told us that the most beautiful farms and the richest inhabitants were within the wood. Almost all the country is covered by a vast forest which the road traverses, and cultivation has been begun in some spots where the soil appears most fertile and tillage least difficult.

BROOCKFIN [BROOKFIELD], *September 6.* — Many stones and granite rocks on the surface of the earth; that is what we observe in continuing our journey. No function is reputed ignoble here from the moment it is useful to society. We learn that our innkeeper was a colonel in the service of the state; or we see a priest occupied with his harvest or tilling his field. We hear a man called 'Captain' who is stacking his hay or leading his cattle to the neighboring brook. Everywhere there is an air of comfort and even of abundance; not a single beggar, not a man whose unfortunate appearance troubles the pleasure that we have in contemplating the abiding place of happiness and liberty. One day when we had a superfluity of provisions we said to our host, 'Give these to the poor.' He could hardly understand what we meant, and no poor were to be found.

We do not pass through any of the pretty little villages without being met by a solicitous clerk, who, hat in hand, begs us by the Thirteen States to get out of our carriage and pay a visit. There are no tolls at any of the bridges, no seigniorial rights on entering one district or leaving another, no great or little salt taxes (*gabelles*), no Dutch tobacco shop, no contrabandists, no gamekeepers or forest guards.

We arrived very early at Broockfin, where we were to sleep. While waiting

until supper was ready we went for a walk in a charming valley to the west of this little village. The countryside was covered with harvesters and reapers, all cheerful people, healthy, well clothed, and well nourished. We addressed ourselves to one of them, who appeared to be the farmer and whom the others called 'Major.' We made him talk about his farm and his manner of living. He told us that his principal wealth consisted of live stock; that the grain which he harvested did not always suffice for the consumption of his household, but in case of need potatoes supplemented it; that his orchards furnished him with good cider and fruit for the whole year; that his cows gave excellent milk, and he made us taste a good cheese made in his house.

'During the winter I also make the material which we are wearing from the wool of my sheep,' he continued. 'My daughters and my wife weave, and in sixteen years I have not bought an ell of cloth. You see that forest, one quarter of a league from my dwelling? I possess a portion of it, amounting to three hundred acres. There I find what is necessary to repair my house, construct barns, and make plenty of fire in winter.'

He told us that justice was neither high nor low in America; that it was perfectly level and equal for everybody. We could not make him understand what kind of being was the lord of the village; he continued to believe that we meant a justice of the peace, and could not separate the idea of superiority from that of magistracy.

SPRINGFIELD, *September 7.* — We have left the beautiful valley and entered into rocky and rugged mountains. The road has been extremely difficult and not without danger. One of our coaches turned over and there was trouble getting it back on its

wheels. Woods are omnipresent, habitation more rare, scenery wild.

At last we see Springfield and the banks of the Connecticut bathing it; here, fatigued by the dryness of the country which we have just crossed, we find population and culture as of the most beautiful places in Europe, and the dwellings are so close together that one could compare the two banks of the Connecticut from Springfield to Hartford, in a space of six leagues, to several contiguous villages.

HARTFORD, *September* 8. — Two leagues above this city there is a waterfall which prevents ascending the Connecticut. It is navigable as far as Suffield, and we took the opportunity to embark in a long boat covered with freshly cut leaves, while our horses and coaches proceeded leisurely by land. This navigation is charming; the current is a little swift, but with four rowers we made a league and a half an hour. The river is a quarter of a mile wide and the banks are covered with fine forests; they spread on the right bank a thick shade, which invited us to land for dinner. The turf served for a seat, a fallen tree took the place of a table, large leaves were converted into plates, and our wine was cooled in a neighboring spring. We shared with the sailors our *pâtés*, fruits, and Burgundy wine from our canteen. Wood nymphs would have been astonished by the novelty of this repast.

We went back to our boat and, following our custom, made our rowers talk; we learned that one was Scotch, another Irish, a third from Anspach [Bavaria], and the last Hessian.

You must know that our coach driver and postilion are deserters from the German-English troops, as are our four rowers, and that among the horsemen who form our escort three quarters are English and only the rest are

Americans. It will appear amusing that in the present circumstances the Minister of France is conducted on sea and land and served by men sent at great expense to America by the English Government!

Arrived at Suffield, we were informed that we could not go down the Connecticut as far as Hartford without the risk of hitting some rocks. Our protectors had no trouble in persuading us that we were extremely precious beings to the American Republic, and we returned to our coaches. Despite their prudence, our welfare was imperiled, however.

We were alone, Monsieur de la Luzerne and I, in a four-wheeled cabriolet of very light construction. The militia of the place assembled on the occasion of a halt which we believe was due to the English; a company formed and presented arms to His Excellency. The noise and the sudden movement of arms frightened our horses, and as at the same instant, in order to do us more honor, they fired a cannon, the animals took the bits in their teeth, broke their reins, and dragged us over ditches, hillocks, and rocks. We had a precipice before us toward which they were running, and we were thinking of jumping to the ground when a dragoon from our escort, galloping to the horses' heads, pressed them up so roughly that they stopped. Things were adjusted as well as possible, and at last we arrived at Hartford.

I have been to see the famous Governor Trumbull. The old man was saying his prayers when they announced me. While waiting for him to finish I examined his furniture, which was of an extremely Lacedæmonian simplicity: an armchair, two other chairs, a mahogany table, a lamp hanging from the ceiling, a rifle and a halberd, also a sword, attached to the wall. His person was no less simple.

He is revered in just title by all the citizens of Connecticut, and he is one of those men who have rendered the greatest service to the cause of independence. He obliged us with a history of the present war, which he proposes to write himself. I deeply hope that his advanced age will not prevent the execution of this plan. You will permit me to brighten my description by telling you that people of the highest rank here are enfranchised from the unclean use of a pocket handkerchief and I was a little surprised when I saw the Governor blow his nose quite lustily with his fingers.

We saw some of the militia of the place. They are big, resolute, robust people. Their equipment, their clothes, their arms, their paper money, have small allurements for the German soldiers, and it is perhaps that which makes the latter so indifferent to success or defeat. What interest do you imagine these mercenaries have for the pause in which they are armed if they are not animated by the hope of pillage?

It is necessary to measure one's words with an innkeeper. An imperative tone would succeed badly. A rather ordinary reply is: 'You may demand, not command.'

We were present at a municipal assembly of the district; it was held in a church. These people believe that occupying themselves with public welfare is only another way of honoring divine majesty. In the assembly great calm and extreme attentiveness prevailed. Each one discussed his opinion, and, as the speakers do not sway from the point of the subject, they had all the time necessary. Following this discussion, those who are for the affirmative raise their hands. After them, those who are for the negative do the same. If the difference is very apparent, they draw a resolution conforming to the feelings of the majority.

If it appears difficult to judge on which side it stands, they count the votes.

We were shown the old oak where the charter of Connecticut was hidden last century when the King of England wished to revoke it in order to submit this province to his unlimited power. Such are the curiosities of this country. No galleries, no public gardens, no palaces, no magnificent temples; but anything to do with liberty is sacred.

It is still a custom of this state for the daughters of the family to serve strangers at the table. Sometimes even the mistress of the house serves as well, and does not take a place at the table until the middle of the dinner. This inequality appears uncivil to us, but the masters and sovereigns of their submissive and obedient spouses cannot permit anyone to be superior to themselves; and if the necessity of having a regular government obliges them to elect magistrates and chiefs, they have taken pains to see to it that the luxury and magnificence of these heads do not emphasize their own mediocrity.

They do not even wish for a man, through his commerce, his industry, or any other cause, to be richer than his fellow citizens or to distinguish himself with an affluence greater than they enjoy. One very rich man in particular had a simple and modest carriage made, but he could never use it. His neighbors threatened to throw this 'ostentatious' carriage into the Connecticut River, and so, as in the past, it was necessary for his daughters to go on horseback in fine weather and in little closed-in coaches when it rained.

We are treated with great familiarity, but with so much innocence and simplicity that we should be very hard to please if we took it in bad part. Travelers seat themselves at our table without having been asked there, and they are not always the best company. Sometimes teamsters, after having put

their carts under cover and given oats to the horses, place themselves next to us without ceremony.

I dined at Hartford with several inhabitants of the city. One evening I was seated next to a pretty miss, young and attentive, who had a strong desire to please. Only one thing caused me some impatience: I was dining with extreme appetite, but she pretended not to believe it and waited with indefatigable care for the moment when I was about to change my plate to tell me that I was not eating and to assure me that the turkey, game, and pudding were excellent, and that I must absolutely eat some. Besides, we drank from the same glass, a thing which I was able to accept in patience, but I had at my left an old lady with a hooked nose who accorded me the same favor, and from that moment I felt my thirst quenched. Unfortunately, it was necessary to return to this banal glass, for almost all the guests proposed that I should drink a glass of wine with them in the same way, and despite my repugnance I could not well refuse them all.

Without wounding the modesty of an American lady one cannot pronounce the words 'legs, knees, chemise, garters,' and a number of other words equally unoffensive to our ears; but we can propose to a young lady to 'bundle'; not only is she not offended, but she regards this proposal as politeness, and sometimes this strange favor is accorded to a traveler, even one she does not know very well. It is difficult to reconcile this general usage with the severity of manners and a natural shyness about sex in North America. It was from the Indians or savages that the Englishmen who settled in Connecticut borrowed this custom, and they assured me that, if modesty is wounded, chastity is not at all. They do not bundle in summer and one may not remove any clothing to

bundle, except coat and shoes. This custom has only been abolished quite recently in Boston, New Hampshire and New York; Connecticut has not adopted this reform at all. However the first French officers who were permitted it conducted themselves with so little reserve that the old people begged the mothers not to permit them this form of courtship with their daughters. The practice was suspended, but the departure of the army permits its reëstablishment, and the old women, although they have at heart no interest, are the most zealous to incite young girls to follow a custom they themselves formerly found good.

In this city we lodged at the Golden Donkey. I advise my friends to avoid this hostelry. Our host treated us as if we were the heroes of his sign, and made us pay 150 piastres for a very bad dinner.

We heard of the Blue Laws, which some people call 'Blood Laws.' It is forbidden to nourish or lodge a Quaker, an Adamite, or any other heretic. Forbidden to promenade on Sunday even in one's own garden. It is only permitted to leave one's own house to go to church and to come back. This law was still in force when we crossed Connecticut and people gave us some hints on the impropriety of traveling on Sunday. The war has slightly softened the rigor of these customs, but whosoever travels without passport, or cannot prove that he is charged with important packets for the public, risks being arrested and held until next day. The people will not do any cooking, they will not sweep, will not cut their hair or shave, they will not even make up the bed on Sunday. It is forbidden for a woman to kiss her child on Sunday or a fast day. The only instruments permitted are the cornet, harp, and drum, and they punish more severely the most skillful musicians.

I made the acquaintance of General Putnam. It was he who caught the first English spy—a young officer in whom the English general took an interest. He wrote a letter to Putnam which was a mixture of prayers and menaces; he terminated with the words: 'If they have the audacity to exercise any violence to his person, the Americans who are my best prisoners will answer for it.'

The General replied in a few words that the prisoner would be judged and the court-martial would decide his lot. His letter was sealed and the messenger received it, when Putnam called him back and wrote on the cover of the missive: 'N.B. I learn that the spy has just been hung.'

The affair, as one can well believe, had no sequel.

You know that, after the example of all travelers, I admit only authentic facts into my record. The General's aide-de-camp told me the following:—

Twenty-five years ago an enormous bear carried off a sow from the farm of Israel Putnam, in the middle of the night. The cries of the sow awoke Putnam, who, without dressing himself, followed the bear to its den without other arms than a heavy stick. He penetrated the cavern on his hands and knees. Guided by its growling and the fire in its eyes, he approached the monster and with three blows he beat it to death. He discovered and killed also two bear cubs and carried them to his village. I have been told other anecdotes equally remarkable; his intrepidity and intelligence acquired him a military reputation, and his fellow citizens made him a general.

NEWHAVEN, *September 10.*—From Hartford we traveled in two days to Newhaven. This journey across Connecticut is one of the most remarkable surprises we have had. The country

we passed through is comparable to the most fertile of Europe. We lunched at Weathersfield. One of the inhabitants at whose house we stopped conducted us to the top of a high clock tower whence we could see the wide extent of land, looking like an immense garden, watered by the Connecticut.

Onions make the wealth of this city. They say that when a girl is eight years old her parents each give her every spring thereafter a silk dress, and that she must on her part pull up with her own hands every morning the weeds from a plot of onions.

Making our way, we stopped at a farm of doubtful appearance. We entered a house which, according to the custom of the country, was not locked. Houses remain open all night without bars on doors or windows; cupboards have no lock and are closed with a simple catch. Against dogs and cats locks are of no use, and there are no other thieves. Master and servants were absent from this dwelling, but we found in the larder all the necessary provisions and, on the advice of our escort, we used them freely. Our dinner was ready when the master of the house returned. He did not appear at all surprised at our liberty; simply told us that we were welcome.

We went to see the College of Newhaven. The regulations have been drawn up with wisdom and simplicity, but I do not like the following article:

The state of marriage being entirely incompatible with that of a student, it is ordered that whomsoever shall marry will be dismissed from the college.

As if it sufficed to have taken a wife to have nothing more to learn, or as if marriage were an offense of which ignorance must be the punishment!

From a hill we saw Long Island, one of the most beautiful islands in the world, five or six leagues distant.

It is at present occupied by the English, and General Washington, by an access of prudence and attention, has just sent us an escort of thirty men.

In the Newhaven Cemetery they show the tomb of Dixwell, one of the judges who sent Charles I to the scaffold. Fanatics of republican government go there on pilgrimages as to the tomb of their apostle. A league and a half from the town one sees a cave where it is claimed two other judges of the Prince took refuge after the death of Richard Cromwell, and where they remained hidden and proscribed until their death.

One finds almost no traces of the existence of the savages; one hundred and sixty years have sufficed to annihilate these unfortunate nations and all the monuments which could have testified their existence. Bows, a few stone hatchets, a gross and almost formless idol of granite that we saw near Hartford, some families who have preserved their customs, their language, and who continue to live around New-London, in a kind of independence — that is all we could pick up concerning the former inhabitants of this country. They told us that on Long Island there were about twenty Indian families who have preserved the ancient form of society which existed before the arrival of the Europeans.

FAIRFIELD, *September 12.* — We continued our journey by Grunfield, Stratford, and by Fairfield, of which the name indicates the natural beauties; but we were unable to see without pity the condition of the country which the English traversed, sword and flame in hand, two months before. Almost all the habitations have been entirely burned over a space of two leagues. As they were built of wood, with the exception of their fireplaces and chimneys, one sees an isolated mass of

bricks rising up twenty-five or thirty feet. The Americans have the courage to joke about their very misfortunes calling these ruins 'English chimneys.' Churches and public buildings have not been respected. At every step we find heaps of ruins, and the flames have not even spared the orchards and crops.

You know that the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes spread over the surface of Europe a great number of useful citizens who have enriched foreigners with our losses. Some of them came as far as America and we are now in the vicinity of Nouvelle Rochelle, a colony founded by French refugees. We will not go to see them; our hearts would bleed at the sight of this picture of the mistakes committed by our fathers.

Despite all the remonstrances of Monsieur de la Luzerne, General Washington had come to welcome us at Fishkill: he received us with noble urbanity, modest and gentle, with that amenity which appears to form the depth of his character. He is fifty years old, well built, a little thin; he has freedom and a certain military grace in all his person. He has the male look without his features being less gentle. I have never seen in any person easier and more natural politeness. His eyes are blue and rather large, the mouth and nose regular, the forehead high. His uniform does not differ at all from that of the soldier. Formerly, on solemn occasions, — I mean on battle days, — he wore a wide blue ribbon. He has given up this scarcely republican distinction. They say that in battle he keeps that humane character which in camp renders him so dear to soldiers.

I saw him for some time with his family and he has always appeared to me even, quiet, and composed in his occupations, sober in his speech. He asks few questions, listens attentively and replies very low and in few words.

He is serious in affairs; outside of that he lets himself go with a reserved gayety. His conversation is as simple as his manners and exterior; he does the honors of his house with dignity, but without haughtiness and without adulation. His aides-de-camp preside at his table and offer the toasts. Before being at the head of the American Army he did not disdain the cares of his farm. To-day he sometimes plays ball for whole hours with his aides-de-camp. He is pious without bigotry, abhors oaths, and punishes them with the greatest severity. As to his public conduct, ask his compatriots and the universe. If you like parallels, I could compare him to Timoleon, who enfranchised the Sicilians from the tyranny of the Carthaginians, joined to his military qualities those which constitute an excellent citizen, and, after having rendered signal services to his country, in private life was not ambitious of power or honors, but was content to enjoy modestly the glory of having given liberty to a powerful nation.

We embarked with the General on the River of the North, or the Hudson. We sailed down with the ebb as far as West Point, where the General Headquarters of the American Army are situated, surrounded by its principal posts. The General held the tiller, and in the light breeze, which called for skill and practice, he proved to us that this little manœuvre was no more a stranger to him than other sciences useful to man. The river is hemmed in between two rugged banks covered by trees; its bed narrows sometimes to a third of a mile and widens soon after to three quarters of a league. On the right, near West Point, the mountains are more distant from the bank and leave a space of about thirty arpents, where are the tents of the General and the officers attached to him. The Army divisions are around this Head-

quarters, on the hilltops, which are covered with forts and redoubts. The air there is pure and salubrious, and we did not see forty sick in the hospital.

During dinner the conversation was of the great things that Americans had done. All the generals and the principal officers were assembled. It was interesting to see the reunion of these warriors—famous patriots, each one, because of some brilliant action; and this military repast, served in a tent in the midst of the accoutrements of war, to a *ministre* and French officers, was a remarkable novelty for all.

I was seated near the General and, as he inspired confidence, after several general discourses we talked together rather openly on different subjects. He spoke to me of the splendid actions of my compatriots and of the glory that they had acquired in America. Everything around us was of interesting character to me. The river, reflected by the tide, brought the waves up to the tent pins; they broke there with a solemn noise; a few steps from us the band played French military airs; the banks and forests of the mountain replied lingeringly to the noise of cannon fired to the health of the King and Queen; the opposite bank shone with fires that the soldiers had lighted. I had before my eyes one of the spectacles the most worthy of man's admiration: the valiant chiefs and generals of a brave nation fighting for liberty. I was very much touched, and I felt my eyes moisten.

The General told me that he drank to the health of the Marquis de La Fayette, and asked me if I had seen him before my departure. I replied in the affirmative, and I added that he had spoken of him with the tenderest veneration, that the conduct of the Marquis de La Fayette in America had drawn general esteem and that he had gained distinctions and favors from the

King. I then saw Washington flush like a tender father to whom one would speak well of his child; tears fell from his eyes, he grasped my hand, and he could scarcely pronounce these words: *'I do not know a more noble soul, more honest, and I love him as my own son.'*

Night, September 16-17. — The thunder of a cannon has just awakened me; it is four o'clock in the morning; drums and fifes and bugles resound about our tents. As I cannot get asleep again, I must write you the news of the day by the glimmer of my night lamp.

At nine o'clock in the morning we mounted our horses to accompany General Washington, who wished to conduct us himself to all the principal points of the position which he has taken on the Hudson. It was extremely important for the Americans to blockade this river. The frigates come up it almost to Albany, and the enemy, if he were master of it, could prevent all communication between the states north and south of Albany. To stop the enemy the Americans have installed a heavy chain across the river, which is strongly anchored on both banks. Forts advantageously situated can combine their fire against all war vessels or ships which might attempt to break or destroy the chain.

The location of West Point is rather happily chosen. The river narrows at this spot and makes such a bend in the opposite direction that a sailing vessel loses all the advantage of the wind as it makes the curve. The fort on the right is commanded by a hill and other eminences command it in turn, to the number of four. The Americans believed they must fortify all these heights to shelter the principal fort from attack. We visited them successively despite the steepness of the rock. After this walk we went to see

the different brigades camped along the river; they were scarcely dressed, but very well armed, the kind of strong and robust men who have proved that one can make good soldiers with new levées. This promenade did not finish until four o'clock, and then we went to dine on the other bank, at the headquarters of Monsieur du Portail.

I made my way to the General, and in the course of the conversation which followed I asked him if he would not come one day to France to enjoy the applause of a sensitive nation which idolizes glory. He said that he was only waiting for the end of the war to retire to his own countryseat and end his days in the bosom of his family after having acquitted the debt which every citizen owes to his country in time of trouble and misfortune.

September 17. — Obligated to hurry our march, we left the camp, after having sojourned there two days. The General conducted us as far as New Bethune, where we took leave of him and some of the principal officers of his army who had accompanied us. I shall always recall with pleasure the time we passed with this admirable man. His appearance and his action bespeak virtue and he inspires it in all those surrounding him; his family (this is the name that they give in America to an establishment composed of a head, his wife, his children, or all those who live in his familiarity and under the same roof) is really worthy of its chief; his aides-de-camp are an agreeable society, the greatest union reigns among them. Only one of them is distinguished by more application; it is Mr. Hamilton. If courage, assiduity, penetration, mixed with some grain of ambition, may lift a man from the common level in a budding republic, you will hear him talked of some day

(To be continued)

NINETY

BY WALTER D. EDMONDS

I

GEORGE STALLION sat at the head of the breakfast table and glanced along the bowed heads of his progeny. The early sunlight coming past his shoulders made a haze in the fringe of his patriarchal beard and cast his broad shadow over the dishes. His hooked nose and black eyebrows and fierce black eyes proclaimed him undisputed master of his family. He sat erect, broad-shouldered as his sons and grandsons, pink-cheeked as his granddaughters. He scarcely seemed old, until you noticed the taut skin on his forehead: it was ivory-colored, like his beard.

He drained his cup slowly, letting the coffee lie for a moment about his teeth to get the full benefit of the sugar. Then he leaned back to watch his family finishing the meal. His oldest daughter, a woman of sixty-odd now, held the foot of the board, under a crocheted work cap of blue chenille. He drew in his breath and waited while she filled her husband's cup. Just as the coffee reached the lip, he cleared his throat, a rumbling that started in his chest and brought up the heads of the family with it.

'Where's Belle?' he demanded.

His voice held a deep harshness and had a trick of hovering just beyond his lips, as though it were waiting to strike one.

Judy's fat hands jumped and the coffee slopped into the saucer; and the old man grinned under his beard.

'My gracious, Pa!' she said. 'You make a person start!'

He covered his amusement with a scowl.

'Where is she?' he shouted. 'Laying abed, the lazy slut. By Jeepers, she ought to be hid! I'll do it one of these days.'

'No, she ain't, Pa,' said Judy. 'She's minding Pearl. Poor Pearl,' she went on, lowering her glance properly, 'she takes it harder than most.'

'What do you know about it?' the old man growled.

Judy was childless. Consequently she liked to have opinions on bearing children.

'Well, she's young, you know, Pa. Men don't rightly understand such things,' she said to her sister, who discreetly avoided answering.

The old man took hold of the end of his beard and peered at her from under thinly lashed lids.

'Don't, eh? Well, gal, when you was born, there was n't no doctor could get through the snow here, so me and Mrs. Dustin brung you into open air. You was just about as fat as you be now, Judy, and a dang sight redder, and you jumped and squawked like you did now, when I slapped your bottom.'

Judy flushed and became silent.

'Cripus!' the old man grumbled. 'Your ma did n't go to bed just to have a baby. She got up next morning, and the morning after she was milking again — seven cows, good milkers at that. Pearl's a lazy.'

Pearl's young husband glared at him angrily, then scraped back his chair and got up to leave the room.

'John!' roared the old man. 'Say "Excuse me." Just because I got to tell Judy a thing or two, you don't need to get uppity.'

The young man stopped surlily.

'I ain't going to listen to your talk.'

'All right. All right. You don't have to. If you don't like it, you can get out and take Pearl. But you ain't going to do that. You have n't got the grit. So you wait till I give you morning's orders. You hitch up the grays and haul manure on to the south meadow. That's good work for you now. It'll keep your feet warm.'

John took his hat from a nail and slapped it on to his head. He slammed the door. The old man chuckled.

'Notional squirt. You'd think the both of them was having children.'

He turned to Judy's husband.

'How're you coming with the potatoes, Arnold?'

Arnold rinsed the coffee round and round in his cup and drained off the last drop.

'Pretty good, Pa. I won't promise, but we ought to have them in this afternoon.'

'All right,' said the old man. 'You and Joe'd better keep after them. This weather ain't going to hold a lot longer. We'll have killing frost next week, I believe.'

'I reckon,' said Arnold, his Adam's apple fluttering in his thin neck after the hot drink.

The old man turned to his oldest grandsons. 'You and Ben better get into the east lot and commence cutting pole wood. Them maples needs clearing thin, and they'll do for stove wood. Jim's choring in the barn. I'll want the boys on the buckboard, Jim, about ten o'clock.'

'All right, Gramp.'

The men trooped out and the women got up to go about their work. The old man watched them go: twelve of them; all his blood, or married to it. He believed in keeping them under his roof. They got a good home, he got cheap labor. It worked both ways. It was lucky he had them broken in, though, or they'd be fighting among themselves all day. He had them buffaloed all right.

He swung his chair round and put his feet on another and leaned back. Judy was taking off the dishes. She did it quietly. The old man liked an after-breakfast snooze now that he was getting older. He liked to feel the warmth creeping into the sunlight on his back. Pretty soon he began to nod.

'Why, Grampa! Ain't you shamed Sleepin' to-day.'

He lifted his handsome old head and glanced over his shoulder. The hard eyes gleamed and his beard moved over his mouth.

'Morning, Belle.'

'Many happy returns of the day,' she said. Her voice was fresh and full-throated, much like her grandmother's. She came up to him and kissed him, and he put his arm round her waist and drew her to his lap and petted her. He liked to feel her waist snug in his arm and yielding to it. The other women of the family he kissed as a matter of course; he enjoyed kissing his youngest granddaughter.

She poked his head back with the heel of her hand and smiled at him. Her face was extraordinarily like his — a little finer-featured, but with the same thick brows and black eyes. Her always softened to her.

'You old surl,' she laughed. 'You been teasing Judy.'

'Won't hurt her, Belle. She's in to good flesh for being healthy.'

'You talk like an old woman, Grampa. You're getting doddery.'

He slapped her a good whack.

'I'll leather you, Belle, if you don't k out. There ain't any doubt I uld do it.'

He peered at her sideways, his ngue in his cheek.

'When I get to doddering, Belle, l go down to the barn and hang me.'

'Doddery old man,' she repeated.

'What're you going to do to-day? in the shade and sleep, probably.'

'Maybe I will, at that. I'm turned ety; and I've seen a lot and done a . More'n you'll ever get in your ad, Belle.'

'I would n't doubt it.'

'Don't sass,' he growled, pinching r. 'Look at what I've done. You're st a sort of incidental piece on the e. Your grandma and me come here ving nothing. It was hard living, t we made a good farm. I've made oney. I boated it. I made money on rk. I'm still making money, Belle. ould buy out half the people round re. Most of the new people hold eir land just as long as I want 'em to. l bet I could buy out some of the amses across the river, even if they e city people. The old folks round re died out or had to move. Only eorge Stallion hung on and made ings pay. He can't be beat.'

She patted his head and he lowered toward her.

'Getting bald, Grampa.'

He snorted.

'You little chippy, you, you don't re a hoot. I reckon I'll go to town. want to see Francis at the bank. en I'll ride out to Whister's and see out closing the mortgage. I could e his beech lot this fall, and his rth pasture'll come in handy for us xt summer.'

'Don't be too hard on him, Grampa. e's a man likely to get mad.'

His eyes lighted.

'He can't bother me, Belle. I've

handled worse'n him. I'd like to see him act up once. If I can handle the Stallion family, I ought n't to have no bother with a twerk like him.'

'Well, I don't care what you do to him. But don't get tired. There's the party to-night, you know.'

He grunted.

'Look here, gal. I'm ninety, but that ain't nothing. There's no dry rot into me.'

'No,' she said. 'You never gave yourself the chance to get dry inside.'

His head butted her shoulder.

'That's right. . . . Who's coming to this party?'

'Why, there's the Melvins and Kittleses and Crystals, and George and Nancy Lane, and the minister; he's bringing along Mrs. Bridgeman and her sister from Utica, Mrs. Kurty. She belongs to the Sisters of Grace.'

'She better not try any fancy religion on me,' he growled.

Belle kept hold of her fourth finger and looked down at him from the corners of her black eyes.

'There's all the neighbors, of course, coming to eighteen, and the Garvins, and the Salters, and Erwin Saunders.'

The old man glanced at her quickly. He had felt a tremor in her, barely noticeable; but Belle had wedged in the name neatly, and she went on to the end of her list. He said nothing. But he kept mouthing the name to himself. A rising young man in the town, Erwin Saunders was.

'Well,' he said when she had finished, 'it's quite a collection, though we could get along without the minister, and the weeds he'll bring. By grab, Belle, a man can't get no pleasure dancing with a woman that's thinking about God and altar cloths.'

She caught his head against her breast, forcing his beard up against his nose until he sneezed. He shoved her away.

'Get out. Get your breakfast and do some work. I've got to get in town. Where's Jim? Where's the bays? By Jeepers, I'll give him a belting. It's way after ten.'

'Two minutes,' said Belle.

'Where's my coat? Judy!'

His daughter came into the room, hung the coat over the nearest chair, went out without a word.

'Stewing in her own grease,' grunted the old man. 'She'd better watch out. Some day she'll get drowned that way.'

Belle helped him on with his coat and brought him his hat. Through the door they could hear the bays stamping in the barnyard and tossing the bits on their tongues.

The old man caught his granddaughter in one arm, where he could look straight into her eyes.

'Belle, do you like this Erwin Saunders twerk?'

'Eanh.'

'A lot?'

'Eanh.'

'A great lot?'

'Eanh.'

She looked back at him frankly.

'We're going to get married this winter.'

She kissed him suddenly, pushing her lips through his beard. He held her a second; then stepped away and gazed down at her, smoothing his moustache, rumbling to himself.

She grinned at him with a square mouth, like a man.

'What're you going to do about it, Grampa?'

He went on stroking out the hairs with meticulous care.

'I thought you'd pick a man, Belle. I never figured you'd cotton to a — a sody clerk.'

He yanked his hat over his eyes and stamped out to the waiting team. Belle walked to the door and watched him out of sight.

II

The team was trotting smartly making play against the reins. The old man was sitting forward over his crossed knees, his eyes abstracted and fixed on the horses' ears. He was brooding about Belle.

He'd seen Erwin Saunders round the farm a good deal lately, but he never thought he would get Belle. The boy was right enough, as far as Belle knew, and he was making more or less money; he'd inherit his father's store. But for Belle to fall in love with him was hard. He was n't of the tough old stock that Belle was. More than any of his children or grandchildren she took after the old man. Well, she might make something of the Saunders family. Stallion knew better than to fight it out with her. He'd let it slide along. He'd take it out on Whistler. He did n't like the man, or his wife either — strait-laced Baptist, with his tight hair and pinched-in stomach. He'd given the man time once before to pay the interest; but he would n't now. He wanted that north pasture anyway.

People would say he acted mean. Let them talk. He as good as owned a lot of them. If they talked, they'd be quiet.

He shook out the reins a bit, and the team lengthened out. It was hot with the still, scented heat of the Indian summer, with a faint haze over the Black River bottom. He crossed the canal and entered the shadowy cool of the woods. It felt good. Down there on the right was the Garvin place. Nice folks, the Garvins were. Mrs. Garvin was a pretty girl when they settled there; she was a pretty woman now. There was the oldest boy coming down to get the mail. Well-set-up youngster, more of Stallion than some of his own. . .

The old man grinned and waved, and the boy waved back with the same grin.

Some might have noticed; but that was the last one, anyhow, and nobody said anything. It had n't made any difference. Garvin knew better than to raise a fuss.

The team held a steady pace. It was a little past eleven when he left the order for the groceries and crossed the street to the bank. There he found Mr. Francis in his office and he went in and sat down.

'Morning, Joe.'

'Morning, George.'

They grinned at each other. The bank president was old, but smooth-shaven, plump, and dressed in a suitable dark suit, with a bunch of fobs dangling from his watch chain.

'Many happy returns, George. Glad to see you so healthy. You and me are getting along, George, getting along.'

Stallion puffed his cheeks angrily.

'You're ten years younger than I be, Joe. Getting along! Why, when I look round and see all the young twitter-twits hanging round this town Saturday nights, my innards twist on me. They think they've seen things and talk a lot; but they don't know nothing.'

'Well . . .'

'Well, hell! By dang, I could pick any one of them up and hold him over my head and set him down in a corner if I went to wrastle with him.'

'I guess you could, George. But they're all right. They make money. They're a pretty steady lot.'

'So're stones. What of their making money? You and me went and took ours, Joe.'

'Now I would n't say that, George,' said the bank president, lowering his voice and rubbing his knees. 'I would n't say just that.'

'You don't like to let the other fellow

know he's beat,' Stallion said. 'That's part of your business. When I hit a man, I let him know it.'

He stretched and grinned, his white beard jumping up from his waistcoat. The bank president winked.

'I bet you, George.'

'Sure, Joe, you ought to know it.'

'Well, *you* don't.'

Stallion chuckled.

'Better not let me catch on, Joe.'

'I won't,' promised the bank president.

'What I come in here for, Joe, was to make sure the interest was overdue on the Whister mortgage. Where's the papers?'

'I don't need to look. Whister did n't pay up last May.'

Stallion grunted.

'Aiming to close it?'

'Eanh.'

'That man's got a bad temper, George. You better let us handle it. We'll smooth it out.'

'I bet you would. But I don't want it smoothed. I don't like him. He's been bothering me right along about fences. Never keeps 'em up. I killed one of his cows last July that got into the barley and sold her to the butcher. He tried to collect. Claimed my fences was down.'

'He might bust out. He's got a bit of mad in him, George.'

'I know it — that's part of it. It's my birthday. I'm going to have fun watching him. I can look out for him.'

He gnarled his lump of a fist and looked it over.

'Coming to my party, Joe?'

'Surely.'

'Just a bit of a shindy.'

'What time?'

'Oh, about seven.'

He got up and went over to the door and laid his hand on the knob.

'Say, Joe, does Erwin Saunders deposit here?'

'Yes, he does.'

'How much is he worth?'

'Well, it ain't exactly right for me —'

'Cripus, Joe, I know that and all the rest of it. Belle wants to marry him.'

The banker looked up.

'Well, I'll be —'

'Eanh, so'll I.'

'I can't give you exact figures, but I'd say it was round eight thousand. Quite a lot for a young man like him. His uncle left him some, you know.'

Old George blew up against his moustache.

'Well, that'd have been the only thing I might have raised a fuss on. It's too bad.'

'I would n't have guessed it,' said the banker.

'See you to-night, then, Joe.'

'Surely.'

III

He picked up his groceries and went down to the shed where he had left the team. On the street he met two members of the Ladies' Aid Society, walking with a friend. They were looking for contributions for their Christmas fund and incidentally getting signatures to a resolution against liquor and noxious drugs, drawn up by the society after a speech on the same subject. George gave them a dollar, because he knew that there was no way out of it; and for them to get less out of him than they hoped for would be more bitter in their mouths than to get nothing at all. But when they handed him the resolution against liquor and tobacco, he took a chew out of his pocket and got it rolling from side to side before he answered.

'Now why do you ladies want me to sign that-there?' he asked.

The two Ladies' Aiders exchanged a glance and introduced their companion, a formality which their eagerness for his contribution had led them

unconsciously to avoid. She was a small woman, wrinkled about the under side of her chin, with pinched nostrils and a pinched hat, but with the holy light of battle in her eyes.

'Mrs. Kurty, know Mr. Stallion,' they said, and stepped aside in tacit acknowledgment of her superior gifts. Mrs. Kurty had written the resolution and delivered the address. She was that most unfortunate of human combinations, a church worker and a widow.

At the first glimpse of her, George Stallion felt the old devil climbing up in him, and his eyes became sombre.

Mrs. Kurty bustled right up to the point.

'Everybody knows you, Mr. Stallion. You're a leading townsman.'

'Never lived in a town in my life,' said George.

'That don't matter,' she said. 'The community looks up to you.'

'Never asked 'em to, mam. Mostly they call me a dirty skunk, when me or my boys ain't round.'

'Your signature would mean a lot.'

'I never could write very good, mam. Generally I blot the S.'

Mrs. Kurty screwed a smile into one corner of her mouth, but she set her chin at the same time and shifted her attack.

'We need your name, Mr. Stallion,' she began.

He simulated surprise.

'Why, I thought these ladies was married proper.'

The Ladies' Aiders threw up their chins and turned their backs. A dull red made small spots high up in each of Mrs. Kurty's cheeks.

'You're a credit to the town, ain't you?' Her voice was sharp. 'You're an evil man to say such a thing to three unprotected women.'

His mouth laughed silently under his beard, but his eyes remained speculative and sad. Mrs. Kurty pressed

her elbows in tight against her sides.

'It's men like you spoil the nation,' she cried shrilly. 'You set a bad example; you drink, you smoke and chew, and practise all kinds of filthy vice.'

'Eanh,' he said. 'I tried gumming snuff for a year or two when I was a lad.'

'And look at you now. A shameless reprobate! A sight for all people. Walking the town in a man's shape.'

'That's right,' he agreed. 'Now, mam, seeing you're the opposite —'

'I thank God for it,' she broke in.

'Why don't you go look in a mirror?' She stamped her foot.

'It is n't the face and figure God will look at — it's the soul inside.'

'Well, that never gave me no trouble.'

'No, you old rascal! I'll bet it did n't. I can see it in your eye. Why, in all your ninety years you talk about, did you ever find the Saviour?'

'Did n't know he was lost, mam.'

He spat affably at a late grasshopper perched on the sidewalk, and walked off.

He felt pretty well when he got the team out of the shed and started back. The bays looked nice trotting out of town; and he nodded to people as he met them. He had n't felt so well in a long time. He had n't been so quick at answering. It had done him good to button up that Kurty woman. That meant something; she had studied her oats even if she had n't eaten them. It was n't the same as trompling on fat Judy. Well, he'd go over and up the other side of the river and drop in on Whister and tell him the mortgage was closed. He'd timed things about right. He ought to get there as Whister was coming in to dinner. He'd be feeling savage.

He touched up the horses, keeping them just under a gallop, and the fel-lies muttered in the sand and glanced

merrily. The old man's nostrils widened to the stinging smell of sweat. Well, it would n't hurt them going home.

The Whister farm was a nice place, small, set back in a shallow arm of the river valley, with a brook running through the far end of the barnyard. It looked neat — the white house under the pine, the gray barns, the woodshed partly stocked and smelling of bark; but it all looked bare, too. The late zinnias and asters had a lean appearance and were too widely spaced. Still, with a human woman in the house, it would pick up fast. He had thought of it with Belle living there — before she had decided on that sody clerk.

He swung the horses neatly through the gate, drove them to the brook to let them wet their muzzles, turned them, and glanced about from under his thick brows. A few chickens were scratching round the barn doors, and a cat was taking a noon nap curled up on the gatepost.

'Whister!' roared the old man. 'Hey, Whister!'

After a minute, the door on the kitchen stoop opened, and a short heavy-set man stepped out, with his shirt sleeves still rolled up, his wrists red from hot water, and a comb in his hand.

'Hullo,' he said. His eyes wandered over the barnyard and fastened themselves on some invisible object just above the sky line. 'What do you want?' he asked in a heavy voice.

Stallion chewed on his whiskers.

'Did n't you hear me coming in?'

'Eanh.'

'Why did n't you come out, then?' he roared.

'Did n't see as there was any call to do that.'

The vague shape of a woman appeared inside the door. Whister

handed her the comb and came out to the wagon. He walked stiffly. When he reached the shoulder of the high horse, he turned his gray eyes impersonally on the old man's face.

'What do you want?'

Stallion grunted and glanced round the place.

'It's a good farm, ain't it?'

'If that's what you wanted to say, I'd better get in to lunch.'

He turned partly round.

'Whister!'

The team jerked their heads. The man stopped.

'How about that interest?'

Stallion spoke loudly, and out of the corner of his eye he saw the woman come through the door.

'When do you want it?'

'It's overdue.'

'Well?'

'Five months.'

'I'll pay you next month.'

'No, you won't.'

The woman drew in her breath sharply and stepped down beside her husband. She was a well-built woman, thin but strong. There was a quiet heat in her eyes.

'Why can't he?'

'I'm going to foreclose.'

He let himself back on the seat and waited for an explosion, his black eyes jumping from one to the other.

'You would n't do that,' said the woman. 'We'll pay next month.'

'I want the money to-day.'

'We can borrow,' said the woman. 'Henry could bring it round to-morrow, maybe.'

Stallion's hard old eyes looked her over without expression.

'I said to-day.'

'I don't see how Henry could get it.'

'That ain't my bother.'

He had n't expected them to take it this way. He thought they'd break out at him.

'Henry could get it round by nine in the morning, maybe.'

'Twelve to-night, and that's all.'

The husband's dull gray eyes followed the peregrinations of an ant along the rail fence. It climbed the post and waved its horns at the cat, and the tip of the cat's tail twitched twice.

'Listen —' said the woman.

Suddenly he turned on her.

'Shut up, Anne.'

His forearms hardened across his chest; and the devil danced in the old man's eyes.

'I ain't never liked you, Stallion. I don't want to talk with you. Get the hell out of here.'

Stallion got to his feet, then climbed easily down over the wheel.

'Ordering me off my own place, hey?'

'It ain't yourn yet. Get out.'

'Going to put me off?'

He walked up to Whister and stared down at him. His full size became apparent then; his heavy chest muscled low from lifting, his great curved shoulders, and his mallet hands just swinging by his thighs.

Whister dropped his hands from his chest, but the woman caught his arm.

'Don't hit him, Henry.' She snatched a hank of hair from her thin intense face. 'Don't hit him, Henry. He's an old man.'

Stallion laughed hoarsely.

'Come inside the house, Henry. He's an old man. You'd kill him if you hit him.'

Her husband's eyes wavered to hers.

'Get out of here,' she said. 'Henry won't whip you. Don't bother us.'

Stallion threw back his head and laughed.

'Crawl back of your woman, Whister! You hairless dry-gut.'

'Get inside, Henry,' the woman said.

'You get out of here, Stallion. I'll give you three minutes to get off. Then I'll put you off; by God, I will.'

He trudged into the house behind his wife and shut the door. For a minute Stallion could hear their voices talking rapidly. He pulled his heavy silver watch from his pocket and stood where he was, shifting his glance occasionally to the door. He waited five minutes, climbed deliberately into the wagon, and walked the team out of the barnyard.

He drove home slowly. Now and then he would slap the reins on the humps of the horses and chuckle. He'd scared the man's insides out. There were n't any two ways about it. He'd stayed two minutes longer than he'd been allowed. Old? That was just to let Whister crawl out. Old? Why, he did n't show more than fifty of his years — he did n't feel that many. No, my Cripus! He'd have knocked the man as stiff as a peavy, and both of them knew it. Old? What did she mean anyhow? But the man had crawled, belly-washed himself. The old man laughed till the team laid back their ears, and then he spanked them with the reins till they cantered.

Belle met him at the door.
'How'd you get along, Grampa?'
He kissed her and grinned.
'Good.'

IV

After lunch the women cleared the dining room and parlor, and the men helped them set up a table of planks and sawhorses to run round two sides of the dining room, and rigged a four-by-six platform beside the front door for the fiddler to sit on.

The old man poked round and gave multitudinous orders about the cider, rum, and whiskey. Then he went upstairs and had Belle brush out his black coat and trousers while he creased his black Sunday boots. Finally, when he could think of nothing else to do, he picked up the weekly

paper and sat down on the front porch.

It was a soft afternoon, with the haze heavy over the valley; the woods to the north gray and almost leafless, the balsams blue-black in the swamps; and the smell of rotting grass and leaves sweet and lazing. Down in the maple lot, the axes of his two grandsons chopped with dull, hollow-sounding strokes in the heavy air. He could see the gray team hauling manure in the south meadow, the iron wheels sinking in and pulling up clods once in a while as the team started the wagon; then the horses dozy while John tossed out the forkfuls right and left, and then drawing ahead another wagon length.

Off to the right a section of the canal showed between the trees. Every now and then a boat went by with its cargo of sand, the mules having an easy time pulling with the current, the driver cracking his snake whip out of principle. Next week Barton would bring his boat up to get the potatoes.

The old man put his feet on the rail and dozed. He had n't felt so spry in a long time, but he might as well take it easy. What if Whister's woman had called him old? There was n't much meaning in years — a hook a lazy man used to hang his harness on. If it was n't for his birthday, he'd be doing his lick of work along with the boys. Joe Francis at the bank was ten years younger than he was, but he looked older. George could remember when Joe was the only man he knew who could give him a real tussle at a wrestle. Now he could put him down with one hand. Years did n't mean anything. Damn Whister's woman. . . .

While he sat there, with the hot dim afternoon sun picking out the clean lights and shadows in his face and silencing his beard, Belle came out on the porch, an uneasy pucker between her brows. The old man glanced up sleepily.

'Pearl's worse,' she told him.

He grunted.

'Doctor Briggs is coming to the party, ain't he?'

'Eanh, Grampa.'

'Don't you worry, Belle. He can look her over then. She ain't due for three days anyhow.'

'I don't guess there's any point sending for him right away,' she half agreed. Now that the old man had shown himself unworried, she felt easier herself. 'But I think the baby'll come early.'

He grunted again.

'You women all get the wrong notion. There ain't nothing queer in dropping a child. It's seeing yourself growing into him afterward that's queer.'

She leaned against an upright and stared toward the canal.

'I wonder will it be a boy,' she said.

'Pearl's likely to have one. These soft, easy-crying gals is apt to have boys.'

'I'd want a boy,' she said.

'Then you'll have girls,' he said. 'You're that mean you'd fool yourself, Belle, if you could n't find anybody else to fool.'

He chuckled and pretended to snore.

'There's somebody coming down the towpath,' she said. 'He's turning in here. He's got a pack on him. I'll bet it's Harvey Cannywhacker.'

The old man sat up, banging his feet on the floor, and craned his neck round her.

'It is, at that. By dang, I'd wanted a good cigar!'

A whistled rendering of 'The Irish Washerwoman,' high and unmusical, approached slowly, and then a small black hat drawn low over a pair of small sharp eyes appeared round the corner of the house, and a man came up the steps under a large brown pack.

'Hullo, George. Hullo, Belle.'

He dumped the pack and wiped his

forehead with a red cotton handkerchief.

'Lo, Harvey,' said the old man. 'Set down.'

Belle smiled and went into the house.

'Got a good cigar?'

'Got some rolled in my pocket George. Have one?'

'Eanh.'

The little man sat down, and they lit up and blew clouds under the roof of the porch.

'Hot,' said the old man.

'Kind of sweaty.'

'Been up the canal?'

'Forestport. Coming down now. Did n't sell so good this time.'

'You can roll me eight dozen,' said the old man. 'I'm having a party to-night.'

'Eanh?'

'You'd better stay. We'll put you up.'

'All right. I guess I'll commence rolling. It's a good haul for me to make. Cigar peddling's dropping off. Too many stores coming into the country.'

The peddler pulled up a small table, opened his bag, and began rolling. His hands worked rapidly back and forth, sifting on the filling, whipping up the leaves, and rolling the wrapping on tight with the balls of the thumbs.

'Eanh,' said the old man. 'Eanh. I'm having a party to-night.'

'What's the celebration?'

'Birthday. Ninety. Ninety just.'

'Well, I'd never have guessed it. Why, it don't seem ten years when I used to see you raising ructions all over the canal.'

The old man grinned under his beard.

'I used to raise a lot of hell. Still do, Harvey.'

'Gol,' said the peddler. 'I believe it. . . . Ninety years,' he went on, 'is a long time. It's a long time, George. You're lucky not to feel it.'

The old man stretched.

'Years don't mean anything,' he said, irritably. 'My pa was eighty when he got jammed in the number-four lock out of Albany. He was drunk then. He was n't old.'

'Well, a man goes on until he finds he's an old man.'

'Eanh?'

'Then he is old, and he can't help it.' The old man swore.

'A man learns it all to once,' said Harvey. 'He goes along till he sees him coming back at himself, like a circle, and he knows he's old, and he can't help it. It's a sad thing.'

'Cripus,' said George. 'Years ain't anything.'

They shifted the conversation. They talked about the canal and the early Black River country; the great pine forests, nearly gone; only one of them left, twenty-two feet round the butt, down on the Hebner place. And they spoke of how the wolves used to come down in winter on the gray snow at night. How they found Arnon Marcy one morning up in a tree, frozen solid, his arms locked round the limb over his head, his legs scissored on the limb he sat on, and the circling tracks underneath. How he fought Dwight Wilkins above the Lansing Kill gorge for an hour and a half and whipped him. How they saw a triple rainbow once on the Hudson. How the horse cholera ravaged the canal, and how George broke oxen during that winter so that his spring ploughing would n't have to wait. Full lives, full lives. . . .

'Pa said I was the first boy born on the Erie Canal,' George said. 'Sometimes I wished I'd stayed on to it.'

After a while he fell asleep, a great bulk of a man in the rocking-chair, with only the white hairs about his mouth stirring. And the little peddler's hands went on rolling cigars and making stacks of them in the afternoon shadow.

V

By eight o'clock the parlor was full of neighbors and friends and people who were scared to say no. But everyone had a good time who went to a party at George Stallion's. There was good food and good drink, and anybody danced that liked to, and nobody danced that did n't. Even the family themselves had a good time. For then they realized that the old tyrant was something of a celebrity, who was liked or admired or hated; and they shared a little of his power. His sons and grandsons told proud stories of his agility and strength, and the women said laughingly that he was an old bear of a man, and managed to look as if he were just the opposite. Even Judy, who saw and heard open-mouthed admiration of her cookery all round her, softened and volunteered that he was the heartiest eater in the family. When there were other people to show his points to, they were all proud of him; and they had a right to be.

He stood in the wide door between the dining room and parlor. On one side, a vista of the table running round two walls of the room, with candles on it, red, waxy-looking ones that sputtered continually, a pie every yard to the inch, and cup cakes, coffee cakes, and fried cakes, fruit, glasses, knives, forks, plates, syrup, candies — a glittering sight. On the other side of him, the cider keg, cradled conveniently in a sawhorse, the bung driven and the spigot set. Round the walls, decorations of evergreen and viburnum berries and here and there a little early bittersweet. His sons and daughters on his left, beyond them the grandchildren, man and wife, except for unmarried Jim at the end of the line, and Belle on the old man's right. The guests came in to him and Belle, offering congratulations, and then moved

down the family, laughing, talking, exchanging gossip, receipts, prescriptions, jokes.

Old George, standing in the wide door, dominated them all. His roaring voice boomed out over their heads. He stood straight, without bending toward his guests. His black coat and trousers, his flaming red waistcoat, made a shock of color which hung in every man's eyes as long as he remained in the room. His massive head towered above them, red-cheeked, white-bearded, the black eyes gleaming under the heavy black brows.

'Regular old rip-hell,' Garvin said to his wife. 'He don't miss a thing.'

Mrs. Garvin nodded reminiscently.

At the other side of the room John was helping Martin, the fiddler, on to the platform. An old man, too, with a smooth high forehead and white hair hanging on his ears, and a yellow skin so clear it looked like gold. He had St. Vitus's dance in his legs, but the melody of all the world in his fingers. And he sat down, wrapping his legs round the legs of the chair to hold them still, and he fiddled with the strings. Then he looked across at old George and a smile passed between them. Martin had fiddled for the wedding of every member of the family, for every birthday party here, thirty-seven of them. He swallowed in his lean throat and whistled, a high call, like the call of killdeer on the river beaches. 'Turkey in the Straw.' Old Stallion led out Belle and they headed the dance. He crossed partners with Mrs. Garvin, she with Erwin Saunders. In between, as they clapped the time, he felt the blood in his heavy palms, felt it run up his arms and bring his head to life. His feet lifted of their own accord, and he stamped. Old? Old? Jeepers! When he looked at Mrs. Garvin, she blushed. Old!

At the end of the dance, some of the

older couples sat down to talk or went into the downstairs bedroom to play cribbage. But Stallion footed two more. Then he climbed up beside Martin and called for a quadrille. Martin had ripped open his shirt collar, but his fingers were hungry for the strings.

The tune, quick, sweet, shrill. Old George Stallion's booming voice in the first change.

'First four right. . . .'

Belle was not dancing. Probably upstairs with Pearl.

'And left. . . .'

By grab, the doctor was n't there either. Probably upstairs, too. Pearl raising a fuss. She was n't a Stallion. John looked sort of peaked. The young rascal was worried. Served him right for marrying such a pale-tempered girl just because she had yellow hair.

'Ladies change. . . .'

Martin's legs twitching, toes clawing for the rungs. Same thing as the stringhalt. Regular old war horse, though.

'And promenade. . . .'

He liked to see the faces going by. Getting their color now. They'd be hungry. He'd raised a sweat himself. It was like old times. The best birthday he could remember in a long while. He had n't felt so well . . . he felt like a colt on grass. Old? Cripus! What was Cannywhacker talking about? Old all to once. A man coming back at himself. Buttery, fooling notion.

'"L" a man left. . . .'

He clapped his hands for the second change. Here came Joe Francis with his business, bank look, still puffing from that first reel. Yes, eanh, he'd told Whister to pay that night or it was going to be closed. If Joe did n't get the interest in the morning, he could go ahead with the papers. No fuss about it. Whister had belly-washed.

'First four forward. . . .'

Kill him if he hit him, hey? He was

sound as a nut. That did n't bother him.

'Cross over and sashay. . . .'

He was tough as a nut.

'Cross back. . . .'

He could hear his voice filling the room, the fiddle's high notes just squirting through it. There went Arnold grinning at him. Best man of any his girls had married. Good man, Arnold was. Worked hard. Not as hard as he had, though.

'Balance four. . . .'

And the third change.

'Twice over.' And so to the fourth change. 'Then side. . . .'

He could see Judy bringing the eatables into the dining room. She always did well with a party.

'First couple lead up to the right and four hands around. . . .'

It was queer the doctor had n't come down. John had left, too. Well, what of it? He felt good; he'd never felt better. By holy! He wished he was dancing instead of calling.

'Lead up to the next, and right, and left. . . .'

They'd want to eat at the end of this.

'Then balance all. . . .'

He clapped again and shouted for the winder.

'Forward all. . . .'

His great voice bellowed. Harvey over there was smoking cigars he'd sold. Foxy twerk!

'Ladies to the right. . . .'

The tune was picking up.

'All jig. . . .'

'Forward and back. . . .'

Now he'd send them out to eat. The folks were coming out of the card room. The minister looked as if he'd been losing again. That was n't more'n right. He had you by the neck on Sundays.

He stamped his feet and roared at them, his face hot and red, his beard

thrust out, his head thrown back, his thumbs caught in the armholes of his red waistcoat.

'Gents pass partners and then promenade to your seats.'

He laughed down at them. He liked them there, with the devil coming up in them, tasting at the hell in themselves. It made him feel good.

'That means get along into the other room and eat and drink, and there's plenty of both.'

He jumped to the floor and stood for an instant with them all round him.

And then he saw Harvey Canny-whacker move away from the stairs, and fat Judy's face with a woman's smile on it, and John behind looking queer and sort of uppish, and the doctor with the merits of profession sitting on him smooth, and Belle last, carrying a blanket.

'Get out of the way, please, folks,' said Judy, and came bustling to him, breathless. He was thirsty and hungry.

'What's all this?' he demanded. 'What's all the fuss? We're just going to eat. What're you busting in for?'

He glanced over the others and saw Harvey's sharp eyes watching him from the stairs. What was it all about?

'Folks,' cried Judy in her high voice, 'I guess you all know Pa's ninety to-day. Ninety! And he's hearty as a four-year-old. We've wished him many happy returns. We've give him presents. But Pearl and John've gone and got a surprise party for him.'

She beckoned to Belle, raised her voice.

'They've got him a great-grand-child!'

A universal cooing broke from the women. The men found themselves strangely and suddenly outside the circle.

'It's a boy. One of the finest it's been my privilege—' said the doctor.

'We've named him George,' said

John, proudly. 'Me and Pearl had it all figured out.'

Belle undid a corner of the blanket and held it out to the old man. He glanced at it curiously — just a fleshy red ball; he'd seen the identical same thing lots of times. Belle pushed it into his arms. He held it, staring down at it, holding his beard in out of the way against his waistcoat. Nose wiggled like a pig's. He'd seen the same thing lots of times. All this fuss . . .

'We've named it George,' repeated John. 'Me and Pearl had it all figured out — George Stallion!'

'Well, Grampa,' said Belle, looking up at him saucily, 'now I guess you *are* an old man.'

Suddenly Stallion's jaw dropped and vacuous astonishment clouded his eyes like an old man's. Old . . . It was what Harvey had said. Coming back at himself. Yes, he could look at the whole circle. There he was himself, and there was Judy, and there was John, and here again was George Stallion. His voice whistled in his beard.

'God! Am I that old?'

He handed the bundle back. He gazed round at the people. They laughed at him, clawed at his hands, laughed. Little by little they edged toward the dining room.

'A toast!' cried the minister. 'I'll give you a toast.'

Judy hustled the baby away, the doctor following her. The others had gone into the dining room. And Martin had fallen asleep in the midst of the noise.

George Stallion was alone. He ran his finger over his teeth.

'Old.'

Old man. He walked to the front door. Kicked at it. Then he stepped outside. It was still, glassy still. And the moon was growing white before the frost. He could smell it.

He stepped down toward the barn. A man was coming in from the road. Whister. But he did n't seem to recognize him.

'Get out of my way.'

'Anne sent me up, Stallion. . . .'

'Get out of my way.'

The man stepped in front of him again. Almost mechanically he pulled back his fist.

VI

They drank the toast.

'The grandson, George Stallion.'

They took it back a generation.

'The mother, Pearl Stallion.'

The minister had a way of calling toasts. He was a master hand.

'The father, John Stallion.'

John was proud.

'George Stallion. The great-grandfather. George Stallion — God bless him!'

They drank it down, clapped their hands, shouted his name.

'Where is he?' Belle asked suddenly in a bit of quiet. 'Where's Grampa?'

A man's shoes scraped hesitantly through the front door. He was white-mouthed. He had an ugly red patch which was growing blue on his jaw.

'I seen him,' he said. 'He was going to the barn. He knocked me down.'

They stared at him. The cigar peddler came in. The light picked out his black eyes and straggly black hair.

'Stallion's dead. He's hung himself.'

At their low sigh, the fiddler awoke with a start, and, seeing their white faces looking toward him, smiled apologetically and began to play 'The Irish Washerwoman.'

'My God,' Whister said. 'I was going to pay him the interest. I was bringing it up. What'll I do with it now?'

'You'd better give it to me,' said the banker.

Belle burst out crying.

INDIGENOUS SIMPLICITY

BY WILLIAM F. JONES

I

IN the casual habits and mental behavior of the peoples indigenous to them, the true understanding of the Latin American countries may be found. In the attempt to penetrate the minds of these people observers often make the mistake of looking for complex psychological processes and elaborate explanations. But, in looking for the complex, one is brought up against a blank wall of misunderstanding. That way lies exasperation. The secret of understanding these people rests in simplicity, not complexity. Their ideas, their thoughts, their actions, are childishly simple. Like children they give free vent to their emotions; like children their amusement is generally at the expense of someone else's discomfort; and like children they are often brutal. Again, like most children, they are inherently honest and frank, but sometimes, of course, put their own trivial gratification foremost at unexpected moments. Their utter lack of any ability to comprehend time or distance is essentially childlike, as also their ingenuity in trying to circumvent difficulties and save labor, generally resulting in greater difficulties and added labor.

Habit and custom among such people, as with children, become surprisingly pervasive. There may be a dozen obviously better and simpler ways of doing some common thing, but the man who tries to introduce abruptly new ways or habits soon comes to

realize the futility of his attempt. Indeed, force is often required to naturalize an unfamiliar custom. This was well illustrated when vaccination was enforced by the Mexican Government not long ago. Consternation and almost riot ensued among the people. Slavery to custom and apathy toward innovation are expressed aptly in the phrase *costumbre del país*, 'custom of the country.' This has become the stock excuse of the Latin American native for his unwillingness to do anything differently.

United, of course, with this childlike mental behavior are the natural vices and appetites of the adult. These people are incapable of restraint in any form except under duress. The man who is given the opportunity to drink drinks too much and becomes utterly uncontrollable. He may lose himself in blind rage and unmercifully beat his woman and his children. If he has firearms he becomes a menace to life. It is surprising to find that in Latin America premeditated murder is practically nonexistent among the uneducated. Their mentalities are so childlike that they are incapable of premeditation. Killing, other than political assassination, which falls into an entirely different category, is almost always the result of a momentary unbridled passion.

II

In 1922 I had occasion to travel about over the state of Tabasco in Mexico on a river steamer. Boats of

this class afford the only means of travel in that region, as roads are nonexistent. Roads, in fact, would be impossible, since almost the entire state is covered with a network of connecting waterways. The steamers have no definite schedule, merely zigzagging back and forth from one town to another. Not knowing what the next stop will be lends a pleasant element of surprise to the journey.

If you happen to be going to any particular place, you need no more than patience and the ability to endure the food. You know that you will eventually, at some time in the future, reach your destination; but that is all you know. A friend of mine, on one occasion, started off on one of these steamers for another town, and on the fourth morning he awoke to find the boat docked at the place he started from. It seems that during that night the steamer had taken on a shipment of cattle, which had changed the plans.

It might be expected that ticket selling for such a line of steamers would prove a somewhat complicated process, but not at all. Tickets are sold on a regular tariff basis, according to distance between points, regardless of how much traveling you may do in between. My friend did not have to pay any more for his transportation; he merely had to buy more meals. I tried to inquire into the reasons for this system, but the only explanation I could secure was that 'things average up.' Of course the 'average' resulted in a maximum of travel for a minimum of fare, but a demonstration of this would have been useless.

It was my fortune during my own voyage to have a cabin without a door key. The key had been lost, probably a long time before, for it must have taken considerable practice on the part of the Indian cabin boy to open the door. He kept a chair and a stick near

my cabin door, and each time I wanted to enter he stood on the chair and reaching through the transom with the stick, dexterously pressed on the catch inside.

The replacement of the lost key had never occurred to anyone. Why should it as long as the door could somehow, be opened? Simplicity and ingenuity, and at the same time a laborious effort to save the trouble of ordering a key fitted!

There being no other fuel in the region, the steamers burn wood. A number of small Indian villages along the river banks gain their support by cutting and stacking fuel. The steamer stops frequently, by day or by night, to refresh themselves at the woodpiles. A single plank is laid from the boat to the bank. This affords an opportunity for the Indians who have carried their loads aboard the steamer and deposited them to interfere with those still coming aboard with wood. To obviate this difficulty, those who are empty-handed remain on the steamer until the entire group of wood carriers has come on board. Then all go ashore en masse. To make use of two planks seems to occur to no one, although it would save much time. Time, however, can never provoke an argument in Latin America.

On this, as well as other steamers of the fleet, there was a sheet-metal shield around the pilot house on the top deck. This was to protect the pilot from bullets, for it seemed that a short time previously it had been the favorite sport of some bandits to sit along the river banks and try to capture the steamers.

This top deck, where passengers were permitted to walk about, had lost a large section of its railing on one side. It had been removed, so we were informed, along with a number of passengers who had been leaning

against it at the time. It had not been replaced, because as long as it was not there people could not lean against it. Its absence was a measure of safety.

All very simple and logical! But when the captain was asked why the rest of the rail was not removed to make the deck entirely safe he could not answer.

Particularly at night, these river voyages are fascinating. In the narrower stretches of the waterways trees sometimes interlock in arches overhead. Flocks of white egrets fly from bank to bank, and the air is heavy with perfume from floating masses of hyacinth. One looks out over jungle-covered banks with here and there a little thatch hut amid banana palms in a clearing. Nightfall obscures the ugliness of the tropics, and tall trees, often decked with orchids, spread their branches in silhouette against the sky.

But the man who has not traveled on a small coastwise steamer along the tropic shores of Latin America has yet to bear the apex of discomfort. It is not advisable to undertake such a journey without a saving sense of the ridiculous and an exceedingly callous digestion. For it is certain that the infantile mental processes of the people, as expressed in their casual acts and habits, will be displayed to the full. One comes greatly to admire the traveling public in Latin America for their good nature under trying conditions. Finally this admiration alters to the conclusion that the people actually revel in discomfort.

It should be known that most of the steamers are old vessels which have, after years of service, failed to pass the boiler-inspection tests in the United States. I never saw any attempt made to clean the ships, inside or out. Table linen is never changed. At meals one sits down before a stack of six or seven heavy white plates which have been only imperfectly washed. There is one

set of cutlery, which is supposed to last through successive courses. The inevitable soup is usually a hodgepodge of whole vegetables, containing always several large whole cabbage leaves. But why continue? There is some consolation in not being waked early in the morning by a scrubbing gang at work on the deck outside your cabin. There are no scrubbing gangs.

III

I traveled once up the Gulf Coast of Mexico on a boat called the San Juan. I believe she is on the bottom now. I could not see why she was not on the bottom then. Her hull looked like corrugated roofing, for the plates alternately sagged and bulged, as they looped between or swelled over her rib beams. We had returned from the river trip in Tabasco to the little town of Carmen, commonly called Laguna, celebrated from buccaneer days as a refuge for pirates. The steamer was due to arrive from farther down the coast on Friday and leave the next day, Saturday. She arrived, however, the following Monday and left on Wednesday. She was then due in Vera Cruz on Friday, but arrived Sunday.

There were apparently no regulations governing the number of passengers or the amount of freight that could be carried. This boat had eight cabins for sixteen people, but I was number eighty-four on a passenger list of ninety-six. The freight not only filled the hold but covered the decks. The main deck, which led to the dining saloon and the cabins, was covered to the height of the railing with cases of empty beer bottles being returned to the famous brewery at Orizaba.

A short distance out from Carmen one of the cylinder heads blew off the engine with a tremendous rumble, and great clouds of steam poured through

the engine-room hatch. The ship drifted aimlessly for several hours and no effort was made to effect repairs, nor was the ship anchored. An accident had occurred, and beyond this no one seemed able to think. Yet no one, except myself, exhibited the slightest anxiety or impatience. I finally asked the captain what he intended to do and he said: 'We will return to Carmen.' I carefully suggested to him that this would be impossible unless the engine could be fixed, and, if it could be fixed, we might as well proceed upon our destined way. At this a great light of understanding seemed to dawn upon him. Orders were given, action ensued, and the steamer finally got under way, a very slow way, but in the desired direction.

Meanwhile everyone on board became exceedingly friendly and good-natured. Families laid out their effects and established camps all over the boat, even building fires in little charcoal *braseros* and cooking their meals. Coffee was obtainable at some twenty such establishments on various parts of the ship. The noise of conversation, mixed with the crying of numerous infants, became appalling. Groups of men gathered together for purposes of serious argument and discussion, accompanied by much gesticulation. One would imagine from appearances that these groups were discussing politics or international affairs, but a visit to several groups which seemed the most serious disclosed the following subjects of debate:—

How many eggs does a turtle lay? Are the mangoes raised in Cuba superior to the mangoes raised in Vera Cruz? Has the Spanish language more or fewer words than the English language? Are the roots of mangrove bushes actually roots or are they branches?

The boat put into Puerto Mexico,

and after lingering there for no apparent reason, as no freight was removed or added, started down the river. Someone on shore, an official of some kind, gesticulated wildly and waved a bunch of papers at the departing steamer. We could hear him calling out: 'Documentos! Documentos!' The inevitable documents without which nothing can be done in Latin America! In his excitement the captain did not stop the ship, so the man with the papers mounted a horse and drove wildly along the docks to a motor boat farther down. This he boarded, sallying forth in pursuit of the steamer. Motor boat and steamer met in mid-stream. Neither stopped. The motor boat bounced off the side of the ship, and the man who had been standing in the stern holding the papers aloft sprawled forward across the engine. But the papers were finally passed on up to the captain, who, upon receiving them, struck a grandiloquent pose and exclaimed: 'Ah, magnífico!'

The ship was, of course, very late. The engine functioned only in part and the captain seemed much upset. I thought that he might lose his position or that he was worried about the ship's safety. Finally he talked to me and I learned the reason for his distress. He said: 'Señor, I shall miss a very good bullfight in Vera Cruz on Sunday.'

On the boat was a man who had with him a collection of Mexican postage stamps, including some very rare ones. As I happen to be a collector of stamps I asked him if he would sell them. We spent two hours discussing a price. In the discussion nearly every male passenger on the boat participated. In fact it became a matter of personal moment with all of them, and each one had some inconsequential suggestion to make. Finally, when we had agreed upon a price, the man with the stamps

informed me that he could not sell them because they belonged to someone else!

IV

We hear much of the facility with which one can buy one's way through officialdom in Latin America. It is doubtless true, in some cases, as it is in any country. I am sure that Latin American nations do not have a monopoly in official venality. Personally I have never had to pay for any favor, and have generally found officials ready to go out of their way to help me. And among the Indian natives I have seen the trait of honesty so much more often than its antithesis that I have little patience with the prevalent opinion that the native is, perforce, a thief and a bandit. There are thieves, no doubt, but in Latin America, as in no place else, one can see honesty to the last degree exhibited in the most trivial matters, as well as in affairs of more importance.

One custom that surprises the stranger in the larger Mexican cities is the casual way in which people carry sacks of money about the streets. There being no paper currency, business houses send boys and clerks to and from the banks, unguarded, carrying thousands of pesos. If one rides in a taxicab with such a sack of coin it is not at all unusual to stop to do an errand and leave the sack in the waiting cab. There is an opposite side, of course, but it is astonishing how, for example, one may leave scattered objects in a hotel room in Latin America. The native makes, as a general rule, a most faithful servant, who will lay down his life for his master and can, in the great majority of cases, be implicitly trusted with things of value.

When the native does put forward his own interest he usually does so in a perfectly frank manner. This is well

illustrated by an episode that occurred recently in the old Church of San Angel, not far from Mexico City. San Angel is a building of great beauty, very old, and noted for its mosaic domes. Within this church is a famous clerical library, which dates back to colonial days and contains many priceless volumes and documents. San Angel was, like all other churches in Mexico at the present time, without regular services, but was open for all who wished to use it for worship and prayer. An Indian woman who seemed to be in charge of the building as caretaker showed us about. One of our party knelt for a moment in prayer before the beautiful main altar and then deposited a coin in a slot receptacle which stood at one side, near the chancel rail. This was obviously the proper and respectful thing to do. I was on the point, then, of making my own contribution when the guide quite forcibly took hold of my arm and detained me, saying: 'Ah, señor, reserve your charity for me' — and I did.

Occasionally, of course, real dishonesty is evident. Some years ago a friend and I chartered a motor boat for another river trip in Tabasco, preferring to exercise some control over our time rather than to commit ourselves to the uncertain movements of the steamers. Our boat traveled almost continuously night and day. The crew obtained rest only when we left the boat to make some incidental journey away from the river. They wanted to stop at night, but we found that a small drink of rum to each member of the crew would run the boat several hours longer. One night the captain woke us up to inform us that we had only one case of gasoline left. We stopped, therefore, at the next town, a place called Balancán. It was two o'clock in the morning and the streets of the little village were deserted and dark. Not a sound disturbed the night's stillness. We turned a corner

and almost walked into the point of a bayonet. The soldier behind the rifle bellowed out: 'Halt!' His command was quite unnecessary, for we already had halted. After some explanation and persuasion the soldier led us to the barracks and routed out his captain, who appeared, finally, half dressed and with a bath towel wrapped about his head and face. Night air is considered in Latin America to be particularly poisonous. Was there any gasoline in the military stores? There was, and we took five cases and paid the captain. He elaborately emphasized to us that the money was for the government, but he was equally emphatic in his refusal to sign a receipt. I am very much afraid that the government lost five cases of gasoline.

Usually, however, the petty official in Latin America is careful, often to the point of exasperation, and is submissive and painfully obedient to the rules which govern his duties. So rigid, generally, is his adherence to the rules that he allows himself no leeway or discretion whatever and becomes involved in a maze of *reglamento*, or red tape. To him, if some trivial act is not prescribed in the rules, it has all the color of a grave infraction of them. And, indeed, that anything should not be in the regulations is surprising in Latin America, where law codes are so involved and instructions so complex and so often altered that they are but barely comprehended by the petty official who is supposed to observe them. This literal adherence to prescribed rules is illustrated by another stamp-collecting episode that concerned a friend of mine. He asked for a set of stamps in a little town in Salvador in Central America. He wished the stamps canceled. This was unusual, and the postmaster could find nothing in the regulations that stated that loose stamps could be canceled. His instructions were to cancel

stamps on letters, therefore it must be against the rules to cancel stamps not on letters. A long argument ensued, and my friend finally reached through the window and, taking the canceling device, brought it down a number of times on the loose stamps. Then, gathering up the stamps, he left on the run for the postmaster pursued him down the street, calling for him to stop. He was easily outdistanced, and the last my friend saw of him was the picture of an exhausted figure, staggering into a café.

V

During our motor-boat voyage over the rivers of Tabasco we had as cook a boy named Sancho. We could never make out how Sancho managed to prepare the elaborate meals he served. His kitchen consisted of a five-gallon oil can open at both ends. A network of wires across one end served as a grate, and the can was set in a box of sand on the small rear deck. Sancho cooked tolerably well and we had no complaint to make, other than our protests about the coffee. It had a singular and vicious flavor. We blamed it on the river, for the water was not altogether clear and was rather rich in organic matter. One morning I noticed Sancho leaning far over the stern of the boat. At the same time the engine exhaust gave out a hollow, muffled sound. Finally Sancho stood up. He was holding the coffeepot full of steaming hot water, from the engine exhaust! His explanation was: 'That is the way we always make it.' *Costumbre del país.*

Some years later I was in Venezuela. We had stopped at a hardware store in a town on the wonderful trans-Andean highway which links the capital of that country with the republic of Colombia. We needed gasoline, but were delayed some time by the proprietor of the store, who tried to sell us a high-

powered air rifle, the only type of rifle legally permitted in the country. He insisted that we shoot the gun to try it. There seemed, however, to be no place to shoot. The store faced the main street, and one could not very well step out and fire a rifle along a crowded thoroughfare. Neither could one shoot inside the store, even at the ceiling, for half the stock of a Latin American hardware store is suspended from the ceiling. I should have enjoyed shooting at some hideous china on one of the shelves.

Seeing my perplexity, the storekeeper instructed me to shoot at the tin sign over the door of the drug store across the street. I hesitated, of course, and to reassure me he said: 'Oh, he does n't mind. He is a friend of mine.' I fired. The bullet made considerable noise on the sign, and then I noticed that it was peppered with dents from a long series of rifle trials. Here was a case of rather violent disobedience to rule, for it is certainly against the law in Venezuela to shoot even an air rifle in a street. But the convenient target in the form of the druggist's sign, together with the friendship between druggist and hardware man, had converted disobedience to a law into a custom. It is, indeed, a powerful law that can combat a custom in Latin America.

Perhaps under no conditions, however, are the racial characteristics in Latin America better displayed than on a railroad journey. Traveling by rail to the Latin American is a picnic, not a necessary use of the ordinary means of transportation. He may have to go from one place to another on business, but he gives the impression that the ride exists for the pure joy it affords him. He becomes, while traveling, an inveterate eater, as well as an irrepressible conversationalist. He buys food in bulk through the train windows at stations, much of it brilliant in hue; his

preference is fruit of all descriptions, very juicy, along with candies and cakes dyed in vivid shades of red, yellow, green, and blue. In Mexico the favorite fruit is the papaya, a large yellow mellow. (Someone has said that the proper place to eat a papaya is in the bathtub.) In other places it is the pineapple ripened on the bush. Only in Latin America can one see a whole pineapple devoured by a single person.

Before you have been an hour in your train coach you know intimately everyone in the car, and everyone talks to everyone else at the same time. It becomes a bedlam of conversation, in a space in which the air reeks with the odor of food and where the floor is littered with fruit peelings and swimming in fruit juices. Ample time should be allowed for farewells before you reach your station, for you will find yourself called upon to shake hands all around with your fellow travelers, and let many of them pat you on the back and tell you what a great friend and fine fellow you are.

To one who enjoys the habit of a hearty breakfast, Latin America is a discouraging region. When the Latin American orders boiled eggs he drinks them, practically raw. Coupled with the shock of being asked for eggs so early in the day there is the cook's utter lack of the comprehension of time. His cooking is done entirely by the eye. Four-minute eggs are meaningless. The Spanish for boiled eggs is *huevos pasados por agua*, which means, literally, 'eggs passed through the water.' If you want your eggs cooked you should trust to the eyesight of the cook and order them poached. In some places it is the custom to punch a small hole in the eggshell. When the globule of white that leaks out becomes opaque the egg is supposed to be cooked. These are called 'buttoned eggs,' but the inside of the egg cannot be buttoned. In

fact, it would still probably hatch if incubated. But you cannot convince the cook that the 'button' is not a sure test of the time necessary for boiling. No more will he be convinced that a hen can lay an egg, in the first place, unless there is a rooster in the flock.

Custom is dominant. It is fundamental behind the obvious exterior of the life of the people. In incidental experience it projects through the comedy, tragedy, and pathos, always there in plain view. One sits calmly in a sidewalk café in the welcome shade of the arched *portales*, and the street or plaza in front becomes a stage. The background is always picturesque, brilliant with tinted stuccoed walls and red tiled roofs, or reverent with age in the façade of some old church, its stonework mellowed with the soft patina of the years.

VI

There is such a café in the city of Villa Hermosa, the capital of the state of Tabasco in Mexico. It is called 'La Retirada de Diana,' or 'The Retreat of Diana.' All cafés are named, and generally in most vivid lettering. Villa Hermosa is a city of considerable interest, both historically and in its present life. It was the first village that Cortez captured in Mexico. Its Indian name is forgotten, but he called it San Juan Bautista, and here the first cross was raised and the first conversions to Christianity were made. The town's present name, meaning 'beautiful city,' is an acquisition of recent years. Here it was that Cortez met the famous Doña Marina, later known as the 'woman of Cortez.' She was an Aztec who had been enslaved among the Mayas. It is indeed doubtful if the conquest would have succeeded at that time without Doña Marina, for she gave Cortez information of great value to him in his operations. From her, so the old

chroniclers tell us, he learned of the animosity between the Tlaxcalans and the Aztecs, and of this he later made astute use.

To-day Villa Hermosa is noted, among other things, for the very fine rum made there. It is a distinctive rum and is served in very small glasses, *copitas*, at The Retreat of Diana. A friend and I sat at one of the tables of this café on an afternoon some years ago. It was altogether the usual sort of afternoon; the steamer which was to have taken us down the river early that morning gave no indication of departure. Nothing extraordinary happened. It was hot and the shade of the *portales* was comforting.

After a short interval an Indian came along the street loaded with hats, broad straw sombreros, probably of his own make. Under each arm he carried an immense bundle and some ten or twelve dozen more telescoped together on his head. The top hat stood over three feet higher than the man himself, so that he and his hats occupied a space about six feet wide and nearly nine feet high. He had to walk in the street, as the sidewalk was too narrow for his dimensions. Across the street from the café was a doorway into which he could not possibly fit, but wished to go. How would you have entered the doorway? You would have set the bundles down, removed the stack of hats from your head (presuming you would wear ten dozen hats), and walked in. But this Indian was more ingenious. He looked appraisingly at the door for some time and then got down on his knees and crawled in. I became quite hysterical until my friend filled up the *copitas* again.

Some time later another Indian, carrying a small upright piano on his back, came along from the other direction. His load was, of course, heavy, but not unusual. The Indians

have been so burdened for centuries that to bear fardels has also become a custom. The burden was suspended in the usual way from a strap across his forehead; his arms were stretched far back on either side to balance the bulky load, and he was bent far over. When he wanted to rest it was obviously impossible for him to set the piano down, so in about the middle of the block, and almost opposite our café, he carefully backed up against the buildings for a moment of repose. The interesting and appealing thing about this whole performance was not his carrying a piano or his method of resting. It consisted in his consideration of his own pleasure under these trying conditions. The man had hired a small boy to accompany him. It was the boy's job to light cigarettes and put them in the man's mouth when he stopped to rest.

During all this a bootblack had persistently said 'Limpio' to me at least twenty times. I let him shine my shoes to end his begging, though they did not need shining. 'Who is your father?' Why do I always ask these gamins that? It has become a habit. Only three out of ten know. The others, like this lad, look up, shrug their shoulders, smile, and say: 'Yo no sé [I do not know].' Then sometimes I get other answers that let me peek beneath the surface. Several times these boys have said to me: 'Padre So-and-so is my father' — their priest! I have had them cry to me and tell me of cruel beatings and show me welts and bruises on their bodies. Yes, I have had them say: 'My father is an Americano.' That is not unusual. It is all perfectly casual and simple, if there is such a thing as moral simplicity.

Next a donkey loaded with sugar-cane stalks came down the street. An Indian with bare feet walked behind and prodded the animal with a long

stick. Only the donkey's small feet showed beneath his burden, and his head was entirely submerged in sugar cane. In front of our café he decided to go no farther, and lay down in the street. Then all we could see was a pile of motionless sugar cane. The Indian driver first tried verbal persuasion, and then brutality, prodding the donkey's face violently with the stick. This the donkey resented, so he stood up and proceeded to take measures of his own. He began to kick vigorously. As this divested him, piece by piece, of sugar cane, he gradually came into full view, though his hind legs were somewhat of a blur. Sugar cane scattered in all directions, far and wide. A gang of small boys, mostly bootblacks, collected and taunted the donkey man and made off with many sticks of cane. Meanwhile the donkey, having completely removed his burden, stood unconcernedly in the street with head and ears sleepily drooping. The driver was beside himself with rage and finally did a curious thing. He threw his hat in the air and when it landed in the street he jumped on it several times, and then, returning to his donkey, rested his head affectionately on the donkey's neck and wept copiously. To him tragedy, rage, and then despair, a whole day's labor gone; to us but a part of the passing show.

Yet in these incidents — the ingenuity of the man with the hats, the regard for the pleasures of life even under trying conditions shown by the man burdened with the piano, the helpless moral situation of an exploited race as revealed by the answers of the bootblacks, and the violent revolt and pathetic, childlike submission to misfortune of the donkey driver — the story of Latin America lay exposed to us before a sidewalk café where we sipped the delectable rum of Villa Hermosa.

VII

As trivial and sometimes amusing as these incidents may seem, life to these people is in reality a very serious affair. The bullfight at the journey's end, the classification of mangrove roots, even a casual cigarette, — petty matters to our minds fixed on time and measuring the importance of our efforts by a larger standard, — are to them great preoccupations in the task of living. Small questions of honesty, of regulation, and of custom become to them, in their simplicity, of intense concern. Tragedy, joy, or pathos resides for them in the flow of intricate details, of which their lives are composed; and, observing, too often we only smile.

But a deeper understanding brings with it hope for the progress of these suppressed and exploited races. Surely a people honest in simplicity and possessing a strong sense of duty in small matters has, in a world intent on self-interest, a refreshing promise of development. For the Latin American Indian loves not only pleasure; he loves beauty. In his sense of form and color he possesses an inborn bent for art. He is a clever craftsman and has a joy in making things — perhaps simple things, yet beautiful — that gives him

definite possibilities of cultural progress. He has a deep love of the soil and, with proper incentives to work, is an industrious farmer. Now burdened it is true, by ignorant and entangling customs inherited from the past, he is submissive to new ideas under well-ordered instruction, and with such help will find his way to knowledge and capacity that may be greatly developed. His skill and obedience even offer promise for an industrialism adapted to the needs of his country, but his future lies preëminently in the agricultural pursuits and in the arts.

The problem presented by these less advanced races must be faced by the countries in which they reside. Stable and paternal government is needed; government perhaps introduced and maintained sometimes by force, but which, by arresting the exploitation of the people, by educating them to higher standards of living and work, and by giving the Indian the confidence that he is a human being with rights rather than a beast of burden, will, in time, be self-perpetuating. When these races are well governed and less exploited when they are given education, and when they understand the benefits of sanitation and develop some measure of self-respect, they will surprise the world with their attainments.

THE POLITICAL EQUIVALENT OF WAR

BY WALTER LIPPMANN

One of his most memorable essays, William James wrote that 'so long as antimilitarists propose no substitute for war's disciplinary function, no moral equivalent of war, analogous, as one might say, to the mechanical equivalent of heat, so long they fail to realize the inwardness of the situation.' He insisted that the motives called into play by pacifists to maintain peace were altogether too weak and tame to touch the military-minded, and that war could not be abolished until men had found some substitute which would promote those 'conceptions of order and discipline, the tradition of service and devotion, of physical fitness, unstinted exertion, and universal responsibility' which are characteristic of the higher forms of militarism.

I do not suppose that anyone who has read James's essay attentively would venture to dispute his main argument. But the theory which he propounded, as, I think, to be carried further before the inwardness of the problem of war has been realized. It is not sufficient to propose an equivalent for the military virtues. It is even more important to work out an equivalent for the military methods and objectives. For the institution of war is not merely an expression of the military spirit. It is not mere release of certain subjective impulses clamoring for expression. It is also — and, I think, primarily — one of the ways by which great human decisions are made. If that is true, then the abolition of war depends primarily upon inventing and organizing other

ways of deciding those issues which have hitherto been decided by war.

I

Among those who take an interest in the effort to abolish war, there are discernible several distinct types of thought. There are those who believe that in order to abolish war it is necessary to eliminate the causes of the disputes which lead to war. They believe that these causes are invariably economic, and that all wars are really wars about property. They argue, therefore, that there can be no radical cure for war until something is done about property. This is plausible, for it would be difficult to name any war in which motives arising out of the ownership and acquisition of property have not played some part. We might even, for the sake of the argument, say a decisive part. Nevertheless, I believe this analysis to be faulty and inconsequential. For, while it is undoubtedly true that men fight usually to protect or enhance what they conceive to be their interest, nobody can possibly make an exhaustive list of the kinds of property which they will be interested in. And even if anyone could make such a list, it would be such a big and complicated list that nothing much could be done about it.

If, instead of talking about the economic causes of war, you try to think about the kinds of property which have provoked the disputes which led to war, what do you find? You find

that nations have disputed about oil and minerals and railroads, and waterways, and highways and harbors and mountain passes and fishing rights, and tariffs and markets and contracts and banking privileges, and agricultural land, and grazing land, and shrines and chattel slaves and political offices, and I do not know how many other things of the sort. Granting that these are the 'causes' of war, what have you said when you have said that? You have said nothing more than that men have fought for the things they were willing to fight for. That is not a productive idea. For, in arguing that the causes of war are as broad as the interests of the human race, you make the abolition of war dependent upon changing the interests of the human race. You have committed yourself to the theory that you cannot abolish war until, by abolishing the causes of dispute, you have abolished disputes. But that, it seems to me, is as fallacious as it is depressing. Any real programme of peace must rest on the premise that there will be causes of dispute as long as we can foresee, that these disputes have to be decided, and that a way of deciding them must be found which is not war.

At the opposite pole from those who think you can stop men from fighting only by regulating the things they fight about are those who base their hopes on a regeneration of the human heart by religious conversion, education, or even by mere propaganda. Among these must be counted, for the time being, Secretary Kellogg, with his proposed treaty to 'renounce' war for its 'tremendous moral effect.' There is undeniable truth in this view of the question. Plainly, any civilized international order requires men who are more civilized than we are, and unless mankind learns better habits it will not keep the faith on which all pacific arrangements ultimately depend. But,

having admitted not only how desirable but how necessary it is to change the human heart, where are we? We are in the same old position we have been in for two thousand years, in which our religious ideals and our actual practices are hopelessly at odds. If, during the millennium in which Europeans acknowledged the spiritual leadership of the Vicar of the Prince of Peace, war was not abolished in Europe, then what reason is there to think that by preaching, and teaching, and prayer, and discipline, it will be abolished now?

I do not mean to suggest that I think it useless to keep on saying that war is a crime, and that it ought to be abolished, and that it is horrible, and that it ought to be outlawed, and that it is hideous and ought to be renounced. No doubt it is worth while to keep on saying all that as solemnly and as often as possible. But to keep on saying it will not abolish war. For it does not apply to the situation out of which wars arise. To denounce war as a crime is to denounce something which a nation when it is entering a war never thinks it is committing. Invariably in modern times a nation goes to war to stop another nation from committing the crime of war. As the Austrians saw it in 1914, they did not make war on Serbia. They believed they were acting to prevent Serbia, backed by Russia, from making a criminal attempt to destroy the Austrian empire. The Germans did not make war upon Russia. They made war to prevent Russia from making war. The French did not make war. They defended themselves. The British did not make war. They stopped an aggression. We did not make war. We tried to make the world safe for democracy.

The mere denunciation of war as a crime is no deterrent if it appears that the other fellow is about to commit the crime. It is just as likely as not to make the war seem twice as righteous, and

hence to make it twice as fierce, because it can be said that the enemy is committing a crime and is an outlaw. The late war demonstrated what excellent war propaganda can be made out of the ordinary pacifist teaching. For that teaching has this fundamental defect: it supposes that nations on the eve of war are like murderers who are trying to decide whether they will kill their enemies, and that they will decide not to kill if only the heinousness of the crime has been sufficiently impressed upon them. But this is a wholly false supposition: nations on the eve of war almost invariably feel that they are innocent householders who are about to be attacked by robbers, or that they are witnesses of some dastardly outrage which is about to be perpetrated against their neighbors. The choice as it presents itself is not between the crime of war and the righteousness of peace, but between ruin and disgrace on the one hand, and self-preservation, courage, and honor on the other.

This may not be the real choice. As we know, nations may be cruelly deceived as to what the war is about. But this deception is part of the institution of war, and we fail to get at the inwardness of war unless we realize that events which lead to war produce a situation in which war seems less horrible than any feasible alternative. Of course, if nations knew as much on the eve of war as historians know fifty years after, they might feel quite differently. Everything would be different. Their statesmen would act differently. Their people would respond differently. But the fact is that, as the world is now organized, the situation which breeds a war first breeds a state of mind which makes that particular war seem righteous and inevitable. And nothing is done to alter this situation by saying that war is horrible. It is very horrible. But under certain circumstances, which

are the only circumstances worth talking about, it *seems* less horrible to those who have to make the decision than does any other course of action which is open to them.

II

To dwell exclusively upon the horrors of war, and to assume that it is nothing but criminal madness, does not, I believe, advance the cause of peace. It is not even good propaganda, for few men can accommodate their feelings about heroes like Washington, Lincoln, and Lee to the absolute condemnation which pacifists pronounce against war. But the most misleading result of such propaganda is that it obscures the nature of war. For the purposes of thought, then, it is far more useful to dwell upon the function of war than upon its horrors.

The best introduction to an understanding of the inwardness of war is to think about a particular kind of war which the more advanced nations have made some progress in abolishing. I mean civil war. Within the boundaries of the United States this kind of war has now been abolished for a little over sixty years. In France it has been abolished for a little less than sixty years. In Italy there has been a civil war within the last ten years. In China and in Nicaragua a war is still being waged. In England civil war has been abolished for two hundred years.

Now if you ask yourself what is the essential difference between the political life of Nicaragua and of England, you must agree that one of the essential differences is that England has learned to change its government and to change its social order by the ballot, whereas in Nicaragua political changes are effected with bullets. The transition from revolution to electioneering is the most radical change which can take

place in the political habits of a people, and, broadly speaking, the abolition of civil war depends upon making this transition.

It took several hundred years for England to make this transition — that is, from the fifteenth century to the beginning of the eighteenth. It was not until the effort to impeach Walpole failed in 1742 that, as Mr. Dwight Morrow has pointed out, 'men whose only offense was to run counter to a majority lost their offices but not their heads.' In support of this he quotes from a speech made by the Earl of Carnarvon in 1678 during the proceedings to impeach Danby, in which the Earl, supposedly under the influence of too much claret, summed up the political history of England from the time of Queen Elizabeth: —

My lords, I shall go no further back than the latter end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, at which time the Earl of Essex was run down by Sir Walter Raleigh. My Lord Bacon, he ran down Sir Walter Raleigh, and your lordships know what became of my Lord Bacon. The Duke of Buckingham, he ran down my Lord Bacon, and your lordships know what happened to the Duke of Buckingham. Sir Thomas Wentworth, afterwards Earl of Strafford, ran down the Duke of Buckingham, and you all know what became of him. Sir Harry Vane, he ran down the Earl of Strafford, and your lordships know what became of Sir Harry Vane. Chancellor Hyde, he ran down Sir Harry Vane, and your lordships know what became of the Chancellor. Sir Thomas Osborne, now Earl of Danby, ran down Chancellor Hyde: but what will become of the Earl of Danby, your lordships best can tell.

Danby went to the Tower.

Many years passed before England at last, in the first half of the eighteenth century, learned to use a corrupt and none too competent, but nevertheless peaceable, party system, based on electioneering, in place of the violence of

faction and civil war. In the two hundred years which have passed, it has several times been made manifest that the use of a system of political parties as a substitute for civil war is still not perfectly secure. In times of great strain, as in 1832, in 1848, and again during the General Strike of 1926, the newer method of making national decisions was put to an almost intolerable strain. From this history we are able to see, I think, that the abolition of civil war has depended upon the invention and the habit of using a political equivalent.

If we turn from England to Nicaragua we see the same problem before a solution has been found. The conclusion has now been reached by most students of the Nicaraguan and the Central American revolutions that the heart of the difficulty is that the people of these countries have not learned to use electoral machinery to change their governments, and that therefore, as in England before the eighteenth century, revolution is the only method of altering the personnel and the policy of the régime in power.

This is the difficulty which now exists in the relations between sovereign states. At any particular moment there exists a certain international régime composed of empires and their dominions and colonies, of national sovereignties and their spheres of influence, and in this scheme of things all the peoples of the world have their rights, their privileges, their servitudes, their opportunities, and their frustrations. In the nature of things this international order cannot satisfy the needs or the aspirations of all the peoples within it. Therefore, at a thousand different points there are conflicts. They arise either from the rivalry of two or more states to acquire some form of vested right or influence or privilege, or from the struggle of a people to

shake off servitudes which it dislikes. Because the world is a changing world the status quo is never very stable, and the conflicts and alignments of governments may be regarded as due to their desire either to maintain or to alter the status quo.

But in the relations of sovereign states there exists no recognized pacific method by which the status quo can be altered. It is altered a good deal by diplomatic negotiation as a result of the gradual shifting of political and economic power. Such a change has occurred, for example, during this generation in the relations of the Dominions within the British Empire. But these pacific changes are rather exceptional. Oftener than not — as in the case of China, for example, or of the Turkish, Austrian, and Russian empires — the change from one political system to another is so long delayed, it is so fiercely resisted, it has accumulated such passions of hatred and such extravagances of ambition, that when at last it comes it is catastrophic.

International society possesses no political method, analogous to party government in domestic affairs, for altering the existing régime. On the contrary, such international machinery as the world has managed to set up is based almost entirely on the premise that the status quo must be maintained as long as its beneficiaries desire to maintain it. The presumption is altogether against the nation which challenges this existing order and insists upon a change of status. It is in fact an enemy of the existing régime; if it is a subject people its action is known as 'rebellion,' if it is a juridically independent state its action is known in the current language of diplomacy as 'aggression.'

Obviously not all rebellion and not all aggression are good. But neither are they necessarily evil. The important

consideration here is that international society provides no legitimate method of determining whether they are good or bad, justified or unjustified. They are outlawed. The status quo, except in rare cases, cannot be altered except by rebelling against the constituted authorities or by violating established treaties. The process by which, in advanced societies, the opposition can win an election, take office, and alter the law has no counterpart in international affairs. And that is why, as in England two hundred years ago and in Nicaragua to-day, important changes in international society are almost invariably accompanied by disorder.

An examination of the projects for maintaining peace which mankind has thus far achieved will show, I believe, that they provide no pacific method of altering the status quo. The whole theory of arbitration and the judicial settlement of disputes rests upon the determination of existing rights, and, in principle at least, rules out the revision of rights. The European system of alliances, the Locarno Treaties, and the Covenant of the League itself, are inspired by the conviction that the maintenance of peace is synonymous with the maintenance of the status quo.

This statement is subject to one significant qualification. The Covenant of the League contains two articles, XI and XIX, which recognize in principle that the maintenance of peace may in certain cases require the revision rather than the maintenance of the status quo. Article XI says that it is 'the friendly right' of all members of the League 'to bring to the attention of the Assembly or of the Council *any circumstance whatever* affecting international relations which threatens to disturb international peace or the good understanding between nations upon which peace depends.' And Article XIX goes even further and specifically empowers the

Assembly to 'advise the reconsideration . . . of Treaties which have become inapplicable.' These two articles have not been invoked, I believe, in any serious situation. They are, moreover, advisory. But they are of inestimable importance as a recognition of the principle that peace implies change as well as stability. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that only those régimes are stable which have the capacity to change peaceably.

III

It is not in the least surprising that those projects for the maintenance of peace which have been adopted by governments should all be directed at the maintenance of the status quo. The first condition of any workable plan is that it should command the assent of those who have the power to enforce it and have an interest in enforcing it. The weaker Powers, the dissatisfied nations, the potentially rebellious portions of mankind, are more interested in liberty than in order. They care more for what they regard as righteousness than for peace. Therefore any project of peace must in the nature of things be based primarily on the interest of the conservative Powers; it must appeal to those governments which are strong because they enjoy the advantages of the status quo. Only when the support of these governments is assured does there exist any guaranty of order in international affairs. Only when there is order can any pacific method of effecting change be successfully introduced.

The recent history of Europe is the best evidence of the truth of this assertion. The Treaty of Versailles imposed a régime upon Germany which no strong nation could possibly endure for any considerable length of time. France, which was the chief beneficiary of this

régime, saw clearly that Germany was bound to revolt. As a result, France felt her security was menaced, and, in order to save herself, she first sought military alliances with Great Britain and the United States, in the hope that by a crushing combination of military force she could continue to impose the Versailles régime upon Germany. But neither Great Britain nor the United States had any interest in perpetuating the Versailles régime. They rejected the appeals for an alliance. In desperation France then struck at Germany by invading the Ruhr, hoping thus to destroy the German power. Failing in this, she changed her policy, accepted the principle of the revision of the Versailles régime, agreed to the Dawes Plan, and in return obtained the Locarno agreements. These agreements aligned the Powers of Western Europe behind an international order which has as its central principle the understanding that the position in which Germany was placed at Versailles shall not be altered by force, but that it shall be altered by diplomatic negotiation.

This sequence of events illustrates the essential elements which must enter into any workable plan for the abolition of war. There is an agreement based on national interests to defend the status quo against violent attack, but this agreement is redeemed from the curse of rigidity by a working correlative agreement to modify the status quo. Such an arrangement contains the promise of permanence because it balances the conservative demand for guaranties, sanctions, enforcement, with the liberal demand for revision and change.

The defect of the arrangement is that it rests on a more or less personal understanding between statesmen like M. Briand and Herr Stresemann, and is not embodied in an institution. The institutions of Europe are formally

devoted only to the maintenance of the status quo. The inner spirit of Franco-German diplomacy, which makes the practice so much more enlightened than the theory, is a disembodied spirit — a soul without a body.

A statesmanlike movement to abolish war must seek at once to strengthen the unity of the Powers in defense of the status quo, and at the same time to enlighten that defense by persuading the Powers that the true defense of their interests may mean, not resistance to all change, but a hospitable guidance of changes that sooner or later are inevitable. So far as these principles are really understood, so far as they become the actual practice of the Powers, there is a political equivalent of war, and therefore there is real progress toward the prevention of war.

It might be truer to say that we shall have a *modus vivendi* which will for a time postpone war. Actually to abolish war is a much larger and more complicated process. We have only to look at the multitude of elements involved in the abolition of civil war to realize how very far we have still to go before we can hope to abolish international war. Those few nations which are more or less secure against revolution have reached that peace only by the most elaborate development of political institutions and a long, hard discipline in the operation of them. Pacifists sometimes talk as if they thought war could be abolished by solemn declarations. They sometimes talk as if war could be abolished by a court; or by codifying such international law as now exists; or by some sort of treaty; or by some sort of league. But surely the history of the establishment of peace in civil

societies goes to show that any genuine political equivalent of violence must comprise a vast network of legislative, judicial, executive, social, and cultural institutions. Is there any reason to suppose that international peace is any easier to attain than domestic peace? That there is a short cut to it? That it can be had without great trouble as a result of very excellent intentions?

For my own part I cannot take seriously any project of peace which does not rest upon a clear acceptance of the premise that the establishment of order in international society depends upon the development of agencies of international government. I can sympathize with those who prefer the liberty of our present international anarchy to the responsibilities of an international society. I am inclined to think that a stable international order would be oppressive and unpleasant in many ways, and I am not wholly sure that I am prepared to pay the price which the establishment of peace on earth would cost. There are many advantages, especially for nations as favorably placed as the United States, in the freedom which this disorganized planet permits us. If we prefer to retain that freedom, let us at least not deceive ourselves with the notion that we are in any fundamental sense working to abolish war. For war will not be abolished between the nations until its political equivalent has been created, until there is an international government strong enough to preserve order and wise enough to welcome changes in that order.

We may never live to see that. We may not wish to see it. But that, and nothing less, is what international peace will cost.

THE EARTHWORK

The Devil's Dyke at Ely

THE tawny grass climbs to a width of sky
Calmly, whitely impending; none go by
Save lovers with arms lightly linked together
And floating over centuries like a feather,
Over the earthwork and its triple rings,
Into the sky, the nothingness of things —
Or so it seems; for the huge hilltop stands
Like the last rampart of the last of lands,
Or the last barrier of a perished world
Already old when man's first smoke upcurled.
Its trebly mutilated face and dread
Scowls with the undying anger of the dead
Who perished scowling, and its fosses grin
Like the deep hate lines scooped and grooved therein.
That face, that blackening frown against the sky,
The tawny mane of grass, the mystery —
All these were heartbeats, pictures in the brain
Centuries long for races that have lain
Centuries as long, and yet it still abides.
Brython and Celt, Saxon and Roman tides
One superimposed on other, leave no trace;
Their dust is blown about their dwelling place.
Their crowds and cries, thunderings and slaughterings,

Loyalties of legions, loves of clowns or kings,
Are less than frailest harebells now in flower,
Or the fine trembling beauty of an hour
To which their days distilled for lovers here —
They too shall pass, as now they disappear
Over the ridge, into the void of white,
Compactest dots with longing infinite —

And wherefore? from the heavens there comes no sign.

Only as old as earliest battle line
The horn'd hill sheep to sound of wether bells,
Marshaled from wing to wing by barks and yells
Of lithe-limbed sheep dogs, crowd and crouch
Descending fosse by fosse, and then debouch,
Slow, immemorial as flocks in dream;
Along the plain, sheeny as clots of cream
Stiff-flowing from a tilted vessel's mouth,
They widen into distances to south. . . .
Then the hill wears its heedlessness once more,
Its robe of silence worn so long before;
No foot, no sound, disturbs the sleepers there,
Not even the plumage of the grasses, where
The rooks, and crowds of sea gulls come from sea,
Silent, seem feeding through Eternity.
Like pawns of some arrested game of chess,
Or riddle older than the dead could guess,
Whose mighty players are removed, they lie
Without a caw or scream to wake the sky.

THE UNFAILING CHARM OF SOME NOVELS

BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

I

I EMPHASIZE the word 'some.' I do not say that all novels have charm. I am aware that there is a severe school of novelists who would resent this idea. They insist that they do not aim to please us, but rather to show us life in all its drab reality. And if anything has to be sacrificed, it will not be the drabness.

Once people in the attempt to praise a history or biography would say, 'It is as fascinating as a novel.' And moralists would warn the young against works of fiction by saying that they made sin alluring. The novelists of the ultraserious school are not open to this accusation. They not only do not make sin alluring — they see to it that nothing is alluring.

To those who prefer to take their fiction thus sadly, I have nothing to say. But most of us, I am sure, prefer that a novel should have charm. The question then arises, In what does the charm consist?

Why is it that we take up one novel that may be very carefully written, but it makes no particular impression upon us? Very soon we forget all about it. We take up another and it is a happy experience, so happy that from time to time we repeat it.

There are books which are never exhausted. We feel of them as did Keats of

All lovely tales that we have heard or read:
An endless fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.
190

What is the secret of charm? Many people take it for granted that it lies in the subject which the author chooses. There are novels which deal with pleasant subjects and others with subjects that are gloomy or repellent. A novel may be realistic or romantic or historical. It may deal with business or sex or politics, with low life or with high life. But in none of these things lies the secret of charm. The charm, if it exists at all, must be sought in only one place — the author's own mind.

The word 'fiction' tells its own story. It is literally something made. Who makes it? Obviously the author. What does he make it out of? Out of materials which he finds in his own mind. His work is a figment of his imagination. Its value depends on the kind of imagination that he happens to have.

What a novelist does is to invite me to make a pleasure excursion through the more interesting portions of his own mind. If the day is fine, I accept the invitation. I am in holiday humor and am prepared for all kinds of haps and mishaps. He is not showing me my world — I can see that for myself. He is showing me his world. It is the world that is created by his imagination. If what he has to offer is not worth seeing, he can't shift the responsibility for its dullness and dreariness on the universe. It is he who is dull and dreary, not the subject he chooses.

Let us carry the analysis a little further. We say that a novel is the

work of *creative* imagination. What does the novelist create in order to charm us? It is not enough to create a character; he must also create a world in which that character can move about freely. Here is where many clever novelists fail. They analyze a single character, but they do not make us realize the world that is behind it and around it. It is a picture without a background. The character is like the contents of a thermos bottle — kept cold because it is surrounded by a vacuum. Now in real life no person is seen apart from his environment. His feet are on the earth; there is air for him to breathe, friends and enemies to meet; and they are as real as he is.

We say of some novels that they are without atmosphere. That suggests something in regard to the writer's mind, not only as to the quality of it, but as to the quantity of it. We are told that the reason why the moon has n't any atmosphere to speak of is that it is n't big enough to hold what atmosphere it once had. The power of its gravitation is not enough to keep the airy particles from flying off into space. It is the same with the mind.

The atmosphere of many novels is murky and there is low visibility. The author has to explain his meaning or we lose it. The great novelist has a sense of space. He is carefree. He can afford to let his characters alone. He does n't nag them.

Then too there must be space in which the characters that are created may freely move about. This necessity is overlooked by those who are interested chiefly in the analysis of character. A single person taken out of his natural environment may be studied and his reactions noted. A laboratory, if properly equipped, need not be very roomy. But it takes more space if a person is to live and bring up a family.

II

The mind of the novelist must have amplitude. His mind is the sky, 'than all it holds more vast, more high.' Beneath the ferment of the writer's mind the beings whom he has created live and act, each after his own kind, but we see them always as a part of something greater than themselves. Says the Hebrew sage, 'He hath set the world in their heart.' The great novelist is not so much a man of the world as a man in whom the world is. In his wide, comprehending intelligence there is for everything a season, and he hath made everything beautiful in its time.

It is one thing to see a wild animal in a cage in a menagerie. It is another thing to see it in its native habitat. We do not see men and women realistically till we see them where they belong, working out their destinies unconscious of any alien observer. Each says, like the Shunammite woman, 'I dwell among mine own people.'

The matter of sufficient mind space is likely to be neglected by the writer of problem novels. When a novelist takes a problem that is too big for him, he is likely to become peevish. When at the end of his book the problem is unsolved, he dismisses it in a petulant way: 'There, I've done my best, and you see what a mess we are in. There is n't any way out.'

But, after all, the situation may not be so bad as it seems to him. Perhaps the problem is not so much an individual problem as a social problem, and he has not given its larger aspects any attention. There must be time and space for any true solution. It is only when the big problem gets into a too contracted mind that the case seems desperate. It thrashes about like a whale stranded in a shallow bay. What the whale needs is not a friendly visitor to give it advice. It demands less sand

and more sea room. And what the moral problem needs is more mind room than the author is possessed of.

It was the lack of sufficiently broad background that, in my judgment, prevented Samuel Butler's *Way of All Flesh* from being a really great novel. The author had a thesis. He was intent on proving that the family is an institution that is not what it is cracked up to be. He is irritated by his discovery of domestic infelicities. Now it is not a new discovery that sons do not always honor their fathers and mothers, not to say their uncles and their aunts. This was known to ancient historians.

The writers who are able to enlist the interest of successive generations are those who are able to invest familiar scenes with a charm which belongs to their own natures. We have the sense that the mind of the writer is bigger than the thing he is writing about. We are made to see in a new light things which we had despised.

That a certain town is dull I can well believe. But that it can be amusingly dull, deliciously dull, with all manner of delicate variations in its dullness, is a delightful discovery. It takes the genius of Jane Austen to make us see this.

This matter of mental roominess is comparative; it consists of a due proportion in the parts. In order to have charm it is not necessary that the author's mind should be big enough to take in the whole world, but it must be big enough to take in the people and the society of which he writes, and to allow the characters considerable elbow room. There was Anthony Trollope. He could hardly be called a great novelist, but he created an atmosphere. A more worldly-minded set of people than the Trollopians it would be hard to find. They were chock-full of prejudices, they were narrow-minded, and most of them were undeniably

smug. Their ideas about religion and politics were conventional to the last degree, and yet we enjoy their acquaintance. They do not get on one's nerves. There is a certain congruousness between them and their environment. There is an atmosphere of good-natured worldliness that covers a multitude of sins. Trollope was not a great novelist, but his mind at any rate was bigger than any of his characters. It was roomy enough to contain a whole society without crowding. These people were under no constraint; they were perfectly at home.

Thackeray, to one who belongs to his cult, produces the same impression. To be sure, he likes to interrupt his characters in order to give his own opinion. But he does this as the moderator in the town meeting, who leaves the chair to give his fellow townsmen a piece of his mind. When he takes the floor he is no longer moderator. So when Thackeray indulges in one of his asides we do not think of him as the author of *Vanity Fair*, but as one of the characters in it.

The novelists who have power to charm us always have a good-natured ease in the presence of their subject. They have a large tolerance for human imperfectness, like the good curate:—

. . . When religious sects ran mad,
He held, in spite of all his learning,
That if a man's belief is bad,
It will not be improved by burning.

III

Just now we have a school of American novelists who seem to have a grievance. America, instead of being a stimulus to their imagination, seems to be an incubus. It is just a little more than they can bear.

What kind of country is this we live in? I confess that when I take a little journey across this continent I always

return with a sense of exhilaration. For one thing, there is so much of it — and it is n't finished. When I take up books of a serious nature, — sober histories, tables of statistics, bank clearances, reports of scientific and philanthropic societies, city-planning boards, — I get the impression that a great many things need to be improved, but that there are vast numbers of eager and right-minded people on the job.

When I listen to the earnest exhortations of moral reformers, I get the impression that this is a country where sin aboundeth. But it is possible that 'where sin aboundeth, grace doth much more abound.'

It is only when I turn to what used to be called 'light literature' that clouds settle down and deep depression comes upon my spirits. A group of talented writers are intent on showing up their less talented fellow citizens. To this end they give us studies of life in the American small town, on the farm, and in the crowded city. Over the gateway of each community we see the inscription, 'All hope abandon, ye who enter here.' Life is shown to be not only commonplace, but hopelessly, irremediably commonplace. We have a desolating sense of moral aridity, undue nervous tension, morbid self-consciousness, a fear of public opinion, a dearth of private opinion, a furtive interest in the forbidden, a fierce absorption in business, a futile gregariousness in the pursuit of pseudoculture. The small town is treated as if it were a disease. The city is a complication of diseases.

Is this realism? Yes, in the sense that the picture of the fauna of Africa in the old-fashioned geography book was realistic. There, crowded upon a single page, were all the animals of the dark continent, — lions, elephants, gorillas, hippopotamuses, crocodiles,

jackals, — all terrible to behold; while, as if to emphasize their terrors, there was a pacifistic giraffe looking down upon them with a futile smile, as much as to say, 'It's a pity that these wild beasts are so bloodthirsty, but that's the way they are made.' But the small boy who got his ideas of the continent from the picture would be unduly alarmed. All these animals could be found in Africa, but they were not all in one place. Africa is a large country, and there are sections where a person could walk for a whole day without running much risk of being eaten up by a lion.

To picture a stupid, weak, commonplace character may show artistic skill, but the work fails if the impression is conveyed that everybody is that way. A picture must have light and shade, and they must be properly arranged to be a work of art.

Don't you think *Main Street* was very realistic? Yes, and so was *Babbitt*, and so is *Elmer Gantry*. But they are presented without charm. The trouble is really in Mr. Sinclair Lewis's mind. He is not able to look at them humorously and understandingly. He is fidgety. One feels as one does at a dinner party when it is evident that all is not going well with the hostess and she is not able to conceal her uneasiness.

When I first took up *Main Street* I was prepared to enjoy the people. I knew they would be just ordinary people. But I could n't enjoy their idiosyncrasies when I saw how Mr. Sinclair Lewis felt about them. He evidently thought that such a place as Gopher Prairie ought not to exist. He was acutely conscious of its manifold shortcomings. It did not appreciate what it ought to have appreciated, and it appreciated that which it ought not to have appreciated, and there was no health in it. Just as I was trying to get on good terms with the community,

I would look up and see Mr. Sinclair Lewis fidgeting and saying to himself, 'Is n't it too bad! No art, no manners, no spontaneity, no free intelligence, no cosmopolitan culture — just Main Street.'

Then I turn to Henry Fielding. It happens that none of these fine things are in the world Fielding created for our enjoyment. To most of his characters Gopher Prairie would seem a modern Athens, a lofty intellectual centre pulsating with sensibility. Squire Western and Tow-wouse, the innkeeper, and their boon companions cared for none of these things. Had a high-strung young woman, recently graduated from a state university, landed among these hearty, nonintellectual folks and attempted to improve their minds, she would have longed for the more appreciative society of Main Street. It never occurred to any of Fielding's folks that they should be improved. Their prejudices could not be weeded out by a newly married lady recently arrived among them. They were too deeply rooted in the nature of things — their things. The minister of the First Church on Main Street might not be an intellectual giant or a man of great refinement, but he would seem so in comparison with Fielding's Parson Trulliber.

His voice was loud and hoarse, and his accent extremely broad. To complete the whole, he had a stateliness in his gait, when he walked, not unlike that of a goose.

We are made to see Trulliber as he was in the bosom of his family: —

Mr. Trulliber being informed that somebody wanted to speak with him, immediately slipped off his apron, and clothed himself in an old night-gown, being the dress in which he always saw his company at home. . . . He laid violent hands on Adams, and dragged him into the hog-sty, which was indeed but two steps from his

parlour-window. They were no sooner arrived there, than he cried out, 'Do but handle them: step in, friend: art welcom to handle them, whether dost buy or n . . . At which words, opening the gate, he pushed Adams into a pig-sty, insisting on it that he should handle them before he would talk one word with him.

Adams had come on business unconnected with hogs, but that made no difference. Trulliber is all that a clergyman ought not to be, yet somehow, seeing his burly figure in the pigpen where he belongs, one is not oppressed in spirits. Trulliber is Trulliber, and I am more amused than offended when he rejects Parson Adams's attempt to improve him.

'Dost preach to me?' replied Trulliber, 'dost pretend to instruct me in my duties. . . . I would not advise thee,' says Trulliber, 'to say that I am no Christian: I would take it of you; for I believe I am as good a man as thyself.'

I do not fret over Trulliber when I see him as a part of Fielding's amiable world. He is a blot on the landscape, but fortunately it is a large and smiling landscape and can stand a good many such blots.

We are out of doors in a pleasant English countryside. We meet all sorts of people. Most of them have a little refinement, but they have a hearty plainness that is refreshing. We trudge along in all weathers. We stop at inns where there are usually some adventures. We meet strangers who suddenly become confidential.

Squire Western would be intolerant anywhere else, but we enjoy seeing him as he goes storming over his broad acres. He belongs there, and he knows it, and so do his dependents. And I like to hear him talk. It is n't every day that we can get so close to the coarse country squire of the eighteenth century.

s to his daughter Sophia, she has sore trials, but she is a buxom creature blessed with good health. When, under great provocation and in accordance with the fashion of the day, she is well looked after. 'Mrs. Western and a great number of servants soon came to the assistance of Sophia, with water, cordials, and everything necessary on those occasions.' A few minutes she was as well as ever. This is as it should be. In Fielding's world they had hard knocks, but great power of recuperation. There was always plenty of fresh air and a refreshing sense of fair play. It goes a long way in keeping everything in good condition. When we are tired of problems, there is pleasure in looking over Fielding's chapter endings: —

An apology for all heroes who have good matches.
A friendly conversation in a kitchen.
A dialogue between the landlady and the chambermaid.
The adventure of a beggar-man.

This is not high life, but we are in good company so long as we are in Henry Fielding.

IV

to reveal this ever-changing world is the task of genius.

What Fielding did for the English countryside of the eighteenth century Chaucer did for the England of the fourteenth century, Cervantes did for Spain in the sixteenth century, Walter Scott did for his own Scotland, Dickens did for the England of the nineteenth century, Victor Hugo did for Revolutionary France, Tolstoy did for the pre-revolutionary Russia, Joseph Conrad did for the seas.

They did more than analyze or describe individuals — they created, or

rather re-created, the times in which these people lived.

Dickens is an example of the way in which the limitations of a writer's own mind affect his power to portray character. Dickens was a humorist, but first of all he was an Englishman. He loved his country and understood its people. He loved to prowl around in the dark places of London and make the acquaintance of queer and shabby people. He understood them well enough to know that they had pleasures as well as sorrows of their own. Their idiosyncrasies do not irritate us. We see them through the atmosphere of humorous tolerance. There were all kinds of Englishmen, but England was a very interesting place to live in.

But when Dickens crossed the Atlantic and attempted to find literary material in America, a change came over his spirit. He was no longer at ease. He felt as the old prophet felt when he was considering the sins of people he did n't like — 'By day and by night: and it shall be a vexation only to understand the report. For the bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself on it: and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it.'

Martin Chuzzlewit lands in New York and travels to Eden on the Mississippi. In spite of all the efforts of Mark Tapley to be jolly under all circumstances, there is not a single pleasant adventure. The circumstances are too much for them. It is a land where every prospect displeases and man becomes more vile as they go west. What a vulgar lot of people they meet — the reporters of the Rowdy Journal, the Honorable Jefferson Brick, Mr. La Fayette Kettle, Mrs. Hominy, and the rest.

Yet, when we come to think about it, they were no more vulgar than the people Dickens was familiar with at home. The manners of the Podsnaps,

the Todgers, the Micawbers, were not above reproach. The difference was that he found the vulgar Englishman amusing, but the vulgar American was odious.

When Mr. Boffin acquires a sudden competence, we sympathize with him in his desire to attain culture with equal celerity by employing a literary gentleman with a wooden leg to read to him.

But Martin Chuzzlewit has no tolerance for the efforts of Mrs. Jefferson Brick to improve her mind gregariously by going to lectures on the Philosophy of the Soul on Wednesday, the Philosophy of Crime on Monday, the Philosophy of Government on Tuesday, and the Philosophy of Vegetables on Friday.

On hearing this laudable programme, Martin was plunged into melancholy. 'As soon as Martin was left alone . . . he felt so thoroughly dejected and worn out, that he even lacked the energy to crawl upstairs to bed.' Yet Mrs. Jefferson Brick had her good points; only Dickens could not see them. He was too homesick.

How pleasant in England to obscure the incongruities between the names of things and the realities! Not so on the Mississippi. When New Thermopylæ turns out to be lacking in classic grace, we find that it is not only a calamity but an insult. Mrs. Hominy had no right to speak of it in such glowing terms.

It was almost night when they came alongside the landing-place, — a steep bank with an hotel, like a barn, on the top of it; a wooden store or two; and a few scattered sheds.

'You sleep here to-night, and go on in the morning, I suppose, ma'am,' said Martin.

'Where should I go on to?' cried the mother of the modern Gracchi.

'To New Thermopylæ.'

'My! Ain't I there?' said Mrs. Hominy.

Martin looked for it all round the darkening panorama; but he could n't see it, and was obliged to say so.

'Why, that's it!' cried Mrs. Hominy, pointing to the sheds just mentioned.

'That!' exclaimed Martin.

Let us take an English scene and compare the impression with that of an American scene.

Supper was not yet over, when there arrived at the Jolly Sandboys two more travellers, bound for the same haven as the rest, who had been walking in the rain for some hours, and came in shining and heavy with water. One of these was the proprietor of a giant and a little lady without legs or arms, who had jogged forward in a van; the other, a silent gentleman who earned his living by showing tricks upon the cards, and who had rather deranged the natural expression of his countenance by putting small leaden lozenges into his eyes and bringing them out at his mouth, which was one of his professional accomplishments. The name of the first of the new-comers was Vuffin; the other, probably as a pleasant satire upon his ugliness, was called Sweet William. To render them as comfortable as he could, the landlord bestirred himself nimbly, and in a very short time both gentlemen were perfectly at their ease.

And so are we — and it is Dickens who puts us at our ease. We at once make ourselves at home and it occurs to us that it is a rare opportunity to sit here in the bar and listen to Mr. Vuffin and his friend talk shop.

Mr. Vuffin, it appears, has a giant who has outlived his usefulness. He thinks it better business to carry him about in his van, without exhibiting, than to turn him off.

'It's better that than letting 'em go upon the parish or about the streets,' said Mr. Vuffin. 'Once make a giant common, and giants will never draw again. Look at wooden legs. If there was only one man with a wooden leg, what a property *he'd* be!'

'So he would!' observed the landlord and Short both together. 'That's very true.'

'Instead of which,' pursued Mr. Vuffin, 'if you was to advertise Shakespeare played entirely by wooden legs, it's my belief you would n't draw a sixpence.'

'I don't suppose you would,' said Short. And the landlord said so too. . . .

While Mr. Vuffin and his two friends smoked their pipes and beguiled the time with such conversation as this, the silent gentleman sat in a warm corner, swallowing, or seeming to swallow, six-pennyworth of half-pence for practice . . . without paying any regard whatever to the company.

They were certainly not a highly intellectual company — but somehow we get the general impression of good cheer. Even the silent gentleman who was practising his art was enjoying himself according to his lights.

Compare this with the scene on the steamboat which is carrying Martin Chuzzlewit to Eden on the Mississippi.

On, through the weary day and melancholy night, beneath the burning sun, and in the mist and vapor of the evening; on, until return appeared impossible, and restoration to their home a miserable dream. They had now but few people on board; and these few were as flat, as dull and stagnant, as the vegetation that oppressed their eyes. No sound of cheerfulness or hope was heard; no pleasant talk beguiled the tardy time; no little group made common cause against the dull depression of the scene. But that, at certain periods, they swallowed food together from a common trough, it might have been old Charon's boat, conveying melancholy shades to judgment.

We can think of Dickens escaping from the melancholy company in the cabin of the Mississippi steamboat and standing on the deck as the boat scraped across the mud bars and the man casting the lead called out, 'Mark three! Mark twain!' It was a doleful sound.

But there was a boy about that time sprawling on the banks of that great river who found it a mighty interesting place. To be a pilot on a Mississippi

River steamboat seemed the pinnacle of human greatness. When he made his first voyage, he was intoxicated by the talk.

All pilots are tireless talkers, when gathered together, and as they talk only about the river they are always understood and are always interesting. Your true pilot cares nothing about any thing on earth but the river, and his pride in his occupation surpasses the pride of kings.

They went on talk-talk-talking. Meantime, the thing that was running in my mind was, 'Now, if my ears hear aright, I have not only to get the names of all the towns and islands and bends, and so on, by heart, but I must get up a warm personal acquaintanceship with every old snag and one-limbed cotton-wood and obscure woodpile that ornaments the banks of this river for twelve hundred miles; and more than that, I must actually know where these things are in the dark. . . .'

'My boy,' said Mr. Bixby, 'there's only one way to be a pilot, and that is to get this entire river by heart.'

It was a whole world of romance that opened up to the Missouri boy as he heard the leadsman repeating, 'M-a-r-k three! M-a-r-k three! Quarter-less-three! Half twain! Quarter twain! M-a-r-k twain!'

That Dickens found the Mississippi River steamboat and its passengers inexpressibly dreary and dull, and that Mark Twain found in the same place and among the same people rollicking humor and dry wit and the spirit of adventure, does not prove that Mark Twain had more humor. It only proves that he was more at home.

Mr. Bixby's maxim that to be a pilot on the Mississippi one must get the whole river by heart and get up a warm personal acquaintance with every old snag and woodpile applies to the novelist. It is not enough that he can describe one particular sand bar on which his characters are stranded. He

must know the river, and understand the great currents, and sympathize with the people who are floating upon the stream. He must see each part in relation to the whole.

V

Homer tells us that in the camp on the Trojan plain there was an ill-favored, sharp-tongued Greek named Thersites. He was an unpopular character and deservedly so. He spent his time in speaking scornfully of the heroes and belittling their exploits. If Thersites had been a literary man his remarks would have made good copy. The *Iliad* of Thersites would have been considered spicy.

Shakespeare amused himself by imagining how the Homeric heroes would have been described by the vitriolic critics. Thersites is made to express himself in the sixteenth-century language of vituperation.

Agamemnon — 'an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails; but he has not so much brains as ear-wax.'

Diomedes — 'a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave. I will no more trust him when he leers than I will a serpent when he hisses.'

Patroclus — 'male varlet. . . . How the poor world is pestered with such waterflies, diminutives of nature!'

Ajax — 'thou sodden-witted lord! Thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows. . . . Thou scurvy valiant ass!'

Achilles and Ajax — 'Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out

either of your brains. He were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.'

So runs the *Iliad* of Thersites. But successive generations have preferred the *Iliad* of Homer. The old poet created a world and filled it with gods and godlike men. Here his heroes moved about freely. We are made to see the windy plain of Troy. We see the little ships that had sailed over perilous seas. We hear the Olympian laughter from distant mountain tops. When we hear Achilles saying, 'How many misty mountains and what resounding seas separate me from my dear native land,' the distance must be measured by Homer's standard and not ours. We must not remark smugly that an airplane could cover the distance in three quarters of an hour. On the other hand, we must remember that far-darting Apollo had facilities of travel more rapid than our own. To enjoy Homer's heroes we must see them in Homer's world.

And if there is to be a great American novel, it must arise in the mind of a great American. His mind must be large enough to take in the real America. It must have wide spaces in which all sorts and conditions of men may have room to live and grow. It must have a wide hospitality for that which is still hopefully unfinished. It must have curiosity, humor, and audacity. It must have appreciation for that which is still in the rough. It must have heroes of its own and its peculiar kind of hero worship. One thing we may be sure of — it will be the work of an American Homer and not of an American Thersites.

LOVE—OR THE LIFE AND DEATH OF A VALUE

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

I

IN one of those popular phrases too generally current to be attributed to any particular person, and hence seeming to have been uttered by a whole and united folk, our Victorian ancestors were accustomed to say that 'love is best.' Perhaps no other cultural group had ever set itself more resolutely to discipline this most unruly of passions by laying down the conditions under which one might permissibly indulge in it, and perhaps no other had expressed a more inflexible disapproval of any violation of the taboos with which it was surrounded; but, for all the strictness of its definition, it gave to 'virtuous love' the highest place in its hierarchy of values.

The age was, though we sometimes forget the fact, an age of many skepticisms, during which many things were called in question, but it never doubted the worth of that which we are accustomed to call, in a phrase whose downrightness would have shocked it profoundly, 'sublimated sex.' It looked with loathing and fear at any of the cruder manifestations of the sexual instincts, but when those instincts had been adorned with poetry, and submitted to the discipline of society, it regarded them as the source not only of the most admirable virtues, but of the most intrinsically valuable of human experiences as well. In theory, at least, a successful love crowned all other successes and obliterated all other failures. It made all men equal

because all men were capable of it, and it stood between man and any ultimate pessimism because, so long as love was possible, life could not be either meaningless or not worth the living. Nor was this evaluation questioned by the leaders in any school of thought, for upon this point even Gladstone and Huxley would have agreed. Whether man were son of God or great-grandson of the ape, it was in love that he fulfilled himself. If he were the former, then love brought him nearer than anything else to the divine state from which he had fallen; if he were the latter, then at least love carried him to the highest level of which he was capable.

Now faiths such as this lie deeper than religious or political creeds. The Christian knows that he is a Christian and that other people are not; the Democrat is aware of theories of government other than his; but such tacit evaluations as that set upon love are accepted as matters of fact, almost as something established by the scheme of nature. These Victorians knew that they were, in the literal sense of the word, puritans here as elsewhere. They knew, that is to say, that they had insisted upon a soberness in love as well as in religion, and that they looked upon the antisocial tendencies of extravagant passion in the same way that they looked upon the antisocial tendencies of extravagant religion; but that it was in love that the meaning of life must inevitably be sought they never stopped to doubt. They did not

much consider the fact that the ability to live for love in any form was a relatively recent accomplishment on the part of the human race; that the tacit assumption which lay behind all their literature and all their thinking was not, after all, part of the unchangeable nature of man, but merely an assumption, seemingly inevitable because it had been handed on and accepted by one generation after another, which had changed the rules of the game, but never doubted that it was worth the playing. And it was in part because love seemed to them so inevitably valuable that they were able to hold so firmly to their belief in its supreme importance.

We, however, have specialized in origins, and it requires no more than a glance at the past to show that the high values set upon love are not inevitable. Certainly the savage — the American Indian, for example — knows little of what we call romance. When he sings his songs or addresses his gods, when, that is to say, his consciousness reaches the intensest level of which he is capable, it is upon thoughts of agriculture and of war that he dwells. These are the activities which seem to him to be most worthy to be realized or adorned in contemplation, because they are the ones which seem to bring him closest to the meaning of life; and when he thinks of wooing he does so chiefly not because he regards love as the most significant of human emotions, but because his wife will bear him sons to help guide the destiny of the tribe or to slay its enemies. Like all human beings, the savage considers certain experiences as ends in themselves, but he still regards the act of sexual union as a relatively simple process, important chiefly because of its biological function; it is only somewhere between savagery and civilization that love is born.

At first it holds, no doubt, a relatively

low place in the hierarchy of values. The stories which deal with it are at first fewer than those which deal with the struggle against the elements and warfare with neighboring tribes; the lover is still far less than the warrior the type of the hero; and soft emotions are still a matter for surprise, almost for shame. But, once these emotions have been accepted into song and story, they reveal an amazing capacity to elaborate and complicate themselves. They come to be regarded with respect and awe; a mythology quite as elaborate as that concerning the combats of warriors grows up around them; and tacitly it is assumed that a great love is a subject hardly less worthy, hardly less near the divine, than a great heroism.

Perhaps the sterner members of the society set themselves up against it and shake their heads when amorous songs or poems win more applause than warlike ones, but at least the romantic view of life has come to set itself against what, for want of a better name, we must call the heroic one, and a value is born.

Love is, then, not a fact in nature of which we become aware, but rather a creation of the human imagination, and this is true not only when we think of the word as implying some complicated system of attitudes like that of the Victorians, but even when we think of it as referring to no more than a mere physical act to which considerable importance is attached. The very singling out of this particular desire as one more significant than others must precede any attribution of transcendental values to it, and even this singling out took place recently enough for us to be aware of it. If mere lust cannot play any very large part in human life until the imagination has created it, how much more conspicuously is it true that we must regard as

purely a creation of the human mind so complex a system of emotional attitudes—interwoven with all sorts of æsthetic sociological and mystical conceptions—as that which was implied by the Victorian in the word ‘love.’ Behind the simple phrase ‘love is best’ lies a history—half of social organization, half of human imagination—which volumes could not adequately trace.

Yet, artificial as is this system of values, and fundamentally illogical as are the associations which lead us to centre the chief human experiences around love, they tend strongly to perpetuate themselves, both because the young of a nation become habituated to an acceptance of them long before any critical sense is developed and because, so far as they are the result of any biologically transmutable evolution, the development of the race is recapitulated in that of the individual. As a child, the normal individual is, like the savage on all but special occasions, either almost unaware of sex or inclined to regard it as something between the ludicrous, the forbidden, and the obscene. He is ashamed of any unexpected emotion which he feels in the presence of his complement, and he is inclined to jeer at those slightly older than himself who show any tendency to abandon the—to him—rational preoccupations of childhood. But then, as he reaches adolescence, a change no less surprising to himself than to others takes place. Much that, as a child, he had heard without understanding becomes suddenly meaningful to him, and he realizes that he is capable of participating in experiences which have hitherto been known to him only by the words applied to them. All his daydreams now centre around exploits which a little before would have seemed to him silly, and if he happens to have been born into one of

those highly developed societies, like our own, where love is often regarded as the supreme human privilege, he will invest thoughts of that which had been, a short time before, both ridiculous and obscene with a religious awe.

Not only will his thoughts be constantly busy with it, but he will tend to centre around it even those of his aspirations which do not seem to be actually related. He will plan to become virtuous, brave, and successful in order to please some member of the opposite sex; he will achieve wealth, power, or fame in order to lay them at her feet. Even those things which earlier—and perhaps also later—seem to him quite worth having for themselves must now borrow their value from her. The ramifications of a simple biological act have come to fill the universe, and it, with all that it involves, has come to be not merely one of the things which make life worth while, but *the* thing which at all justifies or makes it meaningful. For him, as for his race, love has, in a word, become a value,—perhaps the supreme one,—something indubitably worth while in itself and something capable by its own magic of making other things valuable either as means or as adornments.

Such a youth has come into an inheritance of illusions as important and perhaps as valuable as anything else which his ancestors have transmitted to him. He accepts it as part of nature, but it is, as surely as the government under which he lives or the house which shelters him, a human creation, and one which is more fundamental than any other, because it is not something which enables him to live, but something which endows living with a meaning and a purpose. It is an illusion to which centuries of existence have been necessary before it could assume the form and the apparent solidity with which to

him it seems endowed, a value which was gradually created while other values faded away.

To the savage who knew nothing of romantic love the world was not so barren without it as it would seem under similar circumstances to the average Latin or Teuton of our day. The experiences of the hunt, still lingeringly delightful to many, were to him passionately absorbing and intrinsically as worth while as love-making later came to be. In the celebration of the spring festival he had as ecstatic a sense of a mystical initiation into the meaning of the universe as the modern young romantic for the first time in the arms of his mistress. But the possibility of these experiences has passed away.

While love was gradually being created, other values vanished; for such, for all their apparent inevitability to those who feel them, is their way; and to know this is to know that even the complex of illusions called 'love' is one which might also, under certain circumstances, pass away. Certain peoples, it is obvious, have never had it. Consider, for example, the mental and social organization not only of the savage, but of, let us say, the Chinese, whose entire spiritual life is fundamentally incomprehensible to us, largely because of the fact that, having always regarded sexual passion as a relatively trivial thing, they have set the highest value upon filial rather than upon marital love, and about this latter have centred not only their social structure, but the most important of their moral and emotional groupings as well, so that, for example, they would not be, like us, inclined to think of love as the chief source of virtue or the chief reward of fortitude.

Nor do we need, in order to get some faint idea how love might come to be less for us than it was for our ancestors,

go so far afield as savagery or China since we may observe in the lives of our own not too remote forefathers how certain self-justifying and intrinsically worth-while activities came to lose their magic. From certain pursuits — war, for example — they got satisfaction which, at least so far as the more advanced part of mankind is concerned, we find it difficult to understand. Of it, of chivalric honor, of national glory, of noble birth, and of various other things, they spoke in a way which indicates that these things had for them an emotional content which is rapidly becoming as nearly extinct as that which is embodied for the savage in the spring festival, and which it is almost as hard for us to understand as it would be for a Chinese sage to understand what we mean when we speak of a 'world well lost for love.'

Values of this kind seem so inevitably natural to those who accept them, and pass so insensibly away, that their rise and fall are only imperfectly recorded, but the changes which take place in their status are, perhaps, the most momentous events in the life of the human race. They have a far more profound effect upon man than any mere changes of government, for they are, in effect, changes of God, and they involve a change both in his whole conception of the meaning of the universe and in the thing for which he lives. Every time a value is born, existence takes on a new meaning; every time one dies, some part of that meaning passes away.

II

Most of the faiths which we received from the Victorians had already by then been shaken. Certainly the Church which they left us was already weakened and despoiled, and the majesty of their dogmas had become

gradually so much attenuated that it needed only the resolute 'Pooh!' uttered by the new generation to make them vanish away. Yet their religion of love, or at least the value which they attached to that passion, reached us almost intact. With no subject has the contemporary mind been more persistently busy, but it did not, in the beginning, think of questioning the fundamental premise.

If one reads the novels of H. G. Wells—which will stand as perhaps the best expression of the minds of the liberal' mass—one will see that, for all their social iconoclasm, they imply a tacit acceptance of the assumption that 'love is best' quite as complete as that of any Victorian novel; and if one reads the six volumes of Havelock Ellis's *Studies in the Psychology of Sex*—which will stand perhaps as the completest and most characteristic of those works which made a rationalist attitude toward sex an important feature of the spirit of the age—one will see that to Ellis, too, love has its element of transcendental value. Neither the scientist nor the romancer dreamed of questioning the fact that love was the most significant of human experiences and that in it men might find the ultimate justification of life. If both were frequently concerned with an attack upon what were beginning to be called, even in popular language, the 'taboos' which surround the theory and the practice of love, both were so concerned because they thought of love as too obviously the supreme privilege of man to be burdened with irrational proscriptions; and their ultimate purpose was, in a word, not to cheapen or tarnish, but merely to free it.

The Victorians, for all their romantic system of values, had accepted the frustrations and the sacrifices entailed by their social code with a complacency which seemed to the new genera-

tion hardly less than heartless. They had seemed to take even a sort of perverse satisfaction in contemplating the bowed head with which people were supposed to acknowledge the inviolability of the rules and which Matthew Arnold had celebrated in two of his most characteristic stanzas:—

Each in his own strict line we move,
And some find death ere they find love;
So far apart their lives are thrown
From the twin soul that halves their own.

And sometimes, by still harder fate,
The lovers meet, but meet too late
— Thy heart is mine; *True, true. Ah, true.*
— Then, love, thy hand; *Ah, no! Adieu!*

They had, moreover, visited their punishments mercilessly, and they had even—witness George Eliot in *Adam Bede*—persuaded themselves that the punishments visited by society upon those who violated its taboos were the result of a law of nature, and the new generation was merely anxious to avoid the commoner tragedies of love which it regarded as avoidable. It looked forward to an individual who, free from a corroding sense of sin, should live in a society which placed no unnecessary restrictions upon emotional fulfillment, and, far from anticipating any cynical devaluation of love itself, it hoped only for an age in which men should love more freely, more fully, and more perfectly.

Yet it requires no more than a casual acquaintance with either contemporary life or its reflection in contemporary literature to enable one to perceive that this life hardly corresponds to the anticipation.

Freedom has come, but with it a certain lessened sense of the importance of the passions that are thus freely indulged; and, if love has come to be less often a sin, it has come also to be less often a supreme privilege. If one turns to the smarter of those

novelists who describe the doings of the more advanced set of those who are experimenting with life, — to, for example, Mr. Aldous Huxley or Mr. Ernest Hemingway, — one will discover in their tragic farces the picture of a society which is at bottom in despair because, though it is more completely absorbed in the pursuit of love than in anything else, it has lost the sense of any ultimate importance inherent in the experience which preoccupies it; and if one turns to the graver of the intellectual writers, — to, for example, Mr. D. H. Lawrence, Mr. T. S. Eliot, or Mr. James Joyce, — one will find both explicitly and implicitly a similar sense that the transcendental value of love has become somehow attenuated, and that, to take a perfectly concrete example, a conclusion which does no more than bring a man and woman into complete possession of one another is a mere bathos which does nothing except legitimately provoke the comment, 'Well, what of it?' One can hardly imagine them concerned with what used to be called, in a phrase which they have helped to make faintly ridiculous, 'the right to love.' Individual freedom they have inherited and assumed as a right, but they are concerned with something which their more restricted forefathers assumed — with, that is to say, the value of love itself. No inhibitions either within or without restrain them, but they are asking themselves, 'What is it worth?' and they are certainly no longer feeling that it is obviously and in itself something which makes life worth the living.

To Huxley and Hemingway — I take them as the most conspicuous exemplars of a whole school — love is at times only a sort of obscene joke. The former in particular has delighted to mock sentiment with physiology, to place the emotions of the lover in comic

juxtaposition with quaint biological lore, and to picture a romantic pair 'quietly sweating palm to palm.' But the joke is one which turns quickly bitter upon the tongue, for a great and gratifying illusion has passed away, leaving the need for it still there. His characters still feel the physiological urge, and, since they have no sense of sin in connection with it, they yield easily and continually to that urge; but they have also the human need to respect their chief preoccupation, and it is the capacity to do this that they have lost. Absorbed in the pursuit of sexual satisfaction, they never find love and they are scarcely aware that they are seeking it, but they are far from content with themselves. In a generally devaluated world they are eagerly endeavoring to get what they can in the pursuit of satisfactions which are sufficiently instinctive to retain inevitably a modicum of animal pleasure, but they cannot transmute that simple animal pleasure into anything else. They themselves not infrequently share the contempt with which their creator regards them, and nothing could be less seductive, because nothing could be less glamorous, than the description of the debaucheries born of nothing except a sense of the emptiness of life.

Now it is gratifyingly appropriate that this Huxley should be the grandson of the great Victorian exponent of life rationally conducted in the light of natural knowledge, since the predicament which he recognizes is a direct result of the application of the principles advocated by the grandfather. It is true, of course, that Thomas Henry Huxley felt too strongly the influence of Victorian taboos ever to indulge in any extended naturalistic consideration of the problems of sex, but the Ellises and the Wellses, whom we have taken as the type of those who have

concerned themselves with such an effort, did little more than apply the principles which he laid down. They used analysis in an effort to clarify an illusion, and the result, which now seems as though it might have been foretold, was to destroy that illusion.

They were, to be sure, successful in the immediate objects which they proposed to themselves; they did, that is to say, succeed in freeing love, both by relaxing somewhat the ferocity with which society had punished conduct which deviated from even the mere letter of its code and by lifting from mankind the burden of that sense of guilt which had oppressed so many and not infrequently poisoned what would have been otherwise a mighty and perfect experience. But when the consequences of love were made less momentous, then love itself became less momentous too, and we have discovered that the now-lifted veil of mystery was that which made it potentially important as well as potentially terrible. Sex, we learned, was not so awesome as once we had thought; God does not care so much about it as we had formerly been led to suppose; but neither, as a result, do we. Love is becoming gradually so accessible, so un-mysterious, and so free that its value is trivial.

That which the Victorians regarded as possessed of a supreme and mystical value was, as we have already pointed out, a group of related ideas and emotional aptitudes whose elements had, during a long period of time, been associated by means of connections not always logical. Analysis can dissociate them and has indeed done so, but in so doing it destroys the importance which only as a group they possessed. We know that the social consequences which once followed a surrender to love need no longer do so, and hence the nexus between the sexual act and those

elements of the love complex which are predominantly social has disappeared. More important yet, we know, or rather we feel, that this act is a simple biological one which sends no reverberations through a spiritual universe, and so it no longer has any transcendental implications. With vertiginous rapidity it is being reduced to that which it was in savage or prehuman society, and threatens to become again no more than a simple physiological act with no more than a simple physiological act's importance or value.

For many generations the adolescence of the individual has repeated the miracle achieved in the first place by the human race as a whole; it has, that is to say, associated the new impulses suddenly discovered in itself with various duties to society and with all the other aspirations of which it is capable; but this miracle is one which is becoming constantly more difficult of performance. Certain individuals have always and for different reasons failed to achieve it, and they have been compelled in consequence to lead jangled lives; but more and more people find themselves victims of a disharmony which results from the fact that they cannot escape a continual preoccupation with a passion which seems to their intellect trivial, and it would not be wholly fanciful to say that this sense of disharmony, of the unworthiness of their aims, is the modern equivalent of the conviction of sin.

It is not to be supposed, I take it, that any mood so disrupted as this is destined to endure. It represents an unstable equilibrium of forces in which one or the other is bound sooner or later to yield; for if the passion of love is to be devaluated, then it must be made to play in human life a part as small as our slight estimate of its importance makes appropriate. Such was the position to which the early Church

Fathers attempted to reduce it, and they were unsuccessful because the conflict which they felt between their instincts and their intellectual convictions was resolved in the religion of love; but the modern consciousness is surely destined either to evolve some equally mighty fiction or, while surrendering the erotic instinct as a source of important values, to dispose of it in some fashion involving a minimum of inconvenience and distraction. Nor is the fact that the ferocious and deliberate nastiness of some current writers suggests that of the Fathers, that, for example, Huxley has even in the midst of one of his novels quoted in the Latin from which he hardly dared translate it one of the most brutally scornful of their comments upon the flesh, merely an accident, since there is a certain similarity between the early saint and the contemporary sophisticate which is due to the fact that, however different their experiences may be, each rejects love for the same reason — each, that is to say, has refused to surround it with mystical implications, and each, looking at it as a mere biological fact, has found it ridiculous and disgusting. Certainly the nastiness of, let us say, James Joyce's *Ulysses* is the nastiness of an ascetic reviling the flesh in order that he may be free of it.

Now, if we set aside the ascetic ideal which in the past, at least, has generally proved itself radically impracticable, and if we set aside also the romantic ideal which the rationalizing tendencies of the human mind seem certain to destroy, there is only one way in which the artist — by which term is here meant whoever is distinctly human enough to have a plan for his life which he sets up in opposition to the simple plan of nature — may deal with sex, and that way is the one in which it is accepted as something ineluctable, perhaps, but nevertheless

uncomplex and trivial. The man who follows it may feel no need to battle against the flesh; he may have no desire to waste his energies in a futile struggle against the inclinations of the natural man, and he may preach no stern denials; but he makes of love a game, a joke, a ribaldry even, in order that, since it no longer seems really significant, it may be reduced to a mere incident.

And if, leaving the Huxleys and the Hemingways, who are concerned with characters still in the midst of confusion, we turn to certain other novelists, poets, and critics, we shall find them at least adumbrating such a solution, as may be illustrated by the words put into the mouth of a by no means ascetic painter in one of the most powerful of contemporary novels. 'The tendency of my work,' he remarks, 'is, as you may have noticed, that of an invariable severity. Apart from its being good or bad, its character is ascetic rather than sensuous, and divorced from immediate life. There is no slop of sex in *that*.'

Such a character is merely the novelist's projection of a type which logically results from the effort to think one's way through the confusions just outlined. This painter — Tarr is his name — represents the direction in which we are moving, and he explains the growing popularity of abstract design in the plastic arts and of pure intellectualism in literature, since both represent a reaction from that diffusion of sublimated sex through all the arts which is one of the chief characteristics of romanticism. But however logical and inevitable such a tendency may be, and however preferable it is to an absorption in things which can no longer be respected, it must be remembered that it is, nevertheless, based upon a complete surrender of something which we have been accustomed to regard as

one of the chief values in human life, and that it leaves a mighty blank in existence.

Whatever else love may still be, — game, puerility, or wry joke played by the senses and the imagination upon the intellect, — it no longer is the ultimate self-justifying value which once it was. We may still on occasion surrender to it, but surrender is no longer a paradoxical victory and the world is no longer well lost for love. Many other things we have come to doubt, — patriotism, self-sacrifice, respectability, honor, — but in the general wreck the wreck of love is conspicuous and typical. Rationalism having destroyed the taboos which surrounded it, and physiology having rudely investigated its phenomena upon the same level as other biological processes, it has been stripped of the mystical penumbra in whose shadow its transcendental value seemed real, though hid; and somehow, in the course of the very process of winning the right to love, love itself has been deprived of its value.

Such, in outline, is the process by which is accomplished what has here been called the death of a value. Many of us, not yet old, were born at a time when the religion of love was all but unquestioned, when it seemed to stand more firmly than even the religion of the Church, whose foundations science was already known to have slowly undermined. But if we have followed the course of modern thought we have seen it rapidly disintegrate. We have seen how works, of which Havelock Ellis's *magnum opus* is a type, claimed love as a legitimate subject for rationalistic consideration, and how, though Ellis himself believed that the superstructure of poetry would remain after its foundations had been subject to rational examination, just as Thomas Huxley believed that the superstructure of Christian morality would stand

after the supernatural props had been removed from under it, the mystical values lingered as ghosts for only one generation after rationalism had attacked the mythology upon which they rested.

We have seen the rise of an atheism quite as significant in the history of the human soul as that which has regard to religion in the more conventional sense, and one whose result may be summed up by a consideration of the fact that, though the phrase 'love is best' meant to our grandfathers more things than a volume could describe, it is to us so completely denuded that we can only repeat it as we repeat one of those formulæ of theology which, though once rich with meaning, are to us only words, words, words.

III

Others who have described, though perhaps in somewhat different terms, the disintegration of the love complex have been concerned chiefly with its effect upon human society. They have stressed their fear that, for example, the progressive tendency to dissociate love from family life would involve the most thoroughgoing reconstruction of our social organization, even if it did not destroy the possibility of any stable society, and in general they have thought of modified sexual customs in terms of their effect upon the race. We, however, are here concerned with the individual and with the consequences which the process we have been describing may have for the intimate emotional life of the separate soul — with, in a word, the changes involved by the death of love in the character of what we may call the experience of living.

We will, if we must, give up the illusion of love. The time may come when it will mean to us even less than it now

means to the philosophical Chinese and no more than it did to the savage; when, to state the case somewhat differently, romance will be, either as a motive in art or an aim in living, as fundamentally incomprehensible to us as it is to the American Indian, and when it will be so, not because we have not yet developed the complex system of associations upon which it depends, but because the analytical tendencies of our intelligence forbid our imagination to create the values once deemed so precious.

We may realize now that the effort to develop the possibilities of love as an adornment of life by understanding it more completely wrecks itself upon the fact that to understand any of the illusions upon which the values of life depend inevitably destroys them; but we realize that fact too late, and even if we should convince ourselves that we have paid too high a price for our rationality, that we should willingly re-assume all the taboos of the Victorian if we could feel again his buoyant sense that the meaning of life had been revealed to him through love, we could no more recapture his illusions by means of an intellectual conviction than we could return to the passionate faith of the Middle Ages merely because, having read Ruskin, we should like to build a cathedral.

Nor is human life so rich in values as to justify us in surrendering any one of them complacently. At bottom, life is worth living only because certain of our conscious activities allowed themselves to be regarded as though they were possessed of some importance or significance in themselves, and even the number of such conscious activities is too strictly limited to permit us to accept without foreboding the reduction of so important a one as that of sexual union to the status of a mere triviality. Many of the life processes — and by no means

the least important — are carried on without the accompaniment of any awareness whatsoever. The beating of the heart and the slow churning of the stomach, to say nothing of the infinitely complicated activities with which the glands are busy, are as little a part of that consciousness which we know of as ourselves as is the shifting of the earth upon its axis or the explosive disintegration of an atom of radium. In one sense man cannot either 'know himself' or 'live completely,' for the simple reason that only a fragment of his total organism is connected with that part of the brain wherein resides all that he is accustomed to call his ego or self. The body keeps itself alive by processes which we neither will nor recognize, and death may be preparing itself for months before a warning finally bursts its way into that relatively small mass of cells to which our awareness and hence our emotions confine themselves. When the life of any individual rises above the dim level of the mere toiler whose existence is scarcely more than a round of duties, and reaches that distinctly human level upon which contemplation in some form or other furnishes the motive for living, it does so because he has attributed a meaningfulness to some aspect of consciousness, but the possibilities for such attribution are limited.

Eating, because it is a conscious and not an unconscious process, because the taste buds of the tongue happen to be connected by nerves with the cerebrum and not the cerebellum, can be made into one of the ceremonies by which life is elaborated and can pass as a symbol into poetry and philosophy. So, for the same reason, can the act of sexual union; but both digestion and gestation, because they are controlled without the intervention of consciousness, are destined to remain merely unadorned

processes of nature. Man has wanted to live in order to love or even in order to eat, but hardly in order either to gestate or to digest. Yet it is merely an accident of our nervous organization that this is so.

Thus it is that of the infinitely complicated processes of life, in the biological sense, only a few are subject to that elaboration and poetization which make them even potentially a part of significant human experience. Just as the ears can hear only a certain limited class of the innumerable kinds of waves which roll incessantly through the air, and the eyes can see only a certain few of those vibrations in the ether which, after ranging from red to violet, pass on into invisibility, so, too, only a few of the processes of life furnish materials available to the mind. From a limited number of colors we must paint our pictures, from a limited number of sounds compose our symphonies, and from a limited number of conscious processes construct our 'good life.' But we are no more aware through our minds of the totality of what living involves than we are through our sense of the entire natural world. To ultra-violet light we are as blind as a man without eyes, and, similarly, most of our biological existence is as meaningless to us as the life of an insect is to it. Whatever does not happen within a few square inches upon the surface of our forebrain does not, so far as we are concerned, happen at all. It cannot be made the source of any human value, because it is a part of us which lives as the plant lives, without any knowledge of itself.

Nature, then, has imposed a certain rigid selection upon us. Grudgingly, perhaps, she has permitted us to be aware of certain of her activities, and has bid us do what we may by way of contemplating or elaborating them

until they seem to become not, as to her all things are, merely the means by which life is kept going, but ends to be enjoyed or valued in themselves. Within the limits which she has set we have, moreover, made certain choices of our own. Certain of the available conscious processes have seemed to us more suitable than others for this contemplation or elaboration, and we have devoted ourselves to them, leaving the others merely upon the fringe of awareness. Thus we made mere animal combativeness into chivalry, surrounded lair-making with all the association which belongs to the idea of home, and created a sense of the presence of God out of the fears for our security; but the greatest and most elaborate of our creations was love, and the process by which it is stripped of its meaning is a process by which man is dehumanized and life is made to sink back to a level nearer that of the animal, for whom life is a phenomenon in which there is no meaning except the biological urge.

At the very least it means that a color has faded from our palette, a whole range of effects dropped out of our symphony. Intellectually we may find romantic people and romantic literature only ridiculous, intellectually we may convince ourselves that we regret the passing of love no more than the passing of the spring festival or even the disappearance of those passionate convictions which made civil war seem to the Middle Ages intrinsically worth while; but we cannot deny that life is made paler and that we are carried one step nearer to that state in which existence is seen as a vast emptiness which the imagination can no longer people with fascinating illusions.

For the more skeptical of the Victorians, love performed some of the functions of the God whom they had

lost. Faced with it, many of even the most hard-headed turned, for the moment, mystical. They found themselves in the presence of something which awoke in them that sense of reverence which nothing else claimed, and something to which they felt, even in the very depths of their being, that an unquestioning loyalty was due. For them love, like God, demanded

all sacrifices; but like Him, also, it rewarded the believer by investing all the phenomena of life with a meaning not yet analyzed away. We have grown used — more than they — to a Godless universe, but we are not yet accustomed to one which is loveless as well, and only when we have so become shall we realize what atheism really means.

A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN

BY MARY AGNES HAMILTON

I

SINCE no one, I suppose, reads Tennyson nowadays, I may recall that, in the poem whose title I am borrowing in order to attempt to reinterpret it, he begins by explaining that before his 'eyelids dropt their shade' he had been reading Chaucer's *Legend of Good Women*. With its magic in his brain, he fell asleep and, by a natural transformation, saw an array of women by no means all of whom Chaucer, or anyone else, would have called good, but all of whom, like Tennyson, he would have called fair. Eve he did not see distinctly, but, in those of her daughters whom he did perceive, beauty was destiny, and its record pain. Everywhere, for him, beauty and anguish walked hand in hand. Into the moral, if any, in that, I do not stay to inquire; my quarry is rather different.

Tennyson wrote his 'Dream' in 1832. Fourteen years later Charlotte Brontë began *Jane Eyre*. To *Jane Eyre* belongs the distinction of being the

first heroine of romantic experience and appeal whose creator threw any claim to fairness, in the Tennysonian sense, out of the window, while endowing her, in full measure, with fairness of mind, in the masculine sense. This was an adventure by no means risked by the parent of Becky Sharp. Thackeray dropped the conventional exterior, but retained the conventional interior. Not Jane's plainness of face, but her fairness of mind makes *Jane Eyre* a revolutionary book, and keeps it so, despite all that is old-fashioned in it. It enunciated a notion which is still regarded as a paradox, although time is more and more giving it proof — the notion that the standard of fairness in woman is the standard of fairness in man; that in her, as in him, it applies to mind and conduct, and not to face only.

When we talk of a man as being fair, we mean that he has a mind in which truth has its lodgment, which assigns just values to different elements, and decides on balance, unswayed by personal prejudice or predilection—a

mind for which standards exist and have compulsive force. And we mean, above all, that he has a sense of honor, and that it is operative. Jane Eyre is fair in this sense. This element in her retains its freshness and its force even at a period when the other novelty in her creation — that of direct and unashamed passion, a feeling that does not wait to be asked, but comes forth, autonomous, glorying in itself — has lost its brightness through perpetual iteration.

That women, whether homely or comely, can feel, we have been shown *ad nauseam*; are they not, to-day, apt to claim a superiority on that count? Its validity may well be doubted; what has been less noticed, but is, actually, far more significant, is that they are claiming, in action, their birth-right and their inheritance as creatures whose fairness goes more than skin-deep. There are plenty of reasons for thinking ill of our own period (as of any other); there is, surely, this reason for thinking well of it: that, beneath its unexhilarating chaos of standards and turmoil of assertions, it is — in fact, if not with full awareness — working out a dream of women fair in this sense; and that, in so doing, it is, through all the uncomfortable throes that belong to any creative process, working out its own salvation.

Nor are women, in this, casting off their ancestress. On the contrary, they are, at long last, being true to her. Eve, the great 'mother of us all,' is, I have long thought, a much maligned character. Not because it is assumed, in flat contempt of the laws of heredity, that she is the parent of all women and of no men; that all women are her daughters, and no men her sons. She need no more be ashamed of her progeny than they of her. Many of them might, indeed, be glad could they believe that they have no kinship with

the man who despicably tried to shuffle off responsibility by saying, 'The woman tempted me' — surely the meanest utterance on record. But they know, to their sorrow, that Adam is their father; the 'primal curse' rests and has rested upon them as heavily as upon their brothers — perhaps the more heavily that it has not, until these latter days, been recognized.

No, the injustice to Eve is darker and more ungrateful than this. She has been presented, in innumerable paintings and poems, as the mere temptress. Beautiful, it is true, dangerously beautiful; but in character a creature of the simplest impulses and appetites, a mere weakling who could not restrain her hurried greed, but ate the fruit of the tree when she was solemnly told not to do so. As if that were all!

Where, without Eve, should we have been? Like Adam, content to sleep in the sun, ignorant, helpless, irresponsible, incapable of achievement, of the construction of any standard or scale of values. She set her little white teeth into the apple, and so gave us a knowledge of good and evil. Idle and irrelevant to call it the 'accursed fruit,' when good could be known by us only at the price of knowing evil. Adam, content to know neither, to do as he was told without questioning why, was as the beasts of the field. A simpler world we might have inherited, had his numb incuriosity determined its shape for us — but how much less interesting, and how devoid of hope! It would, in that case, have been a world about which we could have known nothing. It is to Eve we owe the best things we possess: hard recognition of the fact that everything has to be paid for, and, above all, intellectual curiosity. Yet, until quite recent times, these keys of Heaven have been confined, in the main, to the keeping of men, who have

asked of the daughters of Eve that they should look like their mother, and have taken little interest in the daughters' efforts to be like her. But those efforts are now very active. Intellectual curiosity may be, to-day, causing some unedifying experimentation, and a good deal of loud smashing of crockery; but not all the crockery deserved the piety with which it was preserved, and the clearance is making it possible to see things obscure before.

II

It is, as a rule, the particular that illuminates the general. As an example of the type of woman, numerous to-day, who heralds and in herself represents the new, fair-minded strain, I think of my friend Daphne Marjoribanks. Daphne is characteristic, further, in this: those whose contacts with her are merely social get an impression that is strictly misleading. I last met her at a dinner party. By way, perhaps, of relieving the tedium of the interval that occurs sometimes in the drawing-room before the gentlemen rejoin the ladies, Daphne was enlarging upon the superior attractions of what she called 'bad men.' She had at table sat next a man described, by his partner on the other side, as a 'person of shocking reputation' whom she was 'rather surprised to meet here,' and partly, I fancy, out of a malicious pleasure in teasing this other lady Daphne sang his praises loudly.

'I always find that type of man amusing, and they generally return the compliment — which is even more amusing!'

'I, on the contrary,' said the other lady, 'always find their attention just a shade insulting!'

'Really?' Daphne's smile was brilliant. 'I don't. With a man like that, one has such a comfortable, easy

feeling; he knows the ropes, he can play the game.'

'Of course; he flirts with everyone.'

'Well, I like that. It pleases me. It keeps my hand in. Nowadays so few men know how to do that neatly. He does. You can see from his technique that he is a skilled performer, and that's always such a comfort. I have yet to meet the good man who is that. Good men are either afraid or out of practice, or never knew how. The latter mostly, I suspect.'

At this all the wives present bristled, as though they felt that their husbands had been personally attacked — accused of either dullness or lightness. But Daphne was on one of her hobby-horses now, and did not care.

'I always find I get on better with bad men than with good. You can talk to bad men — or, which is even better, they know how to talk to you. Good men bore me — they make me feel plain. Bad men make me feel handsome.'

In Daphne's talk — always 'modern' to the last degree; so modern, indeed, that she might serve as Exhibit A for any foreigner or visitant from Mars to whom one wanted, briefly and succinctly, to convey where we are, in that regard — this preference for 'bad' men is a standing topic. Her conversation, anyhow, is notably free; she has a penchant for all that is broad and Rabelaisian in humor, and delights, or says she delights, in plays and novels which stress that note. Her vocabulary is anything but elegant or refined, and is enriched by a first-hand familiarity with the stable and the stock book. She never adjusts her conversation to her company. The older notion that there are things that women may mention to one another or discuss in female company, but not when men are present, is one for which she has an exasperated contempt. She is attractive

to men and has endless cheery companions with whom she goes to shows, race meetings, and night clubs. She dances well, rides even better, is an expert driver of any and every type of car, can take anyone on at cards. Blatantly she enjoys herself. There are people among her large and varied acquaintance who put Daphne down as a 'bad hat' and can produce evidence sufficient to satisfy themselves that such is the case.

Such, however, is not the case. She may take risks, but she is thoroughly aware of what she is doing, and certainly would never blame anyone but herself for any awkward consequences of a misjudgment. But I do not think that she makes many mistakes, perhaps because she has so few illusions. The 'evidence' that satisfies those of her acquaintance who find it amusing to think ill of her has this weakness: it is almost exclusively conversational. And Daphne's conversation is the one thing about her that is conventional. In that, it resembles the conversation of many women — and men — of her day.

III

'Time,' said Goethe to Eckermann, nearly a hundred years ago, 'is a strange thing. It is a whimsical tyrant, which in every country has a different face for all that one says and does. We cannot, with propriety, say things which were permitted to the ancient Greeks; and the Englishman of 1830 cannot endure what suited the vigorous contemporaries of Shakespeare: so that, at the present day, it is found necessary to have a Family Shakespeare.'

In 1928, we may say 'things permitted to the ancient Greeks.' In 1928, the Englishman and the Englishwoman can 'endure what suited the vigorous contemporaries of Shake-

speare.' But in return for these freedoms we have a new set of taboos. That is all that has happened. People who still cling to the old enjoy the luxury of being horrified by their contemporaries, while those same contemporaries are horrified if they are ever found out in being or doing anything 'old-fashioned.'

Nor is the rule of fashion confined to words, though it is in relation to words that its swift permutations can be most easily tracked. It applies all over the 'moral' world. Thus, for instance, in Jane Austen's day Sunday traveling was, quite seriously, taken as a sign of looseness of morals. Half a century later, under the Victorian dispensation, gambling, drinking, attendance at prize fights, were all dubious practices, even in men. To-day they are 'smart,' even in women. To-day, *per contra*, not to be easy in such matters, free, and, if possible, a shade *risqué* in speech, is to incur the reproach of a Puritan respectability — and from respectability men and women shrink as from the plague.

Daphne is of her period, and accepts its conventions. They are, in their way, quite as rigid as the old, though they happen to be the old, upside down. So, being modern, she would be injured if she were called respectable, and would blush to find herself liking a respectable character. But it is, as ever, the label she cares about, not the fact. And, for herself, her talk is one thing, her action quite another. It is her action, which is individual, not her talk, which is conventional, that you must interrogate if you want to understand her. And she is typical and, therefore, worth understanding.

Daphne, though she likes to hide it, has an energetic brain. She reads far more widely than anyone would gather who met her socially, since, socially, she thinks 'brainy' talk bad form.

But her social life is only intermittent, —an interlude,—her real sphere of action is in the country, where she spends most of her time, only dashing up to town every now and then for what she calls 'a little light relief.' The country occupies nine tenths of her days, though less than one tenth of her conversation. She runs her father's stables and his farm. Of rural and agricultural problems she has a first-hand knowledge; she knows all there is to know about fertilizers, agricultural machinery, coöperative credit, and so on; she has studied Denmark and written a small manual on dairy work, a masterpiece of lucidity and compression. (She would bite my head off if I mentioned it in town.) She is 'in' farming politics and on innumerable committees, where she is one of those invaluable and rare members who really attend to business. An intelligent musician, she has established a flourishing series of local concerts.

In all this she knows what she is about, and has a clear and animating sense of purpose. Her town friends know nothing of this side of her life, but for her, in the long run, it is the point. She enjoys it. It is from it that her authentic, individually effective scale of values — those standards of conduct to which she would, indignantly, deny the name of morals — is derived. In her work, she separates sheep from goats with unsparing clarity. She has a principle of discrimination, which she calls 'decency.' Decency with her is not, of course, a matter of sex relationships. It is a social quality. The decent man or woman is the one who can be relied upon not to let you, or the side, down; the one who takes his work conscientiously, whatever it be; who does not tell lies, or put the blame on others; who knows, though he may not talk about it, that there are some things

that must, and others that cannot, by a decent person, be done. Her definitions may not be very clear, but Daphne knows what she means and can 'spot' what she calls the decent, and I should call the fair, man or woman with unerring accuracy — and the indecent. Where decency is concerned, she is harsh and swift in her judgments. She will pursue the offender against it with a quite mediæval ruthlessness and rejoices when she can exact an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. At the same time, she is endlessly generous toward the failings of those whom she has passed as decent. Her loyalty to them has an almost religious authority. She may talk as though she were careless of the sanctity of the marriage contract, but in her enforcement of any and every other contract she is rigorous. Especially of that unwritten contract which declares the things that the decent must do or leave undone.

If there is one adjective that describes her attitude and her action, it is 'fair.' She is fair to men — fair, above all, in that she does not, in any part of her mind, cherish an expectation, from any one of them, of a transformation of her own life into endless happiness. She knows that life is what she herself can make it; that it is a question of giving, rather than of taking. This saves her from the characteristic bitter unfairness of the single woman's attitude toward men, or from the hardly veiled resentment of many of the married.

I ought, perhaps, at this point, to explain that Daphne is not the 'young girl' about whom there has been so much throwing about of brains. She represents a not less numerous group, of equal social significance, and of more significance in the making of opinion. She is forty. True, like other women of forty to-day, it must be said of her, as of the lady in the *Punch* cartoon:

'Whatever your age, mum, you don't look it.' If, at forty, she is unmarried, that is by her own choice. In other words, the person she desired at one time to marry was not available, and, since it was him and not the 'institution' she desired, she has not married anybody else. She accepts her state; she bears no grudge against it. Flirtations she enjoys all the more that, like a man, she, as she would herself put it, takes them 'in her stride,' does not put any great stress upon them. There are other things in her life. Her talk about sex does not imply that she is always thinking about it — rather, that she is not. It has for her, as for so many women, passed, once and for all, out of the category of prohibited and therefore attractive secrets, and settled down into the category of things that are to be taken as they come. She pays her tribute to ruling convention in her conversational references, but in action is more concerned with other aspects of life — that very large subject, of which sex is a small part. And in nothing is she more typical of the 'new woman' than in this.

IV

Women, traditionally, keep the world's conscience. Even in times when they were permitted little else of their own, and might be guardians neither of their children nor of their property, they had assigned to them this somewhat double-edged privilege of being the guardians of morality.

This fact, historically, in the times from which we are now emerging, has had a very curious result. Women looked after morals. Women were restricted in their action, and, to a large extent, in their thought, to a very limited portion of the area of human conduct. Morals, almost without anyone's noticing it, submitted, consequentially, to a similar restriction.

Morals, in the older, original sense of the word *mores*, cover the whole of a man's relations to his fellows, the whole area of social as well as of individual behavior, and concern conduct in all the relations of life. Essentially, *mores* are the body of rules gradually worked out by experience and accepted by human beings as its result, to enable them to live, as they must live, together — the handbook of communal life. In this sense, moral conduct is that which conduces to happy and fruitful social living; immoral, that which makes it dangerous, insecure, and sterile.

But it is not so that, in common contemporary parlance, we employ the term. Morals, in actual usage, have been confined in their application to one aspect of social relations — that between the two sexes. 'Moral' and 'immoral,' used as adjectives descriptive of men or women, or of their behavior, have come to be limited, almost technical, terms. The broad and general meaning that belongs to *mores* has shrunk to something narrowly specific.

The shrinkage is not due to the substitution of Christian for pagan ethics. In mediæval times, when the Christian rule was more definite and effective than to-day, the conception of morals was far wider than ours. Compare, for instance, the current and familiar use of the word with such a catalogue as the 'Seven Deadly Sins.' Lust there is only one item in a series which comprises pride, anger, envy, avarice, gluttony, and sloth in addition to it. To-day, lust has eaten up all the rest. Pride, anger, envy, avarice, and gluttony are signs of the successful everywhere. Sloth, still a sin in the working classes, is the mark of achievement in the upper. What a devastating clearance would society have to undergo were all the arrogant, the gourmands,

the ill-tempered, all who covet their neighbors' goods or hoard their own, to be condemned! Public life would become a desert. No profession would be safe. As it is, if we read in the newspapers that a prominent man or woman has been found out in 'flagrant immorality,' it is not of any of these sins that we think, but only of an infraction of one item in the social code.

This curious shift of emphasis is, in the main, surely due to the fact that morals have been consigned to the supervision of a sheltered caste. The outcome of such relegation has been, as it is bound to be, the erection of a code that is not only barrenly limited, but — and this is, really, more important — almost purely negative.

If one interrogates current opinion, one finds that morality means no more than a state of freedom from any accusation of immorality. It has no positive content. We class those men and women as moral against whom no act of immorality has been adduced; and by immorality we mean that particular sexual offense which women have been allowed to condemn, while they were compelled to tolerate it in the persons of their male relations. For the chastity of which women were constituted the defenders was, in the legal codes of most nations, an aspect of the fact that they were the property of their husbands. Nowhere is this point of view more barbarously revealed than in the practice of the British divorce courts, which allow the injured husband to claim monetary damages from the correspondent assessed in ratio to the degree of virtue which the court assigns to the erring wife.

Precarious and unstable as is this whole 'moral' construction, it has proved incapable of maintaining itself, its guardians once emancipated from their 'shelter.' Within the last half century, our common social life has

been transformed; and the changes that have taken place in it have been changes primarily of the status, occupation, and outlook of women. These changes, to which there is no parallel save those in industry at the turn of the nineteenth century, will, like them, require decades before their effects are worked out; but they too represent a revolution. Between the woman of 1928 and the lady of 1878 lies a whole hemisphere of experience and discovery. It amounts to nothing less than this: that into the inner life of women there has crashed the whole of the world outside, before closed off from them, in theory if not always in fact. They have entered into contact with all the forces — social, economic, political — that before made the world, as men knew it, different from the world as women did. The artificial barriers, the so-called shelter, have been washed away. What is happening is that women are, with a striking rapidity, adjusting their highly sensitive — to a large extent artificially sensitized — emotional apparatus to a world whose sustained and steady pressure on men has long ago forced them to indurate and segregate their emotional reactions.

One of the first actions of any released prisoner is to kick off his fetters. If the wine of liberty goes to his head, he may go on to sing pæans to license. That does not last long, however. He is back in a world where conduct is more difficult than in prison and requires a much more various and intelligent technique. So it is with women. Thrust, to-day, into the large world from which they were once secluded, the inadequacy of the code to whose service they were dedicated is now becoming apparent to them. Achievement, whether conceived of in material or in spiritual terms, requires positive, not merely negative, qualities; a code of action must have a positive content,

whether or no it be called moral. Even within the home they are asking whether, in either partner, envy, greed, ill temper, idleness, gross physical excess, an overweening arrogance, an unbridled egotism, are not as detrimental, domestically and socially, as flightiness of affection. If, for the moment, they are inclined to take that last item lightly, this is a natural reaction against long overemphasis. A preference for 'bad' men is a last shade of the prison house. As they come out, more and more, from those old shadows, and new interests and wide responsibilities press on them, a new conception of companionship arises. Integrity of attraction may be one of its elements; but it, in its turn, is but one aspect of that 'decency' which constitutes the basis of Daphne's effective code, as of that 'fairness' which is the same thing under another name.

Do not forget, either, that if fairness in character and conduct is what men have always prized in one another, though they have only rarely and intermittently looked for it in the other sex, exactly the same is true of women. The woman whom women admire resembles very closely the man whom men do. The beauty that either sex looks for in itself is more than skin-

deep. Each sex has hitherto looked, with an astonishment in which there is no small infusion of contempt, at the individuals selected from among it for admiration by the other. Women scorn the 'man's woman' no less than men do the 'woman's man' — and for the same reasons; in each case they see a being inferior in fairness, who would be rejected by his own kind on that ground. This is the point at which the 'dual standard of morality' has really been fatal. If, as I believe, the emancipation of the minds of women is really breaking it down here, there may be a wider realization than was dreamed of in the strange words of Francis Thompson: —

The Woman I behold, whose vision seek
All eyes and know not; t'ward whom climb
The steps o' the world, and beats all wing of
rhyme,
And knows not; 'twixt the sun and moon
Her inexpressible front enstarred
Tempers the wrangling spheres to tune;
Their divergent harmonies
Concluded in the concord of her eyes,
And vestal dances of her glad regard.
I see, which fretteth with surmise
Much heads grown unsagacious-grey,
The slow aim of wise-hearted Time,
Which folded cycles within cycles cloak:
We pass, we pass, we pass; this does not pass
away,
But holds the furrowing earth still harnessed to
its yoke.

THE IRRITATING EFFICACY OF ENGLISH CRIMINAL JUSTICE

BY GEORGE W. ALGER

I

ENGLAND and America are supposed to be more or less alike in their methods of reaching justice by law. No American lawyer, for example, speaking to his English brethren, and no English lawyer speaking before a bar association in this country, would think his speech complete without some well-rounded phrase about our common heritage in the common law, or some reference to the Anglo-Saxon concept of justice as that great and enduring tie which binds our countries together. These sentiments have been so often and so fully expressed, with such due regard to their soporific solemnity, that their repetition here would be only a waste of good printer's ink.

The really impressive thing is not the similarities between English and American law, but the differences. These differences are not merely in the matter of procedure and formulas, but in something far more fundamental: the practical effective relationship of law, not to the theory, but to the reality, of government. It is some of these differences which I propose to discuss here in connection with criminal law and its enforcement.

At the outset, let me take an illustration of these differences between the two countries in another field. England, as we know, does not, like our own country, prohibit the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors. Recently, however, the London news-

papers have been full of the tearful appeals of the great distillers, who claim that they are facing ruin by heavy taxes, which have increased from twenty-five cents a bottle on whiskey in pre-war days to nearly two dollars a bottle now. The English consumption of whiskey at the present time we are told, is only about one third of what it was in 1914, and forty-two distillers have closed down during the past ten years. If it were not, they say, for the export trade to prohibition America, the distillers' industry would have been completely destroyed. Statistics show, moreover, that in a most marked way drunkenness has fallen off in England since the war, partly because of these taxes and partly because of new limitations on the hours during which licensed publicans may vend their wares, which in general correspond with the usual hours for the consumption of food. These results in the diminution of intoxication have been obtained under a policy which characterizes English law — the principle of having a definite practical relationship between statutes as enacted and their enforceability as a part of the reality rather than the theory of government.

It is the English theory that regulative and prohibitive legislation should have a direct relationship with public sentiment. Law with the English ordinarily means, not a moral sentiment tortured into legal form, but something practical, enforceable, and to be obeyed.

There are special reasons why we should be interested in the operation of English criminal law. One reason is that it seems to work far more satisfactorily than our own. We in America are organizing crime commissions in a dozen states, with a national commission as a coördinating force, to study the alarming growth in our criminality — with statistics of crime showing a varying but steady increase, with our prisons full to overflowing, and with our legislatures busily engaged in increasing the punishment for felonies, providing mandatory life sentence for so-called habitual offenders, limiting or abolishing parole or probation, to add to the terrors of the law for the startlingly small percentage of offenders who are caught. On the other hand, we have the irritating spectacle of England going through hard times, suffering from unemployment and heavy taxes, yet steadily diminishing her criminal classes, closing prisons, selling jails and lockups found to be no longer needed.

Sir William Joynson-Hicks said before the International Prison Congress in 1923 that fifty years ago there were 20,000 prisoners in English local prisons and now 8000; that fifty years ago there were 10,000 prisoners undergoing penal servitude and now 1600; that the number of local prisons had been reduced in the meantime from one hundred and thirteen to thirty-one, and prisons for prisoners sentenced to penal servitude had been reduced from thirteen to four. Still further progress was made in the following five years.

There are to-day four times as many prisoners undergoing penal servitude in the State of New York alone as in the whole of the British Isles. It might be added that New York is unable to accommodate with prison cells some 200 prisoners now huddled in her

existing prisons, and is arranging to build another state prison.

In the United States a survey recently made by the National Committee on Prisons and Prison Labor shows an increase of prison population of 27 per cent since 1923. What makes the contrast even worse is the fact that the recent report of the National Crime Commission shows that the percentage of offenses committed in which the offender is apprehended and punished is far higher in England than with us.

Therefore it should be worth while for us, even in Chicago, where King George and all his works are temporarily under a cloud, to study English criminal law for what it may teach us.

II

Let us take up, in the first place, criminal appeals. There is an obvious reason why criminal appeals are especially important. The appeal court is like the neck of a bottle — the practical efficiency of any system of criminal law is determined largely by what happens there. If that court is slow, technical, learned, and overcritical, the whole system must adapt itself to the tempo and spirit of its governing authority at the top. The extent and nature of criminal appeals, the conditions under which they may be taken, what questions can be heard, the speed with which they may be disposed of, are, therefore, matters of primary importance.

The outstanding new feature of English criminal law is its Court of Criminal Appeal. It began in 1907 with the Criminal Appeal Act of that year, which went into effect in April 1908. Before that date there had been appeals allowed in criminal cases on questions of law, the verdict of the jury on the facts being final and conclusive. Roughly stated, the old English system was much what it had been

in Blackstone's time and much like what it is to-day in many of our American states. When it came to organizing a Court of Criminal Appeal, however, instead of following the American fashion of putting a few timid patches on an old system and calling it 'law reform,' the English enacted legislation of a quite different character. The new system, to be sure, was adopted only after a half century of agonizing parliamentary debates, of endless pamphlets by learned lawyers, after every argument of conservatism against reform had been heard and heard again. It was adopted notwithstanding the vaticinations of its opponents that it would result in a court swamped with countless frivolous appeals that would result, in turn, in delays and the general encouragement of crime.

The Act itself, it should also be noted, was largely the work of laymen, the English public having become tired of the continuous objections of a timid bar. Instead, therefore, of a hesitant and incomplete experiment, the new Act creating the Court of Criminal Appeal was a very bold innovation. In fact it is a court with powers so broad and startling that it cannot be contemplated by the average American lawyer without a shudder.

This Court of Criminal Appeal can allow an appeal and set aside a conviction if it thinks a jury's verdict is 'unreasonable' or cannot be supported by the evidence, or because of a wrong decision on a question of law, or if it thinks that 'on any ground there was a miscarriage of justice.'

If the judges think the sentence was too severe, they can shorten it. If, on the other hand, the prisoner appeals from a sentence because he thinks it too long, and the court, on the contrary, thinks it is too short, the court can lengthen the sentence. If the prisoner

was convicted on two counts and the court thinks he was properly convicted on one and not on the other, it can make a substitute sentence for the offense for which it thinks he was properly convicted. If it appears that the prisoner was improperly convicted of one offense with which he was charged and the court thinks he was guilty of another with which he was not charged, and if the court believes the jury must have been satisfied that the evidence proved him guilty of the uncharged offense, then, instead of allowing the dismissing the appeal, the court can substitute for the verdict found by the jury a judgment of guilty of the uncharged offense, provided that the punishment is not more severe.

This is all very bewildering to an American lawyer. What American appeal court can to-day lengthen or shorten a sentence, or substitute a sentence on a crime of which the court thinks the jury must have thought the prisoner guilty for a sentence on a crime for which he was tried and was improperly found guilty? What American appeal court could allow a convicted defendant, for example, to call before it for examination a witness who had not been heard in the court below for lack of carfare to attend the original trial?

The main point seems simply to be this. The English people, when they finally concluded after a long delay and many misgivings to create an appeal court for criminal cases, did the following very original and startling thing: they gave the new court every conceivable power to correct any miscarriage of justice, and the widest possible discretion in the handling of criminal appeals.

III

At first blush it would seem that the misgivings of the original objectors

the English Court of Criminal Appeal and merit and that the court was found to be swamped with frivolous appeals. Consider the phraseology of the court's power to determine appeals. This is this:—

The Court of Criminal Appeal on any appeal against conviction shall allow the appeal if they think that the verdict of the jury should be set aside on the ground that it is unreasonable or cannot be supported having regard to the evidence, or on the judgment of the court before whom the appellant was convicted should be set aside on the ground of a wrong decision of any question of law, or that on any ground there was a miscarriage of justice, and in any other case shall dismiss the appeal.

It would certainly seem that if the Appeal Court could set aside a verdict because it thought it was unreasonable, or because for any reason whatever the court thought there was a miscarriage of justice, the temptation to appeal would be great and the number of appeals would be excessive. Before considering the reasons why these misgivings have not proved to be real, it could be said that, according to the Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, who is the head of the English Court of Criminal Appeal, only 7 per cent of defendants having a right to appeal do so; that the court averages about 520 cases a year; that the range of sentences reduced has run from 17 to 47, and the number of convictions slashed from 14 to 39. The court was able to dispose of all the cases which came before it in 1924 in 41 days, in 1925 in 42 days, and in 35 days in 1926.

Perhaps one reason why there have been so few appeals has been that the court, having the widest possible authority to determine whether or not a given conviction was right or wrong, has been forbidden by the Act from considering anything else. 'In any

other case,' the Act says, the court 'shall dismiss the appeal.'

One feature of the English court which must have immense value in the repression of crime is the speed of its work. We in America completely lose sight of the psychological importance of speed in the final determination of criminal cases. Someone, for example, is murdered. It may be a very gross and inhuman crime. We are shocked at the wrong done to the victim at the time we first hear of the case. Long before its final determination, however, the dead victim has faded from our memory and we simply have before us the picture of the living defendant squirming to escape punishment for his crime, and our sympathies go to him largely because we have forgotten his victim.

This cannot happen in England. The average length of time that elapses in England from the day the appeal is taken, which has to be ten days after conviction, to the day it is finally disposed of in the Court of Criminal Appeal is less than five weeks. Even by the shortest of memories the victim cannot be forgotten in this time. With us the pressure, if any, for speed in criminal appeals is ordinarily on the part of the prosecutor. In England it is quite the reverse. The pressure is on the part of the defendant himself. This marked difference between our system and the English is due to a provision which doubtless would seem quite shocking to us. In England when a man is convicted he never obtains a certificate of reasonable doubt, or goes out on bail. He goes to prison. If he takes an appeal he is entitled, as the English law says, 'to special consideration as an appellant,' whatever that may mean, but he stays in prison while his appeal is progressing. What is more, the time which elapses between his conviction and the time his appeal

is heard does not subsequently count on his sentence. He is obviously in a hurry, under these circumstances, to have his appeal disposed of, and the celerity of the English appeal is largely due to the stimulative celerity of the defendant.

Whereas the American system entails a long delay in printing records on appeal, the English appeal consists merely in the transcription of the stenographic records and documents of the trial. Preparing these minutes is the main cause for such delay as may be involved in the short period which elapses between conviction and appeal.

Not only is the appeal speedy, but the decision also is speedy, and lacks all the common characteristics of an ordinary American appeal decision. There is absolutely no 'learning' in an opinion of the English Court of Criminal Appeal. Very rarely indeed is there any reference whatever to previous decisions, to rules of law, or to anything except the main question of whether on the whole the verdict is 'satisfactory' or 'unreasonable.' Most opinions are very short, — it is a rare case when one is two pages long, — and most of them indicate on their face that they have been rendered immediately at the close of the argument itself.

Nothing will show more clearly the psychological difference between the English court and our own in determining appeals than this speed of determination, brevity of opinion, concentration on the main question of whether the appellant has been treated fairly or whether the verdict against him has been unreasonable.

IV

There is one further observation which an American lawyer is bound to make on scanning a volume of the opinions of the English Court of

Criminal Appeal. It is that English sentences seem to be on the whole short, and that the Appeal Court itself performs a function which is unknown with us — that of equalizing sentences.

Time and again wardens of prison have told me they cannot understand the great variations which occur in the sentences with which prisoners come to them. The warden finds, for example, that he has two men convicted of the same crime with what seems to him an unexplainable difference of ten or fifteen years in the length of their respective sentences. Cases of this kind are not infrequent. Some of our judges are severe, some are lenient, some express their headaches or family troubles in long sentences, some reflect perfect digestion in short sentences. Convicts who compare the length of their sentences are more likely to note these differences than the average layman. There is with us no process in the courts by which sentences can be equalized, however. The English Court of Criminal Appeal serves as a part of an Equalization Board in this connection.

A few illustrations will show the operation of this function of the court and also the difference between the two countries in the relative severity of sentence. Take, for example, the case of one of two men in England who pleaded guilty to breaking and entering a shop and stealing jewelry. This man received a three-year sentence. He had been convicted in 1899, in 1913, and in 1914. He had a good army record, and then in 1921 he received a penalty of three years for receiving stolen property. After he came out of prison he worked for thirteen months. When he was dismissed for slackness of work he committed the offense of which he is now convicted. In New York this man would have received a mandatory life sentence. The English court said

It seems clear that these sentences were passed without sufficient regard for the record of the appellants as a whole. Both men had good army characters. It is urged on behalf of the appellants too little attention was paid to their efforts to get honest work and to the long periods during which they successfully resisted the temptation to commit crime. There seems to be substance in these contentions and, although the offense to which the appellants pleaded guilty was undoubtedly a serious offense, this court is of the opinion that each of these sentences may properly be reduced to eighteen months' imprisonment with hard labor.

Here is another.

A man convicted of housebreaking was sentenced to two years at hard labor. He appealed and conducted his own appeal and the Crown apparently was not represented. The court said:

The appellant was convicted six times of offenses of dishonesty before the war. He had enlisted in the army, served during the war, and was discharged in 1919. He re-entered and served until 1922. He was then convicted of stealing a bicycle and sentenced to six months. Since that date there is no record of any offense until the one we are dealing with to-day. It does not appear that the Chairman in passing sentence took into consideration that there was an interval of three years of honest life between the offense of 1922 and that for which the appellant has lately been convicted. In these circumstances we think that the sentence is too severe and we reduce it to one of fifteen months' imprisonment.

If it be assumed that these previous offenses were felonies, this man would have received a life sentence in New York under recent legislation which makes such sentence mandatory after the fourth conviction. The New York Court of Appeals, in sustaining the constitutionality of this new law, said:

This may work extreme hardship in certain cases where the sentencing judges could be justified in feeling that the

punishment was too severe for the nature and circumstance of the crime or crimes committed, but these matters are for the legislature or the Executive. Courts have no inherent power to modify sentences to meet exceptional cases. Courts declare law as it is.

Neither the English trial judge nor the English Court of Criminal Appeal is subject to these limitations. Even if he has pleaded guilty, a defendant who thinks he has received a harsh sentence may appeal from the sentence itself. This appeal is a dangerous one, to be sure, because the Appeal Court may, if it concludes that the sentence was in fact too short, lengthen it. To us this is another unheard-of judicial power.

In the treatment of those whom we call habitual criminals it may be said parenthetically that English law seems exceedingly lax and of a sentimentality bordering upon the maudlin. Not only are life sentences for habitual criminals not provided, but the most which can be done to give effect to prior convictions is to have from five to ten years added to the sentence of penal servitude fixed for the crime. This additional sentence is called 'preventive detention' and under it these habitual offenders are sent to Camp Hill on the Isle of Wight, where they are entitled to more freedom than ordinary prisoners, under the Prevention of Crimes Act of 1908, which prescribes that these prisoners are entitled to 'less rigorous treatment as the Secretary of State may provide.'

V

All these differences between the legal systems of the two countries come from one main difference which has not been discussed — an essential and basic difference between English criminal law and ours. England trusts her magistrates. She selects them carefully, gives

them wide powers, and expects them to perform their duties in the maintenance of the dignity of English justice. That they have met these expectations is indicated by the criminal statistics which I have quoted at the beginning of this paper.

Here in America, power in criminal law is mainly vested in the amateur rather than the expert. We trust our juries, but do not trust our courts. We have whittled down the power of the judge so as to make him a moderator rather than a judge. Our criminal trials with the centre of authority vested in a dozen jurors, amateurs in justice, adventitiously called for the exercise of undirected powers, are public spectacles of a type utterly unknown in the British Isles. What the bullfight is to Spain the trial in murder cases is to America — a great spectacle. It gets continuously worse.

Nothing paralleling the trial of the Hall-Mills case, one of the most grotesque cartoons of a murder trial that ever happened, can be found in the annals of British law. Nothing like the recent Remus case in Ohio could have occurred in England. We have overdeveloped the jury system by minimizing the authority of the judge.

To make the matter worse, we have made criminal law notoriously technical. We have multiplied in our appellate courts a learning which disfigures our jurisprudence and which complicates all the processes of criminal justice and adds to the difficulties of the trial judge. The English reform has been in simplification. The English judge can keep his mind fixed on the main point, conscious that when the trial over which he has presided is considered in the Court of Criminal Appeal it will be on the single question of whether, on the whole, justice has been done.

The English people are accustomed to believe that their judges are actuated by a fair spirit and that the rights of the defendants as well as the rights of the Crown will be fully protected. Consider what happened last year with us in the Sacco-Vanzetti matter. The whole country was turned into two contending camps on the question of whether these men were innocent or guilty and whether they had received in fact a fair trial. The highest court of Massachusetts, after seven years of delay, reached its conclusion on the case. It did not have the power to find whether, on the facts, these men had been properly convicted. The weight of the evidence was a matter for the amateur in the court below — the jury.

The opinion of the Massachusetts Supreme Court did not consider the real merits of the issue in which both the defendants and the American public were interested. It could consider and did consider only rulings on questions of law. It wrote a very long opinion, considering separately each of the so-called 'assignments of error' — the technical name by which questions of law are raised in an appellate court — and found no 'error' in these findings. The opinion itself was an unintelligible jargon from the layman's standpoint. It was a form of mystery made worse by learning. It settled nothing.

This would not have happened in England. The English court's opinion in such a case would doubtless have been a very short one. It would, however, have discussed and decided those vital questions in which alone the public was really concerned: Was the verdict reasonable or not? Was the verdict one supported by the evidence or was it not? Was there on any ground miscarriage of justice? These questions an English court would have considered and these alone, and on these grounds and these only could the conviction

have been reversed. Any system of law which, after agonizing consideration of a single case for seven years, results in a judgment unintelligible to the public, by a court not even empowered to consider the merits of the case in the way in which the amateur, the jury, had considered it, is bound to prove unsatisfactory. A system under which it becomes necessary for the executive of a state to reëxamine the facts of a trial through an unofficial board, because its judicial system has no adequate facilities for correcting its own errors, is impossible, unworkable, and archaic, and requires fundamental change.

VI

It would be absurd, of course, to suggest that to the English courts or to the English criminal procedure alone is due the startling contrast between English statistics of crime and our own. The English police system deserves its large share of credit for a percentage of arrests and convictions per crimes committed which, as the recent report of our National Crime Commission shows, is also in startling contrast to our own.

English criminal law is not perfect. With all its virtues and defects, however, it is perhaps a fair reflection of a vital aspect of England's political development—the extent of her success in the establishment and maintenance, over a homogeneous people, of her common law, in a country in which respect for law and observance of law are considered important.

Nor, if we are candid, can we deny that our own criminal law, its processes and results, are any less representative of the present character of our own civilization so far as it is expressed in government. Occasional outbursts of hysterical criticism on verdicts of acquittal like those in the recent Remus

and Sinclair cases, the world-wide agitation over the convictions and the ineptitudes of the trial of the Sacco-Vanzetti case, are, to be sure, indications of a healthy discontent with current conditions, which is a presage of progress.

What is really arousing us at last is the contemplation of the consequences which have followed the process by which American intelligence, imagination, and capacity for organization have been diverted from problems of government to problems of industry. We have neglected our political organization to perfect an organization of industry unparalleled in the world—to create a relation between capital, management, and our millions of workers in industry which will lay the firm foundation for a new ideal of a working world. This task is in its last phases. When we look to-day upon the neglected field of government, however, and view the weeds and tares of our neglect, it need not be with pessimism or discouragement. When we see crime rife, our courts disrespected, our cities and states bleeding with political mismanagement, we see the darker side and not the whole of the picture of our civilization—a civilization in transition to higher things. To these neglected tasks we shall in due course return, and soon. The same intelligence, the same organizing capacity, which have made American industry what it is to-day can, if they will, produce the same results in our political organization. To this field we must return, for the disgrace of its neglect has been with us too long.

In industry, mass production derives its success in a large measure from the development of machinery to take the place of men. Nothing to correspond with this can be applied to the problems of government. We ought to know, for we have tried and failed.

We are still trying, though our statute books are full of these failures.

Being busy in other and more alluring fields, we have tried to limit our prospective losses through corruption, incompetence, or sloth, in the neglected field of government, by enacting limitations upon the powers of public officers and particularly of judges. To prevent bad judges, chosen for political reasons only, from doing wrong, we have by a patchwork of prohibitions made it impossible for good judges to act effectively. We should not then complain when our chaotic system works as we ought to expect it to work. If we really think it is safer for us to place the centre of authority for law enforcement in a kaleidoscope of jurors, we should accept the logical results. As I write, however, Congress is trying to extend the judicial strait-jacket formula — the workings of which have proved such a disastrous failure in Chicago, for example — to the Federal courts.

In the business world the by-laws of a company have their purpose, function, and importance, but no business corporation has yet been heard of, even in America, whose success was due to the limitations imposed by its by-laws upon the brains of its management; or even one in which the by-laws were so skillfully drawn as to make

competent and experienced executives unnecessary. Some day, perhaps soon, we shall apply the lessons of industry to law.

We are to-day studying our criminal law more thoroughly, systematically, and on a wider scale than ever before. It is intolerably bad and we are ashamed of it. If I may continue to use the illustration, it needs new by-laws, but it must not depend upon them for success. It needs, not an articulated system of restraints upon power, but a system in which judges are trusted to do justice, are given power to do justice, and in which only those competent to meet the responsibility of such trust receive the dignity of the robe.

Nothing else will do. We must, in the political world as in the industrial world, put our main trust not in machinery but in men. We have for a decade been overbusy with the new problems and the new industrial opportunities which have come upon us following the war. We have neglected ancient tasks and obligations due the State. This period is passing. We are returning to neglected duties and the task of demonstrating to ourselves and to the world our capacity for creating and maintaining a nation which is not only industrially prosperous, but politically civilized.

ARE AMERICAN JURIES AT FAULT?

BY VICTOR HOUSE

I

IN three outstanding Federal criminal conspiracy trials of recent years, the verdict of the jury, contrary to widespread and justifiable public expectation, has been either 'not guilty' or a disagreement. In a long array of similar prosecutions, less in the public eye, the result has been the same — a verdict of acquittal despite a consensus of well-informed opinion that criminality existed.

Is the widespread criticism of the jury system which has followed these verdicts justified? Are the juries primarily to blame for these apparent miscarriages of justice?

In each of these three outstanding cases, which I shall take as illustrative, a most careful weeding-out process attended the selection of the jury. The prosecution participated in this, as well as the defense. In two of the cases the jury throughout the trial was segregated in the custody of Federal marshals, so that sinister influence might have difficulty in reaching it. Upon each juror's every action and reaction the watchful gaze of government counsel, as well as the eye of a presumably vigilant court, was focused throughout the trial. These jurors were marked men from the moment they entered the courtroom as members of the panel from which they were chosen.

Had these trials all resulted in disagreements, it would be easy to suppose that an individual juror had been

'reached,' and that under our rule requiring unanimous verdicts his faithlessness had sufficed to obstruct the processes of justice. But in only one of the three cases was there a disagreement, and in that case — the prosecution of Harry M. Daugherty, former Attorney-General of the United States — a second trial also terminated in a disagreement, with the result that the Government voluntarily dropped the indictment. In the other two cases twelve men fully conscious of their responsibility returned unanimous verdicts of 'not guilty.'

Is it reasonable to deem each member of each of these juries corrupt? Is it reasonable to suppose each member of each of these juries unintelligent? If we bear in mind that these cases are simply illustrative of what has happened time and again in the Federal courts, whenever competent counsel has represented defendants charged with crime under the conspiracy statutes, is it good common sense to blame primarily the jurors for the apparent miscarriage of justice? May not the law itself be primarily to blame?

As Special Assistant to the Attorney-General, I prosecuted one of these outstanding cases myself, and after the acquittal discussed it at length with two jurors whose intelligence and fair-mindedness no one could doubt. This was the prosecution of Charles A. Stoneham, owner of the New York Giants Baseball Club, Elmore D. Dier, and others, for conspiracy and

fraudulent use of the mails in a brokerage transaction.

One of the jurors in the first Daugherty trial — a college graduate with a highly trained, alert mind — was a client of mine, and when the case was over he recounted to me in detail the long and grueling struggle of the jurors to reach a verdict.

In the Sinclair trial, which has brought this subject up once more so vividly, we have the benefit of an unusually informative statement from one of the jurors, Kenneth Carter, a bank employee, published in the newspapers the day after the verdict was announced.

It is impossible for a fair-minded man to study the story of these verdicts and lay any considerable part of the responsibility for the outcome upon the jurors. From several hundred jury cases which I have personally tried, the conviction has come that the average American jury, when properly made aware of the seriousness of its task, is intelligent, conscientious, fair-minded, and frequently amazingly able to comprehend complicated situations of fact and pass upon them. Corruption in juries is a rare and uncommon thing, and, because of the rule of law that verdicts must be unanimous, exceedingly difficult of successful accomplishment.

If we regard the Stoneham, Daugherty, and Sinclair cases as illustrative, their careful study will serve to establish, so far as the juries' part in the verdicts is concerned, a high sense of fairness, an almost astonishing ability to comprehend and digest the facts, and a discriminating intelligence of the highest order in applying them to the law as expounded by the court. What is more, it will disclose a sturdy readiness, which is fundamentally laudable, to resist popular clamor and hue and cry.

II

I know that the foregoing is contrary to opinion frequently voiced of late in even well-informed circles, but to my mind these conclusions are inescapable. The fault for miscarriages of justice lies primarily, I am convinced, not with the juries, but with the antiquated concepts of law with which they are shackled in arriving at their verdicts. Within the limitations of these shackles the average American jury is as competent a tribunal for the finding of fact and the even-handed doing of justice as any that mankind has yet devised. It remains the impregnable bulwark of our liberties which the founders of the Republic conceived that it would be. Not lightly should it be shorn of its power.

To establish by a study of the Stoneham, Daugherty, and Sinclair cases the broad generalizations which I have made regarding the competency of juries must seem like a large undertaking. Yet let us examine the facts.

Each of these cases involved charges of conspiracy.

In the common acceptance of the term, a conspiracy suggests a clandestine meeting together for the purpose of scheming some illicit design. Under our law, the mere act of scheming is not sufficient to constitute a crime; it is necessary that some act be done to effectuate the scheme. This is what the language of the criminal law terms an 'overt act'; and, in order to convict of conspiracy, an overt act must be both charged and proved.

The wording of the section of the United States Criminal Code making conspiracy a crime is as follows: —

If two or more persons conspire either to commit any offense against the United States, or to defraud the United States in any manner or for any purpose, and one or more of such parties do any act to effect the

object of the conspiracy, each of the parties to such conspiracy shall be fined not more than ten thousand dollars, or imprisoned not more than two years, or both.

The Federal mail-fraud statute, under which many prosecutions for fraudulent conspiracy are instituted, reads in its material part as follows:—

Whoever, having devised or intending to devise any scheme or artifice to defraud, or for obtaining money or property by means of false or fraudulent pretenses, representations, or promises . . . shall, for the purpose of executing such scheme or artifice or attempting so to do, place, or cause to be placed, any letter, postal card, package, writing, circular, pamphlet, or advertisement . . . in any post office . . . or authorized depository for mail matter, to be sent or delivered by the post-office establishment of the United States . . . shall be fined not more than one thousand dollars, or imprisoned not more than five years, or both.

Under these statutes the great majority of Federal fraud prosecutions are instituted. What is the legal burden which they impose upon the prosecutor—the burden which I have stated is largely responsible for so many miscarriages of justice?

The courts have held—and the conclusion seems inescapable—that under the wording of these statutes the prosecution must prove, in order to convict, that there has been (1) a plotting, a conspiracy, a scheming together to accomplish, (2) an unlawful purpose (or a lawful purpose in an unlawful manner), and (3) an act done to effectuate the plot.

Note that the plot must in point of time *precede* the act—in the case of the mail-fraud statute, the mailing of the letter. Note that the plotting must be proved, as well as the unlawful object intended or accomplished, and the overt act. Note also that each of these elements must, in the familiar

language of our criminal law, be 'proved beyond a reasonable doubt.' This is the law of the land, and when the judge so charges the jury,—as he is in duty bound to do,—under its oath the jury is bound conscientiously to search the record for evidence establishing 'beyond a reasonable doubt' (1) a plotting or scheming together, (2) an act *thereafter* done to effectuate the plot, and (3) the fraud intended or accomplished.

Now, what is the situation which the jury almost invariably finds?

In the type of fraud case which comes before the Federal courts, direct evidence of plotting or scheming together, of conspiracy in the usual acceptance of the term, is practically unprocurable, if not in fact nonexistent. No less an authority than Martin T. Manton, Senior Judge of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit, declares in a recent opinion (the appeal of Thomas W. Miller, former Alien Property Custodian):—

In charges of conspiracy to defraud, there is usually no direct evidence of the corrupt arrangement. . . .

It is possible that the uncouth type of thug, gangster, or safe-cracker congregates with his 'mob' over a table in the back room of a saloon or 'speakeasy' and deliberately plans with his comrades in crime their next 'job.' And an informer or stool pigeon, present at such a gathering, can later give direct testimony thereof.

'White collar' banditry does not design so crudely. Rare the scheme which when offered is not fair on its face. The fraudulent design is insidious and implicit; not often are conferences held at which it is disclosed. In point of fact, the plan may be, and most frequently is, entirely fair, guileless, and promising on its face, and only in the last stages of its execution, after the

victims have been beguiled into it, does the fraud begin to operate. Up to that point the schemers usually try to leave themselves in a position where they can withdraw from the enterprise or abandon their illegitimate purpose, should circumstances make such a change of procedure advisable.

More likely than not, there is no actual plot at the outset, and no plotting. The plan which culminates as a far-reaching fraud may be hatched in a single mind, with others joining at its bidding in the fashioning of details of the design, content in the thought that ultimately they will in some way, not expressed, profit. Or, if there are several 'master minds,' they may reach their understanding in the most casual way — no promises asked, none given. Only when the fraud is completed, when the entire design is exposed, comes the realization that mere chance did not accomplish the result. And the scheme may have been progressive; the plan may have developed with time; many overt acts which in retrospect are part of the plan may in fact have preceded in time its full formulation.

III

The subtle and secret mental process connected with the fashioning of a fraudulent plan is what the prosecutor is called upon to prove, 'beyond a reasonable doubt,' preceded the execution of the plan itself! He must prove at the outset, in every conspiracy case, the formulation of a scheme. It is not enough that he establishes a fraud perpetrated, accomplished. He must prove that it was intended, and that the intention *preceded* the execution.

Juryman Kenneth Carter puts it very clearly in the following words: —

I don't believe Sinclair was guilty of the charge. I don't believe he agreed to pay

Fall anything *before* he got the lease [italics the author's]. It may be that after Sinclair did get the lease Fall got some money from him by the argument that he favored Sinclair with the lease.

I mean that, suppose I did something for somebody and then later came around and asked a loan or a gift on the plea that I had done a service for him. If he should give me the money you could n't say that he was guilty of a conspiracy.

In the Stoneham case the fraud charged was that, in transferring his brokerage business to Dier, Stoneham failed to deliver over \$5,000,000 of securities he was supposed to be holding for customers, but delivered only about \$2,100,000 (much of this being of the 'cat and dog' variety), making a cash settlement as to the rest. When the 'bull market' started a few months later, Dier, 'short' of the securities undelivered, failed, with huge losses to creditors. The letters to customers — mailed just before the transfer commenced — stated that the 'accounts' would be transferred, which of course implied that the securities in the accounts would be transferred.

There is no doubt that a flagrant fraud was committed; in a recent related civil case the New York Appellate Division has sustained a jury verdict against Stoneham for the recovery of the value of securities undelivered. But in the criminal case the jurymen with whom I spoke explained to me painstakingly that they had acquitted Stoneham because of their inability to discover proof of an agreement between Stoneham and Dier, *preceding* the transfer of the accounts, that the full amount of the securities should not be delivered.

It is perfectly possible that there was no such previous agreement; that only after Stoneham had delivered to Dier the \$2,100,000 of 'cat and dog' stock which he had in his vaults was

the arrangement made to substitute a cash settlement for the stock remaining undelivered. Such an arrangement would then have postdated the letters to customers, and there could be no conviction under the mail-fraud statute unless the jurymen *inferred* an agreement previous to the mailing of the letters — an agreement possibly non-existent in fact. If, on the other hand, we assume that there was a prior agreement, only Stoneham and Dier, who made it, could give direct proof of it — and they were both defendants. Necessarily, therefore, the proof of such an agreement 'beyond a reasonable doubt,' which the law exacts, would depend upon inference from circumstantial evidence, of which juries are notoriously, and possibly quite properly, shy.

Let it be noted, however, that whether Stoneham and Dier made such a previous agreement or not, whether they intended it from the inception of their transaction or not, the grim fact remains that a fraud costing thousands of investors millions of dollars *was* perpetrated. It is scarcely satisfying to the victims to say that the defendants must be acquitted because there is no proof that they intended to do what they did.

So, in the Daugherty case, the evidence amply showed that Jess Smith and others closely identified with the former Attorney-General received large blocks of securities which were traced from Richard Merton, the German director of the Société Suisse, through various brokerage houses, down to the Attorney-General's account in the Washington Court House Bank in Ohio, of which Mal Daugherty was president, where the investigators ran up against the destroyed records, the story of which is familiar history.

There was no doubt in the jury's mind, as the story was related to me,

that some of the Merton bonds found a destination with the former Attorney-General. The proposition which stumped the jurors and prevented them from reaching a verdict as to Daugherty was that nowhere was there direct evidence showing that he agreed with Merton, Miller, King, and the others *beforehand* upon the fraud ultimately consummated, and upon the payment and division of bribe money after the allowance of the Société Suisse's claim against the Alien Property Custodian. Such an agreement lay only in inference; so far as Daugherty was concerned, he never even saw Merton. It is quite conceivable that he knew no details of the plot, but merely aided it by writing the short letter of official approval which implicated him, and for which he doubtlessly got his reward. Under such circumstances, with the law standing as it does, it is small wonder that the jury found itself in true distress.

IV

Where lies the solution? It is obvious that in the prosecution of cases such as these the Government is not equipped to contend against the shrewd and subtle machinations of clever schemers whose every move is calculated to keep them just barely 'within the law,' with an antiquated legal machinery designed to cope with a far more simple and far less dangerous type of offender. The law strait-jackets the jury, and the prosecution is faced from the outset with an almost hopeless task. The task is not merely hopeless, but intellectually somewhat degrading. It amounts to creating such an overwhelming moral indignation in the jury's mind as to the enormity of the fraud perpetrated that the jury will be 'drugged' into a finding of a fraudulent initial scheme precedent to the consummation

of the fraud. Where the jury is intelligent and conscientious and scrupulously observes the court's charge of the law, it is practically futile ever to expect in this class of case a verdict of conviction.

The cure lies in 'putting teeth' into the law, in amending and strengthening it so that it may cope with the subtle type of fraud which is the cancer of modern finance, which is immensely profitable when successful, and which invites the participation of the sharpest and shrewdest of designing minds, frequently masking under cloaks of eminent respectability—the type of fraud in which the schemer's tracks are carefully covered as he goes along, so that only the results of the operation stand forth, and it is almost incredibly difficult to establish the earlier steps in the scheme.

Some of the judges of our higher courts have been very much aware of these statutory difficulties with our criminal law. Recently, Judge Learned Hand of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, tracing the history of the law, stated in a case:—

A conspiracy to perpetrate a civil fraud (under the common law) was a crime, though the fraud itself was not one. In the early eighteenth century, frauds in general were probably still crimes even when not of a public character, and not within the statute of false tokens, though the question was not settled . . . (and) afterward the doctrine was narrowed and only frauds of a public nature remained criminal. . . .

The cure in part lies in legislation tending to make the proof of intent in

these fraud cases simple so far as the prosecution is concerned. It is high time to consider whether there should not be created by law a presumption of prior intention, which in every conspiracy and fraud case will impose upon the defendants the burden of proving that they did not from the outset intend the wrongful acts which are the true gravamen of their offense.

In homicide cases, the carrying of a dangerous weapon creates a legal presumption of intent to use it in the accomplishment of the offense, and the burden is on the defendant to negative and overcome such presumption. If the law will create such a presumption of intent where human life is at stake, why hesitate when the stakes are immeasurably less?

When a fraud is practised which has caused possibly thousands of guileless victims to suffer, is there any ground in reason or justice why those participating in the transaction should not be called upon to exonerate themselves and to establish by preponderating evidence that they possessed no wrongful intent? When a public official accepts bribe money after doing a discretionary official act, is there any fair reason why he should not be required to disprove a presumptive wrongful initial intent? I fail to see any such ground in either case. An outraged public conviction of the futility of our present legal equipment to cope with the situation demands a change. To blame the juries is beside the point and entirely to avoid the crux of the difficulty.

LOST

HIGH out of Time they fly,
Beauties the poets lost —
Their dreams that soared too high.

Lonely and strange and clear,
Shakespeare's uncaptured bird
Sings the note he died to hear.

Too fierce for Greece or Rome,
Up, up their visions sped
To this immenser home.

Here, though Keats ceased to be,
And prisoned lies in dust,
His nightingale went free.

Call, anguished poet, call
To these wanderers in the vast. . . .
Does a broken echo fall?

GRETCHEN WARREN

HIDDEN TREASURE

BY ELLEN N. LA MOTTE

I

FIFTY years ago, more or less, — no one is quite sure, either way, — there lived an old man in the large corner house at the end of our Street. It was an eighteenth-century house to begin with, but he modernized it according to the standards of fifty years ago, and put in white marble mantelpieces of ornate design, and faceted mirrors in the ceilings, to reflect the light from gilded chandeliers. Across from the drawing-room he built a large conservatory, with a black-and-white marble floor — a room with a glass end and a high curved glass roof, high enough to receive tall palms and tropical plants. He spent huge sums on the house, making it magnificent, but after the builders were out no one ever saw the inside of it during his lifetime.

He was rich and eccentric and lived alone, and rumor had it that he collected silver half crowns, just as one might collect threepenny bits. Now to collect threepenny bits, among such as you and me, is no light matter. Therefore to collect half crowns, to withdraw them completely from the needs of daily life without feeling it, means wealth indeed. But wealth he had, for the story goes that he covered one of his rooms with these silver half crowns, and set them into the plaster. The coins, so went the report, were placed together so closely, so precisely, so evenly and smoothly, that they covered the entire walls and ceiling of one room, and when it was thus covered he

papered the whole thing over with disguising wall paper, so that no one knew which room it was. So well had he set in his half crowns that no coin showed through, and there were no little ridges or circles or depressions by which one could possibly recognize the silver room from any other.

Naturally the Street took a deep interest in this old man and his silver room, and there was much speculation as to which it might be. Some had it was one room, some another, on this floor or that. Consensus of opinion finally placed it as the largest room in the house, because, if one was rich enough and odd enough to cover a little room one was also rich and odd enough to cover the biggest. But, whichever it was, the old man kept his secret. No one could rob him without such fuss and disturbance and tearing of paper as would have aroused him. Therefore no one ever attempted to rob him, our Street not being very enterprising in such matters.

At this point the story has an unsatisfactory ending. Many years ago the old man died, leaving no bank account, no papers, no hoard of gold, not so much as a farthing piece to be found anywhere. Nothing but the magnificent house, on which a fortune had been spent; yet not a trace of a fortune could be found. Had the money been buried or hidden in the house, or secreted elsewhere? No one knew. Moreover, no trace could be found of the silver room. Apparently there was none, which was contrary to

all gossip and tradition. The house then passed into other hands, and eventually Miss Anne took it over on one of those interminable 999-year leases, or something of that kind.

Below, as you know, is the restaurant, where one can get a good meal at a trifling cost. Above, on the first floor, is the sitting room, with Miss Anne's bedroom adjoining. The two upper floors are let out at ridiculously low prices to people financially unstable, who do or who do not meet their rent. But Miss Anne, warm-hearted and generous, never presses for the weekly rent when overdue. Presumably, if it is n't met, it can't be, so there is an end of it. Next week, perhaps — or the week after; one always hopes. People say — there is a lot of gossip in our Street — that the house has now become so run down and so shabby that of course none but the poorest would think of lodging there: impecunious gentlefolk, who have heard of the hidden treasure and have come to look for it; have come to live in the old house, hoping to be lodged in the mythical silver room and so make their fortunes; and that it is because of these greedy lodgers, these treasure hunters, that the house looks so appallingly shabby. Not the furniture, — that is well enough, — but the state of the rooms, with the wall paper all in nicks and shreds, cut by sharp tools into ribbons.

Now and then, when things get too down at heel, Miss Anne remonstrates with her lodgers, protests there is nothing to be found, and puts on new wall paper over the old tatters. But the ghost of the silver room cannot be laid. The new wall paper goes as did its predecessor; strips are torn from above the baseboard, or in most unexpected places, till the rooms are spotted like a leopard — rips and tears all over. In the quiet of the night,

when the buses have stopped running, one hears furniture being moved about, surreptitiously. Rickety chairs are being placed on shaky tables, so that some old lady may climb up and rake the ceiling paper down. Always they are all of them searching for those half crowns. When lodgers do that sort of thing, systematically, no room can look nice for long.

II

A small gathering of five or six people was assembled in the sitting room one evening after supper, trying to advise Miss Anne. Things had reached a climax. It was not only the silver room, but the reputed buried treasure itself that was being searched for — a new turn which threatened to undermine the house. But, as usual, advice bounced off Miss Anne, although she listened patiently enough. By rights, she was told, — once more, having already been told repeatedly, — she should have made a good thing of it, letting all those rooms. But not by letting them to undesirables trying to make a fortune. And now look what was happening! Not content with destroying the wall paper, the lodgers had begun to tamper with the walls and floors. It was pointed out that there seemed no end to it — that she must, in self-protection, let the rooms to richer people who did not need half crowns so badly.

'Look at Miss Carfax,' came an excited and indignant chorus. 'She got a man in with a pick, last week, and tore up the whole floor on the landing —'

'Well, Miss Carfax has gone,' said Miss Anne gently. 'I told her she really must go, after that. Though, poor thing, it won't be easy for her to find another home — but she really was getting so destructive.'

'And how much does it cost in wall paper?' asked someone. 'Three rooms, all in shreds, this very minute. It's utter nonsense.'

Miss Anne admitted that it was nonsense, and most trying and provoking. 'I never would have taken this house had I known its reputation,' she added. 'The upkeep is so expensive. However,' she continued cheerfully, 'I have a nice lot of you in now!'

She beamed at her friends. Those gentle, kindly eyes were so disarming.

'But there is one terrible one left,' expostulated the red-haired girl indignantly, 'and there will never be any peace or safety while she stays!'

Miss Anne nodded. There was no need to mention names. With one accord they all thought of the tenant in the garret room, the little elderly lady who tiptoed up and down the stairs with a bun in a bag, or went out with a jug for a ha'pennyworth of milk. She was pitiful, if you looked at her one way; maddening, if you brought your common sense to bear. If she would just stay in her garret room, and not go poking into other people's; if she would just stop being so genteel and selfish; if she would just stop prying about, and sneaking into any open door that offered, to have a go at the wall paper!

'She *knows* there is nothing to be found,' continued the red-haired girl. 'You have told her over and over! She has cost you a good twenty pounds in repairs. You have got to send her off!'

'My dear, where could she go but here? She has n't a penny,' said Miss Anne. And, she might have added, she has n't paid a penny in rent these three years. A fact that the others all knew, though they also knew that Miss Anne was terribly fond of these lame ducks. Still, this particular one

was becoming unbearable. Prying and poking, and slipping into other rooms, and never offering to lend a hand, to pick up a dish, to help clear the table, to do any little kind thing in return for the many kindnesses Miss Anne was always doing her. Nothing but an irritant, doing damage whenever she could. Besides, under Miss Carfax's influence, she had just bought a hatchet, and there was no knowing where that would lead. It was a shame. Miss Anne, having a little money of her own, could afford Miss Winston if she liked — that was her affair. But she could not afford — decidedly she could not afford — the extra expense Miss Winston was letting her in for.

'I'd tell her just once more — warn her one more time — that if she goes hacking about with that new hatchet of hers, out she goes,' came the chorus of advice.

'She seems to have a theory,' explained Miss Anne, 'that the treasure is buried in the walls somewhere — it is not the half crowns she is searching for now.'

'And I suppose you have told her the laws of treasure-trove?' someone asked. 'That it goes to the Crown — and the Crown lets the finder keep half? Why, her half, — which by rights should be yours, only you'll give it to her, of course! — her half will have to be spent in rebuilding this old house by the time she's demolished it!'

The company by this time was growing thoroughly vexed with their beloved Miss Anne, a vicarious vexation that should have been spent on Miss Winston upstairs. But Miss Anne, having had enough, changed the subject.

'I paid two and six for that!' she exclaimed with an air of triumph, placing a small electric torch upon the table. The parson picked it up and examined it critically.

'Two and six,' he repeated thoughtfully. 'Then it must be worth at least fourpence. Does it go?'

'In the shop it did,' replied Miss Anne eagerly, 'but I think now — perhaps —'

'Exactly. Fully fourpence,' said the parson, making it click and revealing its unreliable habits. 'May I ask why you fancied it?'

'It will be so nice for the lift room,' protested Miss Anne. 'Or at least it would have been. You see, it is such a nuisance, the lift room having no gas laid on, so that one has to fumble about in the dark, putting the dishes on the food lift.'

The lift room, across the hall from the sitting room, had been the conservatory in the old days when the house was magnificent. But as a conservatory it had gone to seed. True, the marble floor was intact, which was a convenience, because the large glass roof which covered one end had several panes out, — more than several, — and as they were of large size, of a fine curved glass, they had been too expensive to replace. On rainy nights the rain beat in through the openings and splashed upon the marble floor, which fortunately slightly sloped, so that for the most part the water drained off nicely down a gutter. It had been a well-built conservatory, but the gutter could not manage a deluge. Whenever the rain was too heavy, buckets and jugs had to be set about to take the strain off the outlet pipe.

In one corner of the room was the food lift, a neat little dumb-waiter to take the dishes down to the kitchen. Because of the glass roof, it was possible on moonlight or clear nights to see quite comfortably, and put in the dishes with comparative ease. But in winter, or on dark, stormy evenings, it was more difficult. Still, one acquired

amazing skill in the darkness, and the dishes were stowed on the lift shelves without too many mishaps. Only now and then, when the lift had not been hauled up from the kitchen, were things dropped down the shaft. That sort of accident, however, took place about once a month, according to some calculations, and about once a week, according to others. If it had worked, this electric torch would have saved its cost in broken china. It had a small loop for hanging it up, and was guaranteed to go, so Miss Anne said, for several hours. The torch was passed from hand to hand, and regrets were expressed that so useful a thing should be out of order. Consequently the supper dishes had to be cleared away in the usual groping manner.

III

Now while all these discussions had been going on in the sitting room the lodger in the garret, Miss Winston, had been standing at the head of the stairs, two flights up, listening to the voices from below. A meagre figure, dressed in shabby black, wearing a very cock-eyed pince-nez, one glass of which was cracked. Because of this crack, the pince-nez had to be worn at an angle, to enable the wearer to see round the defect. With a tin candlestick in one hand, she peered over the railing and listened intently to the sounds from below. They were making considerable noise. Supper was apparently over, and it was just the usual, prolonged after-supper talk, in which she never joined. The moment seemed auspicious.

Miss Winston cautiously descended the steps, candle in one hand, and in the other, hidden under the folds of her shawl, the formidable hatchet. Alone, in her garret, she had evolved a theory as to the hiding place of the hidden treasure, and was about to test

it. It was in the conservatory, or lift room. There could be no possible doubt that it was secreted in the lift shaft, above the small square ceiling of the shaft, where the lift roof bumped when pulled up too violently.

Cautiously she descended the stairs, hesitating and pausing. If they would only go on talking and laughing like that they would not hear her as she tiptoed past the sitting-room door and into the conservatory. It was the only feasible hour of the day, the only time possible, when they were all gathered in the sitting room, with the door shut, talking their interminable twaddle. She would be obliged to make some noise, but the noise would not be noticed. The dead of night was no time for her activities; the house was too silent at night — someone would hear and rush in to stop her. They were too tiresome about it now, always stopping her on all occasions, preventing her from accomplishing her purpose. Golden sovereigns were hidden above the ceiling of the lift shaft, ready to rain down upon her at the first good whack from her hatchet! She could reach them by pushing down the lift, by standing on the top of the box. No one ever entered that room once the supper dishes were put away; to-night, when there were visitors, she could work undisturbed.

She slipped quietly into the dark conservatory, and by the light of the candle noted with satisfaction that the lift shelves were full — everything put away, ready to be pushed down to the kitchen below. She pulled on the rope, gently. Slowly the lift descended, slowly the box sank till its top was on a level with the opening. With considerable dexterity she scrambled up and stood on the top of the box, rather crouching, and held the candle high for a good survey of the small square of paneling overhead.

Then something happened. The lift slowly began to sink. Very gently, noiselessly, not in jerks, the lift began to descend — to sink, just as she was raising the hatchet for a good overhead chop. And even as it sank, slowly, the sitting-room door opened — they were coming out into the hall. They, or some one of them. Possibly coming into the lift room itself, with something forgotten. She hurriedly blew out the candle, and the lift sank lower and lower, till only her head was on a level with the opening. Slowly it descended to the kitchen, fifteen feet below, leaving her imprisoned between the two floors, and a good ten feet below the room above. Distinctly she heard voices; mercifully she was out of sight.

‘I should warn her once and for all,’ said the disagreeable voice, ‘that all further tampering with this house must cease. That if you ever catch her at it again, no matter where — out she goes!’

Miss Winston, hidden in the lift shaft between floors, was furious.

There were steps overhead — someone was indeed entering the lift room to deposit something forgotten. They would not catch her this time, however! Mercifully she was out of sight, at the bottom of a well.

IV

Miss Anne returned to the sitting room, amused.

‘I’ve done it now!’ she exclaimed. ‘Just dropped the milk pudding down the shaft. The lift was n’t there, though I don’t remember having sent it down!’

A burst of laughter greeted this casual announcement, but Miss Anne became troubled. ‘A milk pudding does make such a mess below,’ she explained. ‘We can’t go to the pictures till we have cleared it up. Cook will

be so furious when she comes in the morning and finds it has happened again!’

‘Did it make much of a crash?’ asked the parson, raising a concerned eyebrow.

‘Not as much as you’d think,’ replied Miss Anne. ‘At least, not nearly as much as last time. No — come to think of it, there was n’t the usual splash. Something soft seemed to be down there—perhaps it was Peter, the cat.’

‘Lucky Peter,’ commented the parson. ‘Let him enjoy himself till we return. Now if that gadget of yours had only been working —’

But the red-haired girl was lighting a candle. She disappeared, and in a few moments returned to the sitting room.

‘It’s time we were off,’ she said. ‘We must hurry—we must n’t miss

anything. There is such a good show on at the Palace.’

Miss Anne put on her bonnet, then hesitated.

‘I think I must first go up and speak to Miss Winston,’ she said. ‘With all of us going out like this, leaving her and that hatchet alone for a whole evening—I shall have to tell her that she positively *must not* —’

‘Oh, don’t bother about Miss Winston to-night!’ exclaimed the girl insistently. ‘Let’s hurry out. I have a feeling that she won’t be up to her tricks to-night. Leave her alone; let her stay where she is — till we come back at eleven. Or,’ she concluded viciously, ‘let her stay where she is till morning! Unless,’ she added, ‘*unless* we see a show all full of sentimental tosh, calculated to melt a heart of stone.’

‘WATER, WATER, EVERYWHERE’

BY PAUL GRISWOLD HOWES

For days the great forests around my camp in the high Dominican mountains had been swept by those torrential rains and winds known only in such places. At first they inspire one with awe, but later one becomes accustomed to their uninterrupted violence and settles into a state of stoic resignation. Few places in the world experience a greater rainfall than these cloud-swept mountains. Everywhere one hears the boom and roar of tumbling waters. Cloud-bursts not infrequently move trees and earth and boulders to the valleys. At times it is erosion before

one’s very eyes. Perhaps during the wet months of January and February one may experience short stretches of sunlight, but while I worked in the mountains at this time its tonic rays were few and far between.

At night, in this jungle and precipitous world, exotic sounds add excitement to life. They bring that sensation of total ignorance of their sources that the explorer so often experiences while working a new country for the first time.

There was a creature called by the natives the blacksmith beetle. After

nights on end of searching and trying to outwit his uncanny ventriloquial powers, he proved to be a huge and musical tree cricket that filled the forests with ringing sounds which might have been vibrations from a thousand tiny anvils. Harsh, almost deafening noises issued from the bodies of huge locusts in spiny armor. They called from the high forests, or from the sides of the camp buildings, 'Crack-crack, crack-crack, crack-crack!' If one should have the fever, their monotonous calling would seem to say, 'All night, all night, all night,' and sleep would be quite banished by them.

In the walls there were ghostly tapplings, now here, now there, now overhead. When I found the animal that produced these sounds I could hardly believe my eyes, for no living creature is a more frightful-looking monster in miniature than these tapping, ghostly-colored gecko lizards. They liked the dark hiding places in the loose boards of the roof. Better still they liked the moths and roaches, and their tapplings signaled satisfaction at conditions in general.

Again there were the colonies of strange bats who lived behind the shingles. Some fed their babies periodically during the night, some stayed away till morn; all caused a peeved or jocund din, according to their ever-changing moods.

From the dense gloom all about me came the more musical sounds from the blown-up throats of tiny tree frogs. The wetter the night, the more they sang, and by the light from my hurricane lanterns I could watch their impassioned choruses from low and dainty leafen platforms.

They were beautiful, big-eyed creatures in various shades of brown, with that amazingly wide-awake appearance that only a wet and delighted tree frog can assume. From those tiny throats

bubbles of cream-colored skin were inflated into big balloons, and as these pouches rose and fell there came the sweet and penetrating notes, 'Co-leet, co-leet,' from dusk till dawn, and the ladies of their kind must have been charmed indeed by such dulcet ardor.

Being especially upon the lookout for such amphibian creatures, I was of course delighted by their numbers. Here was a much-sought-after frog suddenly become common. On every side their voices rose from the darkness. Would it not be the easiest thing in the world to find their eggs, and their tadpoles, and to record their habits of life? Yes, it would be very simple to add to the history of this creature something besides the burdensome title of *Eleutherodactylus martinicensis*.

Dominica is a country of tremendous rainfall. The hot tropical sun above the island sucks up enormous quantities of water from the surrounding seas, and the high cold-topped mountains draw it back again from the dense clouds that are ever forming about them. There are rivers, streams, and brooks of every size, — one, in fact, for every day in the year, according to one of my men, — and therefore it should be the ideal home for amphibian life.

My search for the jelly-like eggs began at once. The first day yielded nothing at all, save a tired pair of legs and fuel for my enthusiasm. The second day went by like the first, with my collecting tins empty, and so did the third and fourth. A week went by, two weeks, a month, two months; and, with all this rain and all these frogs, not an egg could I find.

I thought at first that I had not struck the breeding season, but during the first part of the third month of my search I decided to sit down in solitude and ponder the whole question. In a short time I had found one important

answer to the mystery. With all this water and rainfall, there was really no suitable water for my frogs!

The rivers were at once too large and too swift for the singly deposited eggs of frogs. They would be washed away at once to the sea. The smaller streams were rain carriers from the high mountains. They might be filled and churning with foam to-day, but empty to-morrow, or as soon as the rains let up for a day or two toward the approach of the dry season. Of still pools there were almost none, for most everything is a side hill in Dominica. What pools I did find were inhabited by the fierce, predacious young of dragon flies, whose favorite food would soon become the succulent tadpoles, were there any to be had. The water-holding leaves of those numerous tropical plants called bromeliads would have made excellent depositories but for the ever-hunting and ravenous bands of brown birds called *trembleurs*.

In Dominica the frogs are confronted with the anomaly of a world of water, but none for their all-important purpose of depositing their eggs. What, then, could be the answer to such an interesting puzzle?

Time went on. The end of my expedition was in sight and still the mystery remained unsolved. Then suddenly I found the answer. On the damp forest floor, beneath huge trees and tangled vines, I saw the crystal-clear eggs of my frog. With them came a story of intense and absorbing interest, a story whose kind is the lure that sends naturalists to the ends of the earth, for a single revelation such as this repays the traveler for his labor and expense a thousandfold.

The eggs lay sparkling on the black mould, not in a mass, but strung out in small groups, or singly, over ten inches of ground. No jewels were ever discovered with greater satisfaction, or

removed to any camp with tenderer care. In a few days' time I saw with delight that the cream-colored embryos were actually developing into minute frogs!

Each still possessed a tail, vestige of appendages of once *free-swimming* tadpoles. How long ago must it have been that this species passed through the usual stages of egg and tadpole to frog? Why has it evolved in such a manner as to do away entirely with the water-living larva? The questions answer themselves when we review the conditions which the frogs must meet.

Before I knew the whole truth of the story the comparatively huge size of the eggs appeared at once significant. It seemed certain that there must be something very unusual about a mature frog measuring one inch in length that laid eggs upon the bare ground, each of which was nearly a quarter of an inch in diameter.

At home our big garden toads and pond frogs do nothing like this. They place their eggs in water and each individual sphere is quite small, perhaps only an eighth of an inch in diameter. How, then, did the ponderous eggs of our little Dominican frog evolve?

Let us suppose that, however and whenever the species reached the island, it first deposited its eggs in such water as it could find that seemed suitable for the purpose. Such could only be had in the form of rapidly drying rain pools, or water caught in leaves. As the species lives mostly upon the ground, although a 'tree' frog, the bromeliads eliminate themselves, even disregarding the hunting birds, and we are reduced to the ground form of water supply.

In a normal frog's egg the embryo moves to the outside of the jelly covering as the development proceeds, where it remains for a time before taking up its swimming life; but, if it were to find itself in a dry medium upon arriving

outside the egg, would not the normal reaction cause it to wiggle back into the more hospitable jelly? This would not require intelligence — it would simply be automatic under such conditions; and thus, I believe, the first of our frogs in question may have acted when they found themselves in a dry 'pool.'

In the beginning many must have died; but natural selection entered here, and those eggs that contained the greatest amount of food matter — for there is variation in everything of this sort — produced the tadpoles that survived the longest, and some of these eventually reached maturity.

Thus may the seed have been sown that has borne a frog without a tadpole. Generation after generation may have left the eggs, at periods, ever so slightly later in their lives. Under these conditions, as I have stated, the largest eggs continued to produce the surviving individuals, and thus the greater food mass and the more advanced frog were evolved together.

To-day we see the tadpole stage of old within the egg. The tail is there, but, being now useless, it soon disappears and the creature steps out into the world a tiny but perfect frog, direct from the egg! Behold, then, a frog that has risen, at least in its life history, to a plane beside the reptiles — the next higher class of living creatures!

To watch the rapidity of this mite's development within the glasslike egg is a joy and revelation. At first there

is nothing but a cream-colored yolk within a sphere of crystal. Soon the embryo appears, lying as though nursing upon its soft bed of rich nourishment. It is cream-colored also for a time. It grows and lengthens as the days go by, and the power of motion comes to its feeble, budding limbs and tail.

In the middle of its egg-life, it becomes very active, lashing its tail energetically at the slightest disturbance from the outside. When I picked up the first partly developed eggs, each embryo protested thus with a remarkable exhibition of energy.

More days pass and pigment commences to cloud the creature's creamy tissue. It comes in tiny stellate forms of black that throw lengthening arms through the flesh like the streamers from a bursting shell. These meet others in their living flight, and so at last color flows through every cell of the tiny body. Finally there comes the day of emergence. Out steps the tiniest frog, all moist with birth; and, peering from wide and glorious orbs of black and gold, he mounts another egg, or perhaps a leaf upon the forest floor, and surveys the great jungle that is to be his home. A mere speck in a world of strife.

It is all so delicate, so beautiful and mysterious, one marvels at the teachings of this great free school. My frog is only one of Dominica's mysteries. It is a child of a land peculiarly endowed with anomalies.

SILENUS IN THE ROSE GARDEN

BY STANLEY CASSON

I

THREE brothers once fled from Argos to Illyria. Thence they crossed to upper Macedonia and, after sundry adventures, took up their abode in the Gardens of Midas. One of these brothers was destined to found the line of the Kings of Macedonia. He fulfilled his destiny, and we hear of him no more. So much we read in Herodotus. But what of the Gardens of Midas? Our curiosity is whetted, and, as usual, the historian does not leave us unsatisfied. 'In these gardens,' he says, 'there are wild roses, so sweet that no others can equal them, and with blossoms that have as many as sixty petals apiece. It was here, so say the Macedonians, that Silenus was made a prisoner. Above the garden stands a mountain, called Bermius, that is so cold that none can reach the top.'

So much and no more, but enough to arouse, to satisfy, and again to arouse our interest. Midas the Phrygian in Macedonia — roses growing near snow mountains — Silenus a prisoner in a rose garden. One wants more. There is something more than the usual outlines of Greek mythology here.

The Rose Garden of Midas is not far to seek. The description of Herodotus fixes it in a region that is to-day one vast garden of fruit trees and flowers, though its wild roses of sixty petals are no more. At the foot of the spurs of snow-covered Bermius three of these orchard valleys run up from the marshy plain of the Haliacmon to the rock.

Verria, Naoussa, and Vodena live upon and tend these luxuriant gardens. Each or all of these valleys can be the Gardens of Midas.

Nowhere in Greece have I seen such luxuriance and wealth of fruit and flower. The parched valleys of Attica and the Peloponnese are a desert in comparison. Wild pear and cherry, oak, plane, and poplar shut in the distant scenery, and everywhere is the sound of flowing water. The honey and wine of Naoussa are the most fragrant, though perhaps the least known, in Greece. The fruits of Verria and Vodena are flavored and rich.

Midas captured Silenus in these gardens, says our historian. Plutarch tells more of the tale. Midas organized a proper *battue* and hunted the wretched creature; at last he caught him. He might have kept him and tried to tame him; he might have exhibited him, like the traditional mermaid, in a bottle. But he did none of these things — he was a Greek, I presume, and an inquisitive one at that. He plied the poor hunted thing with questions, and the first was a curious piece of pedantry. 'What is the best thing mankind can have?' he asked. Even so, perhaps, would the local schoolmaster harry the captured mermaid. 'At first,' says Plutarch, 'the Silenus said naught, but remained stubbornly silent.' This was at least what Midas might have expected. A Silenus, if our records tell us aright, spent most of his days in quiet but persevering drunkenness, so that his only means of locomotion was

athwart the back of an intelligent mule, and his only luggage a cup and wine skin. But nothing would restrain the insatiable Midas, and he insisted upon an answer to his absurd questions. I cannot admire his character, for he seems to have been a gross pedant. He finally goaded the Silenus into speech, and the result was surprising. 'Ephemeral seedling of laborious and evil fortune,' blurted out the victim, 'why do you force me to tell you what it is not good for you to hear? Life is least grievous if it is passed in ignorance of the evils that surround us. Man can in no way have the best of all things nor share in the essence of what is finest. The best thing for men and women alike were that they had not been born . . . better not to have appeared at all than to have spent their time in living and dying.'

I cannot help feeling that Midas got what he deserved. Vulgarly speaking, the Silenus was 'one up.' I wish we were told that Midas let the Silenus go, but unfortunately the story ends before so happy a conclusion. Yet we can comfort ourselves with the thought that perhaps the Silenus, who was neither man nor woman, but 'the son of a nymph and greater than mortality, for he was deathless,' had his own 'greatest good' and that Midas never learned what it was.

II

From the records of Ælian we get a more cheerful account of this famous conversation. 'Great and varied was their discourse,' we learn, and among other things Silenus gave Midas a marvelous account of a strange land. 'Europe, Asia, and Africa,' he said, 'are merely islands round which flows the Ocean. The mainland is far beyond this world that we know.' Everything on this mainland was double the size of

the things we know, men and beasts. There were two cities there, one called Machimon and one Eusebe; the former was inhabited by men who spent their whole time in fighting, and the latter by people whose life was calm, wealthy, and prosperous. Gold and silver were more abundant in both cities than iron with us, and the warriors of Machimon were proof against steel. Once they sent an expedition to the 'islands' and got as far as the famous land of the Hyperboreans, who, they had heard, were the happiest of the 'islanders.' But they scorned their happiness and considered it vastly inferior to their own, and so returned home again.

In short, we might call them 'Super-Hyperboreans.'

Perhaps Plutarch records the beginning and Ælian the end of this notable dialogue. One might almost reconstruct it. Midas triumphant, comfortable, and complacent, seated in his chair surrounded by his numerous beaters. Silenus glowering, untamable, and somewhat heated, badgered and pestered by the potentate, bound lest he should escape back again to his wild roses. At last the outburst, and Midas is silenced. Then, as Silenus cools down and Midas becomes less curious, the conversation is resumed on a more 'amicable basis.' Silenus—good, kindly creature that he is—returns to the original question, slightly contrite, perhaps, that he had snubbed the eager Midas so severely. Midas, on his side, too, is contrite—who would not be who captured the wildest of wild things? I can imagine a cup of wine, the rich dark wine of Naoussa, passing between them. 'Perhaps I was unduly passionate,' says Silenus. 'There is little enough of happiness for men in this part of the world; but you should go elsewhere. I could show you a place where you can spend your whole life in happiness, active or passive—in the

chivalry of perpetual war or the luxury of uninterrupted peace.' Then followed the story of Machimon and Eusebe. More cups of Naoussa wine were passed, and finally an intelligent mule was sent for, Silenus placed upon it, and given back once more to his wild roses.

This version of the 'Dialogue of a Rose Garden' is, I admit, purely synthetic and possibly arbitrary. Other versions existed in antiquity. One was that the capture took place in Phrygia and Angora, the home of Midas, and that Midas cunningly effected the capture by mixing wine with the spring from which the Silenus was accustomed to drink. The Silenus, overcome by the wine, fell asleep and was captured. He was not released until he had answered the king's innumerable questions.

But I prefer to think of the capture and the resultant dialogue as having taken place in the gardens below Mount Bermius. Herodotus states this plainly, and he is our best and oldest authority.

III

Macedonia is the home of sileni and roses. They occur on every page of our records, early and late. From the Vardar to the Nestus River, the fifth-century coins of the mountain tribes show sileni or satyrs indulging in every variety of outrageous conduct. Their behavior toward the local nymphs seems, judging from the coins, to have varied from gentle flirtation to complete abduction — and it can never be said of the nymph that she 'doth protest too much.' In fact, her protests are purely nominal, and in some cases her behavior encouraging. But the sileni are not always mischievous. Sometimes we see them at rest. The coins of Mende in Chalcidice show us the Silenus and his faithful mule returning from an escapade.

There was one tribe that held the peaks of Mount Pangæus called the Satrae, which may not unreasonably have given the name of Satyr to Silenus. However this may be, they stand in history as an example of an indigenous tribe that was never subdued by either Persian, Thracian, Macedonian, Greek, or Roman. Even as early as Herodotus's day they were notorious for their independence. 'The Satrae were subject to no man as far as we know, but down to our own day they alone of all the Thracians are free, for they dwell on high mountains covered with woods of all kinds and snow-clad, and they are keenly warlike.' Among these Satrae was a priestly caste called the Bessi, who guarded the cave oracle of Dionysus on Pangæus. They were 'called brigands by brigands,' says Strabo. In the fourth century of our era, Bishop Niketas of Dacia attempted the conversion of these wild men. Record of his work is preserved in a congratulatory ode written to him by his friend Paulinus: —

Hard were their lands and hard those Bessi bold,
Cold were their snows, their hearts than snow
more cold;
Sheep in the fold, from roaming now they cease,
Thy fold of peace.

They who were wont with sweat and manual toil
To delve their sordid ore from out the soil
Now for their wealth, with inward joy untold,
Garner Heaven's fold.

There where of old they prowled like savage
beasts,
Now is the joyous site of angel feast.
The brigands' cave is now a hiding place
For men of grace.

All Macedonia, then, from Bermius and the Rose Garden of Midas to the banks of the great Nestus, held these wild men of the mountains, satyrs or sileni, call them which we will.

Curiously enough, where we find sileni, there, too, are roses. The connection between the two, if any there

be, is obscure, but on Mount Pangæus, the Holy Mountain of the sileni, there were roses as fine as those of the Gardens of Midas. 'Of roses,' says Theophrastus, 'there are many kinds. Most have five petals or twelve, but some there are that have a hundred. They grow round Philippi. The people there get them from Pangæus, where they grow in great quantities.' Practically the same story, in fact, as that of the roses from below Mount Bermius, except that the latter had only sixty petals.

To-day there are few enough roses in the marshy plain of Philippi, and the gaunt ruins of the Roman town are covered with little verdure and with but few flowers. But some memory of the flowers still seems to linger on the sides of Pangæus, for there is a village on its southern slopes called Rodoleivos — the 'Rose Meadow.' It may be a mere chance coincidence too that the only place in Europe where attar of roses is made is quite near this part of Macedonia at Kazanlik, across the Bulgarian frontier. There the roses are grown by the acre as crops, and the scent of them is blown for miles around.

The profusion of roses in and round Pangæus may, perhaps, account for the popularity in Roman times at Philippi of the old Roman festival of Rosalia, the 'Rose Days.'

This festival has a long and interesting history. It is essentially Italian and seems to have flourished in the plains and gardens of Campania. In those same parts it still survives as the Feste l'Inghirlandate at Naples, celebrating the translation of Saint Januarius, and at Capua as the Feast of Saint Stephen. In old Byzantium, in the Middle Ages, it was called the Dies Rosarum, and a festival survives to-day at Parga in Epirus called the Rozalia or Rousalia.

It was a festival of remembrance of the dead, and the tombs of the dead were decked with roses. It was a true pagan rite, for there was no question of praying for the souls of the departed or sacrificing to the dead. It was merely a remembrance of dead friends and relatives; the first week of May was the time of the festival, a time of the year when the dead would most wish to be thought of just because it was a time when life was most full and luxuriant. Perhaps it is for this reason that in many countries to-day no marriages take place during the month of May. It is a *mensis nefastus*, a month that belongs to the dead. Other similar Italian festivals belong to other seasons of the year. Thus the Days of Violets precede the Rosalia by a month. This festival celebrates the beginning of spring, as the Rosalia celebrates the beginning of summer. Less joyful is the festival of Brumalia, which, held early in November, announces the approach of winter. But Greece does not seem to have adopted it. The Romans from Campania, on the other hand, found that the plains round Pangæus were not uncongenial soil for their own festivals. Even in appearance the two regions are not greatly dissimilar.

I BEQUEATH SO MUCH TO THE PRIESTS TO BE SPENT
UPON ROSES FOR MY TOMB ONCE EVERY YEAR

Such is the substance of a large number of inscriptions found in and near Philippi. The festival was without doubt a Roman one, brought by the Roman colonists who recolonized Philippi after the battle of Actium, but in the meadows at the foot of Pangæus it found good soil and struck root. Long before the Romans came, there were the hundred-petaled roses of the satyrs. The early coins of Pangæus all bear a symbol that is nothing more or less than a rose — the far-famed rose of the mountain. This rose in turn came to be

the symbol of the gold of Pangæus, of the wealth of the Bessi and Satrae, who, says Strabo, were in the habit of finding nuggets of gold in the very ground that they ploughed. No wonder that Athens, in the dawn of her history, sent her citizens to settle on the coast at the foot of Pangæus, and so draw upon the wealth of this Northern Eldorado. The town of Crenides that later became the Roman Philippi was the centre from which these resources were tapped. Then it was situated in a fertile plain; to-day the same plain is a fever-stricken swamp. Above it towers Pangæus, snow-capped and rugged, reflected in the many waters. Among its peaks lie hidden the old mines of the satyrs, and the mysterious cave sanctuary of the Bessi. Neither the one nor the other has yet been found, and the villagers,

even if they know, will not tell, for, they say, ghosts walk on the peaks of the mountain.

If Silenus and the roses have gone alike from Bermius and from Pangæus, yet the gold and silver still remain. In the plain of Xanthi, west of Philippi, I bought from a peasant a gold ornament of exquisite workmanship, upon which had been worked with infinite cunning two satyrs' heads and a many-petaled rose. At Drama itself, just below Pangæus, I bought a small piece of silver work, equally finely executed, showing Dionysus and a mænad. Who knows what else is to be found in this unexplored region which in ancient times was the borderland of the civilized world and the home of all that was strange, mysterious, and picturesque in legend?

FROM NADIR TO ZENITH

A Response to a Roman Catholic Challenge

BY GEORGE WHARTON PEPPER

I

THE author of 'The Nadir of Nothingness'¹ has carried the war into the enemy's country. In controversy, as in campaigning, it is often sound strategy to defend by attacking. 'The Catholic Church and the Modern Mind' was presumably intended to put Roman Catholicism on the defensive. Now comes Mr. MacManus with his offensive defense and drives the scattered forces of Protestantism into the

sea. If Sydney Smith were alive he might add a touch of humor to the resulting situation. When a war between rival philosophies had been fiercely waged, his comment was this: 'Bishop Berkeley destroyed this World in one volume octavo; and nothing remained, after his time, but Mind — which experienced a similar fate at the hands of Mr. Hume in 1737.'

But somehow or other it is hard to feel humorous in the presence of the pending religious controversy. It is well enough for Mr. MacManus to

¹ See the *Atlantic* for May 1928

exhort Protestants to good temper. When they read his article they will need all of it they can summon; but not a whit more than is required of the devout Catholic when he sees the weaknesses of his loved Church exaggerated and its strength passed over in silence.

The simple truth is that religious antipathies in this country are at the present time deep and bitter. This is bad for America; and what is bad for America is bad for the world. There is danger in allowing a poison to permeate national life. The *Atlantic Monthly* has done an important service in affording to everybody an opportunity for self-expression. It is better to discuss such issues in the sunlight and with entire frankness. When possible, it should be done over the names of the disputants.

As a layman of the Protestant Episcopal Church, I am here making an adventurous attempt at a restatement of the issues involved in the pending controversy. An accurate definition of differences must always precede any serious attempt at reconciliation.

I begin by disclaiming any intention to charge my Roman Catholic friends with 'mediævalism.' When a philosophic or religious belief is under discussion, the question is not whether it is mediæval, but whether it is valid. I suppose nobody would discount Chaucer's shrewd analysis of human character merely because he expressed himself in fourteenth-century English. On the other hand, I lay aside as unworthy, from every point of view except that of strategy, all oracular assertions that Protestantism is either the nadir or the zenith of nothingness. If it were, it would not have been worth while for Mr. MacManus to write. Intelligent people do not make so much ado about nothing. No: Catholicism and Protestantism are forces to be recognized and dealt with. Nothing

is gained by magnifying or belittling the potency of either of them.

My starting point in a restatement of issues will be the obvious difference between the view that ultimate truth is to be found by those who search alone and the view that success is assured if the searchers hunt collectively. The individualist, as a solitary seeker after truth, searches for God, and, when found, establishes relations with Him in his own way. Nobody with any spiritual experience or with power of observation will be likely to deny that in multitudes of instances God's self-revelation to such seekers comes as an exceeding great reward. Others, however, hold that the revelation of divine truth is reserved for those who seek in groups which in size may range all the way down from the blessed company of all faithful people to the intimate association of a few like-minded friends.

It is at this point that Mr. MacManus makes what seems to me to be his first serious mistake. He says that there are in the Western world to-day only two systems of religious thought: the authoritarian, or Catholic, and the sectarian, which is Protestant. Now the fact is that there are indeed two schools of Christian thought. One is pure individualism, which is neither Catholic nor Protestant, and the other is collectivism, which includes both Catholic and Protestant. 'Collectivism' usually has an economic and political significance. I use the term in this article to denote the antithesis of individualism in the field of religious thinking.

In the school of collectivism there are those who hold that ultimate religious truth can be found only in the common and persistent consciousness of all Christian people, and those who hold that the revelation of truth may come to groups of fellow seekers

smaller than the whole number of the faithful. The determination whether you will be a solitary seeker or a seeker in fellowship must be made, as all other determinations are made, by an act in which your intelligence and will cooperate. In other words, you must use your judgment. If you decide that you will make your quest alone, this means that you are satisfied to find one source of authority within you. If you unite with other seekers, you are thereby conditioning your liberty of thought by striving to adjust your own thinking to the judgment of the group. In their corporate or collective judgment resides your authority.

If the first issue to be stated is between those who seek truth alone and those who seek it collectively, the next issue concerns the internal contentions of the collectivists respecting the kind of group which may rightfully claim to be illuminated and guided by the spirit of God. As a matter of history, there was only one group until, about 70 A.D., the Great Schism cut apart the Church in the East and the Church in the West. Until that time, therefore, it could be successfully asserted that Christian truth was synonymous with the accepted teachings of a universal and undivided fellowship. After the Schism, which continues to this day, each of the two resulting groups of fellow seekers still retained its belief that ultimate truth resides in the common consciousness of all Christians. Each group, however, claimed that its position in the great controversy was identical with the primitive Christian position. In other words, the Eastern Church and the Western Church each asserted itself to be the repository of orthodoxy.

Thereafter the Western group retained its substantial integrity until affected by the series of sixteenth-century events which are called collec-

tively the Reformation. As an incident of the Reformation came the assertion that Christian truth is to be sought not only in the common consciousness of all Christendom, but also in the illumination by the Holy Spirit of earnest and devout groups of like-minded men banded together in a determined quest of the Kingdom of God. Catholicism, with its insistence upon the wholeness of the Christian fellowship, thus stands in opposition to Protestantism, with its corresponding insistence that the true unit of fellowship is not a world-wide corporation, but the smaller group of like-minded fellow seekers.

The third issue to be stated is one which divides into two groups those who agree in the Catholic theory that truth resides in the consciousness of the whole Church. This issue is, for present purposes, the most important of all. On one side is the claim that the world-wide Christian body can express itself only through corporate meetings, called General Councils, and that the decrees of these Councils derive their ultimate authority from subsequent tacit acceptance by the whole body of the faithful. The first seven of these General Councils, by the way, from 325 A.D. to 787 A.D., are of undisputed authority. An exception is the Council of Chalcedon, which is repudiated by the ancient Armenian Church. Thirteen others, from 869 A.D. to 1869 A.D., are affirmed only by Roman Catholics to have had an oecumenical character. In derogation of conciliar authority is the Roman Catholic assertion that the pope is God's sole and exclusive agent for the determination and proclamation of ultimate truth in matters of faith and morals, and that, if a General Council were to meet, its decrees would be of authority only in virtue of their confirmation by the pope as distinguished from their acceptance by the whole body of the faithful. This issue, then,

is between those who hold that the voice of all the faithful is the voice of God and those who maintain that the Voice Divine is heard, if not exclusively, at least normally, only when the pope makes an *ex-cathedra* utterance.

It cannot be said with accuracy that this issue between Catholics and Roman Catholics is an issue between democracy and autocracy. The claim is not, on the one hand, that the people are the source of truth and, on the other, that its source is found in the pope. In both cases the truth is regarded as proceeding from God, and the only question concerns its channel of communication to man. This is true whether the non-Roman Catholics are in the Eastern Church or in certain separated national churches or inside the Anglican Communion. It would be nearer the truth to assert that it is Protestantism that corresponds to democracy and that Roman Catholicism is akin to imperialism; for the systems of church government which result from the Protestant theory are in fact democratic, while the essence of the Roman system is centralization carried to its last extremity.

II

An uninformed reader of 'The Nadir of Nothingness' would naturally infer that the faith of a devout Roman Catholic of to-day has actually been prescribed for him by the pope in virtue of papal infallibility. In point of fact, however, the dogma of papal infallibility dates only from July 18, 1870, the day upon which the decree of the Vatican Council was confirmed by Pope Pius IX. 'During the proceedings,' says a Roman Catholic writer, 'a thunderstorm broke over the Vatican, and amid thunder and lightning the pope promulgated the new dogma, like a Moses promulgating the law on

Mount Sinai.' It is a curious historical coincidence that on the next day Napoleon III declared war on Prussia, and so began the conflict which eventually ended in the loss of the temporal possessions of the papacy. It is, however, more than a coincidence that no vital or even important part of Roman Catholic belief has been the subject of papal declaration since the Vatican Council assembled, saving only the dogma that the pope is infallible. The 'authoritarian' principle invoked by Mr. MacManus has therefore little to do with what the devout Roman Catholic actually believes, but a very great deal to do with the kind of organization that the Roman Catholic Church has now become.

This can best be understood if it is borne in mind that the pope, in virtue of election to office, does not become a priest, if he was not one before. A layman may be elected pope. One of the greatest of the popes, Gregory VII, was only a deacon when elected. He was subsequently ordained priest and his consecration as pope followed. In such case his authority to celebrate Mass, administer the sacraments, and perform other sacerdotal functions results from his priesthood, not from his papacy.

In other words, the papacy is not an *order* at all. What the pope exercises in virtue of the papal office is jurisdiction. His jurisdiction is exercised, not over territory, but over people. It is true that at times there have been 'States of the Church'—territories over which the authority of civil government was exercised. But such temporal possessions are not of the essence of the papacy. The essential papal jurisdiction extends to the following exclusive functions of major importance: to make *ex-cathedra* declarations on questions of faith and morals, which decrees are irreformable;

to set forth creeds; to prescribe books of instruction, to establish universities, to direct missions, to prohibit the reading of books injurious to the faith, to condemn specific propositions as heretical, to determine what is lawful in social relations and in family life, to prescribe liturgical services, to canonize saints, to legislate for the whole Church either directly or through a Council whose acts are subject to his confirmation, to modify or annul existing canons, to exercise supreme judicial authority, whether original or appellate, to nominate cardinals, to establish dioceses and nominate (or confirm the nomination of) bishops throughout the world, to approve new religious orders and subject them to his own direct authority by exempting them from local episcopal jurisdiction, and to lay upon the faithful taxes for ecclesiastical purposes.

If this incomplete catalogue of papal powers is carefully analyzed, its full significance will be realized. When it is likewise realized that the jurisdiction is what is technically known as 'immediate,' the scope of the papal power will be better appreciated. In virtue of the immediacy of his jurisdiction, the pope sustains a direct relation to each of the faithful, whether he be pastor or layman, and this relation results in a power of control which is not exercisable through the local bishop.

Anyone who has even a slight understanding of military or political organization will perceive that under such a system the laity, as such, are privates in the ranks, without access to headquarters. The Church, like a state dominated by a powerful political organization, is in theory composed of the masses of the people. Practically, however, the Church is the clergy, and every clergyman, be he pastor of a flock or bishop of a diocese or member

of a religious order, is subject to a control which, according to the point of view, is either salutary or the opposite. If Protestantism is poor on the side of authority, Roman Catholicism is bankrupt in the matter of representation.

III

In order to state the issue presented by such a record, it is not necessary to use the language of violent controversy or even to discuss the relative merits of competing systems. The issue is obvious and inevitable. It is an inescapable fact that the vast majority of those who are subject to the Roman obedience must regard with something between amusement and contempt the decentralized systems of other Christian bodies. 'The Nadir of Nothingness' is merely an expression of this unhappy state of mind. On the other hand, it is similarly a fact that a like majority of those trained to revere democracy and representative government are restless and suspicious in the presence of a power which seems to them inconsistent with constitutional liberty. In the United States we are committed to the separation of executive, legislative, and judicial power, and we regard those in office as deriving their authority from the people. In the Roman Catholic Church the supreme executive, legislative, and judicial power is centred in one individual claiming to be divinely commissioned to speak in the name of Our Lord, and elected by cardinals who are themselves papal appointees. Mr. MacManus naturally resents the charge that Roman Catholics are deficient in loyalty to country. He must realize, however, that most popular judgments such as this are impervious to refined explanation. What will happen if Uncle Sam bids the devout Roman Catholic arise and do battle, while the

pope by divine direction lays upon him a different injunction, is the kind of question which the man on the street is too impatient to debate. He settles it without hearing the other side.

Most thoughtful people will agree with Mr. MacManus that what a man believes has a determining effect upon his conduct. But it by no means follows that his conduct will be determined by what he says he believes. Belief, to be dynamic, must be the belief that one achieves or wholeheartedly assimilates. A man may repeat the Creed with intellectual assent to its authority, but the next minute may find him acting with willful disloyalty to his Master. It is perhaps because of this obvious fact that the weakest part of Mr. MacManus's article is that in which he undertakes to show that a Roman Catholic ought to be the best of citizens and concludes that he therefore is. This is to revive the ancient issue respecting the actual effect upon a man of an overriding and final authority. A professional soldier of the 'hard-boiled' variety might easily deify discipline and ridicule civilian administration as the nadir of nothingness. But instantly his condemnation of the civilian could be matched by Bernard Shaw's caricature of the professional soldier. 'His whole training,' says Shaw, 'tends to make him a weakling. He has the easiest of lives: he has no freedom and no responsibility. . . . The rules are plain and simple; the ceremonies of respect and submission are as easy and mechanical as a prayer wheel; the orders are always to be obeyed thoughtlessly, however inept or dishonorable they may be. As the late Laureate said in the two stinging lines in which he branded the British soldier with the dishonor of Esau, "theirs not to reason why: theirs but to do and die." To the moral imbecile and political

sluggard these conditions are as congenial and attractive as they are abhorrent and intolerable to the William Tell temperament.' Mr. MacManus fails to appreciate Protestantism as Mr. Shaw fails to appreciate the soldier.

This perennial question respecting the effect of overwhelming a man with authority recurs when one attempts to estimate the Roman Catholic clergy as factors in the life of any nation. Discipline indeed rescues them from making oracular utterances on public questions to which they have given insufficient study. Some submit themselves to all manner of control with a humility that is altogether admirable. Others manifest that unlovely quality which looks like deference toward a superior but betrays itself in what savors of tyranny over a subordinate. It is a rare man who can serve as an officer in so compact and well-disciplined an organization without unduly emphasizing the power that he wields. When regard is had to the extensive jurisdiction which he is licensed to exercise, the true nature of the clergyman's inward self becomes a matter of grave public concern.

A Protestant minister or group of ministers may talk big and claim to speak for the whole Protestant world. Such an empty claim does little harm because in a representative system nobody has any such authority and few take the claim seriously. In an imperial system, clerical utterances, except where they are anonymous, must receive anxious consideration because they have behind them the backing of a great organization.

This comment upon the issue between authority and representation introduces a fact which seems not to have occurred to Mr. MacManus. The fact is that the fundamental differences between Christian groups of whatever

are differences in the field of political science rather than in the field of theology. From the Catholic point of view, a bishop, when consecrated, becomes a bishop of the whole Church of God, not of a subdivision thereof. This appears when you consult the Eastern Orthodox form of consecration, the Roman form, and the form set forth in the Book of Common Prayer. The sequence styled the Apostolic Succession is fundamentally a device by which authority to act for a world-wide group is perpetually transmitted through a self-perpetuating body of commissioning trustees. In the absence of such an institution there would have to be action at a meeting of the world-wide body of Christians, which is now an impossibility, or else an acceptance of the Protestant theory that valid ministerial authority is derivable from groups smaller than the whole. Almost every denominational difference that can be suggested corresponds to some difference between types of corporate organization familiar to lawyers. The papacy itself, founded on a claim which presupposes the sanctity of collectivism, has now become the most notable instance of individualism in the world. Mr. MacManus focuses not a little of his scorn on the right of exercise by Protestants of private judgment. He intimates that the sixty or seventy millions of unchurched in the United States were once Protestants, but have lapsed into religious nothingness through the exercise of this right. He seems to overlook the fact that it is only in virtue of an heroic exercise of this very faculty that a man can decide to surrender it. From the Roman Catholic point of view, it is only in this way that those outside the fold can climb into it. Hence, in, they must discredit the ladder by which alone they climbed.

IV

It would be difficult to paint the outlook for civilization in colors more sombre than those which Mr. MacManus applies to his canvas. Having mistakenly identified sectarianism with unwillingness to accept papal authority, and after blaming upon Protestantism pretty much everything that is amiss in the world, this prophet of gloom proceeds as follows:—

If sectarianism ever has the courage to confront itself with its own colossal and tragic failures and admit that they involve the annihilation of existing civilization, only two courses are open. It must either maintain the sufficiency of churchlessness and creedlessness when properly administered for the salvation of society, or go over to Rome, en masse. It will never do the latter, and so, humanly speaking, there is no solution. If society is dependent for its salvation upon the Christian dispensation, and if the sectarian idea is to dominate and be carried to its last anarchic conclusion, then society is indubitably doomed.

It is difficult to understand, if the Roman Catholic position is sound, why there should be such black despair of its acceptance by the world. Mr. MacManus concedes that 'fifty or sixty or seventy million' of Americans are sufficiently 'straight-thinking, more or less logical-minded, consistent human beings' to have thought themselves out of the nothingness of Protestantism. They are not, then, invincibly ignorant. They are, presumably, in a state of mind hospitable to a valid revelation of divine truth. A mind emancipated from one extreme is usually ready to take refuge in the other. It would seem, therefore, to be the day of boundless opportunity for the Roman Catholic Church. Yet in the presence of such opportunity Mr. MacManus despairs—and well he may. The simple fact is that imperialism

may satisfy some of the people some of the time, but it cannot satisfy all of the people all of the time. It may be that there is something wrong with most of us or something wrong with imperialism; but for practical purposes the result is the same. If it were really true that there is no salvation outside the Roman Church, then the ultimate failure of Christianity and civilization might be not merely feared but confidently predicted. There are, however, multitudes of Christians who cannot be persuaded that their one chance of salvation lies in the acceptance of an ecclesiastical system which to them seems at war with the best that is in them. Between imperialists and anti-imperialists there is no possibility of reconciliation.

Over against this great gulf is the fact that, if the Christian dispensation is God's revelation of truth, it is not unreasonable to expect its ultimate acceptance by men of all temperaments and of the most diverse attitudes toward matters of organization and government. Protestantism, if emphasis were laid on faith rather than on mechanics, might well come to an acceptance of the rule of Saint Vincent of Lérins: *Quod ubique, quod semper, quod ab omnibus*. In the attempt to identify the faith of a man with the mechanism for compelling his faith, controversialists are apt to shut their eyes to the obvious and reassuring fact that there is a substantial unity of belief between Christians of many names. The chief obstacle to a realization of the Christian unity that actually exists is insistence upon the acceptance of an impossible method of preserving it. The substitution of uniformity for unity is a hopeless undertaking.

On the other hand, the Christian believer who longs for unity in the faith cannot but find ground for hope when he discovers that the obstacles in his path are rather matters of organization and government than of spiritual apprehension and belief. This hopeful fact is dim-described amid the dust clouds of controversy. As far as belief is concerned, there are fixed stars in the Christian firmament. There is God, who in the drama of human history has disclosed Himself as Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier. There is the supreme act of Love which has as its motive the At-one-ment of God and man, and as its method the Incarnation. Around these are clustered many bright but lesser stars by which devout Catholics, Protestants, and Roman Catholics alike steer their course. These are the high lights of the Christian tradition. They awaken hope, evoke loyalty, quicken devotion, inspire art. Protestant astronomers can not injure these stars any more than papal authority can multiply them. With such stars to steer by, the nadir becomes only a point of departure. The zenith in the firmament of Christianity is reached when the soul attains to a practical, thoroughgoing devotion to the Person of Jesus Christ.

When once this is conceded, there must inevitably subsist a fundamental unity between all those who are friends of the same great Friend. In such a relation it becomes possible to say of Protestant, Catholic, and Roman Catholic: —

One port, methought, alike they sought;
One purpose hold where e'er they fare;
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas,
At last, at last, unite them there!

THE NEW ERA IN WALL STREET

BY JOHN MOODY

I

THE trend of American security prices since 1922 presents a remarkable picture. Never before in the history of Wall Street has such a record been played. Before the Great War, so-called 'bull markets' sometimes ran two or three years without serious interruption. But now we have witnessed a bull market which had its inception nearly six years ago. And this market, instead of culminating in reaction, depression, or panic, as, according to all orthodox rules of the past, it should long ago have done, has this year been making such spectacular records for itself that the entire financial world has been amazed.

Nearly all of the accredited seers and economic experts have been at a loss to explain it. Most surprising of all, the durable stock-market optimist and perennial 'bull,' as well as the great army of innocent 'lambs,' have for several years been led, not to the prophetic slaughter, but to a continuous list of speculative profits. For the first time within the memory of man, tops' galore have made good. The Wall Street stock market, which, according to all rules of the old logic, should have 'petered out' two years ago and was then believed to be overdue for a wide-open crash, has this year displayed new and mysterious force. And even though the country has been going through a moderate business depression, — though dit conditions are beginning to dis-

play considerable strain, interest rates have long been rising, and brokers' loans have been soaring, — still the great bull market has gone on.

It is not in the stock-market field alone that a remarkable picture is presented of the six-year stretch from 1922. A chart of the investment-bond-market trend presents a similar though less startling exhibit; and if precise records could be produced showing the expansion in the volume and sale of 'outside' securities, with the broadening in the distribution of all types of investments throughout the country, equally dramatic comparisons with half a dozen years ago could now be made.

As a concrete illustration of what has happened in the Wall Street markets since 1923, certain exhibits of the price changes in standard, representative investment stocks and bonds have recently been compiled by the writer. In the field of railroad stocks, taking twenty-six representative dividend-paying issues, there has been an average advance in prices of about 100 per cent from the levels of 1923. Any investor who had in 1923 diversified a given sum, like \$100,000, among these twenty-six railroad issues would recently have had a capital increase to about \$200,000. In the public-utility field, an investor who had diversified a similar sum in twenty-seven representative stocks would recently have had a profit of over 200 per cent; his original \$100,000 investment would be worth more than \$300,000. In the industrial list, an

investment in thirty representative issues (the sum being equally divided between all) recently showed a profit of over 230 per cent; that is, an investment of about \$100,000 in 1923 recently had a value of about \$330,000. In all of these exhibits no 'skyrockets' or purely speculative stocks were included; the selections were confined entirely to issues of standard character and to the investment classes.

But, as already stated, this continuous upward tendency in security prices since 1923 has not been confined to stocks alone. Investors in the highest-grade seasoned railroad bonds have reaped profits of 20 per cent or more during the period; purchasers of standard foreign dollar bonds in 1923 now find themselves with profits of from 20 per cent to 30 per cent on their original investments. In this general connection, the writer recently compiled a diversified list of American railroad bonds, foreign dollar bonds, railroad, public utility, and industrial stocks, and bank and trust-company stocks. Assuming that an investor had spread the specific sum of \$100,000 in this list, in approximately equal amounts, he would now find himself with a capital value of nearly \$400,000.

There has been strong emphasis laid for many months on what are called the dangers of the speculative situation and high market values by practically every public commentator. Dangers are present, it is true, and the thoughtless and venturesome speculator in these days runs great risk of having his fingers burned. But the average financial commentator or critic is too prone to hark back to the experiences of the years before the war and draw parallels with years like 1893, 1903, and 1907; years in which great bull movements culminated and were followed by depressions or panics. There is a similar tendency to ring the changes constantly

on what happened immediately at the end of the wild post-war inflation period of 1919 and early 1920. It is confidently asserted that what happened in those years will presently happen again. And yet, notwithstanding the wide and persistent preaching of this orthodox doctrine, we have this year witnessed powerful financial interests and numerous shrewd, 'long pull' investors purchasing vast blocks of high-priced standard shares and putting these shares in their strong boxes.

What is the correct explanation of it all? Is it entirely the commonplace one of unreasoned and excited speculation and manipulation, with nothing more tangible behind it than a dramatic manifestation of crowd psychology? Or are there more fundamental things behind it? A careful examination of all the facts seems to indicate that there are some fundamental factors of moment behind this extraordinary Wall Street situation; and it is the purpose of this article to attempt to bring some of these fundamental things to light.

II

It will be agreed by all thoughtful persons that to interpret the present intelligently one must first turn to a study of the past. But in turning to the past one should first give due weight to the fact that causes which greatly affected events in past years may no longer exist; that laws, customs, methods, perspectives, as well as the position and resources of the nation, may have materially changed. Let us examine for a moment the panic and depression periods of 1893, 1903, and 1907.

These years were all preceded by bull markets which, superficially at least, bore many of the earmarks of the present bull market. There was inflation

then; there is inflation now. Standard stocks at the end of 1906 were selling, on the average, on a lower income basis than now; standard investment bonds were all higher than now. But the panics or depressions that followed closely on the heels of the booms of 1892, 1902, and 1906 were primarily caused, in all three cases, by certain outstanding factors which no longer exist in this country. The panic of 1893 was brought on almost entirely by the unsound currency legislation of the period; by the iniquitous workings of the Sherman Silver Purchase Law and the inadequacy of the National Banking System for coping with the situation. The depression of 1903 was caused primarily by the reckless, crude, and unscientific mania for industrial capitalizing and stockjobbing; by the overambitious railroad consolidation schemes; by the rise of radicalism in politics which largely resulted therefrom; and by the continued aggravation of a faulty banking and reserve system in a country which was growing by leaps and bounds and had far outgrown its credit machinery. The panic of 1907 was directly traceable to the same old panic-breeder, the National Banking Law, and to little else. It is true that the booms or bull markets which preceded these panics or depressions were overdone and were in many ways distinctly unhealthy; but they were unhealthy primarily because of the total absence of adequate banking and credit machinery.

Consequently, in comparing the pre-war past with the post-war present, we must first give due weight to the fact that the fundamental causes of the disasters mentioned have now been eliminated. Looking backward, as we now can, it is readily enough demonstrated that in the period of twenty years or more preceding the Great War there never was a time in which

one could fairly count on a long period of sustained prosperity in this country. Banking conditions were always unsound; a large part of the period was checkered with radical antitrust legislation; socialistic ideas were rampant in all directions; the financing of this initial era of big business was in large part crude, unscientific, and ill considered. It was the period of the 'trust-buster,' the muckraker, and the 'undesirable citizen,' and, in its later years, the shadows of the Great War were dropping down over the world.

The saner method for attempting an analysis of the present is to seek for the background of the years which have gone by since the close of the war; especially those years which have intervened since the deflation collapse of 1920 and 1921. The background of these half-dozen years far more completely explains the present and indicates the probable future than any research, however exhaustive, into the generation which preceded the Great War.

In 1923, business in this country was just beginning definitely to recover from the deflation crash of more than two years before. Liabilities of business firms and corporations had been well liquidated, and acute deflation had done its work in the general fields of industry and finance. Political and labor conditions were becoming increasingly stable, and though Europe was still in the mire, and the German-French situation was acutely bad, there were not lacking signs that the reparation problem was definitely heading toward a solution. Based on these general facts, the belief that better times were ahead was justified; and even had there been nothing else of importance in the situation, it is probable that the following year would have been one of progress.

But, aside from all this, certain other

fundamental facts should be brought to the front. The most important is that the position of the United States in relation to the rest of the world had completely changed. We had become a mighty creditor nation, whereas in the decades before the war we were still a borrowing nation. The sudden and dramatic events of the war period had increased the wealth and resources of this country to an extent which perhaps would not otherwise have been equaled within a generation or more; and, because of the exhaustion of Europe, the relative position of the United States had been made even stronger. An immense increase in our plant and producing capacity had also taken place as a result of abnormal war activities after 1914 and all through the war years. Thus, at the signing of the peace, this country was completely equipped for a vast new expansion in its wealth-producing activities.

Another vital fact which had gone far to stabilize fundamental financial and business conditions in America was the founding of the Federal Reserve Banking System. The new law, passed at the close of 1913, was the culmination of the agitation for sound banking which had been carried on with growing aggressiveness after the free-silver craze of the 1890's had spent itself. During the war period it saved the day for American war finance; it probably saved the day for the Allies. It carried the country through the disastrous deflation period of 1920 and 1921 by a process of orderly liquidation. Everyone who has full knowledge of the matter knows that if we had still been operating under the old banking system in 1920 we should then have experienced the worst financial and commercial panic of all history. By the opening of 1923, the Federal Reserve Law had demonstrated its thorough practicality and value, and thus

had secured the general confidence of the business interests of the country. The old breeder of financial panics, the National Banking Law, which had been a menace to American progress for two decades, had now been replaced by a modern, scientific reserve system which embodied an elastic currency and an orderly control of the money market.

The foregoing two fundamental facts really constitute the background of the new era in which we are now living. But we may also trace the effect of various other factors which existed in 1923 or were then in the making; all of which have a very direct bearing on conditions as they are to-day, and which go far to explain the phenomena of the 1928 security markets.

The lessons taught by the crude speculative corporate period that preceded the war, culminated in the disaster of 1907, and brought on much antitrust legislation and political unsettlement, had by 1923 been well learned by the majority of big-business minds. The experiences of corporation heads, financiers, and business men through the deflation days of 1920 and 1921 had brought a new impulse of caution to the average producer and distributor, forcing him to adhere to a 'hand-to-mouth' policy in all his activities; thus keeping himself out of debt to the greatest extent possible. The experiences of the war had also, both in America and abroad, caused an immense decline in socialistic and radical sentiment of the pre-war type; our own experiment in government operation of the railways had gone far to blight the growing propaganda of the late pre-war days in favor of public ownership and operation of all utilities. In addition there were in the making, during 1923 and after, certain constructive economic trends of great importance.

After the war had closed and the wild speculative period of profiteering had collapsed, a declining tendency immediately set in in commodity prices. Margins of profit narrowed or entirely disappeared, and thus the old temptation for expanding inventories or buying goods or raw materials in anticipation of sharply rising prices was completely eliminated. A very direct and increasing impetus was thus given to the modern American effort toward the more 'scientific' development of mass production and distribution, the speeding up of production, and the cutting out of waste and excess motion in all industrial activities. After the passage of the Railroad Transportation Act of 1920 and the restoration of the railroads to their owners, a remarkable increase in the speeding up of freight deliveries was developed, which in itself gave new facility to the hand-to-mouth policy among merchants and retailers. The new slogan, 'Keep your shelves as bare as you dare,' was taking the place of the old notion that an overstocked store was essential to prosperity.

Coincident with the growing efficiency in manufacturing and business methods, there was fully under way by 1923 a rapid development of new mechanical inventions in almost every business line. Old methods were being eliminated and new labor and time-saving devices installed as never before. Profits were being sought more and more through the elimination and cutting down of unnecessary costs rather than in mere attempts to increase volume and profit through possible advancing prices. This tendency was further accelerated by the continuous trend toward consolidation of small units into large; by the larger development of the chain-store and direct-delivery systems, with the resulting elimination of the middle man.

This general evolution in production and distribution was of course immensely stimulated by the perfecting of methods, going on all over the country, for the larger mobilization of investment capital; the gathering together, for the uses of industry and for direct investment in the big business and corporate enterprises of the times, of the surplus savings of the people. We were rapidly becoming a nation of investors — investors in our own industries from one end of the country to the other.

With the gradual disappearance of the war and post-war problems and the final adjustment of relations with our former Allies, and with the adjustment of our people to the habit of accepting the higher level of prices and cost of living as 'normal,' a new stabilization of political and labor interests took form. No longer were the people agitated by the pre-war political issues of tariff, antimonopoly, and 'trust-busting'; labor was no longer aggressively urging socialistic legislation; issues which had split the Republican Party in 1912, such as the recall of judges, initiative and referendum, direct election of senators, and woman suffrage, were either settled or forgotten; the League of Nations issue and the 'Wilson policies' had been pushed aside by the return of the Republicans to power in 1920. Labor was being quite uniformly employed on the new and higher wage scales and was beginning to share more and more in the profits of industry, while the general public were feeling the influences of growing stability and prosperity. As increasing numbers became investors in the rising corporate activities of the continent, the sentiment pervaded more and more widely that business enterprise and wealth production thrive best under political noninterference, though with proper and necessary

regulation. This changing attitude of the people was well reflected in the national election of 1924, when the strongest argument which returned President Coolidge to office was the maintenance of business stability.

Not the least of the influences, however, which have made for American stability and growing confidence during the past five years has been the sometimes slow and halting but certain 'come-back' of the war-ridden nations of Europe. Each year has seen advances in this respect. All the European calamity prophets have been continuously discredited; especially since the German settlement of 1924 has confidence grown in the future of Europe. It is perhaps not too much to say that one of the great fundamental factors which has reacted profoundly on the psychology of the American people within recent years is the growing belief, especially among the thoughtful classes, that there is a real possibility of what might be termed a general renaissance developing on the European continent during the coming generation. Especially in business and financial circles in this country is the belief growing that a long period of peace is in store for the civilized nations of the Old World.

Such are the main constructive facts which, it seems to the writer, constitute the background of the long and sustained upward trend of security prices in Wall Street of the past few years.

Stock-market manipulation, rumor, overconfidence, seasonal changes in business, credit strain, and the like, always, of course, affect the financial markets currently and temporarily; but the longer trend is only to be accounted for by facts such as are outlined above.

No one can examine the panorama of business and finance in America

during the past half-dozen years without realizing that we are living in a new era; that we have been going through an economic revolution of the profoundest character. America's world of to-day is not the world of twenty years ago.

In fact, a new age is taking form throughout the entire civilized world; civilization is taking on new aspects. We are only now beginning to realize, perhaps, that this modern, mechanistic civilization in which we live is now in the process of perfecting itself. Political problems nowadays are looming less large in the minds of men than are economic factors. The public more and more are thinking in terms of industry, wealth production, efficiency of method, income, and profits. What this portends for the longer future, no one can say; but it is a fact of great significance, nevertheless.

III

Naturally enough, forecasts made in 1923, which correctly foreshadowed what subsequently has happened in the security markets, would have been looked upon as fantastic by the average man, and any present forecast of the coming few years may also be looked upon as fantastic. Nevertheless, there seem to be many reasons for believing that the coming period may prove quite as stable and constructive in this country as have the five past years, if not more so. And, though the prices of investment securities of standard quality look high to us to-day, they easily may, by 1933, be quoted in many cases at far higher values. Five years ago the prevailing income yield on high-grade securities ranged around 6 per cent. To-day it ranges, for the same type of investments, around $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. It may not be at all extraordinary, after five years more of constructive growth

and business development in this country, combined with the further stabilization which is in prospect in Europe, if income yields on high-grade investments fall far below 4 per cent. Already United States Government issues are yielding little more than in the days long before the war, when our government debt was merely nominal. Thirty years ago British consols were selling on a 2 per cent to $2\frac{1}{4}$ per cent basis. Is it unreasonable to suppose that American Government obligations in future years, assuming a continuance of the present trend, may sell on even a lower income basis than this?

There is every indication that the steady growth in the wealth and savings of the American people which has been going on without material interruption for years, and is still persisting, will continue through many years to come, thus adding steadily to and maintaining a relative plethora of available capital and credit; a plethora which has by no means been offset thus far by the immense outpour of new securities or the heavy borrowings of foreign peoples. Capital, credit, and confidence are practically interchangeable terms in our modern, mechanistic civilization. In the last analysis, their plenitude depends on faith; that is, faith in the future.

In looking to the future it is worth emphasizing that the modern hand-to-mouth custom of carrying on the business machinery of the country seems destined to remain with us. Corporate interests and business men generally no longer tie up great sums in inventories, but tend to accumulate secondary and other cash reserves which normally have a directly easing effect on credit conditions. A comparison of the cash position of the typical large corporation to-day with that of half a dozen years ago is illuminating. Moreover,

the stable and nonspeculative trend of wholesale commodity prices, as measured over the longer period, is an insurance against the return of the old dangerous custom of speculating and profiteering in inventories; for, though raw material and goods prices have their seasonal trends, unless a long upward trend sets in, such as existed in the decade before the war, there is no inducement to profiteer or to accumulate for speculative advances. It seems probable that a stable or nonrising trend in raw materials and other costs will continue in this country for many years to come, just as was the case in Great Britain for thirty years or more after the Napoleonic Wars of a century ago. This was the period of England's greatest expansion and growth, it being coincident with the famous Industrial Revolution of the nineteenth century; a revolution in industry and wealth-producing methods which is being duplicated on an immensely higher scale in America to-day. The days of the great English Industrial Revolution were marked by the dislocation and unsettlement of labor and social conditions, but in our day we have largely advanced beyond these conditions.

Not the least important fact of this new age in which we live is the profound change which has taken place within recent years in the public attitude toward corporate enterprise. To-day it is estimated that more than 15,000,000 Americans own stocks and bonds and governmental obligations, and the number is still growing by leaps and bounds. When it is realized that twenty years ago not more than 500,000 security investors existed in the United States, the significance of this fact will be recognized. And in this connection it should be noted that a rapidly increasing percentage of the genuine investment capital in America is going into 'equities'—that is, into

preferred and common stocks of corporations as distinguished from bonds. To some extent, at least, does this account for the broad and stable condition, at high levels, of recent Wall Street markets. Not all of the 4,000,000-share days are the work of speculators and manipulators.

It is not for a moment intended to imply that in this new era the old-fashioned principles of cause and effect have lost their meaning. There is still as much truth as ever in the axiom that what is pushed up in speculative Wall Street is certain sooner or later to be pushed down. We have had demonstration enough, during the past five years, as values have been rising, that rash stock-market speculation is as dangerous as ever. The impressive thing, however, has been the gradual, though fluctuating, upward trend from year to year and the relative maintenance of values at the higher levels, regardless of business reactions, of temporary recessions in profits, money-market fluctuations, or such seemingly abnormal things as the heavy outflow of gold to Europe. Though the latter are all matters of importance, and are certain in the future, as in the past, to affect currently the speculative security markets, yet in the long run they are all rela-

tively unimportant as compared with the broad fundamentals which have been discussed.

The mistake that many, no doubt, make is to assume that times have not fundamentally changed. They have changed. We are living in a new era, and Wall Street, in its present condition and activity, broadly stated, is simply reflecting this new era. It will continue to reflect it as the years go by, and if, as has been assumed, the present national and world trends continue without material change through the next decade, it is obvious enough that security values during future years will rise to higher levels.

But it should finally be emphasized that, though we are in the midst of a new and remarkable era, we have not reached the millennium. We should not assume that business reactions, periods of recession and unsettlement, are to be abolished, or that Wall Street will enjoy an uninterrupted bull market indefinitely. Plenty of shocks will come in the months and years ahead to the speculator and gambler, and perhaps there will be more than one massacre of the innocents in Wall Street during the coming year or two. This seems likely enough, if only because of the vast increase in our 'lamb' population.

THE VATICAN AND ITALY

BY JULES SAUERWEIN

I

EVER since that fine day in 1870 when the troops of King Victor Emmanuel II penetrated a breach they had made in the Porta Pia and entered the city of Rome, there has been an endless conflict between the Holy See, which used to possess the city, and its new sovereign, the Italian State. This conflict has, however, been tempered by discreet arrangements and secret negotiations. To-day the so-called Roman question has assumed a new aspect, owing to the fact that Italy is no longer ruled by a normal government, but by a sort of second pope, who has adopted the programme of giving this nation a new religion to be put beside its former religion.

But it would be impossible to understand why the negotiations between Mussolini and the Vatican have fallen through, and why an inevitable and increasing state of tension is going to separate these two powers still further, if we failed to recall the relations that have existed between the Church and the monarchy during the last fifty years. I shall sum up these relations in a few words, basing my statements not only upon ordinary publications, but upon statements by prelates and former accredited diplomats who have been close to the Holy See. In short, I am giving here the results of an investigation made on the spot only a few weeks ago.

In the first place, the beginning of the struggle is less tragic than we

ordinarily believe. The two persons most responsible were General Cadorna, Chief of Police at Rome and father of the man who was generalissimo of the Italian army during the last war, and Pantaleoni, a politician and a supporter of the General. Neither of these two men, however, had anything to do with the Carbonari or with the Freemasons. They were both practising Catholics who took Communion every Sunday, simple patriots eager to give the new Italy her historic capital. Being what they were, they were guided by a mixture of nationalist and religious idealism. They were the natural successors of those two eloquent priests, Gioberti and Romini, who pursued a vigorous campaign from 1830 to 1850 with a view to preventing the Church from continuing as the sovereign of Rome. During that period the kingdom of Italy did not exist, and these two good priests believed that they would be rendering a service to the Vatican if they were to relieve the sovereign pontiff of the temporal care of administering the Papal States. They thought that the Pope lost prestige and dignity by intervening in the petty affairs of his turbulent subjects, and that it would be much better for him merely to be a sovereign in his own palace, without having to govern a few hundred thousand individuals who lived near him.

It is admitted to-day that the sham assault made on Rome in 1870 was executed after a secret agreement had been drawn up with the Pope. Pius IX

wanted the fact to be well established that he was yielding to violence, but he was content to have this violence symbolized by a mere gesture and the firing of a single cannon.

Just when the Italian Government was installed in the Roman capital and the inhabitants of Rome had confirmed in a plebiscite their own desire to be Italians, the State tried to give the pontiff a special statute appropriate to the dignity of the chief of the Catholic Church. Italian statesmen were alive to the difficulties of the affair, for the Pope has two qualities — he is Bishop of Rome, and Head of the Universal Catholic Church. As Bishop of Rome he participates in Italian affairs, while as Head of the Church he has to be entirely independent of any state, for if he showed any connection with any government he would arouse the defiance of states to which other faithful subjects of his belong.

For many centuries this condition of independence took the form of a pontifical state over which the Pope exercised a sovereignty which legally disappeared when Rome became the capital of Italy. The Law of Guarantees, which to-day lies at the bottom of the debate and which dates from May 13, 1871, was at least intended to assure the Holy See total independence.

Many advantages might have been given to the pontiff by virtue of a freely accepted contract, had not Pius IX objected that this law of May 13, 1871, was a law, and not a concordat, forgetting that a concordat had been offered him three times. The law in question confirmed everything that previous negotiations had proposed, but it did not appear to assure sufficiently the sovereign character of the Holy Father. Pius IX, like his successor, Leo XIII, insisted on revindication of the status quo pure and simple — that is to say, the reëstablishment

of the Papal States. What shocked him most in the proposed statute was that the Italian State offered him a stipend of thirty million lire a year, which he declared reduced him to the rank of a salaried person. Moreover, he could not accept the idea of having the functionaries and officials of his court looked upon as Italian subjects. It may also be added in parentheses that one of the most curious consequences of the Law of Guarantees is that now any person of any nationality whatever is treated as an Italian subject once he enters the service of the pontiff.

In spite of the uncompromising attitude of Pius IX, the relations between him and Victor Emmanuel I were not very tragic, and I have known personally from one of the former French ambassadors at the Vatican that Pius IX often wrote affectionately to Victor Emmanuel, to whom he referred as '*il nostro diletteggissimo figlio il rè Vittorio Emanuele*.' In other words, he recognized Victor Emmanuel's title of king, but not the fact that he was King of Italy.

II

Contrary to what one might believe it was Pope Leo XIII, whose complaisance and moderation were so generally admired, who returned to a violent intransigent attitude. He showed moderation toward other countries, but never toward Italy.

Now that we have seen the archives that show how his policies worked, we discover that he spent his entire life patiently pursuing his dream of getting revenge on the kingdom of Italy. He abandoned the French monarchists who had placed their hopes in him and adopted the most friendly attitude toward the French Republic, in the hope of inciting France against Italy and driving the two nations to war.

To placate the King of England, Leo XIII sacrificed the Irish Catholics. To get on good terms with the German Emperor, he stopped supporting the Polish Catholics against the Protestant Prussian squires who were expropriating them. He was the friend of any government that he hoped he might be able to align against the Italian monarchy. He lived on vast illusions, pretending that the returns of the Roman plebiscite of November 20, 1870, were falsified, and that the people were really demanding the restoration of papal sovereignty.

However, even under this intransigent pontiff, a kind of *modus vivendi* between Church and State had been organized. A system of worship that still subsists was created, and the chief of this movement for many years was the Baron Monti. The State paid the bishops and priests, and the King maintained his strict right, by virtue of historic tradition, to name bishops on certain portions of Italian territory. All these customs gave evident proof that secret agreements had been made between the two powers. The King of Italy, for example, always enjoyed the right of nominating the Patriarch of Venice and the Archbishop of Genoa. In the latter city it happened that the Holy See once named a certain Monsignor Caron, who, according to M. Finocchiaro Aprile, the Minister of Justice, possessed neither the prudence nor the other qualities essential to a man who held such a title, and who by his prestige could exercise great influence on public opinion. The requatur was refused, and the new archbishop could not take possession of the *mense*—in other words, his material prerogatives. Within a month the Holy See yielded and removed him. Generally, when prelates were appointed to posts of this nature, their nomination was announced the same

day in the *Osservatore Romano*, the organ of the Vatican, and in the Official Journal.

When Pius X, however, succeeded to the pontificate, things took a different course. The new Pope was a man of the people. As a Venetian peasant he had always given ardent proof of his patriotism and of his loyalty toward the monarchy. It was under him that the formal interdiction forbidding practising Catholics from voting at the elections was first ignored on a large scale, whereas under Leo XIII devout Catholics had meekly submitted to it. Catholics at first began regaining permission to do their duty as citizens in a local way through special agreements. Some years later, however, when the Socialists threatened to enjoy a large majority in the Italian Parliament, a kind of pact was concluded on the initiative of a militant Catholic, Gentiloni, and the faithful were authorized to cast their ballots in order to prevent a victory of the extreme Left Wing parties. Although this return of Catholicism into the life of the nation did not solve the Roman question, it caused great excitement. Ever since the closing years of the nineteenth century, a group of Catholics of humble birth had been developing and advancing a social doctrine of wide scope that later developed into the popular party led by Don Sturzo.

Toward the end of Pius X's career the Vatican was thus moving toward the Left, but the movement was destined to be much stronger later when Cardinal Gasparri succeeded Cardinal Merry del Val as Secretary of State.

Monsignor Gasparri, who is now in charge of the Vatican foreign relations, prides himself on being a real democrat, both in sympathy and in speech. Under three successive Popes his policy has been to strengthen the position of the Holy See and to solve the Roman

question. Thus it was that during the war he entered into negotiations with Germany, which promised him that it would reestablish the temporal power of the Pope. These negotiations would have remained absolutely secret if Erzberger, the former German Minister, assassinated by the Nationalists, had not left them to be discovered in his *Reminiscences*.

III

The war placed the Vatican in a strange position. The *Osservatore Romano* was subject to censorship, and the Pope could communicate with the Governments and with his faithful followers in Central Europe only via the Nunciature at Munich and at Vienna. Germany, not so much through deference to the pontiff as with a view to securing a powerful ally, made certain propositions in October 1914. According to the terms projected here, Austria was to cede the Trentino to the Pope; the kingdom of Italy was to modify the Law of Guarantees and to regulate the question of financial independence in a form that would be agreeable to the Holy See.

But the most curious suggestions were those that saw the light of day in May 1915, and traces of which again appear in the last negotiations between Mussolini and the Vatican. This time it is a question of creating a little neutral State made up of that part of the city of Rome that lies on the left bank of the Tiber and a zone extending to the sea, with a port attached. In order to study the problem, the German Government proposed the creation of an International Committee made up of five or six distinguished Catholics, presided over by a Spaniard or a Swiss. Catholics from all over the world were to be invited to an International Congress that would see to it that the political liberty and independence of

the Holy See would be guaranteed and regulated after peace was signed.

Early in December of the same year the Holy Father himself exposed in a consistory 'how much the dignity of the Pope was wounded in that situation in which he found himself did not give him the full liberty absolutely essential to the government of the Church.' The Allied Powers immediately replied by offering a convention that was already outlined in principle in the London pact between Italy and the other Powers, and according to which the Roman question would in no case be discussed during the peace negotiations. Germany did not give up, however, and at the end of 1916 Erzberger once more propounded his theory of an International Committee as a protest against Article XV in the London pact of April 1915, according to which the Vatican was excluded from the peace negotiations.

But Erzberger also went much further and drew up a projected treaty that was approved by the German Government and by Emperor Karl of Austria. The power of the Pope was here recognized as embracing a domain that included the hill of the Vatican and a strip of land establishing communication with the Tiber and with the Viterbo railway line, and this domain was to be called the State of the Church.

This projected treaty was vaguely known about and, as might be imagined, enjoyed only moderate favor among the Italians. The Holy Father received a number of propositions, one being to move to one of the Calabrian hills belonging to Spain, another to move to Salzburg in Austria, or, again, to accept from the reigning prince of the little State of Liechtenstein, between Switzerland and Austria, the cession of his territory and his sovereign rights.

During the same period, the official

review of the German Jesuits, *Stimmen aus Marialaach*, printed some articles signed by Father Ehrle, who is now Cardinal, completely favoring the reëstablishment of temporal power.

These complicated manœuvres led to nothing, for the Powers were intractable and the Pope played no rôle at the peace conference. As things turned out, victorious Italy accentuated the maintenance of her rights, and it seemed that the Vatican had nothing whatever to hope for. But Cardinal Gasparri, who had long believed that Germany would win the war, and profoundly regretted the fact that none of his pet measures had succeeded, patiently endeavored to renew negotiations with Italy alone. Diplomats who had lived in Rome for a long time knew that every week in the Passionists' garden the Cardinal met the President of the Council, Nitti, who is to-day in exile, and whom Mussolini looks upon as the worst of his enemies.

These two statesmen made various plans. They were sympathetic toward each other, and the Cardinal had the advantage of having rendered valuable service to Nitti's son, a prisoner in Germany during the war. This man, having vigorously supported the popular party, even began giving direct encouragement to the extreme Left. The deputy Miglioli, from Cremona, went so far as to acclaim Lenin and Trotsky before Catholic congresses, where he made speeches of which the Roman curia had certainly approved. Unfortunately for this policy, Mussolini marched upon Rome in October 1922, and within a few months the whole Italian situation had changed.

Everything changed except the Cardinal Secretary of State, who remained at his post in the difficult situation of having encouraged to the extreme limit, and even treated as friends, men who found themselves suddenly reduced

to persecuted and proscribed enemies of their country. No purely political power could have maintained its position in the face of such a change. But the Church possesses a strength and a wealth of resource that no governments and even no sovereigns enjoy. Cardinal Gasparri studied the situation profoundly. He understood it, and, following the old maxim of the Holy See, displayed patience. *Patientia æternum.*

IV

The new dictator's attitude toward Catholicism was animated by two different if not contradictory sentiments. On the one hand, logic obliged him to fight political organizations of the Left. On the other hand, wishing to organize a systematic hierarchy in which the so-called conquests of democracy would give way to a strict organization of all productive forces under one authority, he had to lean on the Church.

Americans must never forget that in Latin countries Freemasonry is utterly different from what it is in Germanic and Anglo-Saxon countries. It is much more secret and is grouped into national powers known as *Grands Orientes*, which originated in the revolutionary associations of the eighteenth century that cleared the way for the great social changes of our own time. These associations aimed to eliminate the power of the king, to destroy the privileges of the nobility and clergy, and to establish equality, and they have necessarily become utterly hostile to Catholicism, which is one of the strongest supports of the old régime. In England Freemasonry is loyalist and the royal family belong to it. Prince Henry of Hohenzollern has been Grand Master of the grand German lodge for a number of years; and in America, where the churches are entirely independent of the State, Freemasonry is

not antireligious, but generally devotes itself to social good works.

In France and Italy, on the contrary, the Grand Orient has inherited the political attitudes that it assumed under Louis XV and Louis XVI, which means that it professes to be animated by a revolutionary spirit and that it takes a considerable part in political struggles. The old Masonic formula, 'In the name and under the auspices of the Great Architect of the Universe,' has been suppressed in the Grand Orient, where a kind of philosophic atheism prevails. When a Freemason is initiated in France or Italy, he first spends a few moments in a black-lined cabinet in company with a skeleton and several skulls, and he has to sign a kind of political testament in which he undertakes to refuse to participate in any church ceremony that has any intimate relation to his own existence or the existence of his family. Naturally Italian Freemasonry strongly opposes Mussolini, since it is traditionally opposed to any dictator. After prosecuting this movement for three years, the Duce finally suppressed it completely.

His first step of suppressing Freemasonry was extremely agreeable to the Vatican and he made others equally important. The famous Crucifix that once stood in the middle of the Coliseum, which had been removed since the taking of Rome in 1870, was set up again. The figure of Christ once more hung on the walls of schools, in law courts and universities. Members of the Church who were sent on missions to foreign countries were exempt from military service, and Mussolini gave them free passage on Italian ships. The lay schools established under the Crispi ministry were eliminated by a simple decree, and their direction was put in the hands of suitable religious authorities. By various ordinances the Dictator gradually brought to life moral

rules of conduct that might have been uttered by the Holy College itself. All this was done in collaboration with the Vatican, with whom he communicated through a curious person, the Jesuit Tacchi Venturi, who was the recent object of an attempted assassination that remains unexplained.

But, in spite of all this friendliness, Mussolini made two mistakes. He could not be discreet or modest. It soon became evident that official relations had been established between the State and the Church. The Fascist newspapers made no bones about proclaiming the fact, and nothing could have put the Pope and Cardinal Gasparri in a more unpleasant position. From the instant that the newspaper announced that the Holy See had agreed with Fascism upon a certain number of dispositions involving the regular and secular clergy, a reaction set in throughout the Catholic world and the impression became current that the Holy Father had abandoned his attitude of dignified reserve and his position as the imprisoned Head of the Church living in apostolic palaces.

What complicated the situation still further was that the Fascist newspaper not only made numerous allusions to the new relations, but also began to develop a system by which Fascism would absorb the Church, the Head of the Church being able to gain a certain number of material and moral advantages, provided that he agreed strictly to support the new régime. This explains why Arnaldo Mussolini, the Dictator's brother, made the following declaration in *Popolo d'Italia*: 'In the fullness of its political virtue and its right Italy can discuss matters with the Holy See. She has every title to serve as both judge and guarantee.'

Thus, in spite of the services rendered by Fascism, a natural antipathy

between nationalist doctrines and the Church remains. Every time a sovereign, whether it were Louis XIV, Napoleon, or an Emperor of the Holy Germanic Empire, has tried to raise patriotism or royal power to the height of a religion, he has found himself up against the Holy See. Various forms of nationalism are the greatest obstacle to the realization of the universal principle of the Church, for what is the point of nationalism if it is organized under the shadow of a really strong single power? Actually it amounts to a kind of religious movement that tends to confine the power of the Church to the domain of the individual conscience. When a strong nation cannot achieve complete separation between Church and State, a struggle between these two organizations begins. In every European country with strong nationalist feelings the theory that civil power should take precedence of religious power is particularly marked. Even such governments as Fascism, which do their utmost to manifest complete deference toward the Church on religious matters, revolt as soon as the Church pretends to exercise what might seem a political influence on its followers.

Ever since Fascism originated, it has understood that the Church was the only organization it would not be able to absorb easily. Sometimes by flattery and sometimes by intimidation, it has showed that it realized how little it could accomplish in the face of such a power. Fascism has abolished parties and suppressed class war by obliging workmen to enter Fascist corporations; it has undertaken the task of supervising commerce, industry, and banking; it has assumed command of military and naval forces; it has organized sporting societies; but the Church has remained at its post, because the Church considers itself above

politics. It is the harbor of refuge from Fascism, which, in its turn, will not admit any superior.

V

Clearly foreseeing this inevitable conflict, Mussolini has for ten years encouraged his intimate friends to search for a solution of the Roman question, thinking that if he could deliver the Holy See from the burden that has weighed upon it since the fall of Rome he would have rendered it such a service that he could always count on its support.

Tacchi Venturi, the Jesuit father I have already mentioned, has lately been the intermediary in these transactions. Looking back on past history and on the various propositions that had been put forward since the kingdom of Italy was created, both the Fascist and the ecclesiastical negotiators conceived of various solutions. The simplest of these consisted in continuing the Law of Guarantees of 1871, but ceasing to give it a purely Italian character. Italy would engage herself before the other nations of the earth to respect and maintain this law, and the sovereignty of the pontiff would thus become an international and irrevocable fact.

Another alternative was that the Italian Government, without entering into any engagement, should nevertheless recognize in the form of a special declaration the Holy See's independent power and its right to participate in conferences between sovereign states or in the activities of the League of Nations.

It was, in short, a return to the position taken by the President of the Italian Council fifty-five years ago, when he said to the Chamber on February 2, 1871, 'The Ministry is disposed to consider the sovereign pontiff at the head of the universal Church as an

international person who cannot be dependent upon any State nor be subject to any Government, nor in consequence be subject to any particular jurisdiction.' But this declaration, instead of being made to the national parliament, was to have been made to the entire world. It represented the limit of legal concession. Even though the concession amounted to only a square kilometre of Roman territory, Mussolini and his advisers felt that this elimination of all territorial litigation was nevertheless absolutely incompatible with the 1871 plebiscite, in accordance with which the population declared its desire to belong to Italy.

But no sooner had the conversation entered this phase than both sides began to draw back. The Fascists at once protested that the word of Fascist Italy was sufficient; and the *Osservatore Romano* declared, 'Italy has it in her power to create the State that the Church needs in order to exercise its spiritual functions in this world. The Holy See is waiting, as the most eminent Cardinal Secretary of State declared during the war when the question was exploited to the detriment of Italy, and the Holy See still awaits the solution, not through foreign intervention, but as a result of the Italian people's own feeling for right and justice.'

But the organ of the Vatican promptly went on to add the following restriction, which was incompatible with Fascist sentiment: 'The foreign Powers will only have to make the usual acknowledgments of what Italy will have done in conjunction with the Holy See.' This passage referred to the words of the Duce himself, who made the following statement on April 21, 1921, in the course of a memorable speech before the Chamber: 'I affirm that the Latin and imperial tradition of Rome is to-day represented by Catholicism. I believe and affirm that the universal

idea that exists to-day at Rome is the idea that shines forth from the Vatican.'

Meanwhile the following thesis had developed under the direct inspiration of the Pope and of Cardinal Gasparri. The Roman question is not to be submitted to public opinion or to Catholicism all over the world. The Pope himself is to be the only judge. He must deal with Italy as one power with another. Any attempted settlement made by Italy alone is destined to failure.

It became evident that Vatican circles believed that the first arrangement the negotiators had looked forward to was insufficient. As a sign of the sovereign pontiff's absolute independence it was necessary that he should be given a sphere of sovereign administration, even if it were only a few settlements round about the Monte Mario and the Monte Vaticano. It was necessary that the people in and about the palaces should be considered legal subjects of the State of the Church, and it was in this way that Mussolini understood the situation. On October 23, 1927, his newspaper, the *Foglio d'Ordine*, which is a kind of official gazette of Fascism, contained the following passage: 'It seemed legitimate to deduce from the content of the articles in the *Osservatore Romano* that the effective political and legal independence of the Holy See demanded a certain reestablishment of temporal power. It is out of the question for Fascist Italy to reestablish, even in a very reduced degree, the temporal power that ended in 1870, as a result of which the moral prestige of the Roman Church has, in our opinion, gained an immeasurable advantage.'

For some months negotiations ceased and a certain bitterness remained on both sides.

The spokesmen of the Holy See have been very prudent. Only in ultrasecre

conversations did they run the risk of advancing the doctrine of the reconstitution of the State of the Church with temporal power over a few square kilometres. Never was this doctrine expressly stated in the *Osservatore Romano*. Although both sides lived on misunderstandings, highly encouraging remarks by Mussolini were reported at the Vatican, which remained fundamentally very hopeful.

Yet it all turned out to be another deception. The Cardinal Secretary of State, in conformity with his usual temperament, did not hesitate to give his visitors to understand that the Holy See was painfully surprised by their unexpectedly intransigent attitude. Though he never asked them their secret, he indulged in a few displays to show that he was still master in the Church, as, for example, when he issued an order to the Italian prelates enjoining them to preserve strict neutrality and to abstain from either supporting or combating Fascism. To a régime that lives on the maxim, 'He who is not with me is against me,' nothing is more insupportable than the word 'neutrality.'

VI

For months there has been one field of activity where the two powers were bound to come to grips some day—the young people's athletic associations. There exist in Italy about a thousand groups of Catholic Scouts that form the first story in that edifice of unions known as the Italian Catholic Action. Mussolini, having lined up hundreds of thousands of adults in his national militia, began a system of recruiting adolescents into Fascist advance guards and enlisting children in groups of Balillas, which they would enter at the age of six. Fascist newspapers declared on several occasions that this duality could not continue. The Pope, for his

part, took alternate attitudes of severity and indulgence.

Ever since November 22, 1925, the Congregation of the Holy Office had condemned in violent terms a book entitled *Catechism for the Balillas and the Fascist Advance Guards*, which it looked upon as 'a sacrilegious parody of the Catholic catechism.' However, this book had appeared with a preface containing the personal felicitations of Mussolini. The laws passed on April 3, 1926, and on January 9, 1927, established the work of the Balillas on a national foundation and gave them a kind of monopoly. Although the Pope had not been consulted, he showed tolerance, because at this time he hoped that the conversations on the various Roman questions might produce some substantial result. He decided that the Government 'had no intention of trespassing upon the divine prerogatives of the Holy Church.' Because of this attitude, he succeeded in preventing the Catholic Scouts from being broken up except in cities of less than 20,000 inhabitants, and in order to make it easier for these little groups to join the Balillas the sovereign pontiff declared them autonomous, which gave them the opportunity to join forces with the local Fascist organizations.

At this point the Holy Father's forbearance, the secret motives of which were not known, occasioned loud outbursts from similar groups in France, and the *Action Française* insistently demanded why the Pope, who refused chaplains to groups that asked for them, showed himself so accommodating to the Duce. Ever since the beginning of this year, when it became evident that the Vatican could not expect from Fascism any restoration of its temporal power, the Holy Father's language has changed; at the very time when Cardinal Gasparri was trying to turn the priests and bishops away from

militant Fascism, the Pope wrote in his own hand a famous discourse, regarding which he consulted nobody, and in which he pronounced before the Catholic Junta in Rome a veritable 'Speech for the Crown,' attacking the pretension of Fascism to monopolize the training of youth.

It is understood that this speech was solely addressed to the Catholic Centre — in other words, to that group of faithful Catholics who support Fascism, and who had held their meeting at the Capitol without asking for an audience at the Vatican. The pontiff's words clearly showed what self-control he had been forced to practise during the last three years, and how bitterly disappointed he was in the final failure of all negotiations.

In the light of what I have written, my readers will unquestionably understand the reasons for his attitude. If the fiction of an alliance between the Catholic Church and the Fascist State has been maintained for a number of years, it is because the Pope, who certainly had the settlement of the eternal Roman question in mind, employed temporizing methods. He accepted the advantages of the new régime, even though he saw growing evidences of a system of authority that would sooner or later deny his own prestige. He put up with many vexations and at moments showed a great conciliatory spirit, but for some weeks now he has no longer been in this frame of mind. It all proves that he has momentarily renounced the idea of obtaining at the hands of Fascism the supreme fulfill-

ment of the policy of the Holy See during the last fifty-five years — that to say, the reëstablishment of a State of the Church.

This does not mean that the conflict will assume violent form. The law suppressing Catholic Scouts will be applied with moderation. It has already been announced that Mussolini, while incorporating these bodies into Fascist organizations, will raise them to the rank of autonomous sections of Balilla under the direction of ecclesiastical authorities, and that he will also give chaplains to the smallest groups of Fascist youths. The Holy See will certainly prefer this misbegotten solution to the complete disappearance of Catholic Scouts; but these are only temporizing methods that ill conceal the resentment that the Holy Father and his chief counselor still nourish against the Dictator. Fascist propaganda, supported by absolute authority, is so ambitious that it will never allow even a spiritual power to exist by its side.

Italy is not the only place where the Holy See is engaged in waging war on Fascism. We must also watch what is going on in Germany, France, and other countries, especially Austria, to understand the instruments at its disposal. When any international affair turns out badly for the Italian Dictator, the political observer who studies the situation at close range will very frequently see that the innumerable agents of the Catholic Church and its hundreds of millions of obedient followers have made their discreet contribution to such a setback.

CHRISTIANITY IN CHINA

BY MOORE BENNETT

THE article entitled 'A Missionary Audit,' appearing in the December 1927 issue of the *Atlantic*, contains much that is pertinent to the present position in China, but it also leaves unsaid a vast deal not generally known by the American and British public (who for the most part support these mission efforts) which is of paramount importance in considering the result which it is hoped will be attained by the sacrifices of those who provide the essential financial backing.

Of the one hundred and thirty separate organizations in China only some seventy are American, and of these seventy only three can be said with any justice to be of really great importance; nor can any of the Protestant efforts individually or collectively be considered as being in any way as effective or as great as the effort directed by the Catholic missions throughout the country that during the past centuries has been known as the Chinese Empire.

The Protestant effort in China is more talked of, more advertised, and, unfortunately, more nationalized than is the Catholic effort. The Protestant missions in this country, for reasons best known to themselves, seem to vie each with the other in introducing, together with the peculiar tenets of their one hundred and thirty different forms of Christianity, the different racial characteristics of their homelands, while the Catholics are now, as they

ever have been, content to adapt Chinese cultural forms and customs to the service of that Church which since 1280 has been established in Mongolia and China, preaching and living the tenets of the Church in Rome.

The writer is neither Protestant nor Catholic, but he has lived in every one of the eighteen provinces of China, and during the past twenty-five years has been able to see the manner in which both Protestant and Catholic missions approach the object of their existence. He has been enabled, owing to his position in certain provinces, to ascertain the power and success with which both branches of the Church have organized their efforts, and to see, during this last burst of antiforeignism, the reaction as it affects both Churches and their personnel; and he has no hesitation in saying that the Catholic missions in China, which are in the main self-supporting and contributing, mean more to the country and its people than the whole effort of Protestant teachings, so that if the reorganization of the Protestant mission effort is necessary in the United States it would seem that such effort should not stay at the home-side rejuvenation and reorganization, but that the whole position, in the United States and England as well as in China, should be considered afresh in view of the experiences of the past century.

Granted that in power of concentrated effort, in its long historical connections with China and Mongolia, as well as in having a single driving power in Europe, the Catholic Church has

many advantages, especially in regard to its long-unaltered policy of political noninterference, yet, if the scattered organisms that go to make up the Protestant missions in China could only be brought to see the advantages that would accrue to them if they would also observe those tenets of policy that have been the mainstay of the Catholics, these same Protestant missions, gifted as they are in many respects, could undoubtedly hope to be a very real assistance to the Chinese and indirectly a great power for furthering the peace and well-being of the East Asiatic mainland.

II

As the writer sees it, the whole aspect of the two Churches is different in every way and from every point of view. The Catholics man their missions with men who, when they leave their homelands, are as finely educated in the arts and crafts of their particular civilizations, as well as in the doctrines of their Church, as it is possible for the best schools of Europe and America to make them. They leave their homes so fired with the courage and conviction of their beliefs that they willingly renounce all thoughts of returning to their people or of ever seeing their countries again. In China they proceed to their stations after two or three years' preliminary training in certain centres, and many of them never leave these upcountry stations. The writer has met many priests who for periods of thirty years and more have never left the province to which they were first allocated after their training period.

How does this compare with the Protestant procedure? Leaving aside such lights as Legge and Martin, Morrison and a very few others, the men sent out by the Protestant Church can make no pretense to the higher education even of their own countries, let

alone advanced study in Asiatic history and culture. It is almost a byword among the educated Chinese — a synonym of being a Jack-of-all-trades — to be a Protestant missionary, and the lack of appreciation of Asiatic culture, historical associations, and custom does nothing to aid and much to hinder Christian effort in the country.

Then again the financial position and the social standing of the Catholics vis-à-vis the Protestant missions here do much to cause ridicule, misunderstanding, and general mental chaos among the people. The Catholics as a general rule never advertise their efforts, nor yet do they indulge their personnel in lavishly built quarters either as schools or living places, although their cathedrals and churches are among the finest buildings to be found in the land. Wherever the Catholics go, they start in a very small way, adapting Chinese buildings, using Chinese architects and forms, almost hiding their lights under a bushel, but working furiously and continuously none the less, getting in touch with the gentry and landholders, officials and merchants, making themselves acquainted in every way, not alone with the poor and homeless, the radicals and the outcasts, but also with every class and type of people within their districts, observing — at least in the outward form — all customary and cultural practices, and in all things upholding the status quo of the established régime, however difficult that may be in a country where rebellions and schisms are as rife as they are here. No historian will ever be able truthfully to say that any Catholic priest or father comforted or aided the Taipings or any other of the many sects of rebels that one time and another have swept over China, or that the Catholic Church gave its aid in any way whatsoever to any faction or party in the land; none may point the finger of scorn to this

Church and hold it up in ridicule as having aided the radical or the Bolshevik.

But what can the Protestants say about the happenings in Korea in 1890, in Nanking in 1862-64, in Chihli and Shantung, as well as in other provinces, when this last antforeign craze of 1926-28 swept across the land?

What excuse can the Protestant missions set forth to lay from off their shoulders the incubus of their teachings come home to roost during the wondrous career of that most noted and much belauded 'Christian,' Feng Yu-hsiang, to name but one of many heroes picked out by the Protestant missionaries during the past twenty-five or thirty years? What excuse can be brought forward to extenuate the mission boards in the United States and Great Britain for sending out to China gentlemen who misused their time and financial assistance by actively and painstakingly aiding and abetting the hot-headed young students of various mission-supported schools and colleges in their fight against what they conceived to be, in their foolish ignorance, the reactionaries of the North?

Besides being blessed with the comforts of pleasant homes and surrounded by every comfort known to the West, with hospitals for their use, schools for their children, vast pleasure towns such as Pei-Tai-Ho and other places owned in the main by missions or missionaries and operated by them for their own pleasure and comfort, these Protestant missionaries obtain home leave every seven or eight years, besides their annual summer leave of from six to twelve weeks, and live and carry on their work in palaces compared with what the great bulk of the Catholics have to be content with. No one who has seen that vast pile of palaces known as the Yu-An-Fu in Peking, or Yale-in-China in Changsha, or the Methodist Compound or the American Board Mis-

sion Compound in Peking, or the Hai-tien University to the west of the city, or others of the beautiful parklike surroundings in which the Protestant missions live among the squalor of Chinese cities, can wonder for one minute at the apathy the Chinese feel for the creed that these wondrous beings teach, who themselves are so well protected from all the common and everyday ills that afflict the unfortunate people.

When Père Robert, that great and powerful head of the Missions Étrangères, was in Hongkong controlling the great network of mission stations spread throughout Southern China, he was very content to live in a single room not twelve feet on a side, bare-floored, with furniture of the scantiest, taking his meals with the other priests and lay brethren on a clothless table spread with the simplest of Chinese foods such as the common people live upon. And yet the Father at that time controlled millions of dollars' worth of property, land in all the great provincial cities, fields by the hundred acres in a block scattered through the South; and always throughout his working life, with the other priests of his mission, he was up and at work long before 6 A.M. both summer and winter.

Who of the commercial community in China can take six weeks at the seaside in the summer at Pei-Tai-Ho to attend conventions? Who of the Chinese can understand a religion that preaches humility as one of its greatest tenets when this is preached by a body of people who themselves neither know nor practise it? Who among the common folk in China can own a house by the sea or on the hills so well favored in position as to let for six hundred taels for the season, as a hundred missionaries let their houses? Who ever heard in China of a priest indulging in rug making or silk embroidering or the sale of goats' milk so that he might buy

himself a house or a passage to a foreign land? Or who ever saw in any other country the ladies of a mission advertising in the daily press the days in the month on which they would be at home?

The Catholics own land, till and sow, reap and gather, and make wine, but they do these things for the missions and not for their individual comfort or aggrandizement. One can see their priests, regardless of the heat or the cold, of their position or their learning, ploughing the fields, tending the vineyards, the orchards, and the workshops, teaching the Chinese landowners and farmers how to get better crops, better yields, how to build better houses and obtain better animals from existing stocks, and generally trying, not to introduce strange, unknown, and unused sciences into the land, but to adapt Chinese methods and to graft on these methods such of other nations' findings as may seem applicable under the necessities of the case. Never does one find the Catholics operating such conglomerates as the Young Men's Christian Association or other quasi-political societies, nor do these priests ever condemn or ridicule Chinese family customs or laws or seek to give to their flock the idea or impression that because a thing or a thought is Chinese it must necessarily be wrong.

III

Another cardinal point of difference. The Catholics are not forever seeking to make of the farmer or his son a foreign-educated doctor, lawyer, or engineer. China is in essence an agricultural country, and with a population of between four and five hundred millions of people it always must be; hence if the missions can advance the knowledge of the people along agricultural lines they are more apt to do good than if they

send raw and callow youths abroad to be whitewashed for five years with a slender coating of a form of knowledge that is not appreciated here and that cannot, at the present stage of China's advancement, be of real use to the people generally. The conditions that obtain in France are not as they are in China, and certainly there are no points of similarity between Chinese conditions and those obtaining in either the United States or Great Britain; hence it is difficult to see how any Chinese could benefit from such foreign education. The past few years have shown how many of these deluded graduates of foreign universities have turned into the most frantic and verbose advocates of Bolshevik doctrines, owing undoubtedly to their having been soured in their efforts to put into practice in China the various doctrines and ideas they had picked up in foreign schools.

Even if we put aside the bewilderingment that must beset the minds of the Chinese at having one hundred and thirty different forms of the same religion thrust at them by hundreds of more or less earnest and more or less mediocre teachers, few of whom are sufficiently educated in Oriental doctrines to enable them to approach the subject nearest their hearts by any avenue acceptable to the Oriental mind, the difference between the doctrine taught and that lived by the teachers must surely seem to the Chinese a species of that madness which most of them sincerely believe characterizes all things Western. But when one has seen aged men working for a generation or more at the same tasks the common people have to face, eating the same food, living in the same kind of houses, denying themselves everything that the mission might live and the service of the Lord might prosper, that the Church of God might be adorned by their

sacrifices; when the people see young and earnest men, well taught in their languages and customs, come to cast in their lot with them, to aid and help them in their farms and orchards, in their cottage industries, in their sicknesses and famines, to teach them how to improve their lot, not by radical changes, but by dint of long years of sustained efforts slowly made — then it is easy to understand why it is that the Protestants in China have made less than a million converts in more than a century and how it happens that to-day, when the great bulk of the Protestant missionaries have fled their posts, the Catholic priests still labor on without advertisement and without reward in the far-off interior stations, for these last are not strangers in the land, but Chinese of the Chinese, content to live and suffer for the cause.

The Protestants usually teach the Chinese in the mission schools their own languages, — the languages of their own home countries, — and many instances are known of Chinese who, thus educated, either have no knowledge at all of the Chinese language or else have had to acquire it during their early manhood. If it only stopped at this, however, there might be something to be said for the practice; but usually it goes further, and children are taught in the missions the manners and customs of the Western civilizations and then are turned loose upon the countryside to learn the bitterness of having all their treasured conceptions ridiculed and all their boasted learning contemptuously discarded by their associates.

The whole question seems to turn upon the divided control, or lack of control, exercised by the Protestant missions and the boards which, in turn, control these in America and Europe. It must be obvious to the least erudite that such a division of effort as now

exists can have no pretense at all of any effective control in the field, and that only by the coöperation of all Protestant boards, both in America and in Europe, can this state of affairs be changed. Besides this difficulty, there is the question of individuality which will have to be faced, as the Catholics acknowledge only the one head and all their efforts are given, not toward their own personal aggrandizement or that of their particular creed, but to the missions. Strangely enough, an American priest within the Catholic Church seems to be as Catholic in his beliefs and doctrines as a priest of any other nationality, but the representative of a Protestant church will not manifest — or in practice, at least, does not manifest — anything like the same measure of self-abnegation.

IV

If the Protestant Church of America could heal the breaches within its own structure sufficiently to permit it, as one organization, to train and send out to China the very best type of highly educated and studious Americans, who would be willing to forget their nationality and upbringing enough to merge their lives with those of their chosen flock, and who would teach the Chinese to be decent citizens, to live as Chinese proud of their ancient civilizations and culture, and not to ape the language and manners of others, nor yet to cast ridicule upon the ancient house and family laws which have held together the Chinese fabric for countless generations — then indeed would the efforts of the American Christians not be vain; but so long as each of the multitudinous sects and divisions of the Church in America is free to send out all who profess the wish to come and partake of a free passage, comfortable living quarters, and opportunity to indulge in

side lines as a means of making an easy livelihood, so long can no improvement be looked for in the present unfortunate state of affairs, which is the more to be regretted when the urgent needs of China and her people at this time are considered.

The Protestant Church spends many more millions a year in China in charitable works than does the Catholic, but it does so uneconomically; and, instead of adapting itself to the country, it seeks ever to introduce foreign methods, irrespective of their merits, into all its actions. In the case of the Peking Union Medical College this obsession is more noticeable than in most other directions, perhaps because this institution looms larger in the public eye than others, although the same idea in a lesser degree is apparent in nearly all the American charitable institutions throughout the land. If the flaunting of money and money's worth is understood in the United States by the Christians, it is not so easily understood here by the Chinese, who are bewildered by the difference between the written creed taught them and the visible effects of that creed upon the people who act as their teachers and guides. The East, whatever the West may think to the contrary, is not as material-minded as the West. Moreover, the ceaseless flauntings of wealth, of vast buildings, of ease of living, of luxury, and the efforts made by the missionaries to get rich quick, in contradistinction to the creed of humility preached, offend many Chinese, for this inconsistency seems to imply that they have no reasoning intelligence.

This easy assumption of superiority on the part of the Protestants offends others resident in the country besides the Chinese, and raises up against the Protestants a body of opinion that challenges the missionaries' right to speak for and on behalf of Christianity

as a whole. To-day this very considerable body of public opinion, both Chinese and foreign, bitterly opposes any extension of the Protestant Church's privileges in China.

A few instances of this lack of normality on the part of certain of the Protestant institutions might not be out of place here, as showing the kind of procedure which is so difficult for both Chinese and foreigners to understand. Such instances could be given in hundreds if any good end could be obtained by laboring the question.

Six American missionary bodies subscribe yearly to a fund to support a large Mission Language School in Peking, which up to 1926 fulfilled its purpose in a Chinese compound quite admirably and enabled many foreigners to become acquainted with the language at a very reasonable fee. But in 1926 this establishment moved into a vast block of modern buildings, having some one hundred steam-heated, electric-lit bedrooms, classrooms, recreation and public rooms, and branched out in competition with the ordinary, commercially operated hotels in the city, advertising in the daily press and offering rates that made it quite impossible for the ordinary hotels to compete with it. Later on this same establishment let part of its rooms as furnished and heated flats, again coming into competition with both foreign and Chinese commercial institutions and, by reason of its immunity as a charitable organization from the incidence of taxation and other charges, severely affecting the legitimate business enterprises of the community.

Another mission, operating under the name of 'The Hall of Truth,' fills the daily papers with advertisements of its dairy products, of its Christmas and New Year cards, and of other products which bring it into direct competition with ordinary commercial enterprises

and create much ill feeling, not only against this particular institution, but against all Protestant missions generally in the minds of the unthinking.

Yet another American mission permits its compound to be used by members of the mission as a commercial workshop, making such items as table and house linens, embroidered goods, and similar articles which are sold at a profit by members of the mission and exported by them, thus again competing with ordinary unsubsidized enterprises — and so the tale could be prolonged indefinitely. The effect of all this upon the Chinese as well as the lay foreign mind can be very easily appreciated by the American business community, if not by the missionary community.

The Catholic institutions undoubtedly, directly as well as indirectly, through the operations of a well-known banking house, indulge in commercial enterprise in a variety of ways, but they do not advertise their efforts; they do not compete with legitimate business enterprise, but use the funds so amassed not individually but as a body, in order to make their mission effort self-supporting.

V

No ordinary commercial man in China can live in the style and comfort affected by the American Protestant missionaries; and this, in a country where the average Chinese family's total earnings do not exceed five gold dollars per annum, does not make the Christian creed seem any the more easy for the Chinese mind to understand. When one of the most erudite Chinese and Mongol scholars now living, of any race, is content to live on his mission station outside the Great Wall, ninety miles from the nearest white man, surrounded by Mongols and the poorest of

Chinese settlers, eating the common food of his flock, wearing the clothes used by them, performing his daily tasks in the church, in the dispensary, and in the villages for twelve and fifteen hours a day regardless of bandits, cold, heat, and discomforts innumerable, and when such a man has done this for twenty-eight years with no holidays or visits to his homeland, the Chinese, as well as the foreigners, begin to think that there must be some good in the creed he preaches and are content to call him 'Father' and to give him the reverence and attention which are his just due.

When, on the other hand, we are asked to give reverence to young ladies and gentlemen who contrive to live upon a much more comfortable plane than falls to the common lot, whose houses are far better built and more up to date than anything we can afford to occupy, whose working hours permit them much more leisure than any other foreigners obtain, whose sea-side houses and gardens, hill cottages and grounds, are far finer than those that we can ever hope to own, and whose good works — if any — consist of teaching the lower classes to despise their own culture and civilization, we, no less than the ordinary Chinese people, are very apt to consider that the Protestant effort in China has deteriorated into a 'business' and that on the whole, however much the missionaries are to be envied, they are certainly not to be admired, let alone revered; nor are all of us convinced that a continuance of this procedure is to be desired.

There are, of course, many earnest workers among the Protestant missions, but unfortunately these are not by any means in the majority; and, while everyone resident in China outside the ranks of the missions deplores the need that seems to exist in the minds of the

homeside controlling bodies to send young ladies into jeopardy of life and honor in interior stations, these good folk cannot be convinced of the futility of such a procedure, which has done much latterly to bring the Protestant effort into further contempt.

The position of women in Asia is not what it is in other continents, and the effect of the Nanking outrages will outlast many patient years of missionary efforts, be the ultimate political result of this unfortunate occurrence what it may. The presence of considerable numbers of women and often children in the Treaty Ports during last spring and summer after the Protestants had been called in by their consuls afforded Chinese radical writers much scope for malicious writings, augmented by the presence, in large numbers, of men workers who had no legitimate right to leave their bandit-ridden flocks, and probably would not have done so had they not been burdened with families and women.

The great majority of the Catholic priests, lay brethren, and nuns are still at their posts and have never left them; at a time when their flocks were being tortured, murdered, and raped, robbed and desolated, these noble souls

worked as they never worked before, helping, interceding, nursing, and generally comforting their distressed congregations by every means within their power, offering their lives nobly upon the altar of their faith, while the Protestant missionaries marched with most undignified haste to the coast ports, many of them after the Nanking outrage leaving China for Japan and other safe points of vantage regardless of the welfare of any but themselves.

If the American subscribers to Chinese missions cannot understand the small headway which attends their contributions and efforts in this field, then they have only to come out here to China, or to appoint a commission of lay minds unconnected with any mission body to come out, to examine the whole question, in order to see just why it is that residents in China, of whatever nationality, find it impossible to reconcile the creed that the Protestant missions preach with the manner in which the teachers as a majority live.

Let the Protestant Church of America do this, and much that is now in darkness will see the light, and China will be greatly benefited thereby.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

CELLAR HOLES

THESE reminders of human habitation are hidden in the most unexpected places. Once, pushing my way through the tangled underbrush in a forest, I came across a stone wall marking what was once a field, and not far from this was the cellar hole indicating the position of the house. I knew that this section had been a thriving centre of the iron foundries during the Revolution, but now it is lost beneath a thick growth of pine, birch, and maple trees, which shut out the sun completely.

Such an encounter makes one curious about the human beings who lived there and worked hard to gain sustenance from fields now unknown and forgotten. Some few, it is true, have left their indelible imprint upon the history and literature of the country. But for the most part only the moss-covered stones in the graveyard near by testify to their former presence.

A remark made by a companion one day as we motored through a forest of second-growth timber on a mountain top brought to light one of my most romantic discoveries.

'Years ago,' he said, 'there were two famous little girls living in this region who wrote poetry.' And that was all the speaker knew about them. Having this 'germ' in mind, I made inquiries among old-timers when opportunity afforded until I had collected a few facts for guidance. In time I rediscovered the 'child poetesses of the Berkshires.'

These little girls were Elaine and Dora Goodale, living with their parents at Sky Farm, whose once fertile fields were beneath the forest through which

we had motored. They had published their first book of poems, *Apple Blossoms*, during the seventies, in their early teens, which gained for them the entrance into the Berkshire 'jungle of literary lions' as 'cubs.' In the Great Barrington Library, my Mecca of research, I found the volume, reading it meticulously to restore the home and farm life into activity before my mental vision. There was little difficulty in revealing the intelligent parents who inspired their daughters into expressive verse. Of the zealous farmer, —

It is his birthday who has tilled
Its acres broad and fair,
Has reaped the golden harvest fields,
And breathed its balmy air;
Whose holy, happy home it is,
With mother, children, wife,
Whose vine-clad cottage crowns the hill,
Brimful of health and life.

Of the mother, with understanding vision for her family, there was written on the birth of a child: —

Upon her snowy couch she drooping lies,
A languor on her limbs that seems a grace,
A sacred pallor on her lily face,
A blessed light reflected in her eyes.
She knows who drew her strength and would
not rise;

Forgetting self, she rests a little space,
Sees her warm life-blood mantle in his face,
And strains her ear to catch his wailing cries.
O wondrous mother-love! how strange and deep!
With what vibrating thrill of tenderness!
To give the glow, and lie a pallid flower!
To give the light, and smile, and wait to weep!
Sweet is thine infant's warm unconsciousness,
But sweeter thy mysterious sacred power.

After the reading of several poems of the inner home life and the outdoor life, it was a simple matter to reconstruct a vivid picture of the mountain farm. These were magic;

achieving wind-blown, sunny, prosperous fields, spring flowers, and apple blossoms, and then the cold, desolate winter shutting all in from the valley below. 'Oh dear Sky farm! Oh rare Sky farm! Rejoice, today rejoice!'

After several weeks' search, I found a man who knew where the farm was, and asked him to guide us to the old house.

'Just a cellar hole in the woods, now,' he replied, and looked rather perplexed at my eager request to see it.

Following him into the woods, we found all that was left of the old home hidden beneath some aged beech trees — just a cellar hole overgrown with sumac. The two little girls accompanying me entered into the spirit of this adventure, consciously projecting themselves into the thoughts of those lively little girls of the past. They found hidden apple trees through whose hoary limbs Nature was struggling fiercely to continue her creative activities. The beloved Sky Farm is no more, but the gnarled apple trees perfume the air in the springtime with their pink blossoms, keeping a pact with the little girl who wrote in their shade: 'Touch us gently, gently, Time.'

Of course, after this my one desire was to know what happened to the girls when they grew up. I could find nothing of Dora's life, but much of Elaine's, which was full of interest. Educated at home in her early years, she was sent to Hampton, Virginia, to teach Indians and negroes. Two years later she was sent to the Sioux Indian Reservation in Dakota and later received a government appointment to teach Indians at White River Camp. Following this, she was made superintendent of all the Indian schools in that state. She was married later to Dr. Charles Alexander Eastman, a Sioux Indian, graduate of Dartmouth and of Boston University.

Dr. Eastman, son of Many Lightnings, has written many books which

are considered our most authentic stories of Indian life. Inquiries at libraries disclosed the fact that they are great favorites with boys. *Indian Boyhood* is the story of his own life, for he was fifteen before he came to live in civilization. By looking for his dedications in his books, I discovered the Eastmans had one son, Ohiyesa, — Dr. Eastman's own Indian name, — and six daughters.

Elaine has written several books in collaboration with her husband since her youthful attempt, *Journal of a Farmer's Daughter*, which I could not find. But one day I discovered a treasure from her pen called *Little Brother o' Dreams*, a wistful romance, having as a setting her own Sky Farm.

MORE WISDOM FROM CHINA

Where passion burns, there burns the fire of Hell; where passions storm, there storms the sea of bitterness.

When the heart is free from desires, temptations melt away like snowflakes on a stove.

He who understands human nature, when he is called an ox or a donkey, will only nod his head.

Honor is maintained by simple living and lost in luxury.

Only those who can forget the name of righteousness can be truly righteous.

The standing eagle looks sleepy and the walking tiger sick; but these are their ways of snatching prey.

Licentiousness may be cured, but logicity never.

Desires and passions need not injure the heart; but self-righteousness eats it like a canker.

The lover of money inclines toward the path of unrighteousness; the lover of reputation sneaks into the hall of fame.

It is better to be poor and feel rich than to be rich and feel poor.

In time of unhappiness think of the most unfortunate; in time of elation think of the most deserving.

The covetous longs for jade when he receives gold, and hopes to be a prince when made a prime minister.

To display one's own learning and virtue is the surest way to criticism and ridicule.

Narrow and flinty is the path of competition; take a step back, and you will find it level and smooth.

Ecstasy is transient; but make your joy more moderate and you will find it more lasting.

Time is long, but the hustlers are always rushing; the universe is wide, but the narrow-minded are always cramped.

Only the mind that is at leisure can read in Nature her best literature.

Undeserved rewards and unexpected gains are either snares of man or pitfalls of Nature.

It is easier to subdue wild beasts than to subdue human passions; it is easier to fill the valley than to satisfy human greed.

To the narrow-minded, a hair may be as thick as a wheel.

True freedom lies in the heart.

Blessings come when we least expect them; disaster falls on those who try hardest to avoid it.

Showers of favors may fail to win a heart, but the giving of a simple meal brings gratitude for life.

There is an inch of gold in every inch of time.

Do not wait until you feel thirsty before you dig your well.

The only way to keep absolutely secret (1) is to have no secrets; (2) is not to do what needs to be concealed.

Sickness enters by the mouth; disasters issue from it.

Only the meek can overcome the strong.

Don't do anything wrong because it is small; don't neglect to do a good deed because it appears unimportant.

He who lives in hardship dies in peace.

Exclusive desires are hard to realize.

Only he who can eat the bitterness of bitterness can become the hero of heroes.

Much anger shows lack of force of character; excessive explanation indicates lack of sincerity; conscious display of affection reveals lack of real love.

PUNNET SIVE PUNDIGRION

SCORN not the Pun; nay, Pundit, you have frowned,
 Mindless of its just honors; with this vein
 Shakespeare brought down the house; a saint was fain
 On 'Angeli non Angli' kirks to found.
 A score of times this pipe did Chaucer sound;
 With it did Tully soothe an exile's pain;
 And Lowell, Holmes — twain plus another Twain
 Making but three! — Carrolled their merry round.
 To savory Lamb it adds a minty sauce.
 Cervantes, Hood, Smith, turned it at command
Pan-pipe or *kettle*-drum; before chill loss
 Darkened the path of Milton, in his hand
 The Thing became a whistle,¹ whence he blew
 Clear *tintinnating* strains — though short and few.

¹ Undoubtedly the original postman's whistle

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

WHEN **Percy Noël**, now foreign correspondent of the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*, was writing war dispatches from the Western Front for the *Chicago Daily News* in 1916, he was billeted in a château owned by a direct descendant of **François, Marquis de Barbé-Marbois**, who had served as Secretary to the Chevalier de la Luzerne, who in turn occupied the post of French Minister to the United States during the latter part of the Revolution. Later Marbois became chargé d'affaires when his chief left America. The diary itself, which here sees the light of day for the first time, was written for the benefit of the young man's fiancée, and sent home to her in installments. It gives a fresh and knowing interpretation of a young society, freed from the shackles of feudalism and not sufficiently advanced along the path of bourgeois democracy to have developed all those inequalities that bother our best minds to-day.

Two stories from the pen of **Walter D. Edmonds** have already appeared in the *Atlantic*. The author is a recent graduate of Harvard College and now spends most of his time writing and farming in upper New York State, whose atmosphere his work so vividly reflects. **William F. Jones** is an economic geologist and petroleum engineer who describes those picturesque and significant incidents in the daily life of Latin America that our solemn experts who hold forth on 'Yankee Imperialism' and 'Manifest Destiny' blandly ignore. Δ To be the successor of Frank I. Cobb marks a great journalistic career. **Walter Lippmann** combines pure English and acute intellectual acumen with hard sense. **Geoffrey Johnson** is a British poet and critic who here makes his first appearance in our pages.

To **Dr. Samuel McChord Crothers** the great questions raised by Samuel Butler

were no more important than the mean hypocrisies that the irreverent Sinclair Lewis never tires of preaching about. **Joseph Wood Krutch**, once a professional philosopher, now a philosophic critic, represents to a quite extraordinary degree the deeper tendencies of modern thought. Some of us, however, feel that romantic love, whose passing we are perennially invited to mourn, is the one force that gives our Huxleys and Hemingways sufficient strength to indulge their baffled sentimentalism and thus to confuse a public as self-conscious as they are themselves. Δ To **Mary Agnes Hamilton**, as to most women, the adjective 'fair' contains an invidious implication when it is applied to her own sex, whereas a 'fair' man fascinates her more than a movie hero.

George W. Alger, one of our oldest contributors, has made an intensive study of our criminal procedure. Δ The abused juror finds an able advocate in **Victor House**, former Assistant United States District Attorney in New York City and Special Assistant Attorney-General of the United States. **Gretchen Warren** is the president of the New England Poetry Society. **Ellen N. La Motte** describes her contribution as a 'story of Old Westminster, and this funny, delightful street where I live.' Δ Down in tropical Dominica, **Paul Griswold Howes**, a natural historian from Connecticut and the assistant curator of a museum, discovered a kind of frog that has simplified its existence to such a point that the pollywog stage has been quite eliminated. This evidence may bear upon the moot theory of evolution. **Stanley Casson** is a young British archaeologist with a wide experience in the Near East. Δ Former Senator **George Wharton Pepper** enjoys a national reputation. He is a prominent figure in the Protestant Episcopal Church and a member of the American Philosophical Society.

The name of **John Moody** is familiar to more than a generation of bankers and business men. He has written extensively on investments, and as president of his own Investors Service he has been responsible for the renowned Moody's *Analyses of Investments* that have been appearing annually since 1909. **Jules Sauerwein**, like the good foreign editor of *Le Matin* he is, spends most of his time on what our salesmen would call 'the road.' Three or four times a week he sends his paper interviews with German industrialists, Italian deputies, Austrian prelates, and the like. Lately he has been conducting an investigation — or an *enquête*, as he would say — in regard to the relations between the Vatican and Mussolini. His account can be accepted as a nonsectarian and utterly unbiased document with a first-rate European reputation behind it. **Δ Straight** from Peking, where he has been living for years and following the perplexing developments in China on the spot, **Moore Bennett** sends us his discussion of Christianity in the Far East.

We are glad to note that the *Atlantic* is now considered reasonably reliable. The following naïve statement is taken from the *Pittsburgh Observer*: —

It is now whispered about, on very reliable authority, that the author of the recent series of articles appearing in the *Atlantic Monthly* really was a Catholic priest, one who is 'absent on leave' from his own diocese and who formerly was on the faculty of a leading Eastern Catholic college. His present status in his own diocese is not known.

Bishop Fiske's article on 'A Bishop Looks at the Church' has brought forth a number of responses from youth in answer to his challenge for constructive suggestions from the new generation. Here is one: —

You will doubtless be criticized for 'washing linen in public,' but, after all, the public discussion of the futility of much of our church work will do good. Why? Because it will arouse the ministers and their people from the deadly self-complacency of the mass of church people in our well-ordered city congregations. If they can only

be made to see that something is wrong, there is still enough vitality in every church organization to lead to its correction. To me the hopeful sign is that there are so many men and women who still have sufficient faith in the Church's real worth to believe that it can accept the severest criticism from those who still love it.

H. E. F.

From a Methodist young man in the Middle West: —

ORION, MICHIGAN

If the Church really wishes to appeal to younger men and women, by all means throw out all the 'hokum.' Here we have our religion presented to us as based on fundamental nonentities — views of the Bible which no intelligent man can accept, coupled with attacks on all whose views are different. Why not give us an honest view of the Old Testament, with clear teaching and its evolution of thought and the gradual growth of a better conception of God? Then make the teaching of Christ the only basis of appeal. Trust us, and allow us to renew our faith in ourselves and in humanity, with confidence in our ability at least to strive to live after the pattern of the Man Jesus.

H. H. W.

From a young woman in western New York: —

MEDINA, NEW YORK

I believe that the majority of the younger generation are, like myself, agnostic. But that does n't mean that we cannot and will not listen to an inspiring and uplifting service and a persuasive sermon. I believe too that the reason for our agnosticism is that we read. Our maternal parents knew nothing of the controversy over the virgin birth; the Immaculate Conception was a famous painting by a dead artist. I was taught that the Resurrection of the Body meant an opening of millions of graves on a certain longed-for day when everyone walked out in his shroud — pitiful when some are only false fronts. Speaking for youth, I think we need clergy and teaching with tact and courage to give us straight instruction in morals. When I asked the clergyman who 'prepared' me for confirmation, 'What is adultery?' he grew red into his collar and said I should ask my mother. Picturing his embarrassment, how could I ever bring myself to repeat the painful question — least of all to my sweet and lovely mother? My intuition told me that the seventh commandment had to do with the little boy next door whom Mother would n't let me play with. Heavens! What can be expected of a generation fed on milk instead of strong meat?

Has there ever been a case of a successful professional or business man, at the age of fifty, in the prime of his life when he has the best to give of his experience, joining the ranks of the clergy? And why not? What fine spiritual leaders many of our opulent middle-aged friends would make, what an organization they would build, and what loyalty and following they would inspire!

A. F. W.

Does the following letter speak for the younger generation? We doubt it — chiefly because no single letter could speak for such a versatile group and partly also because no young person with any interest whatever in religion will weigh the merits of theology, which is usually intelligent, and humanism, which is too often sentimental, and then solemnly throw his or her allegiance one way or the other.

HOLYOKE, MASS.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Bishop Fiske, in his glaringly true current article, asks 'What do young people want?' Supposing they have intelligence to weigh facts, and instinct to be interested in any religious matters, this is the first, basic, test question: Just exactly what is this religion you submit to me for acceptance?

Bishop Primus would say: —

'At the Reformation the Anglican Church, abjuring its errors, built itself on assumed facts, beyond query, and revealed to men. They were these, briefly: Mankind became debased, fell, was cursed, condemned, "justly," without hope. Jesus, being "very God," died to protect "from God's Justice" (see 1927 *Church Almanac*), and, cursed in man's stead, saved the race from extinction. He founded "One Catholic and Apostolic Church" to preserve these facts till He shall "come again."

Bishop Secundus would say: —

'We know the race has risen — not fallen. A wise Creator would not curse His people. His mercy would supersede His justice and have no bounds. He is our Father and we need no mediator, and, there being no curse, a blood sacrifice would be useless. The Jewish tradition may be entirely eliminated. The Church is human, not divine, and a Christian is a man, Jew, Hindoo, or Deist, who adopts a "Way of Life" as he personally interprets Jesus as his pattern.'

The inquiring, interested young person naturally says, "These are two different religions — which is the Truth?" He gets no reply; and the best he can do is to say, 'If you, gentlemen, will agree among yourselves and advise me at any time, I will give the matter courteous attention,

but as I have much to do, and many pleasures to grasp, I think you can hardly expect me to neglect them till you have a definite offer to make me. I have not found myself inconvenienced in my neutral attitude, and have found my common sense mostly all I need.'

And beg to remain, respectfully, an inquiring, slightly interested

YOUNG PERSON

A contributor sends us this letter he received describing the wanderings of one lone, unchaperoned copy of the *Atlantic*.

DEAR SIR: —

I read with great interest, genuine appreciation, and much amusement your recent contribution to the *Atlantic*, then passed the magazine to a young friend who is a Methodist church member that he might see the article before my copy should start on its usual rounds, his name being last on my own circulation list.

Then I gave it to an older Universalist friend who would also be appreciative; he in turn has lent it to our local Methodist pastor, a 'boy preacher,' who was to return it to me (but has n't) that I might send it promptly, as I have done for years, to Madam Jackson, whose husband wrote the Jackson *Life of Martineau* and who is certain to be interested in your views, being the widow of a Unitarian clergyman. In her household the *Atlantic* is kept for weeks, read by all the family, then sent to another dear old friend, nearing ninety, a one-time member of Edward Everett Hale's church, now living here in our town. She won't miss it either; is sure to read what you have written on this subject.

It is a far cry from Maine to California, but you may be interested to know that even here in the Maine woods you have, as the slang is, 'stirred up the monkeys.' Could I write for the *Atlantic* I should be gratified to know that everybody all over the country was listening in, so to speak.

ELIZABETH B. PERLEY

American, Spaniard, and de Madariaga.

PARIS, 8 June, 1928

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I am struck by Señor de Madariaga's observation in the April *Atlantic* that the Spaniard, who perhaps enjoys, as an individual, more of this thing we call personal liberty than most of us superior Nordics, actually comes nearer the essence of democracy than the theorists of all ages, even in their voluminous writing on the subject. An American, aware of all that is evolving in his

own country, who has occasion to spend some profitable time in Spain, or, conversely, a Spaniard who knows something of America, can scarcely escape the same conclusion. Nor can the former escape some not altogether pleasant contrasts, if he is of an open mind.

Wandering leisurely down some of the intriguing vistas de Madariaga opens to us, I find myself retracing quite familiar steps. Ever since the war, when I first began in a very, very small way to take cognizance of the world about me, the theory has been slowly forming in my mind that the hypothetical basis of democracy is the natural and unrestricted intercourse between any two individuals who circumstances have decreed shall be neighbors, for at least a space. And I am on the point of accepting the theory in its entirety — namely, that as the scope of what the individual may come to regard as his responsibility toward society widens, the definition of such democracy as he may enjoy narrows, eventually losing all resemblance to the original theory. My attitude toward the 'group mind' functioning within the boundaries of the city ward or incorporated village in which I happen to live will be altogether different from my attitude toward the sort of 'group mind' which permits a native of Kansas to superimpose his theories regarding prohibition on residents of New York City, his glee all the greater for knowing that the residents of New York City, left to their own devices, would not have imposed prohibition on themselves. And I care not how many imposing arguments the native of Kansas brings to his cause, so little do I relish the Roman Catholic theory that the end justifies the means.

Precise definitions are of so little moment in a world of amazing social revolutions and counter-revolutions that, if we Americans have stumbled on something better than our forefathers' conception of democracy, we have nothing to regret. But have we stumbled on to something better? We have certainly made deeper inroads on every form of social disorder known to history than any other nation in the world. And if we have brought every individual and every section of the United States to within as near a dead level of efficiency as is humanly possible at the expense of art, which can be democratized but never legislated, perhaps we have paid only a fair, if dear, price for sunlit tenements, wholesome milk, and a shiny automobile for one out of every four of us.

We Americans are more wrapped up in the idea of fraternity than the Frenchmen who invented the word. Who would define it? What our feeling of responsibility toward the weak actually means to us is charity. Charity looks down, as de Madariaga observes, while fraternity looks level. No, we are more like our ancestral Britons than the Spanish. We have neither

democracy nor fraternity. A good many years ago charity blossomed into patronage, and patronage begat class-consciousness, and class-conscious folk began to talk about government by 'those fit to govern' and criticize their neighbors' careless method of bringing up children.

Poor Britain! For a thousand years the rank and file who have inhabited those isles have been taught, like children, to look to 'those fit to govern' for their salvation. Something rather dreadful has happened to the Empire, and most of 'those fit to govern' are still too nonplused to plan their own salvation, much less that of their quota of 'children.'

Some day, perhaps, intelligent Englishmen will bury their shattered, outworn illusions and build anew. I hope when that day comes a few of them will spare the time and pains to remind America that our beautiful, smooth-running, dollar-minting, empire-building machine is no nearer perfection and invulnerability than was the Victorian Juggernaut of the '80's — to caution Americans concerning the danger of 'putting the individual in his allotted place.'

The Spaniard may never have reached the heights, as we measure such things, of the Briton; I doubt if he has ever tasted the dregs the Briton is tasting at the moment. But, alas! Picturesque people are not apt to have wholesome milk!

May we have more of this Salvador de Madariaga?

Yours always,

LLEWELLYN WHITE

We have received more than one fanatical protest insisting that women *are* fans, the Contributors' Club to the contrary. The *New York Herald-Tribune*, that great interpreter of all that is best in American life, printed the following dispatch from St. Louis, describing a game in that city between the Giants and the Cardinals: —

It was ladies' day, and all the gals got in for nothing. The stands looked like a crazy quilt and sounded like a madhouse. When twelve thousand women start shrieking, one begins to have some idea of what King Solomon had to contend with. And they shriek at everything — fly balls, fouls, put-outs, everything. The female razzberry is more deadly than the male.

Hilda Rose's 'Stump Farm' experiences continue to bring forth sympathetic comment. The fact that the following lines were written from Winter, Wisconsin, should be in itself ample guaranty of their truth.

DEAR —,

I have just finished reading *The Stump Farm*. I enjoyed it so much more as it is almost as if a page was taken from my own life. It all came back to me as I read. When I read about the baby's coming without doctor's assistance I thought of the time when my last boy was born, on a cold, stormy night with no one but two neighbor women to help me, and when things started to go wrong one of the women (who was supposed to know something about it) started to cry and wring her hands over me and screamed, 'You must n't die and leave your little ones!' over and over until she had everybody all excited. It was I, sick as I was, who had to calm them. I told them I was n't going to die.

I thought of the night I kept watch over what I thought was my dying son. There was a mile to the nearest neighbor; husband was forty miles in the woods, working; no way to get word to him, either; my boy had pneumonia and the night of the crisis I was here alone. Five times he was on his way; there was no life or breath in him. All I could do was to pray; perhaps my prayer saved him. It was the longest night I have ever lived.

I thought of the fall of 1920, after a dry summer when the forest fire went through and we women had to flee with our babies and children and left our men to fight, never thinking, as we left, that we would have a home to come back to; and later how we took turns in watching the remnants of the fire; and the night when I was walking back and forth in the farmyard to keep awake after a week of watching, the blessed rains came. And we were too happy to go to sleep.

Yes, even the Club is ours, only we call it the 'Willing Workers Club,' instead of the 'Helping Hand.' Ours also is the struggle for existence. When we have something to sell, it is never worth anything. If any of us have anything to butcher and go to the trader's with it we are turned down like Hilda Rose was, with the answer, 'We get all our meat from the packing houses.' Here is another thing. A lumber company owns all this land and sells it under promise to help the settler in every way he can. When the settler has opened up some land and raised a little more potatoes than he can use himself, he goes to the lumber camps and tries to sell and always is turned down. They could use more than the settlers could raise that way — feed and food products; but no, they ship it in and we have to ship it out and give the railroad company the profits. It seems all wrong to me, and the way some people live is a pity. People get discouraged when they see that all their hard work is in vain, and they lose interest. So many leave after they have spent all they have and get into debt which they never will be able to pay. Husband is so discouraged now he wants to leave, but I have no

desire to go back to the city. I like it here. Of course we could not sell and get anything for it; it would mean to give up what we have worked so hard for these years and that does n't seem right. Perhaps I too live in a land of make-believe. I am not discouraged or even sorry that we came here; I would n't have missed it for anything. I have learned so much which I otherwise would have missed, and I have n't lost my faith in God.

Summer time is circus time, and for that reason the following adventures of a tame Himalayan rat may amuse some of our readers and even console them for being unable to enjoy anything fancier than a cat dog, or canary.

OTOROHANGA

KING COUNTRY, NEW ZEALAND

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Pearl Elmer's letter in your January issue reminds me of a perfectly true incident that took place in recent months. A wealthy and elderly couple of Anglo-Indians, without encumbrances visited New Zealand, bringing with them their pet — a tame Himalayan rat. Alphonso, as he was called, would perch on his owner's shoulder at mealtimes, and would be fed with titbits from the table. When visiting friends, the question 'Have you a cat?' was always asked; and if so Alphonso was not allowed to visit. The couple ultimately returned to India, and recently the following pathetic announcement appeared in the leading New Zealand newspapers: —

WYNDHAM. — On January 4, 1928, at Longview, T. E. Pankhabari, India, after a few hours' illness, Alphonso, aged 2 years and 7 months. Deeply mourned.

Yours truly,

HERBERT W. ATKINSON

The burden of proofreading provides the burden of this song.

I would not appear pedantic
To my old friend the *Atlantic*.
Of all magazines the SAGE.
But an error almost tragic
May be found in your 'White Magic,'
'Bout the middle of the page
Where —
O

Dear

Me —

You've gone and dropped a t —
Much surprising

S. S. P.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

SEPTEMBER, 1928

THE TRADING POST

Letters from a Primitive Land

BY HILDA WETHERILL

[THE letters which follow were written to an intimate friend by the wife of a trader on the Navajo Indian Reservation. For four years Mr. and Mrs. Wetherill, who appear in the letters themselves as H. (Hilda) and Ken, served the primitive wards of the white man as storekeepers and as friends who could bring to bear on their problems the knowledge of a broader society.
—THE EDITOR]

January 15

Can you guess where we are and what we are doing? We are running a Navajo Indian trading store in Arizona. Our particular location is Black Mountain, if the name means anything to you. It did n't to me a month ago. In terms of geography this Black Mountain place is some forty miles from a post office, and the post office is sixty-five miles from a railroad. A hundred miles from a railroad! And it is even farther than it sounds, for we don't measure distance in miles so much as in depth of mud and the length of time it takes to get anywhere.

I listen any day and many times a day to monologues like this:—

'My dear grandmother, come into

this corner with me. We will speak slowly and not get mad. The children at my house who call you mother are hungry. They cry and call for candy and bread. One has a stomach. He said his mother would send medicine and apples and candy to him by me. Your children need shoes. In six months I shall sell my wool. Allow me, my mother, my sister, my pretty younger sister, to owe you twenty dollars until I shear my sheep. This will make all your children who live at my house warm.

'Other Navajos may lie to you and never pay their bills, but I am not like those crows and coyotes and gamblers. I never lie; I do not know anything about cards; I never go where cards are.

'See. My coat is worn out and no good. Let me have a new coat. Let me owe you four dollars for a new coat. Is this four dollars? It is very thin and ugly for four dollars. But I am poor, so I will take it. I tell all Navajos how nice you are, how you feed anyone who asks it, and give apples and candy to all the children who come to your store. The Indians all say you are good. Put some sweets in a bag and I will take it

to your children and tell them their mother sent it.

'Is this good flour? It looks black; it may be wormy. Give me a knife and I will cut open the sack and look at it.

'How much do I owe you now? Twenty dollars plus four dollars plus three dollars and a half? Twenty-seven and a half? I will trade two dollars and a half more and then I will remember thirty dollars. I could never remember twenty-seven dollars and a half.

'Have you a sack? What shall I carry all this stuff home in? Give me a sack, mother; a poor ugly gunny sack will do. None? Then I must use my robe, and I shall be cold riding.

'Give me some strong twine to tie this robe so I won't lose my sack of flour. More than that; make it strong enough for a hair string. See, my hair string is dirty. I need a new one. Now I am ready to go. No, wait. I forgot tobacco. Mother mine, give me tobacco.

'It's a long way to my house, and my horse is tired. While he rests I have time to eat. Give me a can of pears and a box of crackers, because I live a long way off and come all this distance in the cold to trade with you when my horse is poor, to trade with you because I know you are good and we are friends. That's right, that's good. This is for friendship. My mother does n't want money for this, because she feeds her friend. Have you any coffee made? No? Then bring me a cup of water and pass me a spoon and a can opener. May I have the spoon? Your little boy that lives at our house lost the best spoon we had. I'll take this one. Thanks, my mother—good, good. Now I go.'

This is the wily savage way of wheedling us out of everything movable on the place!

There are no white people here but Ken and me, but I understand there

are two Englishmen at a store fifty miles away. Here there is nothing suggest white people. At this time the year the trails are bottomless mud or rocks; later they will be equal bottomless sand. The Navajos ride out of sight over the horizon; the smell of sage is in our nostrils, and we see the sunsets of the mesa country and the bluffs purple in the twilight.

On the way in here we stopped at Navajo camp to ask the road. A woman who had lost her husband since Ken knew her years ago came out of brush shelter. When she saw Ken, tears poured down her face and they gripped hands—there's no shake to a Navajo handshake. The woman covered her face with her robe and they stood there without a word, until I began to think of unhitching the ponies and camping. Then Ken turned away, spoke to the widow's son about the road we were to take, and we drove off. The woman had not said a word and Ken had not spoken to her.

You understand how I'll probably greet you if you wait too long to come to see me.

March 25

Our nearest neighbor, a quarter of a mile away, has a little boy who fell and ruptured himself. The medicine man had been singing for him for three days when the family sent for me. I went and found the hogan full of smoke and Indians.

The child was lying against his mother, who held him in a sitting position. He was stark naked; his hair was tousled and full of dirt and the heavy leaves they had used; his little body was too dirty for words, and on the side where the swelling of the rupture was the dirt or 'medicine' was cake deeper than on the rest of the body; he had a sheep pelt under him and a blanket to put over him when he lay

still enough, but he was delirious and clawed his hair, waved his arms, and threw the blanket in every direction.

Robert, an English-speaking Indian, was with me. We sat down on the ground with the rest to wait for the singing to stop.

The doctor, or medicine man, was the same big fellow for whose little boy I had shortened the sleeves of the coat. He sat on one side, facing the child. His medicine sticks were spread on a piece of calico; in a turtle shell was a little water with powdered herb in it. He took a medicine stick, dipped the end in the water, moistened his lips and the child's, and took up the song.

Two helpers shook rattles made of skin of some kind, with feathers tied to the wooden handles. In each rattle were two spotted beans. They had come to me the day before for the beans, and had spent half an hour choosing them. The helpers' singing was not in unison with the doctor's, but was a sort of whining accompaniment. They did not move their lips at all, and I could not tell one voice from the other.

The end was so abrupt and unexpected, and the final note so peculiar, that the silence just hurt for a minute. I felt as if something might really happen, and it was evident that the Indians waited; but there was nothing.

A moment of dead silence, everyone motionless, and then the doctor dipped the tips of a bunch of eagle feathers in the ashes of the fire, which occupied the centre of the hogan, and tapped twice on the boy's feet, on his knees, on the sore spot, on his shoulders, and on his head. Then he stood over the boy, who was now lying down, and fanned the full length of his body back and forth, back and forth, as he sang. I was glad of the fanning, because it blew the ashes out of the child's face.

I had with me some flannel for hot

packs, and, while the singers rested, the mother heated water and I put them on. The singing began again as I worked, so I thought I was safe in keeping it up. The Indians seemed impressed when I washed off the dirt and painted the swollen spot with iodine.

In spite of seeing me put on the hot packs and feed the child broth I had taken down, they did not want to do either themselves. They cautioned me not to let the boy bite me. He did shut down on my little finger once and I had to pry his jaws open with the spoon.

I went over to that hogan twice a day for three days. All the time the child was growing weaker and weaker. The family moved out of the hogan and camped in a brush shelter with friends and relatives who came to comfort them; the father and three or four other men, with the things for the grave, waited in the hogan. The medicine man, saying there was no use to sing any more, left. On the fourth morning I met the child's grandfather before I reached the hogan. He was going to the family camp to tell them the boy was dead.

I went on and found the father and two men with the boy. The body was so covered I could not tell whether it had been dressed, but I know the string of fine turquoise which the boy was wearing when I last saw him alive was buried with him.

The three men buried the body and burned the hogan. No one else, not even a member of the family besides the father, was near, so we have no way of knowing if there were funeral rites.

Day before yesterday, in the afternoon, the three men who had buried the body came into the store looking exceedingly sober. They told Ken that someone had been near the grave. They had seen tracks, man tracks, crossing the regular trail and going

around the little hill toward the foot of the bluff where the grave is.

Only the men who bury a body know the exact location of the grave. The family knows the general site selected, and this information — no one knows just how — gradually becomes general among the Indians; but neither a member of the family nor anyone else ever goes near a grave.

In this instance no one had dared go to see for himself if the grave had been disturbed, but the family stood ready to kill anyone who had so much as looked for the exact spot. They asked Ken to follow the tracks, and seemed satisfied when he said he would.

Yesterday morning Ken examined the tracks and found they were made by a man who was following a burro track. The animal had crossed the road, wandered past the bluff where the grave is, and returned to the road. When Ken got back to the store, the father, mother, and other members of the family were here waiting; the mother almost in tears, and insisting on holding my hand across the counter.

Upon asking Ken what he had found, the men were relieved to learn that the grave had not been touched, but were angry and uneasy because someone had been near it. A man who was listening to the talk said that the father of a neighbor had come from Flagstaff on a visit and had lost a burro. He it was who had made the tracks; and, as he knew nothing whatever about the death or the grave, he could not be suspected.

On the instant the situation changed. The tension relaxed; everyone drew a comfortable breath, and they had a cigarette all around.

How even the men who bury the body can tell under which particular rock it lies is more than I can understand. They often bury at the foot of a bluff, where there are heaps of loose

rocks, and they exercise every precaution to make rocks and ground look undisturbed.

March 28

Here's another story which throws light on the seriousness of robbing a grave. A man who was a trader on the Reservation thirty years ago told us that a Navajo who seldom came to the store came in one day. He recognized a bracelet in stock as one that had been buried with a member of his family. He asked who sold it to the store and what else he sold with it, and was shown another bracelet and two blankets. Two days later, when the freight teams came in, a dozen Indians in war paint rode to meet one of the drivers. They sang a sort of chant as they circled around him, and then all shot together. The body of the grave robber fell to the ground. He had not made one move to save himself.

When asked to bury the body, the Indians refused to touch it, and insisted that no one else do so. However, they asked no questions when the trader buried it at night.

May 1

The most wonderful thing has happened. A few hours ago a Navajo who was cutting wood came to the door and called to us to come and see the storm. Here at the store the sun was shining and a gusty wind was blowing. Not more than a mile and a half away was a small cyclone. We could see the great gray streaks of it, and the whirling black column lifting the dirt and sand from the bluffs as it passed over. The dirt was drawn up the side of the bluff, across the top, and into the air. It looked like a waterfall falling up. As the storm crossed a valley it was almost red, and then it spread out into a great, black, smoky-looking top that tumbled and rolled within itself.

As we watched, the whole column disappeared over a mesa. A few large, splashing drops of rain fell here, with the sun shining at the same time.

We know there were a few hogans in the path, and perhaps there were flocks of sheep. No doubt we'll hear soon of the destruction. Had we been in the path, this poor shell of a building would no longer be on the map.

It was really a wonderful sight. I've seen sand storms and rough breakers and blizzards, but this cyclone is by far the most exciting.

It's turning quite dark. I must go and see if another cyclone is coming.

Monday, and two days after the storm which, or perhaps I should say who, has been the main topic of conversation for two days. Be it known that a god travels in such a storm — a god who can see where he is going and does everything intentionally.

What we should call a special prayer meeting lasting five nights is to be held for two little boys who were caught in the path of the cyclone with their sheep. The first, a lad of thirteen, on seeing and hearing the big wind, tried desperately to drive his sheep to shelter. He crowded them until they jumped over a low bluff, and then, having barely time to save himself, the boy threw his arms around a small tree. At that instant the wind struck him, took his feet from under him, and whirled his body round and round the tree. His sheep dog was carried into the air and dropped unhurt among the huddled sheep at the foot of the bluff.

The boy's grandfather is a medicine man and will be one of those officiating at the five-day ceremony.

The other boy, a younger lad, lived about five miles from the first. When the wind came, he dug with his hands around an old stump until he could get a grip on some of the strong roots. His

family, who were several yards away, saw his feet waving in the air an instant before the cloud of dirt blotted out everything. After the storm passed, the boy was still alive, but not much more than alive.

One Navajo brought us a wagonload of wheat that he had buried. Only the family knew where the wheat was, but the god in the storm knew, and he found the grain and uncovered it. Now, since the god has touched it, it can't be eaten by people or fed to stock. The fellow who brought it to us warned us not to eat it and made us promise not to sell it in the store or feed it to the horses. He said we could feed it to the chickens.

According to his own story, Clizidochizi, a medicine man, saved the store. He saw the wind coming and hurried out to change its course. He told us about it with the gestures of throwing kisses with both hands and making pushing motions with outstretched arms. The fact that the storm was coming directly toward the store, and turned and went by a mile and a half away, proves this story.

Those nearer the storm than we were report that stones and trees were flying, dirt by the acre was in the air, and sheep and lambs went sailing skyward to fall dead, or nearly so, at the edge of the wind. On the mountain side big spruce and pines were uprooted and thrown to the ground. Many Navajos saw the god in the black tumbling cloud, lightning shooting from his hands and two streaks of it from the crown of his head.

I asked Robert who the god was, and he told me the story, prefacing it with the remark, 'I cannot tell all. The words are hard for me when I don't know how you call it.'

It seems that a sort of supreme god, Natoni, lives in the sky, 'the same place Jesus does.' Other gods are

directed by him, and one of these comes to the earth once in a man's lifetime to take back sheep, goats, ponies, *denay* (people), for Natoni to use as patterns in his future creations.

It was this god who came in the storm. You can easily understand that it is he who makes the grass grow tall, brings lambs to the flocks and babies to the hogans. Since he has been here this spring, a good year is anticipated. Lots of grass means fat sheep and big crops of corn.

Queer, is n't it, that such a beneficent being should be so destructive!

It has been thirty years since the last visit of this god. An old medicine man who saw the other wind will sing the principal part in the five nights' prayers for the two boys. The idea of the prayers is to ask Natoni not to take the boys for patterns or for company in the sky.

An idea of self-protection is evidenced by the fact that for four days no Navajo will cross the path of the cyclone without first putting some little black and white and red beads on the broken ground where the wind has been.

It has rained and snowed every day since the cyclone. Each day we think no one will come to the store; they will surely all stay home by the fire. But no. They seem to gather here to talk over the storm. Each goes through the whole scene as he saw it.

June 17

I've seen another thing that will stay with me as long as memory lasts and will remind me of the strength and fortitude of woman. I should still be making custards for a white woman who was confined less than a week ago; but Mrs. Charlie has almost finished a blanket since her baby came, and it's not a week old.

As a background for the story, note

the indifference of the Navajo men. Every day for the past weeks, as well as any other time, Mrs. Charlie has carried a keg of water by a brow strap, and a pailful in her hand, from our well to her hogan. The trail is sandy and hilly. Up to the morning of her confinement she worked on a blanket.

Charlie was not in the least concerned, though the death of his sister in childbirth last winter had plunged the family in grief too genuine to doubt. A death among these people means both sacrifice and grief. Each gives something of the sort to be buried with the body. Charlie gave a new bridle and a silver belt. Such experiences do not make the men more considerate when the next new member of the family is expected.

Once, when Mrs. Charlie had washed a lot of wool and carried water, Charlie kept a horse up so he could ride quickly to call the Navajos should her pains turn out to be the final signs. Next morning, however, Mrs. Charlie was better and washed wool while Charlie went to a rabbit chase. He was gone all day and all night. There was horse racing after the rabbit chase. A crowd of thirty or more of the sportsmen came here to the store on tired, sweaty ponies that had not had a drink or a bite to eat since noon the day before. There was a great demand for canned tomatoes and soda crackers. These were eaten in three minutes, and then there was a cloud of dust as the tired ponies were whipped into a run over the hill and out of sight. You can understand that Ken had to listen to another lecture from me on Navajo morals.

A few mornings after that, Robert who is Mrs. Charlie's brother, told us the Navajos were gathering at Charlie's house for the bonning. Soon Charlie came dashing up on a dripping pony

As pale as a brown man could be, he came into my room instead of going to the store. I was sitting at the sewing machine. As I reached for a bottle of antiseptic with one hand and clean towels with the other, I wondered if I should be able to ride a horse without putting on riding clothes. How long would it take me to walk in the soft sand?

What do you think Charlie wanted? He asked for tobacco. The medicine man wanted to smoke. After he got that, he said his wife had been sick a long time. Then he suggested that I go up to the hogan. I started, but he bolted by me on the trail before I was fairly on my way. Every Navajo at the store followed. I was so displeased I almost turned back, but the thought of Mrs. Charlie and my own inborn mania for the unknown kept me going on that sandy trail, hatless in the burning sun.

As I approached the hogan, I counted sixteen ponies standing around, and saw a group of men in the summer hogan. A little flock of sheep and goats was being held against the rocky bluff, and Charlie was just swinging a rope to catch one. I could hear the chant of the medicine man inside the main hogan, so I drew aside the blanket that hung over the doorway and went in.

It is that first glimpse that will stay in my memory forever. In all my imaginings of the crude Indian way of treating sickness, I had not thought of such a thing as I saw. The hogan was cleared of everything. The ashes in the centre of the floor were cold. Six women and three men, all the place would hold, were there. Mrs. Charlie, fully dressed, knelt facing the east. With both hands she clung to a wool rope that was passed over a roof rafter and tied in a knot for her to grip. Behind her, with both arms clasped tight around her body, was a man;

the sweat poured from his face as he pressed it against her shoulder. Two women held their hands over Mrs. Charlie's on the rope; their faces were wet and drawn. A medicine man stood at her side singing and tapping Mrs. Charlie on the head, shoulders, and stomach with a bunch of eagle feathers.

Her hair was tumbled all over her head and face from his beatings; her eyes were an agony of pain; the lines of her face were deep; and the sweat had dripped on to her red velvet shirt until the front was thoroughly wet.

The man kneeling behind the patient spoke, and one of the other men came and took his place, putting his arms around her before the first withdrew his. With one hand he clasped the other wrist and put all his strength into the grip around her body; Mrs. Charlie leaned her head on her hands and groaned. When the pains came the man had help from the others. They all talked at once, and the medicine man sang high and fast, and beat her with the eagle feathers wherever he could get in a tap. Mrs. Charlie clung to the rope, never once letting go, never lying down.

As the pains stopped, the man who knelt behind the patient rose and retired to the wall to sit down. The medicine man smoked a cigarette. The women wiped the sweat from Mrs. Charlie's face and held water to her lips.

At last, in the midst of some of this agony, the baby came. A woman who knelt in front of Mrs. Charlie on a sheepskin brought out the child. She laid it down on the sheepskin with its head touching the sand of the floor. The bright direct rays of the sun from the smoke hole in the roof struck it squarely.

The men rose and joined the crowd outside. Charlie came in and looked at his wife, but did not go to her. One of

the women went out and came in with a pail of water; another held out the child as you might a jack rabbit, and the first took a cup in one hand, the pail in the other, and threw water over the baby as it was turned round and round and over. The water was cold; I felt of the pail to be sure.

I held one of my clean towels ready, but someone reached out with a dirty flour sack and would have wrapped the child in that if I had n't thrust the towel in where it would do the most good. They gave the child to me then. It was as cold as a wet beefsteak.

While I sat holding the newest member of the family, the next older child, a little boy about two and a half, was brought in. His one garment, a little black velvet shirt, was stripped off over his head; he cried and called to his mother, but for once she did not answer him. They took the little boy out in front of the hogan and emptied a whole pail of cold water over him. The crowd outside laughed and roared and told him he was a man now, and no longer a baby.

Mrs. Charlie by this time was looking almost as usual. She drank some corn-meal gruel and talked a little with the women. They all seemed relaxed and were inclined to be gay and sociable. I was included in the fun and was urged to treat the whole crowd to candy.

Being unable to get the baby's feet warm, I passed it over to its grandmother, Charlie's mother. She shook out a little lambskin, and, wrapping the baby in a dry towel, folded the skin across it and turned up the foot. This she tied firmly, and then made a roll of another sheepskin and laid the baby against it. Someone had a twisted wire ready and this was put over the baby, and a piece of muslin which I had taken up, thinking of bandages, was thrown over the wire and the baby. The wire

kept the muslin away from the baby's face. It went straight to sleep.

I got up to go. They all asked me to make lots of clothes for the baby. Outside, a fire was burning and a young kid was boiling in a big pail. A woman was making bread, frying the dough in a Dutch oven full of hot grease. Everyone was happy in the anticipation of a square meal.

I came back through the hot sun and the deep sand. How any Indian woman escapes blood poisoning I don't see.

October 10

An old friend has been here for a short visit.

A social dance, as distinguished from a ceremonial dance, was held about four miles out in the desert — four miles of sand and brush. A Navajo came to the store to load a wagon with canned goods, crackers, and tobacco to take out to sell to the crowd.

Ken told us to get in the wagon and go with him if we were so eager to see the sights. We did. It tickled the Indians to see us come out in Stetsons and Indian robes.

That ride! The driver flapping the reins and yelling at every step, and the little ponies fairly digging in their toes! They had to run on the down grades because the driver never put on the brake. Once we walked and helped push the wagon out of a deep, sandy wash.

A mile from the gathering we could hear singing; then we smelled piñon smoke and soon could see the fires. As we climbed a rise, we saw against the full moon, horizon high, the singers standing in a tight group, heads bent together; horses, dark masses and single animals, wagons, smoking camp fires, massed humanity.

Our wagon stopped at the edge of the crowd. It was a grand-stand seat.

In the centre of the group of singers

was a drummer. The song was in unison and the rhythm perfect, though the drum beat each note rather than the time. The singers swayed a little as they sang. The crowd was very quiet; no one spoke loudly; now and again a man came softly to the wagon, bought a can of tomatoes and a box of crackers, and melted into the crowd; meat was cooking over the scattered fires. As we comprehended the elements of the scene, we realized that what we had thought to be a heap of saddles and bridles, blankets, and so forth, was sleeping Indians. Each was wrapped in a robe, and some fifteen or forty of them were lying like pups in a basket, men and women.

We learned that this was the last night but one of the dance. It had started a week before, about one hundred and fifty miles away. The singers and a few followers were permanent, — composed the troupe, as it were, — but the others were local and new every night.

There were some five or six hundred in the audience—for it was an audience, so far.

About midnight the everlasting singing became tiresome, and we wanted to go home. The moon was very bright, but we did not dare walk because of wild cattle. We asked for horses, but they did not want to send anyone to bring the ponies back, and we had to stay. One of 'our' Indians got robes and spread them under the wagon on the ground, and we crawled under, wrapped in our own robes. We left orders that we were to be wakened when the dancing began.

Laugh! You can imagine how silly two lone white women felt. Under a wagon and in a mess of savages! When anyone came to the side of the wagon to buy something we could hear the driver say, 'The white women are under the wagon.' The newcomer

would stoop down, look under, and say, 'A-la-hon-ie.'

Suddenly, just as we had dropped to sleep, — fancy sleeping! — the wagon began to roll backward, horses were kicking and snorting, and the dust was thick under the wagon. We both left that place on all fours, Polly out one side and I the other, into threshing horses and yelling Indians.

The uproar stopped. Since the singing seemed to be just the same, we crawled back under the wagon, but in the mix-up a bottle of soda pop had been broken on my side of the bed. I got into it and the broken glass. Of course we could n't sleep again, and soon they told us the dance was about to begin.

The singers changed their stand to the edge of the dancing space, opposite a big fire. The old fellow with the drum came forward and did a solo. Another fellow stood up and talked at length about a stolen bridle and saddle. Everyone listened respectfully, but no one answered. The singers gathered about the drummer and sang another tune, and the dance began.

Did I say dance? That would seem to imply fun. But of all the tired, uninterested people, those men were the worst I ever saw. We stood up to see better, and thanked fate we had n't been able to go home when we had wanted to.

Each of the girls, in her very 'durned-est' clothes, walked solemnly up to the ring of onlookers, seized a man by the coat or robe, and pulled him, protesting, to the clearing, if he did not get away by might and main. Once in the open, the man ceased to struggle and stood quiet. The girl, still holding to the back of his robe, started around him backward on her tiptoes, lightly. The man turned slowly round and round, and all the time looked bored to death. There was not a laugh, not

a smile, not even a willingness in the whole performance. It was unspeakably funny to Polly and me.

The greatest joke of the evening was that one of the girls mistook me for a man and got hold of my robe and well-nigh dragged me out before she realized who I was. My resistance, of course, was part of the game, and the girls never look up to see who their victim is. One or two men standing near laughed a little, but the girl did not change expression; she merely reached for another partner.

The man has to pay the girl ten cents, more or less, for each dance.

They danced until about three, and then the singers began again. Polly curled up on the wagon seat, and I found a place among some boxes in the back. We had a short nap before daylight, but were glad when the Indians began to hitch up. They sing until sunup, and we drove off and left them singing.

December 27

Christmas means warm fires, snow, red berries, music, and gifts wrapped in tissue paper. Day before yesterday we had the warm fires, but even they were not according to Christmas specifications, and the other accessories were novel enough to make history.

We planned to watch the benighted Navajos cook dinner; we had even declared we would eat with them; we would spend the day watching their games. For our treat we prepared a hundred small bags of candy, cookies, and a red apple.

Christmas Eve the heathen began to arrive over these hills. There were wagonloads of women and children and scores of men and young folks on ponies. Everybody was dressed in his best: beads, bracelets, and silver belts glistened against bright-colored velvet shirts and glossy sateen skirts with

miles and miles of flounces. I made several of the skirts and I know how many miles long a flounce is.

By dark there were some two hundred Indians here, and their food supply seemed to be extremely short. Apparently they expected 'Kismas' to begin at once. Ken had killed a beef, expecting to supply meat for the Christmas dinner, but now he took down a hind quarter and cut steaks and more steaks until there were enough to go around. The adults came and took what they needed for their families for supper and Christmas morning breakfast. What they did not eat at once they were afraid to put down because someone would steal it, so all the evening they strolled around with great red raw beefsteaks in their hands.

We had provided several loads of wood so that they could help themselves, and the Christmas fires, big and little, were all over the place. They were so all over the place that we were uneasy. One family settled down and built their fire within two feet of the walls of this frame shack of a store building. Ken had to go out and insist that they move elsewhere. They were indignant, and thought it quite fussy in me to go out and shovel dirt over the bed of live coals they left.

Big fires were made on the level space where the dancing was to be, and the fires and the full moon made the night so light we could see the whole landscape round. The dancing was just for the Indians' amusement and ours, and was in no sense ceremonial. Now and then some of them danced a figure from a ceremonial dance, but without the costumes and other accessories. The music was made by a clay water jar with water in it and a rawhide stretched over the top. One fellow played this, or beat it, and others shook rattles made of paper bags with beans in them.

The best dance of the lot was one danced by some of the older men. They had to dance and sing because the younger men knew neither the proper songs nor the dance, and the eight men who made up the figure sang, laughed, and kept up the most violent sort of exercise until they dropped, panting, to the ground. They all assured us that when they were young men they could keep it up all night, but now they were old and full of meat besides, and they could n't do what they used to do.

With that dance and others, wrestling, and racing about the fires, there was plenty of activity. There was nothing cold or solemn about the gathering; everyone was laughing and happy. They are a most fun-loving people and laugh at the same sort of things we think funny.

We were up early Christmas morning. While the men and boys went out to the flat mesa to race their horses, we womenfolk thought about dinner for the crowd. By eleven o'clock two squaws began making bread, and the efficient way they went about it was a lesson to me. A twenty-five-pound sack of flour, a frying pan or Dutch oven, a can of baking powder, and a bucket of well water formed the total of their equipment. They rolled back the top of the sack, put in a pinch of baking powder, and mixed in enough water with their hands to make a dough stiff enough to handle easily. This was pulled and patted into a cake that covered the bottom of the cooking pan and fried in an inch or two of fat. The finished cakes were stacked in piles. It was an interesting performance; but after I had watched for a time I realized that they could not bake enough bread for the crowd that way, so I started to make biscuits in the oven.

Some squaws built up stones about

the cooking fires to set tubs on, and soon we had three tubs of the meat simmering, each with a squaw to tend and stir it with a long splinter of wood from the wood pile. The wash boiler did duty as a coffeepot. There was a forked cedar stick in it to hold the bag of coffee under.

Other squaws I set to peeling onions and potatoes, and very handy they were at it, too. These we added to the meat tubs. When it was all well cooked, I mixed a pail of flour and water for thickening and added that with salt, pepper, and chili.

One of the children was sent out to the mesa edge to call the men, and in a few minutes they charged in, the ponies running pell-mell between the camp fires and jumping over the clutter of camp stuff, the Indians yelling like pirates and quirting on both sides.

The dripping ponies were left at one side, and the Indians came to the fires. I dipped the stew into pans, all we had in the store, and then we passed tin cups of coffee and spoons for the stew. The family group sat together, and everybody ate and ate and ate. Some of the heathen, I know, had not had a square meal for a month.

When that was done, the children lined up to get the bags of candy. I passed them out and soon became suspicious about the length of the line. Investigation revealed mothers and older sisters standing around the corner of the store, putting bags of candy into their blankets and sending the children back to stand in line and get another.

We agreed we had never seen such a Christmas and should not see another in a lifetime.

December 28

This goes out to-morrow, but I'll just add another word. Under ordinary conditions, it is not so difficult

to watch the haystack and the store, but watched they must be. One has only to turn his back to give some wily savage the urge to reach across the counter and help himself to what is on the shelves. The counter is breast high on the Indian side, and they have to get up on it to reach across. If one is caught in such a position, he gets down unconcernedly, saying, '*Yadela* — my granddaughter, I was looking for a bit of string to tie this sack.'

Another day is done and I have just been out to see a beautiful sunset such as no one would credit on canvas. I believe the Indians appreciate the glory of it. At least they agree with me when I say it is lovely, and when I close the store and go out to look at the sky they wait patiently for me to go back. 'San Chee [my name] likes red sky,' they explain to each other.

As ever,

H.

THE AMERICAN WAY

BY MORITZ J. BONN¹

THE United States looms large to-day in the European mind, and two opposite schools of thought offer us two very different definitions of America. To one group the United States and its marvelous prosperity represent the beacon light of economic progress. Such people talk about the American economic miracle and never get tired of informing us that all things American are practical, reasonable, and progressive, that the United States is the original patentee of the modern process of industrial rationalization, and that Europe cannot do better than imitate American mass production, scientific salesmanship, and human uplift.

To the other group the United States stands for everything that is vile in modern industrial civilization. America is accused of having evolved that deadening system of quantitative production which is killing qualitative

workmanship, and with it industrial art all over the world. America is held responsible for that dead leveling of individuality into a mass of drab homogeneity which calls itself progressive democracy. The United States is said to have killed the mind which strove after ideas and to have replaced it with material greed, the lust for wealth, the rule of Mammon, the Almighty Dollar. One group proposes that a tired yet restless Europe save itself by imitating the American system of rational control of material things; the other advocates a crusade against the deadening spirit of Americanism.

Both parties, though vociferous, are equally incapable of understanding the true meaning of America. To begin with, their adherents know very little of the real United States. They have seen its linguistic, its institutional, and its technical uniformity — all of which they fairly understand. But they ignore the country's geographical, ethnological, and cultural diversity. They

¹ The reader should know that Dr. Bonn is a famous German professor, long connected with the University of Berlin. — THE EDITOR

have visited New York, Boston, and Chicago, and flitted through Washington. Yet even so they only know the more or less stereotyped life of an upper stratum which is enshrouding in a kind of drab veil the glaring colors of the seething metropolitan masses. Such people rarely view American achievements from the point of view of American aspirations. Their attitude is imitative or preventive; it is rarely appreciative.

I

The chief result of that wholesale conflagration known as the Great War is the change in Europe's relation to world affairs. Through the Bolshevik revolution, the fangs of Asia have penetrated the flesh of European Russia as far as the Polish frontier. Africa, though still obedient to her European masters, no longer stands in silent awe. Both Americas ceased being colonies in the political sense of the word more than a century ago. But only during the Great War did the United States, after a steady development of nearly a hundred and fifty years, carry the Declaration of Independence to its logical economic conclusion. It is no longer a European colony in the economic sense; it is colonizing old established Europe with capital, methods, and men. Under these circumstances, it is a question of life and death to Europe, and to the world in general, to know what America stands for, to understand its meaning.

In spite of this urgent necessity, a gulf between the United States and Europe is broadening and deepening as modern communications develop. Familiarity may not breed contempt, but it certainly does breed misunderstandings. Furthermore, this antagonism is not due to racial causes.

Europe has been reorganized on a nationalistic basis, and most of her new

political frontiers are supposed to enclose more or less homogeneous nations. The gulf separating the different Europeans from each other is much greater than the racial differences between the various American stocks and their relatives in the Old World.

Racially the United States is far more akin to the different European stocks from which it sprang than these stocks are to each other. Having drawn its inhabitants from all European (and many non-European) countries, it has not permitted segregation, but has tried to fuse them into a common American nationality. Before the war America carefully avoided those methods of compulsory national assimilation that were all too common in Europe at the time, but during and since the war a process of more or less forceful Americanization has set in. The United States has not succeeded in melting down a unified American stock within the space of a single generation. The country is still dotted with thousands of 'alien islands' which the rising flood of Americanism has not yet submerged.

The true line of demarcation between Europe and the United States is neither racial nor geographical. The American continent is a land of marvelous variety, notwithstanding certain frequently recurring features, for its apparent monotony is due to the enormous scale on which it is built. The works of man have, no doubt, produced a good deal of standardization. Colonization always demands a stock of ready-made goods, sent from the rear, and America, the creation of pioneers, is no exception to this rule. Since the eclipse of the South, her civilization has been made in New England and mail-ordered, as it were, all over the continent. But for the first time since the quest of the Golden West began, people can at last be born and buried in the same place, without

a change of habitation, and their sons and daughters are finally beginning to stretch their roots deep down into the native soil. Surely they will partake of the essence of this soil which they have conquered and made habitable, and, as time goes on, will reflect in their morals and customs the essential features which Providence has given to each region.

America will not produce those varied types that have blossomed out into the form of nations in modern Europe. Her racial problem is not whether the immigrants of non-Anglo-Saxon groups will retain their separate nationalities, but rather what the nature of the new American stock will be.

There seems to me no doubt that these various national strains grafted on the old American tree and planted in the highly varied American soil will blossom out into a 'polytypy' or a 'polytomy' of regional characters which will make American life quite different from European conceptions of it. The American scene will regionalize the American people; the inhabitants of New Mexico will differ from the New Englanders, notwithstanding the Declaration of Independence and the mail-order houses. I look forward to a strong growth of national regionalism, much as it existed in the thirteen original states a hundred and fifty years ago, while at the same time the unity of the country as a whole is bound to increase.

II

Nothing in this development should dissociate the people of the United States from their relatives in Europe, yet there is a clear line of demarcation dividing things European from things American. Things European have taken shape by a process of spontaneous

growth; things American have been created by acts of conscious will power. European society has grown up, so to speak, as things mature in nature; American society is the outcome of reason, the product of a purposeful artificial creation. In this respect the United States is the masterwork of the New England Puritans. Theirs was the fanatical individualistic rationalism which shaped the New England of the Pilgrim Fathers, according to a preordained plan. Theirs too was the passionate hatred which made the American Revolution no mere snapping of ties between a mother country and her rebellious offspring, but the beginning of a new age of reason. Other revolutions were only breaks in the course of national development, which changed the direction of the stream, but did not affect its continued flow. But to the American people their revolution meant the beginning of a separate national existence. It made them a nation, and did not merely deflect them. Revolution as a purposeful break with the past, not a mere accidental derailment, seems to them a legitimate method of creating a commonwealth; tradition and tenacious preservation of things no longer serving the end for which they were created are to them mere acts of sentimental contemplation. When the Englishman in false humility tells his American guest that it is quite easy to have a perfect lawn, provided you go on rolling it for several centuries, he stands for things European; and when Henry Ford assures us that history is 'bunk' he may not add much to our stock of philosophy, but he gives us the American theory of spontaneous social creation. Broadly speaking, the dividing line between Europe and the United States is that Europe stands for preservation and America for creation. The creative

genius of the American people has not gone into the realm of art and abstract science. It has tried ever since its beginning to create a perfect human commonwealth. This practical construction of an improved world in accordance with a theoretically conceived ideal scheme, as contrasted with the mere preservation of an established social order, has always been the distinctive note of American development.

America's ideas may not always have been quite new; they rarely have been very deep. They differ, however, in one important respect from the many profundities with which the European, and especially the German, mind is always boiling over. They are not conceived merely in order to be reasoned out; they are actually executed. The will to make a new commonwealth, rather than to inherit an old one, is to my mind the really distinctive note of the United States. This will did not inspire the Southern gentlemen, when they tried to reproduce a faithful and in many ways very charming replica of feudal England. But this feeling did permeate the great Puritan inspiration which became the driving force of the land, and which could easily be shared by all those alien immigrants who had cut themselves loose from the Old World in whose standardized social hierarchy they could find no proper place.

III

This man-made, not time-made, commonwealth, originally conceived as the city of God, assumed different meanings at different times, until it became the skeleton of a society, perilously akin in the vulgar mind to the 'heaven on earth' scheme of materialistic Communism. In the place of the sombre determinism of American Calvinism round which the fires of Hell

eternally raised their fiery tongues, the idea of a free and easy world has developed, thanks to that wonderful spirit of optimism which is America's greatest asset. The sons and daughters of the old Puritans are convinced that knowledge and reason, management and will, can really make life on this planet nearly perfect. Starting with a belief in the depravity of human nature, which tintured most political philosophies of the sixteenth century, they have now arrived at a conception of human nature from which the last vestiges of original sin are virtually eliminated. Europe, being traditional and theoretical, does not really believe in the perfectibility of human nature; America, being rational and practical, is going to prove it.

From a European point of view, American history ought to be regarded as an almost uninterrupted effort to break away from the past, in order to free human society from the evils of tyranny, political and economic, and from fear and pain. Since Old World governments seemed wedded to oppression, the people of the United States not only severed their connections with the British Government, — which has ever since appeared to their eyes as tyrannical and rapacious, a view by no means historically correct, — but they have gone out of their way to build a government of their own, which in ordinary times is probably the weakest government any civilized people enjoy, though powerful interests have made it far stronger than the Declaration of Independence had conceived it to be. Until the days of Prohibition it certainly did not efficiently block man's many-sided pursuit of happiness.

It is one of the strange coincidences of history that the same man whose pen drafted that charter of liberty known as the Declaration of

Independence should have also secured for the American people the economic basis on which they could try to realize their conceptions of a perfect commonwealth. Jefferson's Louisiana Purchase unlocked the marvelous West; it provided the natural resources that would give every man a chance, no matter whence he came, so that for once in history all competitors could start without undue handicap. Without the West the thirteen original states would have greatly expanded, no doubt, in the hands of their energetic inhabitants; but their development would have followed quasi-European lines. The West gave the people of the United States fairly equal opportunities; it made it possible for them to evolve a competitive capitalistic society in close accordance with the principles of an optimistic progressive liberalism. It was the West which expelled from America the shadow of feudalism that had fallen across the path of European progress. The shadow lingered, to be sure, for some time over the plantations of the South, but when it threatened to expand, a terrible fratricidal strife put an end to the system and destroyed not only evil, but much good as well.

When the people of the United States, after the era of free land had ended, were forced to adapt themselves to a state of affairs where resources no longer expanded automatically, they continued the struggle against 'tyranny.' They fought the railway monopolies and trusts, not half-heartedly, as it is done in Europe, for economic reasons, but as part of the fight against oppression, which in its new economic form threatened to deprive the individual of his right to happiness. Later, when they realized that large-scale production made monopolistic organization unavoidable in many cases, they did not stop fighting,

but substituted control for competition. Of course, the United States has often failed in its efforts of 'constructive society-making,' but its spirit of 'optimistic social engineering' has never flagged. These experimenters have not been at work much longer than have the aeronautical inventors; I do not think that their success has been much slower.

America has used and abused the wonderful opportunities with which she has been allowed to work out her salvation. American capitalism has often been more dishonest, more grafting, and more hideous than its European counterpart. But it seems to me that it is learning its lesson. The world is watching with bated breath and unabated interest the huge communistic experiment in Russia. It is bound to fail, when measured by its own standard of bringing ever-increasing material happiness to millions of people. But whether it fails or whether it succeeds, it has proved to the working class that it can get control of a big country and can keep that control for a considerable length of time.

American capitalism realizes that capitalism can only continue as a social system if it delivers the goods. This must be done not only to the capitalists themselves, but also to the working classes and the consumers. Wage earners must be assured high wages that will enable them to acquire property; and, at the same time, low prices and an ever-expanding scale of consumer enjoyment must be guaranteed. While European business men still look upon producers and upon material production as the aim of modern economics, their American colleagues have realized — notwithstanding trusts and greed — that the key to modern business life is held by the Honorable Mr. Consumer. He

and he alone is the master of the world.

The many schemes for price stabilization, whose object is to reduce the risks of economic crises to employers as well as employees, no doubt often contain a great deal of economic nonsense. They are not merely devised as a practical alternative to communistic experiments; they really aim at eliminating from man's life the terror of economic uncertainty; they are a reasoned-out, conscious effort to drive away blind fate from the business affairs of men, and to give everyone that economic security without which life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness are scarcely worth while. Such schemes try to make men free from economic fear, as they have already been freed from political and economic oppression.

Although America's new immigration policy, as well as her effort at Americanization, may have been quite as brutal in actual application as former European policies, both are from this point of view only parts of a grandiose scheme of a 'perfect society.' When the science of eugenics is used to glorify the Nordic race in the United States, it becomes quite as silly and infantile as similar efforts in Europe appear; and its practical ramifications begin to resemble a university-extension textbook on the principles of stock breeding, applied to mankind. It contains, however, a very great social conception, in that it endeavors to produce a nation made up of numerous divergent strains, the component parts of which are so wisely dosed and so judiciously blended as to ensure it social superiority, not only over other nations, but over the stocks from which it sprang. From this point of view, birth control, which is gaining ground in everyday life as a result of pure egotism, is merely another element in

the great American movement toward a 'synthetic society.'

The melting-pot theory may have operated with only moderate success, and the practice of Americanization may have fallen short of its goal; but I feel that there is a kind of nationwide transubstantiation at work, from which a new American nation will arise, a people healthy in body and vigorous in mind, from whose spirit democracy will have lifted the fear of political oppression, and modern business development the dread of poverty. Political and social science have been vying with each other in ousting worry; medical science and hygiene are hard at work driving away pain. The time may not be so very far off when criminals will no longer be punished, but treated wisely; and when the only fear man has to face in this life is death—death made easy by euthanasia.

IV

For the spiritual values of the American people are rapidly changing. For many years educated Europe has been rather 'secular' in things religious, while carefully paying public obeisance to the inherited ethics of Christian religion. As far as formal creeds are concerned, America may not have changed much, but in her application of certain religious conceptions to the proper way of living she seems to be passing through a kind of revolution. Puritan formulas of what to do and what not to do have controlled the active life of the American nation for many years, and their advocates have recently won a great victory—Prohibition. To bring this about, they have deliberately sacrificed their original principle,—'individual liberty,'—and set up a new conception of social welfare.

Although the Puritan conception

of life transformed the pioneer and the immigrant, and even, to a certain degree, the negro, it has undergone great changes. The mixture of alien stocks, in whom remnants of pagan creeds still live, has proved quite as effective as the materialistic influence of pioneering life. Modern industrialism, whose practical bearings are diametrically opposed to the Puritan conception, has done its share. For modern industries that produce consumers' goods can only flourish with an ever-growing expansion of consumption, and consumption cannot expand without an ever-growing amplification and diversification of human desires, which the Puritan conception of life severely tried to restrain.

Though alcohol has been forbidden, and even in some isolated cases tobacco, pure joy of living, which the old theocratical austerity so abhorred, grows by leaps and bounds. It has often been said that America is ruled by women. This does not hold true of her production, but it is true in respect to her consumption, which more and more tends to direct production. Modern American women are changing the pace. They no longer advocate sexual equality by the mere repression of low male instincts; they are lifting the ban on women's actions. Such women have formed the advance guard of the leisured class, which America is slowly producing. After they have borne the brunt of the winning of the West, an achievement perhaps not equaled by anything other women have done, they have now not only forced their males to use their inventive genius to provide them with costly garments and to beautify them with lovely skin-foods, thus democratizing luxury and the cult of the body, which is pagan rather than Puritan — they have even driven the men to devise cunning machinery to free woman from domestic

service and to give her time, not only to manicure her hands, but, what is far more important, to improve her mind.

In European countries men are often free thinkers and *esprits forts*, while their women still cling passionately to seemingly outworn creeds. Things are different in America. There may be a certain inanity in some of the more popular 'uplift' movements, but there is certainly more general practical radicalism among American women than among American men of the same social stratum. And the radicalism women go in for is not mere 'lip service,' as is often the case with men. They are willing to pay the price of freedom with their bodies and their souls. The enormous influence of a democratic, nation-wide system of education is spreading new ideas, often half-baked ones, all over the country.

Europe has lately become interested in this process. The Dayton 'monkey trial' and many other similar fundamentalist explosions have been interpreted by noisy intellectual snobs as a symptom of American retrogression. Such prophets are clearly mistaken. The violence of these movements offers clear proof that the large immobile strata of backward America, which up to now were tolerant of many new developments because they were ignorant of them, are being terrified by great onrushing dangers, of whose very existence they were ignorant some time ago.

The lengthening shadows of declining day are settling over the Puritan world. Instead of Jehovah saving and damning souls with the arbitrariness of a merciless dictator, we find a human deity, ready to save sinners as well as saints. In a continent like Europe, where men and women are bound by traditions, the disappearance

of old pivotal beliefs need not be followed by vital practical consequences. Such a world goes on for a long time after the power which set it in motion has died. In the past America was ruled by conventions (in the French and in the English sense of the word), not by tradition. When a large number of the people who severally used to respect these conventions come to disbelieve their *raison d'être*, the driving force of the American world will be spent. Fear of impending anarchy explains easily enough the frantic efforts made by powerful groups to safeguard the faith of certain backsliders. For the eclipse of Hell is driving the last element of fear out of American life.

What will a people be like who have successfully freed themselves of fear of life and death, who are not frightened of the ways of the world, and who no longer believe in divine wrath? If the old order is going to fall, something new and positive must come. I don't know what it will be. I am convinced it will not be a materialistic, hedonistic duplicate of the different forms of European anticlericalism. Since America is heir to all the strains which have made Europe, since her forms of life have thus far been created by Puritan Anglo-Saxons, while the bodies of her people are made up of every living element in the European and the African world, it seems to me that in the spiritual world, too, her task may be a kind of 'spiritual synthesis,' a creative chemistry of the mind. Greek and Jew, Christian and pagan, have flocked into her huge confines. May she not succeed in fusing the two great strains which up to now have divided the civilized world? May she not succeed in combining the pagan joy of Greek life with the moral responsibility of Christianity?

V

I see one great danger ahead of her. If America's social and economic system is sound, the rest of the world must accept it. Measured by American standards, the rate of progress in Europe, and certainly in Asia and Africa, is slow. The Old World, even now, is made up of various social strata; European society is a pyramid of different well-defined layers, between which there is no easy transition. The American pyramid, on the other hand, can quickly be mounted by a convenient flight of steps to which an elaborate system of moving stairways has lately been added. Europe is slow, skeptical, and traditional; America is impatient, rational, and emotional.

Progress in the rest of the world may not keep up with the growth of the American system and with the output of American commodities, which are being poured into all foreign lands at an ever-increasing rate in the form of permanent investments. Notwithstanding the Kellogg pacts, America has no desire to-day to interfere in European affairs. The dream of reforming the world by means of a great crusade such as President Wilson led has evaporated. America is still suspicious of Europe, and remains wedded to a policy of political isolation. But, while isolating herself politically, she is pouring her wealth into Europe, thus creating the tie which is the frailest and the firmest of all social ties: the contractual tie between creditor and debtor. The richer she grows, the greater her stake in Europe becomes. To save bad old money, you must throw in good new money. To be sure of the repayment of your capital, you must often advance the interest after it has fallen due. There may be losses — nay, there must be losses — such as Europe had to suffer over and

over again when she financed the United States in the nineteenth century. What will be the attitude of the United States? Will she cut the losses as Europe did, when the debtor cannot pay, and recoup the values with a better interest the next time? Or will she try to use political and economic pressure?

Deep down in the American mind exists a feeling that America has a mission—which her people are not always content to consider in the restricted sense of a moral obligation—to make their land and their people worthy of those great opportunities Providence has given them. When their interests are touched by what they may consider—and perhaps rightly—European slovenliness and European subtlety, they may not be willing to suffer silently and rest content in the deep conviction that righteous men do not always fare well, but that the depraved foreigner will learn by and by that honesty is the best policy. They may come to the conclusion that it is not only their interest, but also their sacred duty to insist on the fulfillment of contractual duties entered toward them. And they may remember the old puritanical tradition of force regarded as a remedy, force wielded by the righteous for the punishment and the subsequent moral improvement of the wicked.

I have never been frightened of what might be termed the conscious American imperialism that the lords of Wall Street are supposed to be carefully nursing. Most of such talk is fantastic piffle. But I am terrified by the missionary fanaticism that sleeps in

the heart of the American people. They will never, I am convinced, try to gain the lordship of the world in a conscious effort for spoils and domination. But they are just now developing a very helpful and sane form of economic control by establishing financial liens in all countries, which will make them silent partners in the business of the world. They are not desirous of taking an active controlling part in such affairs; few Americans are fitted by training and outlook for such work. This they realize, and they wisely restrict themselves to the rôle of money lenders.

There is no danger as long as things go smoothly. But if ever there were a real hitch, if ever in any country debtor and creditor were facing each other angrily, then the world would have need of all its available statesmanship. For a nation imbued with an imperialistic spirit, driven to actions by the lust of domination, is always willing in the hour of destiny to let profit go by the board for the sake of power. A nation of business men, however, to whom empire means only a well-run estate, and who are willing to offer social service to other economically less prosperous nations by means of loans, may fight for the sanctity of business contracts, though fighting might be far more costly than canceling. The only American danger I really foresee is not the wickedness or the greed of the American business men; I fear their morals more than their vices. If this danger ever were to materialize, it would be because men who spend their lives within the empire of business rarely learn the business of empire.

SNAKE NIGHT UP POSEY HOLLER

BY ELEANOR RISLEY

I

IN the high rock's shadow, among the ferns and galax leaves, bubbled an icy spring. I leaned against a sweet-gum tree, and waited for the water to boil on our little camp fire, while Peter shucked the sweet corn with which Sisypheus, our Chinese wheelbarrow, was loaded. John, who just missed being a setter, pawed frantically at a cool cellar he was digging in the soft earth. For it was hot—high noon by my wrist watch. And though we had loitered on the way, we had pushed the cart up and up the mountain since sunrise in the valley below.

A woman wearing a glistening white sunbonnet crossed the road from the log cabin opposite. She carried a covered dish which she gave to me and said:—

'We-all had fried apple pies fur dinner, and I brung some over. I'd be proud if you-all'd take 'em.'

We thanked her, and she sat on a stone against the rough brown rock where the passion vine climbed, and carefully removed her immaculate bonnet. We were startled by her beauty. Even John stopped digging for a moment. Young, but serene and stately, with chiseled features and a skin of nacre, she smiled there, a mountain flower, sturdy but very lovely. The faded lavender of her sleeveless apron-dress, where the shadows of the passion vine fell in faint green filigree, draped her firm body with enchanting grace.

She asked no questions, for the mountain woman is punctiliously polite. But as we talked of the weather, the roads, and the cotton, Peter's eyes met mine, and I knew that we both felt that here was more than the mere beauty of a wild flower. For while there was no hint of condescension at our homeless state,—a mountaineer loves above everything his home, and can conceive no reason for leaving it, other than being thrust out by misfortune,—there was in her manner a curious air of gentle importance; and her words, commonplace enough, bore a strange balm of other-where-ness, as though she spoke from a height afar off.

When dinner was served on Sis's tin top, she rose and said: 'When you-all belong to go on, stop by. I'd love to give you some gyarden truck. Jest onions, and sweet corn, and some English peas. We hain't got a great chance of a gyarden, fur my man is away loggin', and we got hit all to do. My chillern is jest eleven and twelve yars old.'

We thanked her and told her we should start on at once after dinner and would stop by; and we watched her curiously as she disappeared in the 'dogtrot,' or open hall, of her house. After dinner Peter solemnly produced our last tailor-made cigarette, and divided it exactly. I knew this meant a rare occasion, and that after the last precious puff there was speculative thought ahead. For the home-grown tobacco of the mountains is potent. One cool, rainy day I sat before the

fireplace with a madonna who rocked a moonshiner's infant of two weeks and chewed incessantly. When she offered me a chew and I refused it her face fell. So, in a social effort, I dried a leaf before the flame and rolled a cigarette. In a rapidly revolving room I was able to reach the bed in the nearest corner. Peter came in, and the madonna said, 'Stranger, I hain't got nothin' but gal tobacco, but if you'll reach up on that high shelf thar, they's some good.' I waved a feeble warning from the bed, but Peter rushed upon his fate, and presently rushed out again.

When the last puff of smoke, upheld by a sharpened match, had vanished, I said, 'Did you observe how gently she spoke to us, as if we were orphan children astray?' 'Yes,' answered Peter, 'that beautiful being feels superior to us. It's not her beauty. She seems unconscious of that. Perhaps we'll solve the mystery at the house. She may have a mail-order carpet, or a cottage organ.'

We found in the poor cabin the same exquisite neatness and air of serenity that surrounded the woman herself. The children were in the cotton field, but she had gathered the peas and onions, and had added a pound of dewy butter from the well. As we left I said, 'You must be very happy here; you seem to enjoy being kind.' 'Yes,' she replied, 'I am. — No,' to Peter, 'I don't want no money. The onliest reason I hain't plumb happy is because I don't live whar I kin see more folks to holp. I have been healed of pellagra by prayer, and I owes the Lord a heap o' thanks.'

I sat down on the doorstone, and Peter rolled Sis into the shade at the same instant.

She went on: 'Hit war two yars ago that the Apostolics war a-holdin' a big meetin' over thar by the spring.'

'Apostolics?' asked Peter.

'Some folks call 'em Holy Rollers. I war so bad I could n't go. My man war away loggin', but Pappy and the chillern went. So they heerd about me, and fur seven days they prayed fur me. Nary minute o' the time, night ner day, some of 'em was n't on their knees. I did n't believe much in 'em, but Pappy did. I could n't use my hands any more. The flesh war a-droppin' off. I jest set in the room in the big chur most o' the time. The seventh day I war a-settin' thar readin' my Bible — I kin read print. Hit war jest sundown, and the room war all full o' red light. All at onct I riz up and said, "Pappy, I'm healed!" and I walked over to Pappy, and that night we all went to meetin' — Pappy, and me, and the chillern. And I'm so well, and so full o' thanks, hit seems I kaint do enough fur the Lord.'

'And your hands! They are beautiful. Not a scar,' I cried.

'They healed up right away, and I hain't had a day's sickness sence. I kin work harder'n ever. Our church thinks hit's a sin not to keep clean and red up in the house and outside. The neighbors is Hard Shells round here, and they don't like the Apostolics.'

'Hard Shells?' I asked, though I knew.

'Hard Shell Baptists. But they'll all tell you I war healed jest like that. I wish I could go to the big meetin' they're a-holdin' up Posey Holler — hit's too fur. Hit'll run two weeks yit. But maybe you-all's started thar?'

'Yes,' I said quickly, distrusting the masculine mind in the uptake, 'that is where we are going.'

This was news to Peter, but he caught himself in time and did n't say so.

'I hate to tell you-all, but you're in danger fur the next mile. I'd go with you-all, but hit would n't holp none. They knows I'm a Apostolic, and agin

liquor. Hit's this-a-way. The Gulf is jest on yer left hand and —'

'What is the Gulf?' asked Peter.

'Hit's a great big valley over a steep bluff whar nobody goes but them as is hidin' from the sheriff. Thar's bars, and rattlers, and copperheads in hit. And stills all over the aide of hit. Hit's a awful dark place full o' trees and vines till you kaint git through hardly. And they's a deep river runnin' through hit whar they don't dare fish, fur the cottonmouths is thar by the hundreds.'

'And that,' I murmured feebly, 'is on our left! What, then, is on our right?'

'Moonshiners. The first house is whar the biggest of 'em all lives. He leads 'em all. They jest whooped a boy and sent him outen the county, accusin' him of bein' a informer. His maw lives the next house. She's a widder woman. If you gits past that mile you-all 'll come out on Happy Top whar old Uncle Tutweiler lives. He is rich. He hain't no moonshiner, but they lets him alone. Uncle Tut hain't a church member, but he air a good man.'

'And it's a mile of that!' said Peter.

'Yes, a full mile. Mister, you let your woman walk on in front. Nary a man in these mountings 'd hurt a woman. But ef you war ahead, they might whoop you, or shoot from behind a rock, thinkin' you war a informer.'

We thanked her and said good-bye. Suddenly she turned. 'I'll git on my knees and pray fur you past that mile. I'd be proud if you-all'd write to me how you gits along and about the big meetin'. My name is Laura Scott, and my boy kin read writin' a little.' (And penciled letters have come to us — scrawled accounts of weather and crops — that bear to us another message than the ill-spelled words convey.)

II

In silence we tied John securely to the cart. I carried the rifle, and we walked abreast. Before the fearsome house at the right sat a gigantic man in a chair propped against the wall. He stared a moment, and we saw him run to the dogtrot and take his rifle from a rack on the wall and disappear into the house. I dropped behind, but we walked steadily on. Presently we were in front of the cabin of the 'widder woman' whose son had been 'whooped' and run 'outen the county.' Ripe peaches had fallen over the stone wall of the yard, and we stopped a moment to pick them up. Death might be approaching from the rear, but peaches are peaches. A woman called from the dogtrot and ran out with a basket of peaches and two knives, and we sat on the stone wall and ate the fruit. The woman was old and unkempt, and though her words were kindly her voice held but one tone, that of acid bitterness, as though life had drained her of all but one emotion. The voices of the mountain women are all monotonous, including perhaps but three tones at best. But this voice was like the sad twanging of a single low-pitched string.

I said, 'The house we passed a while back. The woman told us of her healing. Do you know of it?'

'Yes, she tells everybody. She 'lows she ort to.'

'But it's true?' asked Peter.

'Yes, hit's true. Prayer is prayer. But I hain't got no use fur the folks that done the prayin'. Them Holy Rollers a-pettin' copperheads and rattlers! The way I'd please God is to smash 'em with a rock! Them Holy Rollers is havin' a big meetin' up Posey Holler. To-morrow's snake night.'

'Snake night?' I quavered.

'Yes, hit's Sunday night and they brings in a rattler and pets him.

Thar'll be a big crowd. Some of 'em'll git bit like the feller that died last week on tother mounting. Temptin' the Lord like that! They 'lowed he was n't under the Power when he was bit or 't would n't 'a' hurted him. I hyar they is more careful now. They says they feels hit when the Power comes, like wind over 'em. Pity hit don't blow their haid's offen 'em, temptin' God like that!

Down the road came six gaunt mountaineers, walking abreast, each bearing a rifle on his shoulder. I grasped the stone wall firmly, resolved to remain there indefinitely. But the woman rose quickly and said, 'You-all best putt the peaches in your little wagon and go on. Hit won't do you ner me no good fur 'em to see you hyar. They mighty nigh killed my boy tother day. They might take you-all fur informers.' And with a frightened air she ran through the dogtrot, where she took a gun from the wall, and disappeared in the house.

We walked on. The road was clear for a way. But soon we came to a sharp turn which led down to a thicket of laurel under dense trees. 'Here,' I said, 'is where I walk on ahead.'

Peter demurred and insisted on leaving me with the cart, and walking on with John and the rifle. But there was a woman praying for me in a cabin back there, and I choked out good-bye, and ran down the road with the rifle.

The steep rocky way led down to a sullen stream stealing its course to the Gulf, where the cottonmouths crawled by hundreds. The loneliness and the silence of the sinister place so oppressed me that it was a relief to see, seated on a great rock which jutted over the water, six men with their rifles across their knees. I called at once, in a voice that did not sound like mine: 'I came on ahead to try to shoot a rabbit. Are

there any rabbits about here? We are on our way to Uncle Tutweiler's. This is the right road to Uncle Tut's, isn't it?'

'Yes,' answered the gigantic leader of the moonshiners, 'and you won't find no rabbit.' And they filed down a path by the dark stream. I sat on a fallen tree. I could n't stand. And soon I heard the rattle of the cart, and Peter and John came running down to the ford. We took off our shoes and stockings and carried Sis across the water. I was always hampered by my skirt; but I feared to offend the mountaineers by wearing knickers. Often I have seen mountain women ploughing in flapping skirts.

It seemed a long way to sanctuary, for a mountain mile is not as other miles. But at last there was Happy Top, and Uncle Tutweiler's house. It was an old house. Uncle Tut told me afterward that it had been built almost a century ago. It was made of four large whitewashed log houses joined together in a row with several lean-tos in the rear. Surrounding the front and sides was a rude gallery supported by pillars of great cedars with the limbs left on, where hung saddles and bridles and wearing apparel and baskets of fruit — anything. The cedar posts, polished by vanished hands, were beautiful with the patina of a hundred years, and gleamed like silver in the afternoon sun.

The grapevine telegraph had announced our coming, — perhaps the six moonshiners themselves, — and Uncle Tut, his portly wife, and six stalwart sons were on the gallery to welcome us. Uncle Tut was a cripple, — a twisted leg, — but he would have been a commanding figure anywhere. Tall and lank, with a hawklike face and a noble forehead, he looked every inch the leader of his tribe. King Tut indeed!

Peter asked permission to put up our little tent near the house, and Mrs. Tut took me into 'the room.' 'The room' marks the aristocracy of the mountains. It is a living room, though it usually contains a few snowy beds. This room boasted two old four-poster beds and two much-carved cottage organs opposite each other. The walls were hung with fiddles, banjos, guitars, and a whole row of harmonicas — or French harps, as they are called.

We declined the cordial invitation to supper, and after the last of our fried pies, with a grace over them which I hope reached their donor, we went to the house, which was rapidly filling with people from every direction. One frail little woman had walked four miles, carrying her baby. She showed me her hands, blistered from chopping cotton all day.

The 'music' came down from the wall, and what an evening we had! Seeing so many fiddles, I left mine with Sis, and presided at one of the organs. A returned soldier played the other. They were only a fraction of a tone apart! We played 'Billy in the Low Ground,' 'Devil's Dream,' 'Big Tater in the Sand,' 'Black Satin,' 'Lorena,' and sang war songs and old hymns and late jazz from the Sunday School books. At midnight, after a rousing 'God Be with You Till We Meet Again,' we went happily to sleep, to wake at dawn and set out for the 'big meetin' and snake night at Posey Holler.

Uncle Tut said, 'Hit'll be hard fur you-all to find the way. But I reckon you won't keer ef you do git lost. You-all 'pear to be jest wanderin'. But Bud Hall's jest rid by on his mule goin' up sparkin' to Piney Hill Church. You-all foller his tracks. Hit's a little to the left, and hit's the only water you-all'll find. Stop thar fur dinner. They'll tell you frum thar on. Posey

Holler runs right up to the top o' Milk-sick Mounting.'

'Milksick!' I said. 'What a name!'

'Yes, the govermint tries to keep hit fenced off. Hit's got a pizen weed that makes cows and folks sick. Far'well! I wisht you-all could stop longer.'

III

It was a slow climb. Sometimes we lost Bud Hall's track and wandered into logging roads and cow paths. And Peter was in a desperate hurry. As we left, Mrs. Tut had presented us with six varieties of sweet apples and a live chicken, and, while Sis still bore sweet corn, he was determined on chicken à la Maryland for dinner. At last, arrived at the little unpainted church, we pushed the cart into the brush arbor before it, and Peter started a fire. But an old man appeared from the church and said, 'Stranger, this is God's house, and everybody's welcome. You-all come right in to Sunday School. I'm leadin' to-day on "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel."'

I murmured something about our appearance — that we should like to freshen up a bit, but the leader said at once, 'Come right in like you air! God says the pore is always with us.'

Peter cast a regretful glance at the chicken, but we followed the good man into the church, separating at the door, for it is a scandal for the sexes to sit together in a church. It is n't done. The leader took Peter into his Bible class, and Peter told me afterward there were only two men in the class who could read, and they word by word like children. But the Bible was passed to each to read a verse. As he passed the Book, each man would say, 'I left my specs at home to-day.' Peter began to fear the country was given over to ophthalmia, when he caught a twinkle

in the leader's eye. But he so far outdid himself that he was asked to make an address after the lesson, which he did with surprising eloquence, on the subject of foreign missions, making at once a theatrical exit 'centre door, fancy,' as the old actors used to say, pretending there was something wrong at the cart. I knew it was the chicken preying upon his mind, so remained to hear a discussion in regard to a proposed singing class.

A young mountaineer arose and announced that he wished to teach 'rudimints to the whole settlemint fur ten nights fur the sum of thirty dollars.' He was a handsome youth, with the jetty hair, the straight features, and the hall mark of the mountaineer — the snowy forehead above the bronze below the mark of his hat. I believe a mountain man sleeps in his hat. I have never seen one in a detached state but in a church. Then he sits some time before removing it, shamefacedly, as if a duty to God, but reluctantly, as though parting with an article of his clothing really demanded by a fastidious public.

Now one of the elders arose and objected to the price asked for the lessons. He said they could 'git a teacher from over Push Mounting' who would come a whole two weeks for twenty-five dollars. The candidate arose and spoke with some warmth. He said, 'I hain't castin' no slurs on no man's rudimints, but I know that man hain't never been offen Push Mounting. *My* rudimints is as good as any man's, fur I spent nine dollars fur my music education, besides five dollars I spent fur board in town gittin' it! And I claim I ort to git more.'

At this a stalwart man arose and said, 'I hain't objectin' to the price. But I never seen no singing class that was n't jest a sparkin' school, and I'm agin hit,' and sat down. The candidate

replied that there would be no sparking at his school. He knew how to stop it, and he would! At last a visitor from the Valley proposed it be referred to a committee. It was, and we rose and sang 'Which Side Air Ye Fightin' On?' and the leader raised his hand for the benediction. I saw his face lengthen and pale as he stared out the open door opposite. I turned to see Peter looking very disreputable, endeavoring to conceal the fact that he was picking a chicken. I hastened to speak to the leader and incidentally to tell him that Uncle Tut of Happy Top had presented us with a chicken. The color came back to his face. It is one thing to welcome the poor to God's house, but another to trust them in the matter of a spring chicken; and the leader's flock was next door to the church.

IV

It was dark when we found the head of Posey Holler, and the little church was already surrounded with men, women, children, and infants in arms, for it was snake night, when saints and scoffers alike assembled here. We tied John by a window farthest from the door, and all ate a buffet supper from the sill, of cold chicken à la Maryland, and went at once into the crowded church. The class leader — that is the leader of the choir — escorted us to the amen corner by the window outside of which were John and the cart. Peter whispered that there were signs of trouble outside, and that in case of a rumpus I must jump out of the window at once — there might be fire or a panic inside.

The preacher was young, scarcely more than a boy, but his face was set in lines too grim for a boy's, and his large blue eyes burned with a feverish light. As we rose to sing 'What a Friend We Have in Jesus,' the class ranged them-

selves as a bodyguard before the slender young man and held their books well before their faces — as well they might, for ripe tomatoes began to whirl through the air. One struck the wall lamp above me and showered down the glass of the chimney. The class leader calmly replaced the chimney with another, and the class never lost a word of the song, though outside were caterwaulings and pistol shots, and the tomato bombardment continued. But presently the noise ceased as a bent old man with a long gray beard walked slowly up the aisle, bearing a small screened box, inside which I fancied I could see a dark shape writhing. Peter suddenly whispered, 'If that petting party comes to this amen corner it's me for the window!' Fortunately, however, the old man placed the box solemnly before the pulpit, but still all too near us; and I sat with my feet like a Turk's.

Now, one after another, the preacher and the elders prayed long and earnestly for the Power. Over the church resounded the deep voices of the men and the shrill pleadings of the women: 'Send the Power! O God, send the Power! Let down the Power!' And when the Power fell upon us was it only fancy that I felt the sweep of wings?

We all rose and shouted, 'Glory to God!' And at last the young preacher held out his hand for silence, and read in a low tone the sixteenth chapter of St. Mark. But his voice rang triumphant on the eighteenth verse. 'They shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.' Softly the class sang, 'He walks with me, and He talks with me, and He tells me I am His own,' and the boyish preacher bent over the screened cage and with steady fingers unfastened the top and gently

lifted the writhing black form from the box.

Peter whispered hoarsely, 'God send the Power holds out!'

The snake made no effort to coil, and, as the boy held it in his open palm, with his right hand over and over again he smoothed the reptile's back. It seemed to me the very church held its breath. 'Doped,' said Peter. But I knew better, and I whispered a prayer for this young fanatic who offered his life for the faith of another Man, — 'if man he can be called,' — who died two thousand years ago.

After a while the snake began to try to coil, and slowly and gently the steady hands replaced it in the box. And in the deathlike stillness we distinctly heard that penetrating sound, once heard, never forgotten — the sinister rattle that strikes terror to every living creature. The little church caught its breath. The gnomelike old man bore the screened box down the aisle and out. I prayed that this Christianized snake would live long in captivity. It might be difficult to convert a fresh rattler.

Now the real service began. The preacher preached and the exhorters exhorted, and presently the aisle was filled with groaning, rolling sinners, men, women, and young girls all in an agonized effort 'to come through to salvation.' Those of us who were not hysterically singing followed the rolling sinners up and down the aisle, murmuring words of comfort, preventing them from injuring each other by unconscious and despairing kicks, and smoothing disarranged apparel. Presently a man leaped to his feet and shouted, 'Glory to God! I've come through to salvation!' Then we all shouted, and sang, 'I'm Glad Salvation's Free.' Now, the ice having been broken, the saved came thick and fast, until there remained but one beautiful

young girl, who continued to roll in an agony of unforgiven sin. The woman who sat beside me told me, 'That gal has wrestled now fur four nights, and she jest kaint come through nohow. She's the class leader's gal, too.' At last the poor girl fell into a kind of trance, and we were compelled to abandon her to her fate for the night.

V

Outside, for a moment, we huddled together in the chill midnight under the pines. But our tormentors had apparently sought other entertainment after the snake exhibit. The class leader invited us home with him, but we preferred the camp of the Philistines nearer the church. So we told him it was out of our way, and that we wanted to push on before daylight. It was true. We liked to rise while it was yet dark, and to swing through mysterious aisles till the sun rose. Then, while the camp fire burned, I would perhaps catch a fish for breakfast from a near-by stream. This morning we walked slowly, silent, with the spell of the night still upon us. In the eerie dark we heard a soft footfall beside us, and the class leader, whose daughter sought salvation so unsuccessfully, spoke gently from the gloom:—

'I got up airy so's I could walk a little way with you-all. I wanted to tell you more about our faith.'

We sat on a fallen tree under wet muscadine vines; and I have never been able to think of that morning

without emotion. The man's theology may have been weak, but the man himself was strong. He had lost everything for his faith: his friends, his position, — he had been a forest ranger, — even his kinsmen, and that, to a mountaineer, is exile. Simple, homely words they were, but weighted with a strange power, a passion that in the dark before the dawn filled his eyes with a chatoyant fire that seemed to light his face. At last he said gently, 'We are friends of Jesus, not His servants. He don't trust His servants with secrets. He does trust us. If you-all hain't found Him, jest call. He'll answer. He come with me this mornin', and He's here now, like He walked with Cleopas and another man on the way to Emmaus.'

We listened in awed silence, but I could not forbear to ask: 'But you pure, beautiful young daughter? Why is it so hard for her to see Him as her friend?'

He smiled, and I saw his eyes lamely bent in the dawn — the gentlest eyes I had ever seen.

'Hit's the purest that sees their sin in the blackest. Some little thing hold her back that somebody else would n't notice. But she'll find Him to-night. I know hit. You see, He walks with me this mornin'.' And as he turned away to face the rising sun he walked with a light step, for did not a Young Man walk beside him?

'Come,' said Peter in the gruff voice which conceals emotion. 'It's us for Emmaus and breakfast.'

AN ADMIRABLE VARIETY

Further Diversities of National Character

BY SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA

I

NOTHING could be more typical of the national character of Spain, of France, and of England than the fact that the idea expressed in English by the word 'leaders' should be expressed in French by *les élites* and in Spanish by *las minorías*. 'Leaders' suggests a people led — willingly, spontaneously led. *Les élites* suggests a mere selection of the best, a setting aside of quality. *Las minorías* is but the bare statistical recognition of the fact that a certain type of man, endowed with a certain number of powers, is in a minority.

The people of action is always on the move — on the move as a people, knowing that it has a collective existence and that it goes forward. It wants, therefore, to be led. The people of action trains its leaders for this high task. It develops in them the qualities which are indispensable in the man of action: resolution, self-confidence, self-discipline, authority, knowledge of the laws of things, knowledge of men. It carefully avoids weakening their will power by developing in them any taste for intellectual sport, which not only deflects our vitality from the channels of action, but, by making us ponder, makes us hesitate. The would-be leader must beware of the light of reason as of the fire of passion. He must concentrate on sense and will.

This exacting education is carried out in two kinds of establishments: the public schools and the universities. It would be absurd to deny that there are considerable differences between the several types of public school and of university which cater for the education of English youth. It is a far cry from Eton and Harrow to the Manchester Grammar School. Similarly, between the University of Oxford and that of Glasgow the differences in spirit and atmosphere are so deep as to make all generalization impossible. Yet we know that the social structure of England is solidly built on the principle of classes, each of which endeavors consciously or unconsciously to follow the fashions and to imitate the ways of the class above. To all intents and purposes, therefore, the type of education which has made England what she is must be found in the types of public school and university which are looked up to by all Englishmen as models of the kind. There are two such public schools, Eton and Harrow; and two such universities, Oxford and Cambridge.

The most important items in the curricula of these schools are undoubtedly the sundry types of sport which they cultivate. Their heroes and representative men are the captains of their cricket, football, and rowing teams. Their true competitions are those in which these teams are

pitted against each other. Here, in his early youth, through the play of his muscles and not by any brain work, the Englishman cultivates the sense of fair play, the spirit of coöperation, the self-denial for the sake of the community to which he belongs, the capacity for fighting with grit and determination, yet with detachment and good humor — in a word, all the virtues in action which are those of his race.

Here, also, he receives on his yet tender soul the impress of the group. One by one, all the elements of the psychology of the people of action in action will appear and play their rôle in the life of the public-school and university student. The force of tradition in these public schools and universities of England could hardly be exaggerated. Ways of living and dressing, relations between masters and boys and between boys themselves, festivals, religious services — every step in life is regulated by precedent, and, as in the portraits scene in Victor Hugo's *Hernani*, an impressive gallery of old Eton or Harrow boys of world-wide fame, hanging from the walls of history, watch in eloquent silence every one of the boys in every one of their actions.

Self-control develops rapidly in this closely watched environment so strongly dominated by group influences, and self-consciousness follows self-control. Though apparently free and easy, at any rate in what concerns the material liberty of the boys, — moving about, coming and going, working or playing, — the public school, and perhaps, in a lesser degree, the university, keep a close watch over their actions. It is no official, no State watch; but the mere action of a vigorous collective being controlling all its members. The boy or student is free to do what he likes, but he is fully aware of the

things which his school or university does not want him to do.

In the immense majority of cases this education is completed by tuition in classical languages, history, and English. Here again we meet the wisdom of the race, instinctively choosing the best possible preparation for its leaders. A general study of the roots of European culture, to be found in the classical languages and literatures, in history — that is, facts about human nature; English — that is, information about English character. The man of action is now ready. He knows all he needs to know. He does not know enough to doubt and moon at inaccessible truths.

Sometimes — this is particularly the case with many a political leader — the student reads law. (Let us underline in passing, that word 'read.' It is a delightful revelation of the empiricist character of English tuition.) Law, however, — that is, English law, — is an absolutely safe occupation for a future man of action. The possession — either on his desk or in his brain — of a bulky repertory of precedent can hardly be said to hamper his resolution through an excessive development of intellectual activity. The fact may be recalled here that, to be called to the Bar, a would-be barrister must eat a certain number of dinners at the Inns of Court, on the register of which his name has been written down. In this quaint custom we may see a valuable symbol: manners and environment are as compulsory a knowledge in the formation of the man of law.

The French word *élites* is the nearest approach to the English 'leaders.' But we may observe that while 'leaders' implies leading, and therefore movement, *élites* conveys more than an idea of position: it is static. A

suggests is that the persons it designates are the selected few, and therefore occupy the highest ranks in the hierarchy of the established order.

The French system differs from the English in two points — both of which were to be expected: it is directed toward the cultivation of the intellect, not of the will; and it is organized by the State.

The whole apparatus whereby the *élites* are selected and educated is State-manufactured and State-handled. The secondary schools, or *lycées*, dotted all over the country are built on a uniform pattern and, so to say, on an interchangeable system. Their staff is organized on a national basis as part of the Civil Service, so that teachers pass from one lycée to another as a major or a colonel changes garrison. These teachers, moreover, teach whatever subject they happen to specialize in, but do not otherwise interfere with the life of the boys. If day boys, as the immense majority of lycée students are, they come to the lycée for their lectures and then go home. If boarders, they lodge within the walls of the lycée, subjected to a quasi-military discipline. There may be some football played in the quadrangle; perhaps, now and then, a game in the open, on Thursdays or Sundays; but that is a matter for the boys. Their teachers have no concern with sports.

French secondary education is therefore specialized in the development of the brain. As an intellectual education, it is excellent. It does not limit itself to providing information. It does aim at the exercise of intellectual powers both for themselves and with a view to the creation of an *élite* as an indispensable part of the order which underlies the State. The education of the will and character is no special concern of the school. This does not mean that character and will are left

uncultivated in France, but that, in this sphere, the school abstains in favor of the family — a fact which shows both that the family has a stronger formative importance than in England, and that character and will are not thought to be the concern of the nation to the same extent as they are in a community so strongly self-conscious as the English.

French secondary education is, therefore, one of the manifestations of that official order and uniformity which stand in France in lieu of the genius for coöperation characteristic of England. By means of an extensive system of scholarships, this educational apparatus automatically selects the more intelligent types of students, enabling them, whatever their financial limitations, to rise to the higher ranks of the established order. Here again we must observe the contrast with the English system. Though scholarships are not lacking in England, the system is not sufficiently uniform and, above all, the costly public schools provide too safe a filter for a great, or even a moderate, influx of fresh blood to invade the upper ranks of society. England believes too much in other than intellectual gifts to allow such a revolution to transform her body politic. But in France the aim of education is to develop the intellect of the educated, and, as we know, the true basis of French hierarchy is intellectual distinction. Hence no obstacles prevent the State from organizing the picking of the best brains of the people on a uniform and automatic basis in order to utilize them to the best advantage. A true intellectual measure, this system is radical in its theory and profoundly conservative in its effects.

From this uniform ground of secondary teaching the future *élites* pass on to an admirable system of higher education. As befits an intellectual

nation, this system is carefully specialized, in striking contrast with the somewhat general character of English university education. A considerable number of the young *élites* are absorbed by what is known in France as *les grandes écoles*. The *École Polytechnique*, the *École Normale Supérieure*, the several technical schools, make a powerful appeal to French youth. They stand for a highly specialized education of the mind. Technical schools, yes; but, profoundly theoretical and ambitiously universal in the scope of their teachings and in their outlook, they prepare first-rate leaders for industrial and State services and provide a continuous flow of scientific workers for the nation. The universities in their turn are also organized on the basis of specialized work. Though they aim at the formation of all-round intellects, they demand from each of their students a thorough knowledge of a particular subject. They are exacting in point of intellectual discipline, but also in point of originality. And above all they develop in their students the love of knowledge, culture, and ideas.

Thus it is that we often find in France types of men whose intellectual refinement far exceeds not only their physical appearance, but even their refinement in other than the intellectual sides of nature; while it sometimes happens in England that men of great physical and social distinction go about quite at their ease, with a mind so incurious and undeveloped that it is unable to realize its own shortcomings.

When passing from the English idea of 'leaders' to the French idea of *élites* we lose the notion of movement, but retain that of hierarchy. In passing now from the French *élites* to the Spanish *minorías*, the notion of hierarchy itself goes by the board. The

minorías are merely a small number of people who happen to have reached a higher mental development than the rest. That is all.

So far as it manifests itself, the educational tendency of Spain is directed toward the education of an all-round man, and particularly of his passions. Spain's great humanists of the past, such as Luis Vives, or of recent times such as Don Francisco Giner, may be quoted as excellent examples in this connection. But the primal tendency cannot manifest itself in actual collective life without the coöperation of tendencies of thought and action which are notoriously weak in the Spanish character. Hence it is that the intellectual minority of the country is reared under conditions amounting to the absence of any system whatsoever.

Secondary education is given in State *institutos* and in a number of private establishments, many of which are owned, staffed, or controlled by the Church. Their level and value depend entirely on the persons in charge. Some of the best and no doubt some of the worst secondary schools are to be found in Spain. As for the spirit and orientation of this education these also depend on the persons in charge. The Church, of course, has its own standards and tendencies. But on the whole it cannot be said that Spanish education specializes in either character or intellect. Wherever it is conscious and conscientious it is humanistic and general, and aims at the formation of all-round men for the sake of the men themselves.

Over the anarchy of secondary education rises the anarchy of the universities. All State-owned, enjoying a modicum of autonomy, they are but just beginning to revive from the long period of atony they have suffered since the days when Alcalá led the world

in Biblical studies and edited the wonderful Polyglot Bible, and Salamanca ranked with Paris and Oxford as one of the three leading universities of Christendom. But, though there is a general revival, this revival is worth what the particular men behind it make it, and considerable differences may be observed not only between the several universities, but even between the several faculties of each university.

As if further to complicate the conditions under which the intellectual minority of Spain is reared, the Spanish family is a most unreliable organ for choosing studies for the young. Sometimes for lack of means, sometimes for other reasons of a greater or lesser importance, it often happens that Spanish students are bound to devote themselves to studies for which they feel but little inclination, to the neglect of others for which perhaps they were born. Add to this the typical Spanish tendency against specialization, and it will be understood why Spain should be the land of missed vocations. When a Spaniard speaks convincingly of medicine, the chances are that he is an artist; if he shows a more than usual knowledge of painting, he may be a colonel; should he appear to be a specialist in strategy, he is sure to be a cathedral dean. Men of letters come from all professions.

A minority so chaotically raised could hardly be expected to be homogeneous and compact. Exceptional men in Spain rise therefore from sea level, not from the high lands of a social culture already established. They bring to their position all the peculiarities, singularities, and angularities of their isolated growth.

II

Left at this point, the parallel between the social structures of England, France, and Spain would give

an incomplete picture of our three peoples. The comparison of the family in the three countries concerned is also indispensable. As was to be expected, we find the English family much weakened by the all-powerful influence of the national group. The dominant feature in this respect is the public school, for the public school substitutes itself for the family as the character-moulding agency. Now, the public school is a powerful element of standardization. In it the English boy is carefully moulded to type. The little Toms, Dicks, and Harrys of England are transformed into the one-only type: the British gentleman. The public-school boy is undoubtedly one of the greatest assets of the British nation. But the measure of his success as a type is precisely the measure of the victory of the national group over the family group. What the public school begins, the university completes. Public school and university standardize the men, leaving but few characteristics, but few outstanding features to mark the family line. Every family is as every other family. They have, no doubt, the virtues which characterize all English human units—stability, continuity, coöperation. They are all solidly built on a hard-working paterfamilias, whose life is safely insured and whose income is devoted to the welfare of the little community for which he feels himself responsible. But the foreign observer, used to a somewhat warmer, more spontaneous, and less official, if less well organized, family life, is apt to feel that the English family owes more to the English nation than the English nation to the English family. Whatever there is of strong and stable in this family is, one feels, of exactly the same nature as what is strong and stable in the English Civil Service or English banking. The father, in one word, is the governor.

The dominant feature in the French family is, perhaps, the *mariage de raison*. A marriage in France is a carefully discussed business, in which, the feelings of the future partners being taken for granted, the positive side of the contemplated concern is attentively examined in consultation with the family solicitor. The *situation* is the main preoccupation of both sides. The typical French tendencies connected with foresight, planning, scheming, marshaling one's forces, contribute to enlarge the idea of the family so as to include in it all collaterals, each in its place in the family army. This tendency works alongside of the tendency toward intellectual order, — *droit, règlement*, — and thus it is that the French family acquires an almost official dignity and rigidity. Hence that proclivity toward official stiffness to be noticed in French family gatherings, particularly in funerals. A French funeral is probably the most rigidly regulated ceremony of the present time.

There is no doubt that, within the framework of the State, the framework of the family is one of the strongest elements, if not the strongest, in the social structure of France. It does not, as in England, yield before the pressure of the national group. Yet through it the individual perceives the pressure of the group, and thanks to it a sufficient standard of collective behavior is maintained in the nation.

The family is the strongest of the group units in Spanish life. In Spain a bad citizen, a mediocre civil servant, even a doubtful friend, may often be, in fact generally is, an excellent husband and father.

That is due to the fact that the family falls more directly within the vital experience of the individualistic Spaniard. The Spanish family is therefore rich in emotion and life.

And its strength does not lie in the formal traditions and rigid organization which are so characteristic of the French family. Far from it. Family life is in Spain singularly free from formalistic laws, as may be observed often in the matter of style and language. In fact, the strength of the Spanish family life lies in its strong feeling of *consanguinidad*, community of blood, a vital feeling which brings home to each member of the family the natural unity of the whole.

Hence its solidarity. But we are not, of course, to expect in the Spanish family a kind of solidarity like that which is fostered in all English group forms of life by the English genius for spontaneous organization. The solidarity of the Spanish family is not directed toward action. It is a solidarity of feeling, perhaps even only of being, and if it manifests itself in action it does so independently of the merits of the action considered, and in particular independently of the claims of the community at large.

By virtue of this solidarity, the family in Spain is often a self-sustained unit, or nearly so. In other countries, and notably in England, the family sheds its surplus individuals right and left; the community, moreover, absorbs the loose individuals in national activities, but this is by the way. In Spain the family keeps them by it and utilizes them to the advantage of the whole. Thus to the spinster, a social type in England, there corresponds in Spain the maiden aunt, a family type, without whose devotion and help large families would be impossible.

III

Love has its roots in sex, but its foliage and flowers are in the pure light of spirit. It is truly human in its complex impurity. It refuses to

be dragged to earth by the cynic, or subtilized into the thin air of platonic heights by the idealist. Considered thus as an absolute, all-round, all-absorbing passion, it will be found to fit in with the most typical features of Spanish psychology.

And, in actual fact, love is in Spain the vigorous human passion which we expect it to be. It is absolute, complete, exacting, and exhausting. It demands the complete surrender of the lover and possession without reservation. But to say that it demands is to misinterpret it, for it obtains without asking. Love is in Spain as spontaneous, as uncalculating, as volcanic as Spanish nature would lead us to expect.

This all-round character of Spanish love explains why it is at the same time deeply carnal yet strangely chaste. The mutual gift of the body is but the natural manifestation in the realm of matter of the more intimate relation established by the blending of the individual 'passions,' the two individual life-streams turned by love into one. No intellectual or ethical elements come to disturb the free flow of a passion which feels itself in so direct a contact with life's own sources. No social elements come to complicate or alter its primitive laws. The two sexes keep to their original and natural rôles: the assertive and possessive man, the self-denying and self-giving woman. However willful, capable, and energetic, — and Spanish women often are all three, — women accept as a matter of course, nay, as a matter of nature, the supremacy of the male. There is in all this nothing but instinctive fidelity to natural laws. Thus love, in Spain, is often found to act with that implacable strength which made of it an awe-inspiring myth in antiquity.

We know that envy is the specific Spanish vice. In the realm of love, envy becomes jealousy. Love is jealous

in Spain. Not merely because it fears to lose the beloved, but still more, perhaps, because it cannot bear the idea that any portion of her beauty should be diverted from its own true owner. The beloved becomes part of the lover with such intensity that any movement on her part, the inner tendency of which points away from the lover, is felt by him as an unbearable tearing asunder of his own being.

But such diseases of love belong to its feverish period. Love of man and woman, if a genuine, simple, natural, and spontaneous passion as we know it to be in Spain, is bound to evolve from the satisfaction of sex to that of parenthood. Such is the evolution of Spanish love. The beloved gradually merges into the mother, the lover into the father. The children become the true centre and interest of love. It is a striking fact, often observed in Spain, that even irregular *liaisons*, born under a purely erotic impulse, gradually become homes peopled with children, as if they had begun with a priest's benediction at the parish church.

Love in France is, like everything else, dispassionate. Hence, it loses the primitive warmth which alone can weld together the heterogeneous elements with which nature composes it. The clear rationalistic bent of the French mind tends also to deprive it of much of its spiritual glow. Thus it is that French love may not unfairly be understood as a series of variations on the theme of pleasure.

French love is reasonable, and does not lose its head. An association of two persons for the purpose of amorous pleasure, not a furnace in which two beings melt into one. The two persons remain sufficiently themselves to enjoy their relationship.

In such an attitude there is, of course, that mastery over the passions

which is to be expected in the intellectualist character. But the cool calm of the Frenchman in love comes also from his freedom from ethical fetters. The passions, we know, are for him perfectly legitimate manifestations of human life. So are the pleasures of the body. The all-embracing, or rather the all-comprehending, intellect admits as legitimate all actions, all ways, but those which run counter to the predominant French requirement — truth. Truth, that urge for truth which is the mainspring in the French soul, strengthens this frank and open attitude in matters of sex. In French psychology, no 'lid,' no censor, no repression. Everything is aboveboard and matter-of-course. Hence no sentimentalism. An intimacy which, in other types of humanity, would imply a permanent connection may mean in France no more than a passing nod.

In the collective sphere, all these tendencies harmonize happily with the tendency toward moral tolerance which we have noted in French social life. Superficial observers believe French society to be effete because it is tolerant. But the fact is that, since 'there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so,' liberties which would prove a grave social corruption in other countries are in France but healthy signs of life.

So far as it is a passion, love, individual love, is bound to be considered by the man of action as something of a nuisance. And in fact the community, being possessed of this opinion, protects its young men against the nuisance by turning their vitality toward sports. Race, climate, and the athletic education of the English youth retard in them by many years the manifestations of sexual emotion which appear so early in most Continental countries.

When they appear, the community frowns at them unmistakably, and even calls them names — such as 'calf love.'

Thus from its very inception love lives in England under the close supervision of the community. Repression follows; the world of emotions rooted in sex becomes an underworld. It has a respectable manifestation — sentimentalism; and an escape — all that vast area of vaguely defined lands, with an unhealthily damp and warm climate, which goes by the name of 'romance.'

Pretense and unreality hover about English love from its early days, while self-discipline exerts itself as an important force on the side of reality. This mixture of real and unreal elements is perhaps the atmosphere necessary for the growth of some of the peculiarly English love flora; for instance, the frequent friendships between men and women — from the truly genuine, in which the sexual element is really absent, to the extreme cases in which the friendship in question is but the sublimation of a sexual attraction which dares not come out into the open.

England is thus the ideal field for the psychoanalyst. Through social pressure the passions lose caste. Driven under, lacking air, they develop more strongly if more morbidly. As an alternative, the passions lose vitality altogether and lead to types in which sex plays an unimportant rôle, or even no rôle at all. England is undoubtedly the country which can show the greatest number of unsexed men and women. In most of these cases, the central activity of life has been absorbed by some public interest. The wider group, the nation, has again proved victorious over the smaller ones, the family and the individual.

This domination of love by social

and ethical influences carries with it considerable advantages for the community. Energy which in other countries is — from the collective point of view — wasted in love experiences is kept within the channels which lead to the mill of the community. Health and vigor are the reward of the individual's restraint; yet signs are not lacking of the unhealthy interest in sex which such healthy restraints tend to foster. A typical example will be found in a comparison between English and French illustrated periodicals. French ones treat sex as an open affair, even as a joke, but, though dwelling on it to the point of monotony, they are not obsessed by it. English illustrated periodicals are, with some honorable exceptions, obsessed by it, and serve it under all sorts of disguises, — art, sport, society, — which may dress it, however scantily, with a fewappings of respectability.

IV

If it be true that the first instant of art belongs to passion, we must expect to find Spain the richest of our three nations in the raw material of art. And this is, in fact, what experience shows. Of the three countries, Spain is the only one in which an æsthetic attitude is natural, spontaneous, innate, and general. The river of life flows in the Spanish people, carrying with it like rich gold sands these 'instants' of æsthetic sensibility, which shine here and there in the multitude. Hence the exceptional wealth of popular art. The strongly popular character of Spanish art is a byword with students of literature and music.

Life is not always artistic, still less beautiful, in Spain. But an artistic, or rather an æsthetic, attitude does not necessarily mean an artistic achievement. Far from it. Precisely because

art in Spain is always, as chemists say, 'in its native state,' it is often unripe for consumption. Like the fruits of nature, the fruits of art require a maturing process which must take place under the light of intellect.

The success of Spanish art is in inverse ratio to its distance from nature, and in this observation must be found the key to numerous characteristics of Spanish artistic life. Thus its 'untranslatable character,' the strong local flavor which typifies it. Spanish art, whatever its manifestations, is above all Spanish; one might even say that it is more Spanish than art. For in it nature has the strongest say, from the fact that Spanish nature is in itself æsthetic. Thus we touch again that vital and integral character which we recognized before in all forms of Spanish life, and particularly in those closely connected with passion. There are some forms of Spanish art which are hardly more than spontaneous movements of life without any training or conscious attempt at form. A typical example is dancing. Spanish dancing is untranslatable. It must be performed by a Spanish dancer or else result in failure.

One other feature of Spanish art which follows from its close dependence on nature is that it is strongly individualistic, yet at the same time strongly national. Let us observe Spanish painting, for instance, though our remarks would equally apply to any other art. How little in common there is between Ribera, Velazquez, El Greco, Goya, Picasso, Zuloaga, and yet how forceful the impression of their country in them all. Precisely because all these Spaniards are so strongly themselves and therefore so different as men, they are so strongly Spanish, and therefore so equally Spanish-like.

The contrast between the strength

of its creative genius and the weakness of its critical talent is the keynote of Spanish artistic development. It may be observed equally in plastic arts, music, or literature. It explains the disparity of the various artists who happen to be producing at the same period, with hardly any other feature in common than the fortuitous fact of their being coevals. It explains also the inequality of the production of each artist.

Color is the predominant category of Spanish art. Color is the spontaneous gift of nature to the artist, that which leaps to the eye. Drawing, composition, arrangement, purpose, are more complex and later elements. Color is the first impact of nature on our senses. It is therefore in color that Spanish art manifests itself in its strength. This may seem at first sight somewhat paradoxical. Spanish classic painters do not revel in color as do Italians, and particularly some of their Venetian masters. But we are not dealing here with the respective intensities of color in this or that painter. What concerns us is more the respective value of the several elements of art in each artist. Now it is evident that the general rule of Spanish painting is that it is predominantly painting and not colored drawing. That is no doubt what El Greco had in mind when, in conversation with Pacheco, he said that Michelangelo was 'a good man, but he could not paint.' He could not, that is, paint direct, catch color, and put it neatly on canvas. What he did was to draw superbly and then to color his drawing with a masterly hand. That is not the Spanish way. The impression of a great Spanish picture is not that of a colored drawing, but of a flaming picture vibrating with living color.

If Ribera or El Greco is compared with Raphael, the contrast will become

impressive. Italian painting is an exquisite production of art. When it clothes with its formal perception the deep insight and intellectual excellence of Leonardo, the result is a marvel; but even when its perfect form holds nothing but the smiling inanity of a Raphael, it is still a joy. An inane Spanish painter is an impossibility, for if his soul does not give itself to the canvas his art will not be sufficient to conceal the fact or to compensate for it. Ribera, El Greco, are creators, transmitters of life, of their own life; Raphael is an exquisite designer who remains outside his work.

This and other features common to all Spanish art may perhaps be best observed in literature. George Borrow was, I believe, the first to remark that the Spanish language was superior to its literature. True, but is not that another way of saying 'more nature than art'? There is no doubt that, of the three languages, Spanish is the richest in spontaneous æsthetic effects. The pith, the energy, the picturesque quality, the sonority, the color, the relief of Spanish expressions, sayings, proverbs, popular songs, are unrivaled.

The creative element in Spanish literature predominates over the critical and conscious. No country has ever worked with greater disregard for rules in literature; yet in no country have men of letters believed in rules with greater faith; while the critical intellect of Spain asserts the rules of the literary game, its creative spirit breaks through them, and this opposition appears even in one and the same person. A score of names might be quoted, but all may be represented by Cervantes himself. *Don Quixote* contains in one and the same work the masterpiece of freedom from rules and the precepts which Cervantes respected in theory, and which in practice he fortunately forgot.

Cervantes may serve also as an example of another feature of Spanish literature and art in general — its concentration on man. This is, as we know, consonant with our views on the Spanish character in general. Landscape, for instance, plays an insignificant rôle in Spanish art. There is hardly a scene of nature in the whole of Spanish painting, and as to literature, we have to wait till the nineteenth century to read an outstanding description of nature in a Spanish book. Animals are also rare, save for references to one or two famous horses. Cervantes has written an immortal dialogue between two dogs, and he has, of course, made Rocinante and Rucio climb the steep heights to Parnassus with their respective masters, Don Quixote and Sancho. But that is about all, and even that is not genuine literature about animals. For neither the two dogs of the dialogue nor the two quadrupeds in *Don Quixote* are presented from a really objective point of view.

Man, in fact, is the centre and almost sole subject of Spanish art. Man complete and precise. He fills the galleries of Spanish art with its unforgettable faces, created with so much intensity that one seems to remember them as one does friends.

French art is a polished surface. Spanish art is a cross section in human nature, cutting through every layer from the polished surface to the deepest formations.

If passion is the first instant in the creative process, the second or form-giving phase is controlled by the intellect; in its narrower and more concrete sense, the word 'art' means precisely the form-giving power of the intellect moved by æsthetic emotion. France is therefore the country which excels in art. She is, we know,

poorer in the raw materials of art than Spain. Her people cannot compare with the Spanish in those spontaneous manifestations of æsthetic life which we have observed in Spain. The stress in France comes a little later in the creative process; it is a moment in which conscious effort and constructive thought have a wider share.

Hence that sense of objectivity which we find as the keynote of all French art, in contrast with the subjective value of Spanish æsthetic manifestations. When Baudelaire, in one of his most purely lyrical songs, draws the picture of the ideal land of love, he defines for all time the ideal features of the French mind in lines of cold and perfect beauty: —

*Là tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxé, calme et volupté.*

In contrast with Spanish art, we find in France a better balance between the critical and creative elements. This can be observed in all the arts. French artists are conscious, they know where they are going, they know what they want. Racine, writing to a friend, 'I have finished my tragedy; nothing remains but to write it,' is a signal example of the French attitude toward creative work. Method, foresight, all the qualities we know to be those of the intellectual, shine with special brilliancy in French art.

This importance of the critical element at work in the individual contributes to keep up the high standard of formal excellence in French artistic work. The critical mind it is which puts into shape the shapeless lava thrown up by the imagination, after having purified it of all the worthless material that usually comes up with it. France is the teacher of the world in matters of form and of composition.

A French literary and artistic generation always feels happier when it

is working under a banner and knows what it is doing. Hence those 'isms' which appear periodically in the fields of literary and artistic criticism in France: symbolism, parnassism, romanticism, classicism, are the names of generations, banners, labels which the critical intellect affixes to this or that period of French literary and artistic life. They usually have but little meaning outside France, and if non-French critics were not, as they usually are, bamboozled by their brilliant French colleagues into believing that things must happen in the world as they happen in France, these isms would have remained what they really are, mere accidents of French life, perfectly clear and plausible in a country which evolves according to plan, but inapplicable elsewhere. The least exclusively French of them, romanticism itself, when applied outside France leads to such utter absurdities as classifying Victor Hugo and Lamartine with Wordsworth, Byron, Schiller, Espronceda, and Leopardi—a strange cauldron of eagles.

In point of fact these isms of French artistic life must be considered in the same light as similar manifestations in other spheres of French history; for instance, the constitutions in French political life. They began like new political eras, with a manifesto and a fight. Victor Hugo's manifesto is a kind of declaration of the rights of man, and Théophile Gautier's famous red waistcoat is—if an Irish bull can be permitted in these matters—a kind of tricolor.

This is of course another sign of the French tendency to plan out future work. Theory precedes practice; manifestoes precede poems and plays. Schools, isms, and literary generations bring intellectual order into the anarchical field of æsthetic creation. So much for artists. But what about

their work? A similar effort toward intellectual order leads to their classification in *genres*. The garden of the Muses, as seen by a true French critic, resembles a botanical garden in which every work bears a label with its genus and species clearly set out.

There is more than meets the eye in this invasion of literary lands by scientific preoccupations. A mind given to thought and thinking is predominantly interested in knowledge. France can no longer keep that wholly disinterested æsthetic attitude, spontaneous in the Spaniard. No sooner is he moved by an æsthetic emotion than the Frenchman instinctively and unconsciously deflects it toward intellectual aims, toward aims of knowledge. French literature would seem a branch of science, so keenly interested is it in truth rather than in beauty. Naturalism, verism (the very word is a revelation), are the manifestations of this scientific invasion of art. Impressionism itself, the nineteenth-century revolution in painting, is little more than the application of scientific methods to the technique of the painter, and a French artist can put forward as his greatest claim to glory that he painted a haystack under all possible laboratory—I mean natural—conditions of light and shade.

More art than nature, more intellect than passion, more line than color—French art is always on a high level of distinction and excellence, but shows no giants. Giants, in fact, are an insult to that sense of measure which we know to be a French psychological category. The strength of French arts and letters is not in its peaks, but in its general level. The truly specifically great French men are not geniuses, but supreme talents: Voltaire, Racine, Anatole France. Like France herself, her art is even, cultured, fine, and never overwhelmingly

great. And this is one of the reasons why French culture is universal. It is the only culture which covers the whole world; for, being black and white, it does not lose so much in passing from country to country and from continent to continent as do other cultures more varied and colored, richer in irrational and untranslatable elements. The same qualities and shortcomings which make French culture universal make it less apt to receive and understand other cultures. Of course, the small minority, the well-read and well-trained critic, can understand anything. France possesses to-day perhaps the best exponents in the world of other than French cultures. But her cultivated mind is, as a whole, less open to other cultures than are the cultivated people of most other countries, for, again, it is a mind that must rationalize, simplify, and project everything on the two-dimensional plane of the intellect, so losing many of the vital elements in which the essence of non-French culture often resides.

Art does not justify itself in the eye of the man of action. England, therefore, provides as poor an atmosphere for the life of her great artists as does Spain for the life of her great men of action. The people do not feel art. We find thus, by a curious effect of symmetry, small groups of devoted men trying to preach the gospel of art to the English people, as similar groups of devoted men try to preach to the Spanish people the gospel of collective action. No one who knows the two countries can fail to notice the strange likeness of the two movements, the striking family air between the two types of men. The preachers of virtue in Spain and the preachers of beauty in England have, among other common characteristics, that of being self-conscious about it.

The bulk of English art is more subservient to the community than is the case in France or Spain. Its mood is less purely æsthetic, more blended with considerations of time and space, more anecdotal. The work of art in England must tell a story; art must 'deliver the goods.' This feature of English artistic life will recall to mind English utilitarianism, that tendency which expects fruits of action from every expense of energy. The story is the form which action takes in art. And moreover, by insisting that art must have a story, the Englishman makes it carry an ethical load; it must mean something. It is all very well for the artist to say that his art is meant to convey an emotion. The true Englishman asks what is the good of an emotion; are your emotions fit to move the wheels of the social mill? If so, show it. If not, keep them to your unholy self.

But the ethical is only one of the forms of the utilitarianism of action. The other is the social. Social influences act deeply on English art. The sense of social distinction is the predominant impression which remains in the mind after a mental review of the great English painters: Gainsborough, Reynolds, Romney, Constable, Landseer.

Of all the arts, that which best tolerates the addition of unæsthetic matter is literature, and that is probably why literature is by far the best and most successful of English arts. Literature is in England eminently social. The novel is a direct reflection of the life of the people, woven with all the complicated threads which cross and recross in so evolved a society. Along with the novel, England produces in abundance other kinds of works which would be incomprehensible, nay, which would not exist, were it not for the intensity

of the social life which feeds them. To this kind belong books such as Boswell's *Johnson*, or Pepys's *Diary*, as well as the impressive mass of biographical works which is an English speciality, and, last but not least, the flow of memoirs and reminiscences which endeavor to give some kind of literary dignity to drawing-room gossip.

With Wordsworth the ethical social tendency reaches its zenith. Wordsworth becomes the most representative English poet, the poet best appreciated in England and least abroad, the poet of goodness, purpose, and utility. But in a greater or lesser degree that which he stands for manifests itself also in all but one or two of the great names of English literature, even in those who at first sight might appear least Wordsworthian. Shelley himself, the Shelley at least of the great poems, has a strong didactic and ethical propensity which prevents him from reaching poetical serenity. Hence the superiority of his shorter and more truly poetical works, such as the 'Ode to the West Wind' or 'Adonais,' over his long poems, such as 'Prometheus Unbound,' which carry too great an ethical load really to soar as pure works of art.

Now we know that the English people tends to organize itself along the lines of a natural hierarchy led by an aristocracy. In direct contrast with the case of the Spanish people, literature in general and poetry in particular are in England the almost exclusive appanage of the upper classes. In these classes social and moral experience is particularly rich. Hence it is that English literature, though loaded with moral tendencies, and as such defective, is rich in moral substance, and as such valuable. Hence also that when England produces a genius of passion, able in his poetic mood to stand aloof from all moral

preoccupations, his creations reach such heights of excellence, for they are cast in the crucible of pure beauty while made of the rich moral metal of the people of action.

Such seems to be the true explanation of this apparent paradox, that the usually inartistic, unpoetic people of England should have produced the greatest poets in Europe. Her poets are by definition men of passion, able — Shakespeare always, Keats nearly always, and the others often — to conceive their poems in a mood of serene contemplation, but, as men born of the people of action, endowed with a rich substratum of moral values. And it is obvious that such a combination is the ideal one for the creation of great art.

V

Let us imagine that the English convert the whole world to their philosophy. The earth would become an immense tennis-golf-cricket-swimming club, with elegant and simple clothes, mediocre food, excellent roads, magnificent sanitation, and impeccable police. Sundays a little dull perhaps, but first-rate week-ends, and not too strenuous weeks in between. Good humor, a sprinkling of wit, and even at times cleverness, though in moderation, and worn, so to say, with tactful decency. Greek known, but half forgotten; Latin on the visible horizon; an extensive reading of bad novels and some conversation about those recognized as good ones. In all, a pleasurable world for the well-to-do and therefore for the others, whose main pleasure would be to look at them. Plenty of physical movement, but moral adventures reserved for the few. Men would learn the experience of things rather than that of their own selves.

Should the French succeed in shaping the world to their liking, it would go like clockwork, according to schedule. All would speak French like Mirabeau and write it like Racine. Wit and cleverness would shine upon the world like strings of diamonds, and every minute of life would be a drop of exquisite pleasure for man to enjoy. There would be Titians in cookery and Tintoretts in the art of the butler. Nature would keep her secrets just long enough for man to enjoy their discovery. All men would be able to predict eclipses and to understand Einstein at a first reading. A salon would be a kind of paradise in which all women would be Aphrodites and all men Platos. Now and then a first-rate fight for a principle, irrespective of the eventual application thereof. All things permitted, though in moderation, but no more than a reasonable importance granted to the experience thus acquired.

Should the world wish to take Spain for its model, it would considerably abate the speed and efficiency of its mechanical activities. There would be less coöperation, but less to coöperate about; less order, less technique, less grinding of individuals in the social mill. The general level of life would tend to be simpler and more primitive. There would be more leisure, if less comfortably spent. Men would be more inclined to let things go by, as they did centuries ago, and would accept with equal serenity events generally held as good and events generally held as bad. The world of things would be less active and the world of men less smooth, so that physical movements would be slower and scarcer, and moral movements more violent and frequent. There would be more depth and less surface; more fundamentals, fewer accessories. Men would live life more and be less

lived by it. They would toss up and down the social hillocks, shaken by fickle fortune as single individuals with loose social ties and little weight, and the experience thus gained would be more that of the soul than the experience of things.

In the name of what could we wish to impoverish the world by reducing these three types to one? The ideal of a world-regulated community is but a mirage. The conception of a well-organized community implies criteria — well organized for what? from the point of view of whom? — which in their turn depend on national character. Moreover, even if a common criterion were found, it is surely wrong to consider the community as an aim in itself. The community at most may be accepted as an immediate aim toward the ultimate aim, which is the individual. This admitted, we might then consider the different national characters of the world — the three characters here studied being the three typical examples of them — as different ways of rearing individual souls. And it is obvious that there is no possibility of choosing the best between them, for in these matters there is no standard of better and best.

Nor, if there were, would it be possible or desirable to effect a choice. For what would be our means? Conquest? It is as dangerous to the national character of the conqueror as it is ineffective for assimilating the national character of the conquered. Education? You may train a pony into an excellent horse, but you will never educate it into a hound. What then?

The obvious answer is that the admirable variety of national characters is one of the manifestations of the wealth of Creation, and that, as such, men owe it to the Creator to respect it as a manifestation and to themselves to enjoy it as a spectacle and a gift.

A SONNET SEQUENCE

I

TO-NIGHT the pine wood is so dark and still,
The very winds are muted by the cold;
Across the frozen field, above the hill,
The deserts of eternity unfold.
The gentle darkness chill upon my face,
Alone, as though upon a star that swings
Between the silent worlds, through endless space,
I share the majesty of infinite things.
And I give thanks for my mortality,
Warm Life, endeared by the uncertain goal,
Even for stalking Death, whose mystery
Lends vision to the senses of the soul.

And from cold stars, a child afraid of night,
I seek your window's friendly candlelight.

II

The birds once sang; no longer do they sing.
Green hopes that rustled joyfully are still.
Yet, not so long ago, the time was Spring,
Sunshine on meadow, wind upon the hill.
However I long for rest — as years go flying,
New Springs are sweet though seen through ageing eyes;
For a long, long time I have no thought of dying,
And the past grows vivid as the future dies.
For I have widely wandered and have been
Blessed with high tasks and dear companionships;
Warm hearts and noble courage have I seen,
And tender curving of beloved lips.

And these with me autumnal vigils keep
While my old dog lies quarreling in his sleep.

III

Last night you spoke so solemnly, whereat,
Half listening, I chuckled; and you may be
Shocked at my thoughts, for I was thinking that
When you were born you must have been a baby;
Fresh from the heavenly fields, beyond the dawn,
Where wished-for little children wait for birth,
Playing with the wistful never-to-be-born
Until great love shall summon them to earth;
Your face alight with two deep, wondering eyes,
Greeting the strange world with a puzzled frown;
Small groping hands; round, pink, and dimpled thighs;
And little head all soft with feather-down.

You could not know how gently, when I smiled,
In your still-wond'ring eyes I loved the child.

IV

And had I known you in Neanderthal,
In our old world's volcanic adolescence,
No chill convention could have held us thrall,
My worship must have won your acquiescence.
In my flat head, not much more flat than now,
You would have stirred the soul's vague rudiments,
Soft'ning with love my brachycephalic brow,
As now you charm my great intelligence.
Who knows! For these five hundred thousand years
This love, throughout my spirit's pilgrimage,
In body after body reappears —
An ancient cytoplasmic heritage;

And kindles, in successive incarnations,
The soul that passes on through generations.

R. S.

WHY LITERATURE DECLINES

BY ROBERT LYND

I

FEW people nowadays believe in the inevitability of progress as confidently as their grandfathers believed in it. The theory of evolution is still accepted, not only by Bishop Barnes, but by the majority of white men who understand it, and even of those who don't; but we no longer apply the theory generally to the affairs of mankind or see any certainty of an orderly progress in civilization itself. There has been steady progress, it is true, in the accumulation of knowledge and in the perfecting of inventions. There is no reason why science should not add story upon story to the tower of human knowledge till it has outgrown the tower of Babel, and there is no reason why, among inventions, wireless should not go on progressing till it has put men in touch with the inhabitants of other planets. But in other spheres of human activity we feel increasing doubts about the future. Prophets who believe that European society will progress slowly toward Utopia are more than balanced by those who believe that it is already in the first stages, or even at an advanced stage, of decay. And when we come to the arts, which are the graces of civilization, not even the professional optimist can see traces of any law of progress at work. Painting, sculpture, music, and literature seem to flourish for a few generations or a few centuries, and then to wither. Golden ages are succeeded by silver ages. Pegasus loses his

wings and ambles on his feet. Homer is not followed by greater writers of epics, but, after nearly three thousand years, is still without an equal or a rival. Three great tragic dramatists appear in Athens, and there is no other dramatist fit to be named with them till more than two thousand years later Shakespeare begins to write in England. Phidias is still the greatest sculptor, Plutarch the greatest biographer, as Bach, Mozart, and Beethoven are the greatest composers of music. Nowhere is there any sign of progress. 'If Art was progressive,' said Blake in his 'Annotations to Reynolds,' 'we should have had Michelangelos and Raphaels to succeed each other. But it is not so. Genius dies with its possessor and comes not again till another is born with it.'

Blake, perhaps, went too far in his denial of progress in the arts. Undoubtedly the Greek drama progressed in the hands of Æschylus, and the English drama progressed in the hands of Shakespeare. At the same time, it is true that in literature we do not inevitably pass from peak to higher peak of genius. Literature is just as likely to take a downward direction as an upward. It is supposed to be the mark of a pessimist to say that anything is going to the dogs, and I should not like to say that literature is going to the dogs at present; but so many literatures have gone to the dogs in the past that it is worth inquiring what are the causes and whether these causes are perceptible to-day.

II

My own belief — and there is some evidence for it — is that literature begins to go to the dogs as soon as Earth becomes restive and declares its independence of Heaven. In the great ages of literature, Earth was, if not a suburb of Heaven, a subject kingdom. Heaven and Earth were places on the same cosmic map; civilized men believed in the existence of Heaven centuries before they believed in the existence of America, and believed in it just as firmly as we do in the existence of America to-day. Possibly their ideas of Heaven were even more mistaken than the modern European's ideas of America. But at least the life of mortals was lit up for them by the presence of the immortals, and the gods presided over human destinies. To me it seems impossible to believe that it is a mere accident that all the supremely great epics, from Homer's to Milton's, were written by poets who not only accepted the heavenly background, but wove it into the theme of their narratives. The gods may not be the most interesting of the characters in the *Iliad*, but the mortal characters seem to borrow a radiance from them, and to take part in larger wars than those of which historians write in prose. Take the gods out of the *Iliad*, and you diminish the heroes. The battlefield of Greek and Trojan would, in the absence of the gods, seem as petty as a lamp-lit town over which hung no firmament of stars. We may not be able to explain why this is so, but we know that it is so. We know that in the presence of the stars we feel an exaltation and liberation of the spirit such as we do not feel in the light of the lamps in a street. It is as though the stars enlarged our world and gave us the freedom of the universe. If we could imagine the extinction of the

stars, we should think of the world as an infinitely impoverished place. Literature, I believe, would suffer an equal impoverishment as a result of the death of the gods.

There is, I take it, no need to prove by evidence the existence of the religious background in epic poetry. It is too obvious to be overlooked, whether we think of the *Odyssey*, as Poseidon drives Odysseus hither and thither, 'a wanderer from his native land,' and Athene pleads with Zeus to permit his return, or of *Paradise Lost*, in which the poet avows it as his object to 'justify the ways of God to men.' Virgil and Dante see life in the same divine setting. 'Sing, Heavenly Muse' — so Milton invokes inspiration as he writes, and the adjective is not meaningless. There is no other Muse but a Heavenly Muse that has ever produced great epic poetry. According to the Greek legend, the Muses were the daughters of Zeus, and thus song has a heavenly descent. Even in the legendary ages, however, there appear to have been singers who disputed the supremacy of Heaven in poetry. There was at least one mortal who not only attempted to sing without the aid of the daughters of Zeus, but who boasted that he could conquer them in singing, and Homer in the Catalogue of the Ships tells us of his melancholy fate. Thamyras, says Homer, 'averred with boasting that he would conquer, even did the Muses themselves sing against him, the daughters of ægis-bearing Zeus; but they in their anger maimed him, moreover they took from him the high gift of song and made him to forget his harping.' There, I think, we have a fable of the eternal dependence of literature for its highest inspiration on a world larger than a world inhabited by none but mortal men and women. Without this inspiration men lose the high gift of song. I do not

mean by this that a man who is intellectually an atheist or an agnostic cannot write great literature. What I do contend is that the literary imagination is akin to the religious imagination, and that literature, while it has its roots in earth, flourishes in its greatest splendor when its branches are stirred by some air from Heaven.

And literature is not unique among the arts in having such close associations with religion. Architecture, sculpture, painting, and music, in at least as great a measure, seem to flower most abundantly when they are in the precincts of the temple or the church. There are no buildings of the Christian era which, either individually or in the mass, reveal imaginative genius in anything like the same degree as the great churches. The age of the most beautiful painting was the age in which men painted the Madonna and the Child, and in which they did not make them lose their divinity in their humanity. Critics differ as to who were the greatest composers, but ordinary men find a pleasure in listening to the music of Handel and Bach, written when music and religion were closely associated, such as they do not find in listening to the music of to-day. I know that, on the other hand, there are critics who explain that the music of Bach is not spiritual, just as there are critics who explain that the poetry of Milton is not Christian. There are critics, again, who deny that there is anything spiritual in the architecture of St. Peter's. Even if we admit this, however, we shall also have to admit that it is a remarkable coincidence that music like Bach's, epic poetry like Milton's, or architecture like that of St. Peter's, has never been produced by artists indifferent to the religious tradition of mankind.

It may be contended that it is a mere accident that the great poets,

the great painters, and the great composers belonged to an age more superstitious and less rational than our own, and that, naturally enough, these men of genius reflected in their work the theology of their time, as the younger novelists of our own time reflect the psychology of Freud. There has never yet, it may be urged, been an age of reason, in which men free from the ancient superstitions have had an opportunity of producing work to rival the ancient masterpieces. We constantly hear to-day of literature's breaking new ground and creating new forms, as though we had only to be patient in order to find a better Homer and a better Milton waiting for us round the corner. All talk of this kind, I believe, is based on a profound illusion — the illusion of progress in the arts. We shall never have another Homer until we have a great poet who believes in Olympus. We shall never have another Milton till we have a great poet who believes in the war between Heaven and Hell. It is arguable that these beliefs are superstitions, and that the human race will be both wiser and happier for having abandoned them. But literature, at least, will be the poorer. Literature will always have to return for inspiration to Olympus, though it may be an Olympus transformed. The future of literature is in the past. It is in the recovery and resurrection of the vanished faith of vanished ages.

III

When Thomas Love Peacock wrote mockingly of poetry a century ago, as a kind of literature unsuitable to men in an age of reason, he may have written in jesting fashion, but what he said was fundamentally true. 'A poet,' he declared, 'in our times is a semi-barbarian in a civilized community.'

He lives in the days that are past. His ideas, thoughts, feelings, associations, are all with barbarous manners, obsolete customs, and exploded superstitions. The march of his intellect is like that of a crab, backward. The brighter the light diffused around him by the progress of reason, the thicker is the darkness of antiquated barbarism, in which he buries himself like a mole, to throw up the barren hillocks of his Cimmerian labors.' There you have the truth put in a hostile fashion, but it is none the less truth. The march of a great poet's intellect is, like that of a crab, backward — or would be except for the fact that a crab walks sideward. If the belief in Olympus, or in something corresponding to Olympus, is the mark of a semibarbarian, then a modern poet will necessarily be a semibarbarian. He will probably be more at home in the Dark Ages than at a contemporary meeting of shareholders.

This is not to say that either the great poets or the great prose writers of the future will be occupied mainly with religious themes. Religion in itself, in the ordinary sense of the word, is no more likely to produce great literature than party politics. If you look around the shelves of a theological library, you will probably find even less good literature than on the shelves of a purely secular library. Glance through a hymn book, and you will come on very few poems that you feel ought to be included in the *Oxford Book of English Verse*. One of the most astounding facts in literary history is, indeed, that while so many passionately sincere men and women have written religious verse, so few of them have written poems as inspired as the poems that other men have written about nightingales and daffodils. Wordsworth declared that poetry is 'the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings.' Well, here among the hymn

writers you have surely the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings, — feelings for which the writers would have been prepared to go to the stake, — yet, as literature, their verses are little better than the sort of verses that could be written in favor of the policy of Mr. Coolidge or Mr. Lloyd George. This does not mean that hymns are not good for their own purposes, which are conceivably as noble as the purposes of literature, or more so. It would be as absurd to complain of the literary quality of hymns as it would be to complain of the literary quality of 'God Save the King.' These hymns move most of us as patriotic songs move us, but they seldom give us the double delight of great poetry — the delight in the thing expressed and the delight in the way in which it is expressed. It may be that the ordinary poet, in writing hymns as in writing patriotic poetry, depersonalizes himself and writes in order to express the emotions of human beings in general rather than his own personal vision of the world. That, I think, is the most reasonable explanation of the mediocrity of most religious verse. When we read Wordsworth's 'Daffodils,' we feel that we have been admitted into the intimate secrets of Wordsworth's soul. When we read Bishop Heber's 'From Greenland's Icy Mountains,' however, we do not feel that we have been admitted into the inner sanctuary of Bishop Heber's imagination. He has not re-created the world for us; he has only exhorted us. We suspect him of writing, not in order to communicate his vision of life to us, but in order to do us good. He writes as the advocate of a cause, and not in the pure delight of the imagination. It may be said that the real failure of the hymn lies in the fact that Bishop Heber was not a man of consummate genius, whereas

Wordsworth was. And that is partly the explanation. But, apart from this, we have to face the fact that a number of men of genius have written both religious and secular verse, and that, while the secular verse is beautiful poetry, the religious verse is scarcely worth reading. Campion wrote both profane and religious verse, and, though his religious verse is not entirely negligible, how uninspired most of it is compared with 'Hark all you ladies that do sleep,' or 'Follow thy fair sun, unhappy shadow!' Donne, again, though Dean of St. Paul's, wrote with nobler inspiration of love than of Paradise. Herrick, another clergyman, was happier when singing 'Gather ye rosebuds' or 'Fair daffodills' than when singing the praises of his Creator. He did, indeed, write a charming thanksgiving to God for his house — in which he recounts his blessings in detail in such simple lines as

Thou mak'st my teeming hen to lay
Her egg each day;

but the charm of the poem lies in the picture it gives us of Herrick in his earthly house, rather than in opening up to us a vision of the world transfigured by the light of Paradise. It is as though all these poets wrote of love and earthly things with free imaginations, but of religion under some conventional restraint. You will find a parallel to this if you try to imagine what would happen if all the living poets of genius sat down to write poems about the League of Nations. Probably most of them believe in the ideals of the League of Nations, but, however ardently they believed in them, it is almost certain that they would write about it conventionally and without inspiration. They would write, not from the privacy of their souls, but like public speakers, bent upon influencing an audience. And no great

literature comes except from the privacy of the soul. Genius, indeed, demands the same freedom and fullness of expression in religious poetry as in secular poetry.

Whenever a great writer tells us as much of the tumult of his soul in a hymn as Shakespeare tells us of the tumult of his soul in his sonnets, we shall have great religious literature. This is no mere prophecy; the miracle has happened in the past. There has been great religious poetry written in one century after another, in which we wander in new fields of the imagination. When we read Henry Vaughan's 'They are all gone into the world of light' or 'My soul, there is a country, Far beyond the stars,' we become sharers in the deepest experiences of a great writer's soul. Here, we feel, are his profoundest confessions, his autobiography. Here he does not disguise his 'powerful feelings' in the language of convention and restraint. He writes of heavenly things, not as an awkward intruder on his best behavior, but as one who is as familiar with them as Shelley with the song of the skylark. We find the same familiarity and fullness of expression in Francis Thompson's *Hound of Heaven*, and in those verses in which he turns the eyes of men to the vision of

. . . the traffic of Jacob's ladder
Pitched between Heaven and Charing Cross.

The religious poets, as a rule, close their eyes to the fact that, even to a religious man, Charing Cross is at least as real as Heaven. They forget that, by making Charing Cross more real, they also make Heaven more real, and that a Heaven that is not related somehow to Charing Cross and the fields of earth is to the imagination merely a vague formula. Literature must be human even when it is divine: otherwise it is not literature, but only divinity.

IV

It is not only in religious poetry, but in religious prose, that you find this deficiency of humanity. The inhumanity of the mass of pious books is, as we say, 'notorious.' Thackeray made fun of the worst kind of them in *Vanity Fair* in his references to Lady Emily Sheepshanks and her 'sweet tracts,' 'The Sailor's True Bivouack,' 'The Applewoman of Finchley Common,' 'Thrupp's Legacy,' and 'The Blind Washerwoman of Moorfields.' It is possible, even probable, that works of this kind have helped tens of thousands of people to live happier and better lives, but no one has ever claimed that they possess literary value. They are argumentative in purpose, not imaginative. They are as little literary either in motive or in achievement as a pamphlet in favor of or in opposition to vivisection. On the other hand, let an imaginative man begin to write of religion in terms of his own experiences, and immediately we are in a world as enchanting as the world of the great story-tellers. Bunyan had an edifying, as well as a literary, motive in writing *Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners* and *The Pilgrim's Progress*, but he obeyed every rule of imaginative literature as he wrote. He founded his books on human life, and on the passions and experiences that were the most wonderful things that he had known. The ordinary religious story tells us that the salvation of a human soul is wonderful, but it does not make us experience the wonder in our own imaginations. Bunyan does this, and he does it, not only because he is a man of genius, but because he can be true to Heaven without being false to Bedfordshire. Like all great religious writers, he is the inhabitant of two worlds. You see how naturally

they interpenetrate one another in that beautiful sentence in *Grace Abounding* describing his conversion: 'But upon a day the good providence of God called me to Bedford to work at my calling, and in one of the streets of that town I came where there were three or four poor women sitting at a door in the sun, telling about the things of God.' How full of light, of grace, of the loveliness of earth, that sentence is, as well as of edification! No one can read it without realizing that the human background is as necessary to religious literature as the religious background is to literature in general.

I have referred to the position of the hymn and the tract in literature chiefly in order to make it clear that, in emphasizing the importance of the religious background in poetry and imaginative prose, I am not contending that men of letters are, or should become, the rivals of preachers, or that they have any kind of propagandist function. I am merely proposing an investigation of one of the chief tributaries that feed the river of great literature, and raising the question of how much literature owes to the acceptance of a larger world than the world we touch with our hands and see with our eyes. So far as epic poetry is concerned, the facts undoubtedly suggest that great epics cannot be written of a world deserted by the gods. The importance of the religious background is not quite so clear, however, when we turn from the epic to drama, lyric poetry, and the novel. Most critics affirm that modern literature flowered into genius largely as a result of breaking free from the authority of religion, and the movement of humanism is praised because it released the human mind from the despotism of theology and enabled it to think and to express itself boldly.

Literature, these critics hold, is

essentially heretical, the opponent of the standards of priest and presbyter, and Walter Pater maintained that one of the strongest characteristics of the literature even of the Middle Ages was a 'spirit of rebellion and revolt against the moral and religious ideas of the time.' As evidence of the heretical and skeptical character of mediæval literature, he quoted the memorable passage in *Aucassin et Nicolette*, in which Aucassin, threatened with the pains of Hell if he does not give up Nicolette, cries scornfully: 'In Paradise what have I to do? I care not to enter, but only to have Nicolette, my very sweet friend, whom I love so dearly well. For into Paradise go none but such people as I will tell you of. There go those aged priests, and those old cripples, and the maimed, who all day long and all night cough before the altars and in the crypts beneath the churches; those who go in worn old mantles and old tattered habits; who are naked, and barefoot, and full of sores; who are dying of hunger and of thirst, of cold, and of wretchedness. Such as these enter in Paradise, and with them I have nought to do. But in Hell will I go. For to Hell go the fair clerks and the fair knights who are slain in the tourney and the great wars, and the stout archer and the loyal man. With them will I go. And there go the fair and courteous ladies, who have friends two or three, together with their wedded lords. And there pass the gold and the silver, the ermine and all rich furs, harpers and minstrels, and the happy of the world. With these will I go, so only that I have Nicolette, my very sweet friend, by my side.'

That is certainly not an orthodox speech, but it is a speech made in a world that believed in Heaven and in Hell. Again and again, even in those early days, we find the priest and the poet in conflict, but they carry on their

quarrel against a background that contains other worlds than our own. We see another example of this in mediæval Irish literature, in the famous dialogue that took place between Saint Patrick and Oisín, the long-dead pagan hero, who returns from the Country of the Young to Ireland to find all the heroes dust and Christianity triumphant. To Oisín this Christian Ireland is an Ireland in ruins. He weeps for the vanished pagan world that he had known, and Patrick reproaches him for mourning for heathen companions who are now in Hell. 'Leave off fretting, Oisín,' says Patrick, 'and shed your tears to the God of grace. Finn and the Fianna are black enough now, and they will get no help for ever.' 'It is a pity that would be,' replies Oisín, 'Finn to be in pain for ever; and who was it gained the victory over him, when his own hand had made an end of so many a hard fighter?' 'It is God gained the victory over Finn,' Patrick tells him, 'and not the strong hand of an enemy; and as to the Fianna, they are condemned to Hell along with him, and tormented for ever.' 'O Patrick,' cries Oisín, 'show me the place where Finn and his people are, and there is not a Hell or a Heaven there but I will put it down. And if Osgar, my own son, is there, the hero that was bravest in heavy battles, there is not in Hell or in the Heaven of God a troop so great that he could not destroy it.'

Here, again, we have a passage that seems to suggest that literature has an irreligious rather than a religious temper. But the conflict in this dialogue is not really between religion and irreligion, but between two different kinds of religion. Oisín, like Saint Patrick, has a vision of a world that is on no earthly map. He has the Country of the Young to set against the Saint's Heaven. He cries to Patrick: 'The Country of the Young, the Country

of Victory, and, O Patrick, there is no lie in that name. If there are grandeurs in your Heaven the same as there are there, I would give my friendship to God. . . .' Not yet has literature reached that stage of post-humanism where the writer has no eyes except for the earth.

V

With the growth of the drama and the growth of the novel in later times, literature did undoubtedly become more exclusively human. But, even when it was reticent in regard to the religious life of man, it was at its greatest when it was written on the assumption that religion was true. Enthusiastic partisans have attempted to prove that Shakespeare was a Catholic or a Puritan, or that he had no religion at all. I do not know what his convictions were, but it is clear that his plays could never have been written except out of an imagination steeped in Christian conceptions, just as the *Ædipus Rex* could never have been written except out of an imagination steeped in Greek religious conceptions. That profound sense of sin which we find in the tragedies of Shakespeare is essentially a Christian sense. If Shakespeare had brought gods as well as ghosts on to the stage, he could not more clearly have made the life of man seem no mere trivial accident between life and death, but an event in a larger universe.

Take the religious conceptions out of *Hamlet*, and rewrite the play in terms of Freudian complexes, and you will lose almost as great a proportion of beauty as you would lose if you rationalized *Paradise Lost*. Hamlet's cry:—

O all you host of heaven! O earth! what else?
And shall I couple hell?

is no mere figure of speech. Hamlet's actions are again and again governed

by his sense of the existence of another world. There is scarcely a great scene in the play in which the divine background of life is not taken for granted. It is all the more interesting to discover that Professor Gilbert Murray, in his latest book, contends that the tragedy of Hamlet has even a quasireligious origin and that it is the perfection of an ancient myth, as is the tragedy of Orestes—that, in fact, both tragedies are sprung from the same mythical seed. 'We finally,' he declares, 'run the Hamlet-saga to earth in the same ground as the Orestes-saga: in that prehistoric and world-wide ritual battle of Summer and Winter, of Life and Death, which has played so vast a part in the mental development of the human race and especially, as Sir E. K. Chambers has shown us, in the history of mediæval drama.'

This is not to say, of course, that Shakespeare consciously wrote *Hamlet* as a fable of the ritual battle of Summer and Winter, of Life and Death, the conception of which is one of the sources of both religion and literature. But it is interesting to discover that the plot he chose can tentatively be traced back to its origin in a myth of the battles of the gods. If this is true, *Hamlet* has a doubly religious lineage, and it would probably not be going too far to say that without the religious imagination it would have been as impossible for *Hamlet* to have been written as it would for the books of the Bible to have been written. And, if we turn to the work of later men of genius who have used the dramatic form, we shall find that the greatest of them, however heretical, have for some reason or other been unable to dispense with, or escape from, the supernatural. If it is possible to write dramatic poetry as great as Goethe's *Faust* and Ibsen's *Brand* and *Peer Gynt* without the assumption of a

supernatural background — be it only for dramatic purposes—to men's lives, how is it that no one has ever done so? My own theory is that without this assumption the doom of man loses most of its tragic grandeur, and that for this reason the dramatic, like the epic, poet is inevitably forced to return to a Heavenly Muse for inspiration. The more we consider the matter, indeed, the more we are compelled to the conclusion that literature, while often in revolt against orthodoxy, is inextricably bound up with the religious imagination. Literature might almost be said to be sprung from a seed dropped from the tree of religion. It would be possible, I imagine, to show good cause for believing that the novels of Dickens, no less than the Cathedral of Notre Dame, bear an essential relationship to the religious questionings and affirmations of mankind.

The religious element in literature, of course, is much more obvious in poetry than in the novel. 'It utters somewhat above a mortal mouth,' said Ben Jonson of poetry, and the practice of the great poets has endorsed his saying. They see the world transformed by a 'light that never was, on sea or land.' They release us from the actual, or lead us through it to the universal. 'Poetry,' declared Shelley, 'defeats the curse which binds us to be subjected to the accident of surrounding impressions.' Modern fiction seldom defeats this curse. Many modern novelists devote themselves entirely to the description of surrounding impressions. They are content to observe rather than to imagine, and, as we read their realistic novels about some uninteresting young man or woman in revolt against the uninteresting atmosphere of an uninteresting home, we feel the world growing emptier. Life at its best in such novels is a Canterbury pilgrimage without

Canterbury, and with the fun left out.

The aridity of most realistic — or, as it might be called, materialistic — fiction, I believe, is largely due to the fact that the realistic novelists are convinced that the world has outgrown Canterbury. Possibly it has, as it outgrew Olympus, but, just as Homer could not have written the *Iliad* without Olympus in the background, and Chaucer could not have written *The Canterbury Tales* without Canterbury in the background, so, in my opinion, a religious background, either expressed or implied, will always be necessary to the production of great literature. It may be a mere coincidence that the greatest fiction of recent times, the Russian, sprang from what rationalists would describe as the most superstitious soil in Europe; but I do not think so. Some people would deny that there is any religious background in Hardy's work, but it is significant that in *The Dynasts* Hardy found himself compelled to imagine an overworld of spirits and angels as part of the setting of human hopes and fears. As we read the plays of Mr. Bernard Shaw, who invented the life force, again we realize the truth of the old saying that 'if God had not existed, we should have had to invent him.'

Everywhere the imaginative man confronted with the mystery of life and death is forced to adopt a religious attitude to life — the attitude of awe before the eternal mysteries. Without it there can be neither the greatest poetry nor the greatest prose — neither the verse of Milton nor the prose of the Bible and Sir Thomas Browne. Great poetry will cease to be written when poets cease to be men for whom the invisible world exists. And if this is true of poetry, is it not reasonable to believe that it is also true of imaginative prose, which is only poetry in its week-day dress?

OUR REVOLUTIONARY FOREFATHERS. II

The Journal of François, Marquis de Barbé-Marbois

TRANSLATED BY PERCY NOËL

September 1779. — Accompanied by General Knox and General Stirling, we crossed New York and the Jerseys. We saw the vast college of Princeton, erected in favor of the Presbyterians, almost destroyed by the troops of both sides. They are reëstablishing it, as if the ravages of war are no more to be feared.

At last we arrived on the banks of the Delaware, which we crossed in order to enter Pennsylvania. The Delaware has its source in the land of the Iroquois; small vessels can go up it as far as Trenton, and war vessels to Philadelphia. Its banks are fertile and varied over the entire extent which we have had occasion to see. We saw fish caught, destined for our supper.

A part of the country is inhabited by Germans, who continue to emigrate from their old country in order to come and live in a hospitable land where prosperity, abundance, and liberty summon all the unfortunates of the universe. The Germans, accustomed to privations, bowed under the yoke of necessity and command, bring here a spirit of economy, perseverance, and docility. That is all their wealth when they arrive. Without repugnance they sell their liberty for a few years to a rich agriculturist. They learn from him how to manage a farm. As to cultivating, there is not much to teach them. They receive a salary which puts them in a position to become land-

owners themselves at the end of their engagement. It is then that they show new industry and extraordinary patience, so that, by force of savings on very small profits which they make at first, they go on to greater gains, extend successively their domains, and at last arrive at a state of domesticity with really surprising fortunes.

Some of our customs appear very extraordinary to these people, although really most simple. In the midst of a large gathering a man asked me if French ladies rode horseback. I replied affirmatively, and added that they mounted like men. All the ladies blushed, hiding their faces behind their fans, and finally were off with a great burst of laughter. They cannot understand how a woman sits down to her toilette before men or even how she dresses before her husband.

We give ourselves over to society as circumstances permit. The time passes in talk at these assemblies; but, as it seems that it is necessary to be met together for some other object than conversation, it is ordinarily tea or a light repast which is the motive for the invitation. The people play rarely, and almost always for the sole pleasure of the combinations; they have even reformed the shabby custom of paying for the cards. Instead of the fateful green baize where greed and idleness attract Europeans, they sit around a polished mahogany table, very clean.

The eldest daughter of the family or one of the young married ladies makes tea and presents a cup to each person in the company. In summer they add fruits and refreshments; they talk, and where there is no news they tell old stories, or the fine speakers discuss some point of sentimental metaphysics. They change seats, come and go, and finally separate without being tormented by the chagrin of having upset a fortune, or the remorse of having ruined a friend.

Americans are naturally curious and askers of questions. I had proof of it the moment I arrived in Boston; while disembarking I was assailed by a crowd of inhabitants in whose number were members of the Council; they hurried to ask me in the most naïve manner the object of my voyage, about the weather, the point of departure, and the state of affairs in Europe. It was the same in most places along our road, and I remember that my hostess in Hartford, after having asked me if I were married, if I had any brothers or sisters, insisted upon knowing the age of my father and mother.

I sometimes stroll a bit, either to rest me of the coach, or better to know the country which we are traveling through. One day, being rather far from the road and not knowing the name of the lodging place where I wished to go, I was afraid of losing my way either in going ahead or in retracing my steps. In this perplexity, overcome by fatigue, I discovered a hut in the wood and went over to it. There I found a man and a woman who spoke Dutch. More like two savages in their hut than two civilized creatures, they received me brusquely, and I could not make them understand that I wished to be put on the road to Philadelphia. I drew away from them very much disturbed, and, marching ahead at random, was preparing my mind to

spend the night in the forest when I saw a small boy run toward the cabin, fall, and cry as if he had been hurt. I went to him, picked him up, and washed his dirt-smeared face. He expressed his thanks. I made him a few presents of no consequence, and as his fall was in no way grievous I let him take the way to the cabin, and I went on slowly, looking behind me from time to time. Undoubtedly the child told his adventure, and in the twinkling of an eye I was rejoined by his mother, who, by means of questions and signs, finally guessed where I wished to go, accompanied me for three quarters of an hour, and only left me when she could show me the lodgings where I was to stop.

What does this adventure prove? Very little, it is true, and I admit that it is neither spicy nor extraordinary. But I am sure that one may draw from it the following moral: The sentiment of natural human kindness is the same everywhere; gratitude is not strange to the human heart, and the surest means of softening a gross and savage being is first to know the value of maternal tenderness.

In the different districts which we pass through, the inhabitants come to wish us happiness; they light bonfires to celebrate the arrival of His Excellency, the Chevalier de la Luzerne,¹ and they offer us hospitality with a really patriarchal simplicity — which we accept in the same spirit.

We soon arrived at a half day's journey from Philadelphia. We found some of the land badly cultivated and sparsely inhabited, but that in which we are now is comparable to the most beautiful places in Europe. I do not know whether the good reception which we receive embellishes America in our eyes, but at any rate in a voyage of

¹ Formerly one of La Fayette's officers, and in charge of the Mission sent to the United States by the King of France. — TRANSLATOR

one hundred and fifty leagues I have seen nothing which would correspond to the rough and savage pictures which I had formed of it. There are many uncultivated parts, but that is due to lack of labor, and the majority are susceptible of attaining a high degree of population and cultivation. Prosperity and abundance reign in all the habitations. From Boston to this point we have not seen a single poor person; we have not met a peasant who is not well dressed and who does not have a cart or at least a good horse. The best of kings limited himself to wish that each peasant might be able to have his boiled chicken every Sunday; we have not entered a single house of a morning without finding cooking there in the iron kettle a fine fowl, beef, or mutton, with a piece of bacon; great abundance of vegetables, bread, cider, dairy products, and profusion of firewood; clean furniture, a good bed, and often a gazette.

The houses of this part of America have already a form and arrangement different from those of the North. The latter resemble more the houses of England. Here you would believe yourself in a canton of Germany or Holland. Besides, if you ever come to America, I recommend Delaware from Trenton to Bristol, where we slept last. There you drink excellent mineral waters, or you take tea on a covered balcony overlooking the river. You see on the opposite bank the pretty city of Burlington; you will be slightly fleeced by your host, and then, following the charming banks of the stream, you will at last arrive at Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, *October 10, 1779.* — The *Gazette* of Philadelphia has already let you know that we arrived here September 21, when His Excellency was received by the ringing of church bells and conducted by a company of

cavalry composed of the most notable citizens of the city.

You asked me to write you a few words about the house where we live. Imagine at the western extremity of the town a square surrounded by four streets, covered by an English lawn, and in the midst of it a large residence of good appearance. It is almost opposite the State House where the Pennsylvania Congress holds its sittings, and where the days are passed in blessing France, cursing England, and imagining means to bring the latter power to reason.

From one side we have the view of the town, from the other that of the new prison, the hospital, and the poor-house. Everywhere else these buildings would present a disheartening prospect, but here it is quite different; at least the sight of the latter two buildings has nothing depressing when one knows the order and cleanliness which reign there, and that they are the work of enlightened and compassionate humanity.

The streets are laid out straight as a chalk line and the pedestrians have wide sidewalks. The houses are all built of brick, simple and uniform outside, and probably convenient for those who live in them, although nothing can be more distant from our arrangements, and one finds nothing in them which resembles the small apartments which make our dwellings so pleasant. Many people prefer cities irregularly built. For me, friend of order and symmetry, I admit that this city pleases me very much: it has everything to make it the most beautiful city in the world; but, if you except the Lutheran Church and a few other temples, there is not a single edifice of an architecture worthy of remark. The State House forms a fine enough mass in the midst of a town, but it is a building without taste or elegance. Dr. Franklin compares the

tower to a microscope half out of its case.

A few days after my arrival they introduced me to Edward Drinker, born on Philadelphia soil in 1680. This centenarian told me that his parents' cabin was on the edge of a forest which is to-day replaced by the most densely populated part of Philadelphia. A few scattered huts were then inhabited by Swedes, Dutch, and savages. He recalls that he played with their children and caught squirrels in the thickets which are replaced to-day by a church, and that he has picked strawberries on the site of the State House. Father of eighteen children, he has seen his fourth great-grandson.

This wild and desert ground where Drinker was born is changed into a rich city noted for its commerce, and inhabited by forty thousand souls. The hut where the savage cooked his fish among a few stones has become a quay where five hundred vessels land every year. Ships and frigates have replaced canoes. The Congress of thirteen Republics sits where the natives held assembly around the council fire.

During his hundred years of existence, Drinker has seen the beginning and the limit of British power in Pennsylvania. He has been the subject of seven monarchs, and to-day he enjoys independence under a republican government.

You have surely heard of Lorery and Mr. Rittenhouse. This mechanic, who has a great natural talent, made a machine which represents the movements of the celestial bodies in a very exact manner. He is treasurer of the State of Pennsylvania. I left him, counting all paper money, separating the good from the bad, and awaiting the epoch when both kinds will be of equal value. Then I mounted my horse to visit the botanical garden of Monsieur Bartram.

It is four or five miles from Philadel-

phia. We found a solitary house surrounded by fine orchards, decorated on the garden side by a colonnade of rustic taste. It appeared to us to be a worthy habitation of the American Linnæus. But the garden! It was in a state of neglect which caused us real sorrow. We saw there the remains of treasures amassed by him who is no more, but we saw, too, that these plants were half strangled by useless and parasitic herbs. The trees were dead, and those that were not dead were dying. Some plants were drying up from lack of water, and over the whole scene was an air of abandonment which, if I were a botanist, I should call criminal.

We wandered about a neighboring forest, where the same negligence which had just displeased us in the garden added new beauty. The forest is filled with a multitude of trees which are scarcely known in Europe: the magnolia, whose blossom perfumes the air with such a delicious odor; the tulip tree, whose shade, they say, rejuvenates old couples; the catalpa, so brilliant in spring, so faded in autumn; the sassafras, of which they claim that the leaves, the flower, the fruit, the sap, the wood, and the bark embody all known medicinal properties; the laurel of every species, with which we crown the heroes of America, but which still waits for her to produce a poet. In fact, there were spread before our eyes all the forest riches which Pennsylvania owes only to Nature. These trees embellish the gentle slopes of the hills, the varied shades of their verdure forming, with the brooks which traverse them, the most agreeable pictures. The wild vine rises about the trunks and branches of oaks and elms; its interlaced tendons form cradles whose fastness the sun's rays cannot penetrate. But content yourself with these natural beauties; you will find among

the country houses which the war has spared around Philadelphia neither marvels of architecture, elegance, taste, nor convenient arrangements. Everything testifies that they have thought only of the useful; everything that is agreeable they owe to Nature; and, as the country is charming, there is not a hut which is not happily situated; but not a house, not a garden which merits the least attention.

The banks of the Schuylkill are embellished by a great number of dwellings which belong to the richest citizens of Philadelphia. On the right bank of this river is Mr. William Hamilton's house. If ever Pennsylvania has a king, a prince, a doge, or any sort of master, it is here that he will make his residence if he wishes to occupy the most beautiful situation which exists in the environs of Philadelphia. Here he will be able to plant enchanted gardens, and have fountains as beautiful as at Marly, but at less expense; to-day it is quite simply a natural English garden.

We often walk along the banks of the Delaware and the Schuylkill; we discourse on the combination of circumstances which led us here; we recall the fine climate of France, and the society we left there, which is found nowhere else; we compare it to Pennsylvania, still in its infancy, remembering that Paris is where our friends and acquaintances live. We, forgetting all these advantages, came to seek a coldly beautiful country, where friendship does not go beyond families, where a foreigner at the end of six months is still a stranger, and where a bachelor is called a 'single man' and treated as if he were really isolated from the rest of nature; where religious and national prejudices which are not yet quite effaced exclude all hope of intimate liaison, and where the people cannot yet believe in the sincerity of a French-

man; where party spirit and civil discord oblige us to avoid those whose friendship we should desire in other circumstances.

One day I was given over to these reflections when I saw a little old octogenarian, dressed in a long coat, enter my home. His white hair was covered by a gray hat with turned-down brim; he had a keen look for all his age; he sustained himself with a big stick, and as soon as he saw me he came to me with eagerness, threw back his coat, and clasped me in his arms, and said in very good French: 'Friend Marbois, I am very happy to see thee.' But I tried in vain to remember who he could be. The good Quaker perceived my embarrassment.

'I am Antoine Benezet,' he told me.

I knew at once who he was without further explanation. Who could have lived a month in Philadelphia without knowing Antoine Benezet! But, since he is less known in Paris, I will tell you that he is one of the most respectable men on earth. His parents, who were Protestants, left the kingdom toward the end of the reign of Louis XIV. They established themselves in Pennsylvania, and their children are important merchants or rich landlords of the state. Antoine was then in the cradle. He had no sooner made the acquaintance of the Quakers than he adopted their principles; not those of the White Quakers, as they call those whose code is less strict, but he gave himself over to all the austerity of Quaker principles. He could have made a great fortune in commerce, but he preferred the profession of schoolmaster, and for more than fifty years his time has been employed in teaching little children to read and write, and inculcating in them a small number of precepts which appear to me to be the most complete catechism of morals that one could offer to their understanding.

Benezet has spirit, fire, and, if I dare thus to express myself, he carries his love of humanity as far as lunacy. When, excited by his zeal, he speaks of universal tolerance and of the good that would come to the realm and to humanity by the admission of Protestants to the rank of citizens, he has the most eloquent persuasion.

'I must be permitted,' he says, 'to express myself feelingly on this important subject. One of my uncles was hung by these intolerants, my aunt was put in a convent, two of my cousins died at the galleys, and my fugitive father was ruined by the confiscation of his property.'

He relates these persecutions and the sufferings of his relatives as another person would speak of titles of nobility. He cannot be persuaded that France has become much more tolerant than the majority of the other states of Europe, and he still believes us to be at the same place we were when Louis XIV, a hundred years ago, committed the irreparable crime of revoking the Edict of Nantes. He is of that small number of those who profess Quakerism in all its severity. The gravity of the Quakers has not, however, bereft this good refugee of his French vivacity.

There are in Philadelphia a thousand to twelve hundred Acadians who regard him as their father. The unfortunate inhabitants of that peninsula, separated for more than half a century from France, their mother country, kept the right not to carry arms against her until the war of 1756. At that epoch the English, their masters, suspecting that they had betrayed their neutrality and that they had held intelligence with the French, snatched away the land which they had tilled and dispersed them in other colonies. About twelve hundred of these unfortunates were set down on the banks of the Delaware, and abandoned without re-

sources to the mercy of the Pennsylvanians. Benezet remembered that they had a common origin; although as poor as they, he received them, consoled them, encouraged them, and went from door to door asking bread for them; made the parents of his young Pennsylvania pupils subscribe funds, importuned the Government of Pennsylvania to afford them means of existence, and addressed request upon request to the King and Parliament of England, so that his generous obstinacy forced some help in favor of these unfortunates he called his children.

He is also a protector of the negroes. He was one of the most zealous advocates of the law which has just been enacted to assure negro liberty and to banish slavery in Pennsylvania.

I told you once that I had a friend and that from the age of eight up to twenty nothing had ever impaired our union; that then I quarreled with him and it was I who was in the wrong. I saw him no more. He passed from Europe on to this continent and here died six years ago. I have made a journey to the spot where he was buried; I have been to see an honest citizen of this town who took care of him in his last moments, and whose daughter, I believe, he was to have married. It appeared to me this family loved him sincerely; we have had the bitter consolation of communing with each other about him. This demoiselle told me that he had never spoken to her of me. And how could he have imagined that, separated already by a great interval, the two persons who had been dearest to him would one day have an opportunity to converse together of him?

Jemima Wilkinson has just arrived here, a few religious sects awaiting her with inquietude, others with extreme impatience. Her story is so singular

and her dogma so new that she has not failed to attract general attention.

Following an illness when they believed her dead for a few hours, she imagined that she really had been, and announced that the Holy Spirit sent a new soul to live in her body. It is not quite clear whether this soul emanated from the Virgin Mary or from Jesus Christ himself, and the inspired woman is very reserved in her replies on this subject. Her religion is pure and evangelical. Doctors well drew our attention to some difference between the dogmas which she preaches and those of other sects, but as you are happily on the right path there is no need of describing this new one which has been added to the five or six hundred others in which so many imprudent lambs have lost their way. I prefer to tell you of the impression which this prophetess makes, and how she attracts our worldly attention. This soul from Heaven has chosen rather a beautiful body for its dwelling place, and many living ladies would not object to animate these dead remains.

Jemima Wilkinson, or rather the woman whom we call by that name, is about twenty-two years old; she has beautiful features, a fine mouth, and animated eyes; her hair is parted in the middle and falls loosely on her shoulders. She washes it every day with cold water and never powders it; travel has browned her a little; she has an air of pensive melancholy; she has acquired no grace, but has all those which Nature gives. She comes forward with ease and freedom and at the same time with all imaginable modesty. She has a big gray felt hat with turned-down brim that she wears, and she places it on the desk of her pulpit when she preaches. She wears a sort of rock of white linen knotted under the chin like a peignoir. It falls to her feet without marking her waist; the sleeves

expose only the tips of her hands.

She has six apostles in her suite; there are three men who speak at her meetings, and three women who keep silence. One of these men has fulfilled the functions of chief judge in his province with distinction for twenty-five years. Won over by grace, he joined the suite of Jemima four or five months ago. As you know, in Europe the magistrates hasten to inform themselves about the conduct of inspired people, and ordinarily arrest them at the start. The magistrates at Philadelphia are interested in Jemima Wilkinson, but with other intent; as soon as they found that she preached neither against independence nor against alliance with the King, they found her a spacious church, which the Methodists willingly loaned, and there for several days she has been preaching before a prodigious congregation of people.

I was curious to hear her. I went with seven or eight French officers and, as the people were kind enough to make room for us, we found ourselves near the pulpit. Despite our number and the movement that our unexpected arrival caused in the assembly, she appeared not to perceive us; she continued to speak, eyes lowered, with much freedom and facility.

To us her discourse appeared to be composed of the ordinary things of the Bible and the Fathers; she enunciated so correctly, although without elegance, that I thought she was reciting a prepared sermon, and it was hard for me to convince myself that she spoke from inspiration, or, as the profane say, extempore. Having cast her eyes on us French, she appeared to remark us for the first time. As she was speaking of the attachment men have for the things of this world, she continued thus:—

‘Among those who are listening to me, how few have been led here by the desire for their salvation. Curiosity

attracts them; they have a mind to relate extraordinary things when they return to their own country.'

I swear to you that for the moment I believed her either to be a prophetess or a fortune teller, and I expected to hear her speak of my diary.

'Do they believe, these foreigners in the House of the Lord, that their presence flatters me? I disdain their honors, I despise greatness and wealth. Seek me no more, hear me no more, if you are not touched by grace; withdraw yourselves, profane no more this temple if you are still in the lakes of the Infernal Angel; but if you are disposed to enter in the way of salvation, if my words have softened your hearts, if I snatch a single one of you from the danger that he runs, I have not come too far to bring the light, and you have not traveled too far to seek it.'

She was so overcome by emotion in speaking this way that she was obliged to stop and take out her handkerchief to dry her tears. We were surprised by this apostrophe, but remained perhaps as hardened as before.

Jemima accepts nothing in the way of pecuniary alms. She and her disciples possess nothing but what is necessary to live, and they receive gifts that the piety of the faithful brings them. She lives quietly; her conduct and morals are irreprehensible.

Last year another sectarian appeared at Philadelphia; he preached in boots, short jacket, and his hair in *cadennettes*; he announced universal redemption, from which no one, not even Lucifer, was to be excluded. He did not lack eloquence. He was the vogue for a time, but people soon tired of him. They found that a place in Elysium was not so much to be desired after all if it was to be so common that everyone, without exception, would be received. Besides, a few ministers refuted him and he refuted their refutations,

having their books and his own printed, until finally there was nothing more to argue about, and I do not even know if he is still here.

We are on our way to see General Washington at his Headquarters, now at Morristown in the Jerseys, and we expect the sojourn there will be a very bright one.

Don Juan Misales, with whom we have come, has fallen so dangerously sick that it is doubtful whether he will be able to return.

We have been to see Staten Island, and by looking through our field glasses were able to see at close range the enemy forts. General Washington left us only a moment in this dangerous neighborhood. For me the enemy holds no trap, so I walked a little farther along this arm of the sea: it is surrounded by variegated green hills from which, while on horseback, I witnessed one of those battles which the inhabitants of the air frequently deliver to those of the waters.

One cannot leave the hospitable roof of General Washington without regret, but the death of Don Juan did not permit us a longer sojourn; besides, everything was sad at Morristown because of this calamity.

Congress was present for the funeral ceremonies, at which an unfortunate incident occurred. Our chaplain, according to custom, scattered holy water on the people. An American officer, who received it rather more abundantly than the others, believed himself insulted, and it was not without some difficulty that we made him understand that he ought to be very grateful; that it was a particular favor which the Abbé had conferred upon him, and that we regarded it as good fortune to be so wetted by him.

You are surely interested in my friend Benezet, and you will be happy

to know I paid him a visit this morning. Nothing more simple and clean than his house. There was numerous company. A young person beautiful as an angel was seated in the salon, and she was dressed with neatness, simplicity, and, I would say, almost with elegance, if this term were not offensive to Quaker ears. Her hair had not been tortured by the *coiffeur*; it was drawn back behind her head without powder and covered with a little gauze cap of an extraordinary shape, but which rather pleased me, because nothing unbecomes a beautiful person. She wore a gray satin dress, and her white hands and arms were covered neither by muslin nor by lace. I have never seen a fresher tint, nor more composed, sweeter features, nor a more modest air. The Quaker ladies are not submitted at all to the empire of mode. The form of their coiffure and dress never changes. I assure you that the charms of Mademoiselle Norris are all her own, and she owes nothing to art. She did not rise when I entered, no more than did any of the others, and, as all the seats were occupied, I was for a moment out of countenance. 'Come, friend,' said the young lady, 'come sit thee here on the same chair as I.'

There was only room there for one, and I hesitated a moment to do such a novel thing. Nevertheless the offer was made with such good grace that, led as if by an involuntary movement, I went and took my place beside her. Then they brought us refreshments.

'Wilt thou not drink a glass of punch?' the servant asked me, as she presented it to the company.

I drank some, and had hardly put my glass back on the tray when the young lady took it and drank after me. I was in astonishment over all these preferences, but while I was reflecting on what could be the cause an old man

entered and Mademoiselle Norris relinquished to him her half of the chair which she occupied with me and retired, without the newcomer making the slightest effort to retain her. I saw at the same time that everybody drank from the same glass; it is a very ordinary custom, above all among the Quakers.

They were assembled on the occasion of a marriage, or rather what we should call a marriage contract. All these so-called 'gentle' people are married in their homes, with the exception of Catholics and Quakers, who are usually married in a church. Quakers who are married outside of the meetinghouse with persons of another religious persuasion are obliged to declare publicly that they are sorry to have been married this way in order to be readmitted to church.

The newly married couple usually give over the first weeks of marriage to receiving visits. Two or three young ladies are constantly with the bride and help her to do the honors of her house. Three of the groomsmen fulfill the same functions for the husband. The men's visits are received in one room and those of the women in another, where the time is passed in an infinitely pleasant manner, drinking tea, punch, wine, or other liquors with the crowd of friends, which does not cease to fill the house of the newly weds during the first weeks of marriage.

Chester is five leagues from Philadelphia in an agreeable spot on the banks of the Delaware; to-day, Sunday, we have been there to dinner. The ladies made the trip on horseback, by carriage, and by phaeton, and we the same. There we laughed and drank the champagne sent by Count de Capellis, whose ship, the *Danae*, is anchored before Chester. The party was the usual affair of walking and playing,

and would not be worth mentioning except for a small incident which was not as diverting for the ladies as for me.

We have spoken of the extreme docility and obedience and submission of American women to their husbands; they (the wives) glory in it, and not without reason. Madame de Montgomery was especially proud of it. Governor Morris, on whom the champagne had had its full effect, climbed into a little sulky, and although these vehicles cannot accommodate more than one person, Madame Bingham, a young and pretty woman, had the whim to climb in with him. It must be remarked that Governor Morris had lost a leg in driving a cabriolet and that this circumstance was not of a nature to reassure Monsieur Bingham. He begged the most agile person of the company to run after his wife and make her get down. You will ask why he did not go himself, but I must tell you that Count de Capellis had sent champagne *in abundance*. The messenger succeeded in stopping the sulky where Madame Bingham was installed, and begged her to get out. She refused.

'Madame, it is your husband's order.'

I was struck by this way of saying it, and I said to Madame Montgomery that this was the only country in the world where a husband could address a wife in such an imperative tone. Madame Montgomery was very pleased with this evidence which had arrived *à propos* in support of the thesis which she had maintained; so far she had triumphed, and I was admitting myself vanquished when Madame Bingham bade us farewell by voice and gesture, lashed the horse with the whip, and continued the journey in the sulky.

There were certain arrangements made to dance after dinner; but it was the pure blunder of a foreigner who did

not remember that Americans permit themselves no amusement of this kind on Sunday. A little drunkenness does not matter, but dancing, music, and gambling are profanations.

We are now in Baltimore, the most commercial city of Maryland, which is really an astonishing creation. In twenty-five years fifteen hundred or sixteen hundred houses have sprung up solely as a result of trade, and they continue to be built. The Consul kept us there a day, but we could not profit by it to see the town. However, we met several of the inhabitants, and I perceived here, as at Philadelphia, that there is no happiness except for married people. Nothing is rarer than a bad household. The women are sincerely and faithfully attached to their husbands and have little pleasure outside of their families, but enjoy all those which a retired domestic life can offer. They live surrounded by their children, whom they nourish and bring up themselves. Strangers are well received, but they are rarely admitted into the intimacy of the family.

Accustomed to an extreme deference for women, it is with difficulty that a European accustoms himself to see the husband sovereign master of his home. Some people believe that it is this exercise of authority which keeps their customs so pure in society, and that the equality to which Europeans have admitted their wives has produced first of all looseness, and then corruption of morals. You are right in guessing that I absolutely disagree with this heresy. I am persuaded that the virtue of American women rests on a base more solid than fear and command, and if it could not be preserved except by sacrificing a perfect equality, which appears to me to be the charm of conjugal union, I should renounce it for all my life.

THE PEDAGOGUE IN REVOLT

BY A COLLEGE PROFESSOR

'STILL less,' wrote Charles Lamb, 'have I curiosity to disturb the elder repose of MSS. These *variae lectiones*, so tempting to the more erudite palates, do but disturb and unsettle my faith. . . . I had thought of the *Lycidas* as of a full-grown beauty — as springing up with all its parts absolute — till, in an evil hour, I was shown the original copy of it, together with the other minor poems of its author, in the library of Trinity, kept like some treasure, to be proud of. I wish they had thrown them in the Cam, or sent them after the latter Cantos of Spenser, into the Irish Channel. How it staggered me to see the fine things in their ore! interlined! corrected! as if their words were mortal, alterable, displaceable at pleasure! as if they might have been otherwise, and just as good! as if inspiration were made up of parts, and these fluctuating, successive, indifferent! I will never go into the workshop of any great artist again.'

Why should a perfectly respectable pedagogue, on the rungs of whose professorial chair the dust of the years is gathering, feel an unhallowed joy in reading these words, perhaps seen before but forgotten; possibly seen in youth and frowned upon, as a pebble causing one's feet to stumble, to be tossed out of the way in climbing the *via sacra* of scholarship?

Now, the words seemed to set something free, to release something long pent up, long gathering. How many times, in toiling over note and variant,

early reading and later reading, in preparation for the solemn task of teaching poetry to the young, have I felt that way, without confessing it to myself or others! Decorum in academic life must be maintained. Yet, for safety, suppressed feelings must come out, in the gospel according to Freud.

Lamb, as usual, is divinely right. His plea for the joy of reception of a poem in its entirety, for that instant flash of meaning from the soul of the poet to your own, bringing an understanding that no amount of comment or exegesis can secure, touches the very essence of poetry. In truest poetry, vital experience, by the transforming power of the imagination and the music of line, is subtly and directly communicated to the listener: it is alive, quickening the life in him.

In this moment of unauthorized pleasure I realize how heavy has been, and is, the weight of learned volumes, of commentary, exegesis, under which both pedagogue and student must stagger in order to fulfill contemporary academic demands. Month by month and week by week they multiply, tomes, articles, pages upon pages upon the reading of a word or phrase, discussion after discussion upon some minute point of fact, as to the authenticity of a perhaps unimportant fragment, or disputed date — discussions often inspired less by passion for truth than by the bitter joy of proving that some other scholar, in a rival university, is in the wrong.

There is a lost sense of proportion in all this. A poem has, in many cases, become less important than the array of facts about it, genuine, or invented in order to prove an hypothesis. Matthew Arnold, in his assertion that poetry is the greatest illuminator of life, says that this is true partly because religion has been materialized in fact. Has not the time now come when poetry also is being materialized in fact? Too often a highly prized poem is as a precious jewel, buried under a haystack of print. How can one even find it again?

Besides the commentaries on variants and facts of date are lengthy volumes, appearing in this country, wherein the lesser man or woman, in this period in which modern psychology has been let loose upon a stricken world, tries to account for every phase of the process by which a given author's creative act is achieved. Not an assembly of all the phrases he may ever have encountered, paragraphs upon which he may have stumbled through his lifetime, will ever betray his secret. No array of facts, no amount of psychological theory, can interpret that mysterious inner alchemy whereby the stuff of common life is transmuted into gold. Long-drawn-out interpretations of an author's personality in terms of the critic's personality are as the conclusions of the measuring worm regarding the size of the mountain on whose side grows the twig whereon it lives and moves and has its little being. Is there no side of a poet's life experience upon which the modern peeping Toms may not spy? Could we not form an association to protect 'mighty poets in their misery dead' from the horrors of post-mortem psycho-analysis?

From the point of view of mass the output is appalling. If huge tomes, giving an omnium-gatherum of all doc-

uments, important and unimportant, significant and insignificant, that can in any way be associated with an author, increase and multiply, where will it all stop? Our American passion for size shows as clearly here as in the forty-story skyscraper. Must we look forward to a twenty-volume treatise on a line of mediæval verse or a single speech in an Elizabethan drama? In prophetic vision I see the mountain of 'high-pilèd books' without 'character,' shutting out not only the light from the poet's mind, but the very light of the sky.

Did not pure Christianity die by this process, smothered by explanatory words? As the simplicity of its great inner meaning grew less clear, did there not come into being a vast accumulation of commentaries, expositions, vainly trying to expound to the intellect dynamic living truths whose force was less directly felt in the passing of the years?

All this was, and is, a sorry substitute for the 'vital spark of heavenly flame,' enkindling human souls to selfless living. In religion, as in poetry, truth distilled from live experience comes to you in its wholeness; apprehension of its meaning requires the whole of a man — feeling, intellect, all he is. You cannot explain the vital, secret processes by which poetry comes into being any more than you can explain the vital secret processes of Christianity.

In my inmost heart, through all my pedagogic years, I have always known this; therefore it is not at all strange that, in the breeze that comes from these refreshing words of Lamb, I feel at this moment like the dying man in Browning's *Paracelsus* who

. . . Sat up suddenly, and with natural voice
Said that, in spite of thick air and closed doors,
God told him it was June.

Here am I who should at this moment be getting ready for my seminar, given this year for the nineteenth time, who have never failed before any meeting to put in hours of preparation, here am I wantonly wasting precious time writing this confession. Is it a touch of spring?

In this primitive mood of freedom

I shall not even ask myself if I am ungrateful in my attitude toward various tomes, treatises, commentaries, — none of them among these very latest, — from which I, in the course of the years, have acquired much information.

I am as one stricken. Should I resign?

THE CURSE OF LEISURE

BY WALTER HENDERSON GRIMES

I

A MERE business man without a record of great success has little right to the rôle of a prophet. But puzzling questions have arisen so frequently that I have been compelled to peer as far as I can into a rather obscure future, and what I discern has caused me to ask many more questions. Frankly, I do not like what I think I see ahead. I hope I am wrong.

The thing that concerns me particularly is, What are we going to do with our leisure time? Where does our leisure come from? Is our leisure a good thing? What are we headed toward? Are we going ahead or going back?

In my town, which I know better than any other town, there are too many merchants, too many hardware dealers, too many banks, druggists, newspapers, coal dealers, plumbers, painters, carpenters, florists, restaurants, lawyers, garages, filling stations, contractors, blacksmiths, doctors, and far too many unemployed. There are not too many factories, but I shall pass this point for the moment.

This city offers a situation unsurpassed for general manufacturing. That is why we established our factory here. Unskilled and semiskilled labor is available in quantity at very small wages. Women will work for almost nothing. Actually I have been ashamed at the smallness of some of the pay checks I have signed. And yet we have paid all that we could afford, and sometimes more. Our employees are fine people, hard-working, industrious, loyal, resourceful. I like them all and believe that they have a similar feeling for me.

A part of our sales are conducted through brokers, and in my trips I find that they complain there are too many brokers, too many manufacturers, too much production. In despair one broker exclaimed, 'There is too much everything!'

A similar story emanates from jobbing houses. Said one dealer, 'When will you fellows get a little sense and quit flooding the markets?'

And at our trade conventions we talk curtailment of production — which is never accomplished, although everyone

recognizes that somebody has got to quit. Then the professional booster and optimist arises and states, *ex cathedra*, that there is no such thing as overproduction, that what we refer to by that term is really underconsumption. And then we resolve to have a special week each year to be advertised nationally to boost our respective sales.

After that I go home and decide that we must lower costs or die in the attempt. We have cut our labor costs in half without reducing our already small wages. Factory economies have been instituted that have never been heard of before in my experience. Raw materials have been bought with the greatest care. New price sheets have been gotten out based on our improved costs, but we find that our equally harassed competitors have been fired with the same zeal and have done much as we have done.

Everywhere it is the same story: overproduction — or underconsumption, if you prefer the Pollyanna version.

Consider the farm-surplus problem. Is it overproduction or underconsumption? Well, I have never heard of people going hungry in the midst of plenty, and you have n't either. There are too many farmers and they are producing too much. Corn, wheat, hay, hogs, cattle, sheep, eggs, chickens, and all are being produced in quantities which cause prices to be forced down to ruinous figures if they are to be sold at all. Wealth to-day is seldom measured in possessions, as of old, but is regarded as real only when it is measurable in the form of cash in the bank.

II

In the commercial dailies we read nearly every week that we are entering into a period of the most intensive competition we have ever known. But any-

one who is engaged in any kind of business is well aware of the fact that we are not merely entering — we are well into such a period. And why?

Our own experience points to a partial answer. Two years ago it required forty minutes of total pay-roll labor to produce one unit of our goods. Last year we reduced it to thirty minutes, and this year we got it down to twenty and one-half minutes. This we accomplished while still keeping wages at the same rate, but by careful planning and management we were able to produce more goods with the same people at work.

Now I am not so naïve that I think the same brilliant idea has not occurred to every other manufacturer. Others may not have been able to cut labor in half as we have done, but as a rule the saving is accomplished by producing more goods with the same crew at work. This results in an added burden on our sales department, because it must now sell more goods against the competition of every other manufacturer who is producing more goods than previously.

In our business we have come to the appalling situation wherein it costs nearly twice as much to pay for the manpower involved in selling the goods as it does to pay for producing them. If every one of our factory employees would work for nothing, so that our pay roll for productive labor would be absolutely zero, the saving would not be enough to get us into the dividend-paying class. Why? Just because it costs too much to sell goods. Salesmen's salaries, commissions, and expenses are not all of the costs of selling. There are brokers' commissions, advertising costs, demonstrations, free deals, discounts, special discounts, circulars, and what not, till it fairly makes one sick.

I know manufacturers in other lines

well enough to know when they are telling the truth, and they all tell the same story. In contrast to this are the published statements of the enormous earnings of some of the big corporations, and when I read them I take a new lease of life, vowing that we too will get our share. Others are doing it; why not we?

Costs are lowered, but more goods are produced, and inevitably we realize that there really is such a thing as over-production, especially when one produces a commodity as contrasted to a specialty.

Recently the Continental and Commercial National Bank of Chicago published the following paragraph and statistics. The increase of production with less labor is exactly parallel with our own experience, and no doubt was brought about in the same manner.

The efficiency of labor is strikingly indicated by a comparison of the two indexes noted below. Even allowing for capital improvements and better management, the tabulation shows that a marked increase in output has gone along with a reduction in the number of workers employed in manufacturing.

	FEDERAL RESERVE BOARD'S INDEX OF MANUFACTURES (1923-25=100)	BUREAU OF LABOR STATISTICS' INDEX OF EMPLOYMENT IN MANUFACTURING INDUSTRIES (1923=100)
1919.....	84	108.2
1920.....	87	109.9
1921.....	67	85.1
1922.....	87	88.4
1923.....	101	100.0
1924.....	94	90.3
1925.....	105	91.2
1926.....	108	91.8

I should like to know what has become of the labor that has been eliminated. A banker friend said, 'Oh, they are making radios and automobiles, and producing the luxuries of life.' Others have admitted that they do not know.

About six months ago I spent several weeks in a large Eastern city studying production in a big industrial establishment with a view to reducing costs. I found that this plant was running exactly 51 per cent efficient as a producing unit. Because of the layout and inherent peculiarities of the place, there was no chance of eliminating help until other things were accomplished. The loss was due to waste and defective goods that would not pass inspection. The necessary programme of reform was laid out, appropriations secured for proper equipment and repairs, and soon an improvement was noted. By the time I left, the place was up to 60 per cent efficiency, and it has been climbing ever since. A few weeks ago it was in the eighties.

This was all very fine and a source of gratification, but it was accomplished by the production of more goods to sell on an already overloaded market.

At noontime I lunched with the executives of other neighboring factories, and from the inevitable shop talk it developed that two factories were on a five-day week, one was on a three-day week, and another that until this year has enjoyed phenomenal earnings has been operating only eight hours per day, with some departments practically closed, whereas, in the days gone by, it always ran sixteen hours with two shifts.

In each case the answer was over-production. Four of the five concerns were national advertisers.

It seems inevitable that someone has got to quit producing. Are we victims of our own producing efficiency?

III

How does all this relate to the problem of leisure, one may well ask. As I see it, we have reached a point in our ability to produce where only a part of

our population is required to produce all that the rest of the people will purchase. The words 'will purchase' are used advisedly, for it is practically self-evident that the bulk of the population purchases a greater amount of goods than its minimum requirements. Hence, if our purchases were down to bed-rock economy, we could get along on a whole lot less than we now absorb.

For example, I have several pairs of shoes where two pairs would suffice; two overcoats; five suits of clothes; two suits of overalls. I have a big car, yet I really do not need any. Magazines and books come into the house faster than they can be looked at, and I have too much food, as my waistline will testify. We burn more lights than we need and keep the house too warm in winter.

To me it is perfectly clear that the middle-class American buys more than he needs. If the sum total of his purchases were reduced to his actual requirements, the competition in the commercial world would be correspondingly increased.

To hazard a guess as to what per cent of our population above sixteen years of age is required to produce our foods, goods, and so forth, would be rashness for any but a trained economist. However, let us look at the figures just published, and quoted a moment ago, for the year 1926.

The index of manufactures is 108 and the index of employment is 91.8. Dividing 91.8 by 108, we obtain the figure 0.85. Even my untrained mind realizes that the quotient of an index divided by an index is still an index, but I believe that it can be interpreted roughly in terms of producers. Comparing this figure with the corresponding figure for 1923, we can see that approximately fifteen less persons were required to produce 100 units in 1926 than in 1923.

What has become of those fifteen

hypothetical people? Are they out of a job? Common sense tells us no, for if we had 15 per cent unemployment among our producers we should hear about it in every paper. However, there seems to be a substantial proportion of those fifteen persons who are out of work.

If anyone doubts this statement, let him spend a few weeks in the employment department of a manufacturing establishment. It is no place for a tender-hearted man, unless he has a purpose in having his feelings harrowed and his sympathies worked up because of his inability to give work to all who need it, to those who are unhappy and despondent.

Unless we have greater outlets for our goods, certainly it will become more and more apparent that, as our manufacturing efficiency increases, there will be a larger group with too much leisure.

Let no Socialist, Red, or Radical seize on this utterance as justification for sabotage, soldiering, or restriction of output per worker, because, unless a great number of establishments are able to increase their efficiency, they will eventually go into a receivership or out of business, and this will throw still greater numbers of producers out of employment.

Who are these unemployed? What sort of people are they? I do not refer to the unemployed in periods of great depression such as we had in 1907, but to the unemployed in average times. For the most part they are misfits. There is an indefinable something about many of them which tells me at a glance that they are the last persons in the world I would hire and the first ones I would lay off. I call them misfits for lack of a better term, but any employer will recognize the description. Among the men, some are hopeless 'dubs,' some are trouble makers,

some are shift-eyed, some are thugs and 'plug-uglies,' some are dissipated, but many are simply unfortunate or too old. Among the women and girls are found some stupid ones, some so fat that the experienced man knows that their great weight is too much for small feet, some repulsive, some obviously vicious gossips who would disorganize a happy industrial family in a few weeks, others who one knows instinctively are not to be trusted. Then there are the amateur prostitutes seeking an enlarged clientele, but the bulk are unfortunates, which means that the source of their trouble is not so apparent that one can name it instantly.

One man told me he had been looking for work for seven months, and once a veritable female scarecrow said to me, 'Well, I dee-clare. It was easier for me to get a man to marry me than it is to get a job.'

IV

What is the future of those possessed of too much leisure, not as individuals, but as a group?

We have had three shutdowns in my experience, and in our town is another much larger plant that frequently turns nearly everybody loose on the first slackening of orders. The manager, who is a good friend of mine, tells me there is no other way to avoid bankruptcy. Competition has forced its prices down to the point where there is virtually no profit. It swaps dollars, hoping everlastingly for better days. Most of its labor is skilled and semi-skilled. When the lay-off comes, common and semiskilled labor go. The skilled labor is retained.

I have watched with considerable concern these good folk we have laid off, to see how they survive, for I have always felt a moral responsibility for the man who has cast his lot with us.

Those who get along best are those who own or rent small tracts of land, have good gardens, raise chickens, keep a cow or two and perhaps a pig. One of my former employees has five acres, and this possession renders him absolutely independent for long periods of time.

Those who do not 'get by' are more of the city type, who must buy everything that they consume. The grocer carries them a few weeks, finally cuts off their credit, and they drift away, seldom to return. Of course the grocer loses his money.

The present tendency toward decentralized manufacturing, as practised by the Ford Motor Company and a few others, is a step toward taking advantage of a situation where labor is not dependent on its daily wage for existence. If a shutdown must come, it is not such a hardship for all concerned; those laid off can exist for considerable periods without becoming debt-ridden, and they do not drift away as rapidly as they do in the cities.

My experience in city and country manufacturing leads me to prefer the latter every time, except where highly skilled labor is required in quantity. A worker who has been a farmer is the most resourceful person one can find, because the long years of isolation have developed a self-dependence unequaled in any other group. To one who has had opportunity such as I have had to observe both city and country manufacturing the contrast is astonishing, and labor costs are 50 per cent less in the country than in the city.

However, the worker who is self-sufficient, who produces most of his living, except perhaps shoes and clothing, and frequently has something to sell besides the labor for which he has been hired, is not the potential consumer as is the city type of worker, who must buy everything.

Further evidences of the drift toward the utilization of the self-sufficient type of employee are frequently visible. It is apparently brought about by competition, but from it a vicious circle of events may result. Whenever a family or person develops a less highly specialized form of living and does more for itself, it will buy less from others. Manufacturers, shopkeepers, and farmers will alike share in the reduced market, and competition for the remaining trade will be heightened. Efficiency will increase; it must increase under such competition. The production per worker will increase, but there will be still more leisure available for those who do not want it.

Without the intervention of outside forces, such as enlarged foreign demand, wars, or wholesale destruction of producers, I foresee the gradual but considerable development of two sorts of what might be called peasantry. The buying power of both groups will be somewhat limited. The first group I think of as that of the industrial peasant, who is well fitted to survive. This is the group who work in industry when possible, but take their living off the very small tracts of land. They are self-sufficient and independent. Perhaps we should call them country gentlemen, but they are not true farmers. They produce for their own needs and sell only a part of their labor. As a potential market they are not a large factor.

The second group, which I shall term the true peasants, are those who cannot make a go of life in any place independently and whose struggle is for existence itself. The misfits who seldom get a job may go back to the land, if they ever came from there. They cannot exist in town, they are incapable of handling farms. What can they do? In Europe they are usually peasants or retainers, working for five to ten dollars

per month and a place to live. Many of them spend their entire lives in that fashion.

A distinguished European told me last month that his greatest surprise on coming to this country was to hear all the talk about getting ahead, whereas in his native land fully half the population were satisfied if they had shelter and enough to eat. It is hardly possible that America will ever come to such a situation, but the conclusion is inevitable that there are forces at work that tend in that direction.

The downfall of civilization predicted by the world-famous prophets of gloom may or may not come about. If it does occur, it will probably take the following order. One by one the weaker members of our industrial units will be forced out of existence, and those persons previously engaged in such enterprises will seek employment elsewhere. A larger proportion of the people will become more and more self-sufficient by reversion to a less specialized form of life. Those who cannot adapt themselves will attach themselves as retainers or peasants, as they do in Europe today, to larger landowners and live on next to nothing, or they will be public dependents.

Even as the saturation point in the automobile industry will be first found in the used-car market, so in life it will be found in the discarded individual and the empty factory.

As I said in the beginning, I hope that I am wrong. It would give me a real sense of satisfaction to have every point refuted beyond the possibility of a doubt. For once in my life I should like to be shown that I am absolutely and hopelessly in error. These are, however, not the reflections of a moment only, and they have been discussed with men in many walks of life. Very few disagree with me, but still I hope I am wrong.

BUTTIN' BLOOD

BY PERNET PATTERSON

I

THE canvas-covered tobacco wagon had been jolting over the frozen track of Little North Road since before dawn. On the seat huddled two small figures, almost submerged in a welter of old quilts. Silent they sat, swaying instinctively to the pitch and roll of the wagon, as the steel tires climbed screechingly from rut to rut.

The larger, a white boy, held the sagging reins loosely in one hand, allowing the mules their own way. His eyes were fixed abstractedly on the road ahead; his shoulders bowed, as if under weighty responsibilities.

The clink of the breast chains, in soft accompaniment to the *clack-clack* of the mules' shoes on the frozen ground, and the rumble and creak of the heavily loaded wagon came vaguely to him as homely, comforting sounds, in the deserted stillness of early morning. And the intimate mellow-peach fragrance of Virginia sun-cured tobacco, together with the everyday mule-and-harness smell, drifted over him comfortingly, too.

With a sigh, he roused from his reverie and quickened the lagging team. Glancing at the small head resting on his shoulder, muffled in an old slouch hat brought down about the ears with a fragment of blanket, his face softened into a whimsical smile. With a vigorous shrug, he shouted:—

'Wake up, Nubbin! Sun's up, nigger!'

The little form straightened with a

start. An ashy-black hand came out from the chaos of covers and pulled off the headpiece. Slowly he rubbed his face, scratched his head, and rolled his big eyes at his companion.

'Huccome you "niggah" me?' he demanded, frowning. 'I got big graveyard in de woods full o' white boys what call me "niggah."'

The white boy threw back his head and laughed; then, turning suddenly, with an explosive 'Baa!' butted his coonskin cap roundly against the black ear.

'Ba-a! Phut! Phut!' went the little ducky, jumping from the seat; and, bridling like an angry goat, sent his bullet head thump against the white boy's ribs.

'Ouch! I give up! I give up!' capitulated the latter.

'You ain' gwine call me "niggah" no mo'?'

'No! No!' acceded the white boy, shrinking into his corner. 'Cross my heart—and double cross,' and his mittened hand made youth's inviolable sign of the double cross.

'Dat's mo' like hit—an' you 'member hit too, Luther Patten,' grinned the negro. With a final admonitory 'Baa!' and a half-dancing shuffle of his big-shod feet on the wagon bottom, he dived to the seat and snatched the quilts about him.

'Huccome you don' git col' like me? Huccome don' no white folks git col' like niggah?' he asked querulously.

Luther smiled at the forbidden word; but of course it carried a vastly

different meaning when used by Nubbin's race—an intangible, shadowy difference to the white mind, but to the black a difference as clear-cut as a cameo.

He answered with an imitative question:—

'Huccome nig — colored folks' heads harder than white folks'?' Wrinkling his brow, he pondered, 'I rully do wonder what makes yo' head so tough. Don't it hurt you, Nub, buttin' ol' calves and things? Just buttin' a pile of bags hurts me somep'n awful. I don't reckon,' he continued resignedly, 'I ever will be a butter. But,' he added, brightening, 'I can drive tobacco to Richmond—that's more'n you can do.'

'Hunh!' disparaged Nubbin. 'Drivin' ol' 'bacca down ain' nothin', but buttin' is buttin'.'

Pausing, he continued as if in soliloquy: 'But I ain' no buttah a-tall. You des oughter seen my gran'pa. He war de buttin'es' one in de county—in de whole worl', I reckon. He kill hese'f buttin'—'

'Killed himself buttin'!'

'Yeah. A white man offer 'im two dollah ef he butt de sto' do'. Well, de wo'd was n't more'n ousen he mouf 'fo' gran'pa had back hese'f back, an' wid a shake er he haid 'way he went, buckin' an' jumpin', scerse touchin' de groun'; an' when putty nigh de do' he give a "Baa!" an' des nachully sailed th'u de air, an'—blam! He hit it, an' went clear th'u it, mon, up to he shoulders.

'Dey had a hard time gittin' 'im out, an' de man put de two dollah in he han', an' say he war de buttin'es' niggah in de county; but gran'pa des give one puny "Baa" an' pass out, right dar. De hole stay in de do' fo' fifty—fo' hund'ed year; an' 't would be dar yit ef de sto' had n't bu'ned. I reckon I got buttin' blood.'

Luther sat musing, without comment.

After a silence, Nubbin continued prophetically, 'One dese days I gwin be de buttin'es' niggah in Louis County—maybe in de whole worl'.'

He added the last words softly, as if almost afraid to utter a vision so overpowering. Sighing, he pulled the quilts to his chin, squirmed closer to Luther, and drifted into reverie. No word broke the silence, as the wagon rocked on down Little North Road.

Suddenly Nubbin exclaimed, 'D'a Jesus! Look who heah!'

Abreast of the wagon, just out of sight, trotted a diminutive black-and-white beagle. With his mouth lolling in a satisfied grin, he jogged placidly along, seemingly intent on his own affairs.

'Git! Git home, you ol' sneaker 'fore I tan you!' yelled Luther, hurrying to dismount.

But the short stubby legs of the hound had suddenly developed surprising speed. Before either boy could find a loose clod in the roadway, the dog was facing his enemies well out of range. Slowly he sank to his haunches, head cocked to one side questioningly. A barrage of frozen clods forced him to dive into the thick woods, where he vanished.

The victors meandered back toward the wagon. They skipped, galloped and pushed each other into ruts. Nubbin, in his cracked man's shoes that seemed merely to dangle on his small splay feet, half shuffled, half waltzed, a man's big sack coat flopping grotesquely about his knees, the long sleeves completely hiding his hands.

Suddenly he became a buzzard. Holding his arms out rigidly, the sleeve ends dangling like broken pinions, he sailed and circled, swooped and banked down the road. Another, less natural buzzard materialized behind the first, following its track, reproducing its every movement. The

uzzards came up to the wagon with such a grandiose sweep that the drooping mules were startled from their dozing.

Jolting along again, the boys chuckled and giggled. They certainly had cared 'at ol' Spot dog. Guess he was some by now. But wa'n't he some kind of a rabbit dog, though! And id n't he have sense? And he was a nice ol' dog. A hundred dollars — no, ten hundred dollars would n't buy 'at ol' Spot. No sir-re-e!

II

As the morning wore on, Nubbin's imagination began to picture the contents of the big lunch basket under the seat. Frequently he wiped his lips, but they would not stay dry. Feeling that he had reached the limit of all human endurance, he leaned far over the dashboard and carefully scrutinized the sun.

'Unhu-n-h! Gittin' close tow'ds dinner time,' he asserted.

Luther cut a mischievous eye at him: 'You're crazy! 'Tain' 'leven yet. Don't guess we'll eat till we get to Coleman's store.'

Frowningly, Nubbin expostulated: 'You nevah could tell time by de sun — an' you know hit.'

The argument was waxing vehement when a man on horseback drew up to inquire after Mr. Patten. Luther was much obliged to Mr. Thorpe: Yes, his father was a lot better, but a broken leg was a tedious thing. Yes, sir, they were taking the tobacco down. Yes, Luther knew the roads — he'd been down before with his father. Anyway, they hoped to pick up other wagons after they turned into the Big Road — at least find them about sundown at the Deep Run Camping Ground.

'Well, you're a pretty spunky boy, taking the tobacco down with just

that little nigger. Yo' pa ought to be proud of you,' praised the man.

Luther flushed, but belittled the undertaking. Nubbin rolled his eyes at the white man.

Thorpe asked if Luther was n't afraid he'd lose his dog in the big town.

'Dog?' asked the boy in surprise. 'What dog?'

'Ain't that yo' lil hound under the wagon?'

With a flurry of quilts the boys were out on the ground. Slowly wagging his drooping tail, Spot looked up beseechingly from under his lids, and, rolling gently over on his back, held up his front paws, crooked at the joints like little hands.

'Now ain't dat de beatin'es!' Nubbin exclaimed, mouth spreading in a wide grin. "'Tain' no use whup 'im now,' he interposed hastily, as Luther flourished the whip. 'He too fur fo' drive 'im home.'

'The nigger is right, Luther; you'll have to take him along,' chuckled Thorpe.

'Oh, darn the ol' dog!' exclaimed Luther. He sprang to the seat and started the team so abruptly that the little negro was caught with one leg over the dashboard. Scrambling in, glaring white-eyed at his partner, he tucked the covers about himself in silence.

Finally Luther drew in the team beside a small brook, and ordered Nubbin to unhitch and water, while he built a fire. With the coffeepot steaming away, and the heaping lunch basket before him, Luther's irritation melted. Nubbin, happy at his friend's softening mood, and utterly unable to watch quietly the arrangement of the mouth-watering buttered biscuits, spareribs, sausage, and apple puffs, shuffle-stepped in circles and, patting his hands, eyes half closed, sang softly in jig tempo:—

'Sif' de meal an' gi' me de hus',
 Bake de bread an' gi' me de crus',
 Ho mart de Juba, Juba.
 Juba dis an' Juba dat,
 Eat de lean an' leave de fat,
 Ho mart de Juba.'

Spot was in the near background, keeping one eye on the basket, the other alert for any wild thing he might nose out of the brush piles. Suddenly a rabbit jumped from under his very feet! The basket was forgotten, the boys' yelling commands unheeded. Fainter and fainter grew the dog's yaps, as the rabbit lured him on into the tangles of the deep woods.

With intermittent discussion of rabbit dogs in general, — but particularly of ol' Spot and his qualities, — biscuits, sausage, and puffs disappeared with alarming rapidity. Nubbin's jaws stopped working only after Luther had tied tight the basket cover cloth.

The boys' prolonged calls and shrill whistles brought no Spot. Though thoroughly anxious, they could wait no longer. As it was, the sun would be low before they reached Deep Run Camp.

Both were silent as the wagon rolled down the long hill behind the trotting mules. Time must be made up on every down grade now.

At the foot of the hill, a small black-and-white animal slipped out of the woods ahead of the team and, giving one self-assuring glance toward the wagon, trotted unconcernedly down the middle of the road toward Richmond.

'Look!' exclaimed Luther.

Nubbin chuckled. 'Dat ol' dog!' he said admiringly. 'Ain't he de beatin'es?'

The other boy chuckled, too: 'Ain't he some kind o' smart ol' dog, though!'

The wagon lurched on, and finally turned into the Big Road. Surely there should be other wagons now! But

none were in sight. Perhaps they' come up with one at the Forks. Gazing down the long, deserted road, Luther's thoughts insistently turned to depressing possibilities. Suppose there were no wagons at the camp? His back crept. Deep Run was so ha'nty in late evening — with its black creek, winding like a monstrous snake into the blacker depths of the slash. And Nubbin was n't much comfort — he was too scary. They must hurry on.

Evening approached, and still no wagons. Of all the tobacco that must be going down, why could n't they pick up one single wagon? Both boys tried valiantly to keep the talk going, but after each fresh effort the period of silence grew longer.

The sun was down before they became aware of it. The world went suddenly all dusky and fearsome. Luther was glad to feel Nubbin snuggling close to him again. He thought they should be close to Deep Run, but was n't sure. He whipped up the jaded mules.

The way grew unfamiliar as darkness settled over the road. The wagon seemed only to creep.

Nubbin shuddered: 'Tis gittin' so dark! Le's stop heah 'fo' we git in any mo' ol' black woods.'

'Oh, we pretty near there now!' encouraged Luther. 'T won' be no time 'fore we see a fire,' but his voice trembled slightly.

He was tired — so tired with responsibility — and the mules were tired. Was it maybe three, or four miles yet to Deep Run Hill? Persistently he beat away the thought that the camp ground might be vacant. The thing was to reach it!

Then, pulling up a grade that seemed interminable, the off mule fell to his knees.

'Oh, Jesus!' whimpered Nubbin. 'Oh, Rock down! We can' go no fudder.' He began to sob.

But Rock regained his feet and the wagon strained on again.

'You shut up, you ol' cry-baby!' admonished Luther scathingly. 'I bet I won't bring any more ol' cry-babies with me!'

'Oh, I's so skeered! Hit all . . . so dark . . . an' skeery. . . . Oh, please! Le's stop . . . an' buil' a fiah . . . Luther . . . please. . . .' The little black head went suddenly under the quilts and down on Luther's lap, the little arms grasping Luther's leg.

Suddenly the team quickened its pace, the wagon rolled more easily. The seat slanted forward and the mules broke into a tired jog-trot.

'Man, we're here! We're on the big hill!' Luther shouted.

They tossed down the slope, Nubbin holding fast to Luther. Then Rock tickered, and a flickering light showed ahead.

Big Buck Smith, the boys' idea of a veritable paragon of a tobacco man, welcomed Luther, and the roaring fire welcomed Nubbin. Buck's frank, bluff praise embarrassed Luther almost to speechlessness:—

'So you an' the little nigger jus' set out to carry the Ol' Man's 'bacca down, did you? Well, now, ain't that the beatin'es'!' and he slapped Luther so fearishly on the back that the boy swallowed his breath. 'Well, you jus'oller ol' Buck; he'll p'int you down — t-rollin', and he bellowed such a loud, assured guffaw that Luther felt the Devil himself could n't scare him now. Nubbin's white teeth glistened bravely across the fire.

Luther was treated almost as a man; and he swaggered a little as he spoke knowingly of the roads, the weather, and the color of this year's crop 'up our way.' Nubbin swaggered too — silently, in reflected glory, as he strutted and swaggered, ordering Spot hither and yon, to the little hound's great discomfort.

Buck even passed his plug of tobacco over to Luther.

'Don't believe I'll chew right now,' he declined casually. 'Maybe I'll take a bite later on.'

Nubbin looked at him so searchingly that his eyes fell.

After the cheering supper about the big fire, his last bone sucked, Nubbin rubbed his face well over with the pork grease on his hands and, rinsing them thoroughly in the residue, cocked his old hat more assuredly and drew forth a small battered harmonica. Softly, tentatively, he sounded a chord or two. Buck looked up. Could the nigger play anything?

'Play anything!' bristled Luther. 'Why, he can make a ol' harp fairly talk, man. Play 'im "Nelly Gray," Nub.'

Lovingly the little ducky's hands wrapped themselves about the harmonica; slowly his eyes closed; gently his big shoes began patting a subdued accompaniment, as the strains of the old ballad rose softly, then swelled into the double-tonguing roll of the born master. Through 'Minstick Town,' 'The Bob-tailed Nag,' through ballad and reel, breakdown and jig, moaned and laughed the battered harmonica.

Without pause it swept into the finale, the time-honored air of the tobacco trains, the men humming the chorus:—

'Car' my 'bacca down,
Car' my 'bacca down,
Car'y it down Richmon' town,
Car' my 'bacca down.'

'Nigger, you sho' can play!' exclaimed Buck, as they rose to go to their wagons. 'But a player like you oughter have a good harp — a big one. Maybe,' and his eyes twinkled, 'Santa Claus will bring you a new one.' Then, turning to Luther, he laughingly added, 'I'll bet that nigger is no 'count for nothin' else.'

Luther seemed puzzled for a moment, then burst forth proudly: 'He can butt.'

The men roared with laughter. Buck gave him another of his bear slaps.

'That's all right,' bridled the embarrassed boy, climbing into his wagon. 'You jus' wait'll you see him butt sometime! He's *full o'* buttin' blood.'

Cuddled together, wrapped and rewrapped in quilts, the boys nested upon the soft tobacco in the shallow space under the canvas top, and soon droned themselves to sleep.

III

Luther's wagon was second in the little train that crawled slowly into the Big Road next morning as the sun began lightening the shadows of Deep Run Hollow.

First was Buck Smith's big four-mule team: rugged, powerful animals that could, hour by hour, eat up the miles with four thousand pounds of sun-cured behind them in the scow-shaped, handmade wagon of hickory and white oak. The oval canvas top, in natural accord with the rising bow and stern of the body, was more sway-backed, more rakish than the others. Big bundles of fodder bulged under the rope on the rumble behind; buckets swung underneath; a smutty fry-pan and coffeepot and a bright axe and lantern rested in their slots and hooks. Red, brass-mounted cow-tail tassels swayed and sparkled from the headstalls of the big mules, who, even under heavy strain, tossed their heads proudly. A small bronze bell tinkled comfortingly from the hames of each leader — leaders who by mere word of command, even mere inflection of tone, would steer the ponderous wagon as easily and surely as a fur-gloved horseman could guide his pair of trotters.

'Some kind er ol' team!' murmured Nubbin, overpowered by admiration.

Awaking sharp echoes from the woods and hollows, the little train filed rumblingly down the Big Road. Gradually other wagons joined the column, one dawdling at a country store; another waiting at a crossroad; another, warned by the tinkling bell, hurrying in a trot down a deep-cut side road. Wagons of all shapes and sizes, carrying the tobacco down. Wagons thoroughly red from tire top, as if painted, from the limit of the sun-cured belt; others yellow with the mud from Green Spring country; one blackened with the loam of Locust Creek; another from the sandy river flats of the South Anna — even a pariah of a produce wagon, with its butter and eggs. A giant serpent of wagons slowly winding its way down the road to Richmond.

And men! Black, and yellow, and white men! Old and young men, who yelled one to another above the rumble of the wagons. And a sprinkling of boys, a favored few, bound on a glorious sight-seeing orgy. Many would be the Munchausen tales carried back to their less fortunate brothers. Lo, the schools, churchyards, and tobacco barns would be stirred to their amazing depths ere spring ploughing began.

Luther's team held its place by dint of both boys walking. Sometimes, on the long steep hills, they became fearful as the gap widened between them and the big team; but Buck would wait at the top to blow his heavy mules.

Hours of plodding; then dinner break at Great Stony Creek! Coffeepots clattered and axes rung. A line of little fires soon puffed their smoke aloft, like signals. Luther and Nubbin toasted biscuits and sausage; absorbed tobacco talk; made friends with new boys who came up in diffident admiration.

to see these young paladins who could take the 'bacca down. The boys were sorry when Buck called, 'Hook up, men, I'm a-goin'!'

By mid-afternoon the men were tired from miles of walking to ease their fagging teams. Luther would long ago have ridden but for his pride; Nubbin would have brazenly mounted, pride or no pride, but for Luther.

At one of his halts on a hilltop Buck called and beckoned Luther; Nubbin followed closely as his partner joined the big man in front of the team. Pointing to a smoky haze in the east, Buck grinned delightedly: 'Thar she is, boys! Richmond! We'll be in 'fore sundown.'

The road grew smoother — Nubbin marveled at its smoothness. He marveled, too, at the sudden change in the men. Their plodding steps had become youthful; their seats in the saddle firmer on the wagon more jaunty; their voices brighter. Even the teams were affected with the change. Their step grew more lively; they even broke into occasional trots.

Soon all the men mounted. Nubbin was relieved beyond words, as he jumped to the wagon. Luther resented his not entering into the spirit of their approach to Richmond, but perhaps he was just tired out.

Presently Nubbin asked, 'Ain't hit our'ble skeery, wid all dat ol' smoke an' all dem ol' big houses, an' folks, an' things? What do hit look like — exactly?'

Luther could n't explain exactly what it was like; but it was powerful big, and everybody was hustling, and big policemen in funny hats watched you. Nubbin shuddered and, inching nearer the white boy, relapsed into silence.

At last the city! The first outlying balloon! — planted there to catch the wagon trade. Most of the train pulled

to the side and stopped — a dram at Reiley's was almost a ritual. The wagons strung out like a fleet of rusty ships at anchor. The few people on the cinder sidewalks stared with interest. Tobacco was sure coming down!

'Is dis de great Richmon'?' inquired Nubbin, with a vague mixture of relief and disappointment.

Luther sniffed. Pshaw! The unpaved streets and sparse buildings of this outlying section were nothing! Just let Nubbin wait! The sights downtown would pop his eyes out. Why, they scared even Luther — at first.

Nubbin wished they were safely in Captain John's high-walled yard, which he had heard so much about — a yard where there would be lots of wagons and lots of men, but country wagons and country men.

The laughing drivers yelled or slapped one another good-bye, for here the train split up into sections — some for Captain John Hundson's, some for Shockoe, some for Shelburn's — for any one of a half-dozen sales warehouses.

Going downtown, Nubbin made not a single comment on the sights which Luther pointed out, nor a single reply to his banter. He kept his head over the side of the wagon, occasionally catching his breath audibly. As they turned into Governor Street the electric lights went on. Nubbin flinched and looked at Luther questioningly. Why, the light was almost as bright as the sun — you could n't look straight at it!

The wagons rolled in a clatter down the ancient cobbled hill of Governor Street, back of the Governor's Mansion, the men lolling jauntily in their saddles or sitting in the wagons with knees acock, hats turned back. The mules were almost galloping.

Buck Smith gave a loud whoop, and in his deep voice imitated a fox horn's

Toot-te-toot-to-to-o-ot! A door slammed in a house on the corner, a window went up; women were on the porch, at the windows, waving. Luther thought he heard a shrill voice cry, 'O you 'bacca boys! T'night!' He wondered why Buck acted so foolishly, made so much noise; why the women came out in the cold, half dressed.

With utter nonchalance, Buck swung the four big mules and the heavy wagon downhill, around corners, through narrow streets, as calmly and with as little effort as a woman takes a stitch. Lounging in the saddle, he ordered his chariot by easy word or slight check of the leader line.

Luther was frightened. His arms were cramped, his teeth set. Nubbin huddled in the foot of the wagon, openly sobbing and praying. Spot, jolted off the seat, yelped in abject terror.

At last, with a swoop and a swing, Buck's long wagon rolled accurately through the centre of the big gate into the wagon yard of Captain John Hundson's warehouse. Luther, breathing relief, guided his team through after Buck.

Darkness came quickly down upon the night camp in the wagon yard. Red fires grew, vague forms, like misty giants, loomed and vanished again. Nubbin felt an eerie strangeness in it all. Even Luther was glad to join Buck Smith by his fire. But the cheerful champ of teams and laughter of men, the flash of bright tin cups and the clink of pots and pans, the aroma of boiling coffee and sizzling spareribs, soon lifted them and thrilled them with the all-pervasive, buoyant spirit of the occasion. Was n't to-morrow the long-thought-of day of sight-seeing, of swaggering about the lower town with a pocketful of money, and of reunion, with toddies and gossip? Was n't the 'bacca down?

After supper, with the pipe smoke rising in the frosty night air, the *plunk plunk* of a banjo came from the far side of the yard, where the negro drivers had instinctively herded together. Buck Smith yelled over that there were three fingers of rye to swap for song.

The banjo awoke, and quickened to a run of chords. Then a black smooth baritone began singing:—

'Road it mighty muddy,
Way it mighty long,
But a-soon I'll git my toddy,
Fo' de mule he mighty strong.

'Wo'kin' all de summah,
Like niggah in de fiel',
Jes' to git some money
Fo' city folks to steal.

'Car' my 'ba-ac-ca down,
Car' my 'ba-ac-ca down,
Car'y it down Richmon' town,
Car' my 'bacca down.'

IV

After their tobacco had been unloaded next morning, the boys strolled through the warehouse. With shoulders bent and hands clasped behind them, with jaws working, they passed up and down the long aisles between the piled flat baskets; two of a long line of men, walking and acting one like another; pulling out bundles to bury their noses deep in the peachy smell spreading open the mahogany and chocolate leaves to note their color and feel; pinching off a piece here and there to roll it on their tongues.

The negro boy aped Luther's every action—even to pretending to taste samples. Both frequently spat brown licorice juice, like amber. Spot walked bow-leggedly behind, sniffing at the baskets and sneezing often.

Wandering into a storage wing, they were accosted by a thick-chested black hogshead-roller, his pig eyes taking in

the small hound. 'White boy,' he said threateningly, 'ef you wants dat pocket-size dog evah see home ag'in, you bettah lock him in de Cap'n's safe.'

Spot growled.

'Oh, you's a fighter, is you? You wait, I gi'e you somep'n t' fight.'

Laughing nastily, the big negro slouched away.

'What de mattah wid him?' questioned Nubbin apprehensively.

'I don' know,' replied Luther, his face flushed, 'but he better not be tryin' to bully men around here. I'll — I'll — I bet he'd be sorry if Cap'n John heard 'bout it.'

Just then there was a flurry at the end of the warehouse — Captain John had come!

Captain John, red of face, debonair, military, the idol of his customers, and their best friend!

His arm about Luther's proud shoulder, one of his new dimes in Nubbin's pocket, he ambled beamingly down the aisles, shaking friendly hands, slapping friendly backs.

Luther's tobacco would be sold first! Yes, sir! The son of the Captain's old friend should get his check first and be free to enjoy the day. And the Captain wanted the buyers to bid the limit on this boy's tobacco; he'd brought it down alone, with only a little nigger — and there was no better tobacco grown in Virginia.

Captain John had a way with him, and when Luther's tobacco had been sold the boys were jubilant. The top price for sun-cured, the auctioneer had said! Would n't the home folks be tickled!

Did any fellers ever have such a trip — such a time! Chattering, whistling, they skipped arm in arm across the cobbled yard to feed the mules.

Luther must go over his mother's list

before the exploration of Main Street began. They perched themselves in the warming sun on the edge of a platform projecting from the far door in the unused wing of the warehouse, while Luther sedulously checked the items with a smudgy pencil stub. Nubbin was swinging his heels impatiently against the timbers. Spot was sniffing about in front, looking for stray bones.

Softly, very softly, unheard by the boys, the door behind them slid back. The small-eyed, ugly black face of the hogshead-roller leered out for a moment, then furtively drew back. A peculiar scratching sound, like animal claws on a wood floor, came from within. Spot suddenly froze, head cocked aside, one forefoot raised. Nubbin half whirled about and looked over his shoulder.

A huge brindle dog filled the open doorway. Slowly his powerful head swung, slowly his vicious red eyes shifted from the boys to the poised figure of the little hound just beyond. A bullying growl issued from his throat.

With a terrified yell, Nubbin rolled desperately over backward to the far corner of the platform; squealing, Spot darted for Luther's feet. The brindle dog snarled and charged.

Luther felt the blunt, heavy weight of the grotesque body as it struck him a slanting blow. Bowled over, he lay a moment confused and terrified. But the distressed muffled yelps of the little hound electrified him.

'Get a stick! Hit 'im, Nub — kill 'im!' he screamed. Running and dodging fruitlessly about the entangled dogs, he looked for a board, a stone, any weapon with which to drive off the bully, while he yelled boyish oaths and sobbed with fear and rage. He pawed at a protruding cobblestone which would not come free. Then a choking

gurgle from Spot sent a shiver of fury through him.

Desperately he jumped at the brindle and swung his heavy-soled brogan into the dog's ribs. Once, twice, he kicked with all the power of his reckless fury, sobbing, mouthing: 'Le' 'im go! Le' 'im go! You ol' heller! I'll kill you! I'll . . . kick . . . yo' ol' . . . heart . . .'

With a snarl the mongrel whirled from the little dog and struck at Luther's leg. Before the boy could move, quick as a snake, the brute recovered and sprang for his throat.

Instinctively Luther stiffened and threw up a guarding arm, but he was staggered by the heavy dog's impact. Stumbling, borne backward, trying in vain to keep his feet, he screamed in terror, as the beast's hot breath came in his face and he felt himself tottering, going down, under those terrible teeth.

The little darky had been dancing up and down as if stung with hornets, his clenched fists beating the air, his lips stretched from his teeth in a tear-streaked grimace of horror, his shrill voice screaming:—

'He'p! He'p! Run heah, somebody! Run heah! . . .'

When he saw the brindle bring down his partner against the brick wall, he made a spring as if starting to his assistance. But the prospect of facing those savage fangs was too much for him. Holding up his ragged arms in supplication, he shrieked: 'O Gawd! O Jesus! Have mercy! He killin' 'im. . . .'

A cry from Luther of 'Help, Nub, hel-l-p!' reached a new spring in his consciousness. Fear, dreadful fear, had held him; but the appeal in extremity from his friend, his own Luther, snapped the leash. The blood of the Congo, the spirit of lion-hunting forbears, — and a butting grandsire, — quickened like

magic within his little body, within his soul. He went berserk.

With a sobbing snarl he threw his hat viciously to the floor, and sprang jumping, bouncing down the platform. Bleating an instinctive sharp 'Baa!' his slim body left the edge of the platform, and, like a tattered arrow, shot through the ten feet of space — straight for the brindle's head. Against that head struck the crown of a negro of buttin' blood — small, but of famous lineage; the grandson, indeed, of the buttin'es' niggah in de county.

V

When Nubbin came up out of the blackness of long oblivion, he thought he must be in Heaven. Before his tired eyelids could lift, he seemed to hear a voice in the far distance say: 'He's th' — buttin'es' — nigger — in — th' — world.'

It must be Heaven! On opening his eyes he was sure of it: a long-white-whiskered, white-haired old gentleman was pressing his head.

'Gabr'el!' he thought. 'Rammin' home de golden crown!' But the crownin' hurt terribly.

'Hit's too tight! Too tight!' he moaned, closing his eyes.

'Lie still, son! I'll soon be through.'

He felt a sharp prick in his arm. Gabriel was trying to hurt him.

Dimly, amid much talk, he heard a tearful young voice, a voice that sounded like that of his beloved earthly partner. Luther was in Heaven with him! That was good!

'Doctor, is he dyin'?'

'Dying nothing! When the hypodermic takes effect I'll finish stitching his head and strap up that shoulder. . . .'

What funny talk for angels! But of course Heaven was a funny place. Anyway, he could take a nap — Luther was there.

When his eyes opened to full consciousness, they glanced about the walls. Big railroad calendars, a long black stovepipe, and an old buggy harness did not seem appropriate decorations for the walls of Heaven. Trying to turn over, he cried out.

'Does it hurt so bad, Nub?' asked an entirely earthly voice.

'Who dat?' he questioned feebly.

'It's me — Luther.'

Rising, the white boy leaned over the figure mummied in shoulder and head bandages. 'You feelin' better?' he asked, stroking the black paw.

'You talks natchul,' Nubbin remarked doubtfully.

'Why should n't I? That ol' dog jus' chewed my overcoat collar. He hardly scratched my throat. But if it had n't been for you,' his voice broke, 'I reckon — I'd been — mos' killed.'

Nubbin's eyes were drawn back to the old harness.

'Den dis heah ain' . . .' he began, but his question was interrupted by a hot, black nose against his cheek. With an effort, he looked into the face of what resembled a blear-eyed, disreputable old man with a soiled stock about his neck.

Smiling faintly, he asked, 'He hu't much?'

No, Spot was n't dangerously hurt, but there was a bad gash in his neck, which Luther had bandaged.

Captain John, Buck Smith, and a dozen others came admiringly into the room.

Buck Smith stood beside the boy's cot and, leaning over, closed the slender black fingers about a narrow red-and-gold box from whose elaborate decorations stood out the words: 'Full-Concert Harmonica.'

Turning from the pinched face to the crowd, he said:—

'Men, thar lays the buttin'es' little nigger in the world.'

Slowly Nubbin seemed to awaken to the reality of his own familiar world, to the actual meaning and significance of those precious words. His eyes opened wide; they rolled from Buck Smith to the nodding men, then back to Buck.

He moistened his lips; his little hand squeezed tight on the new harp. Then, slowly, like sunrise, a beatific smile lighted his ashy face. He sighed, as if unloading a great burden, and, closing his eyes, murmured:—

'Yas, suh, I got buttin' blood.'

A DAUGHTER OF HAWTHORNE

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE

I

My sister Rose, last-born of Nathaniel Hawthorne's three children, lived seventy-five years; nearly two thirds of that span passed in the seclusion of her own family; the remainder, emerging to unsought distinction in the love and honor of many. The latter part of such a career arouses interest in its beginnings; and, since I am now the only surviving person qualified to portray her earlier phase, I feel myself under a certain obligation to attempt this sketch of my sister's infancy and girlhood.

No one familiar with her as a girl could have foreseen what her maturity was to be; the change was abrupt and strange. Conditions for the departure were no doubt present, but hidden — even perhaps from herself. Yet her close may have revealed her true nature more accurately than did her youth: the chemistry of growth is occult.

She was born in May 1851, in Lenox, on the Berkshire hills: a child of Spring, and Spring never perished from her nature. She was hearty, vigorous, and impetuous, blue-eyed and rosy, with the auburn hair of that temperament. 'A bright and healthy child,' wrote her father, two months after her birth, 'and neither more nor less handsome than babies generally are. I think I feel more interested in her than I did in the other children at the same age, from the consideration that she is to be the daughter of my age — the comfort (at least so it is to be hoped) of my declining years.' He was forty-seven, and was

to die when Rose was in her thirteenth year.

She took her stand at once as a personage of dignity and importance: she was aggressive, quick-tempered, joyous, and confident. A breeze of purpose went with her; she was passionately affectionate, but independent; imperious, but generous. Her disappointments and indignations were frequent, but she could never be long dejected; she felt the richness of the world, and her thirst for high adventure would not be balked. She saw love in the faces of those about her, and supposed that earth and air were made of nothing else, and that it was her birthright.

She came at a happy hour of the family fortunes, after *The Scarlet Letter* had made its mark and the drab life in Salem could be exchanged for the freedom of the hills. Rose's petals expanded in the breezy sunshine; sky, mountain, lake, and forest were her familiars; good angels had been her godmothers. Her father, in a happy vein, forthwith wrote *The Wonder-Book* and *Tanglewood Tales*; and all went well. After two years the family removed to Concord, and thence to England, where, and on the Continent, seven more years were to pass. Rose at fourteen, though never outside the family circle, had seen more of the world than had most of her age — England, France, Italy, Portugal, and Madeira; had even, at Lisbon, had the entrée of the little Portuguese Court there, and had stamped her foot when an attaché had failed to comprehend her orders, and

shouted, with flashing eyes, 'Understandey?' The princess rôle suited her very well.

But she was only five years old then. Later she felt the mightiness of London and the exhilaration of Paris; and in Rome and Florence she gamboled in the Coliseum and the Palace of the Cæsars, picked up treasure-trove in the Forum, found green lizards for her brother, who was her constant companion at the time, and was making a natural-history collection. They climbed over the ruins of twenty centuries, and walked over the Campagna on the broad pavements on which Roman armies had tramped homeward from their victories. On rainy days they would visit the sculptures and pictures of the Vatican, or stroll about the vast jeweled spaces of the great Church, observing the mystic performances of the priests before the altars and listening to the enchanted music that wove invisible patterns in the upper air. Especially interesting were the confessionals, little booths set up here and there, into which would enter tortured sinners, emerging after a time with brightened faces and lightened steps. And the priest, wiping his shaved brow, would glance after them with a placid smile: one more reverse for the enemy of mankind! My sister and I never discussed religion; we were in a state of holy awe on the subject; and, though we had gathered the impression that the Roman Catholics were somehow in error, we did n't know why, and were affected by the warm splendor of their performances.

Rose, I think, was less touched by form than by color, and the long array of antique sculpture in the Vatican did not hold her as it did her companion, though she 'liked' the great Apollo, his patrician air of beautiful disdain. The child was an innate patrician; seemed to have a private understanding with

royalty; had a sympathetic enjoyment of high ceremonies, and was extremely fastidious in her tastes. Ugliness, dirt, disharmony, revolted her, and she averted herself from them with a haughty disgust. In view of her after career, this trait of hers must be emphasized.

II

Her father was an imaginative writer, her mother an artist, and Rose inherited creative ardor, but lacked the ability to give her aspirations satisfactory projection. She painted, she wrote, she played the piano and sang; but the restraint of rules was irksome to her in all things. Her conceptions, as Browning might say, broke through language and escaped; in all her girlish products there were an impassioned surge and exaltation, the purpose flagrant, but the rendering obscure. The gift of expression in art, much as she could appreciate it in others, was beyond her own control. Something else was needed to satisfy her soul and release her energies. She was to be a woman grown before the solution to her riddle appeared.

She did not find it in society; she was very critical of others, and would endow this or that person with virtues which they lacked or with faults of which they were innocent; vehemently repenting, afterward, her errors of judgment, but prone as ever to repeat them. She had no girl confidantes; and, in spite of her beauty and charm, she disturbed rather than won her male acquaintance. She might drape them in imaginative glories, or condemn them unheard and misunderstood; the ground failed beneath their feet and they were fain to retire, mystified; there would be no enlightenment on her part. One might almost say that she never really met people at all, for all her impersonal cordiality and resource. If she ever had

a love affair, it was in some region of the imagination beyond the scope of daily life. She could have been a queen of love; but she bandaged her eyes with rainbows and could not see realities. She was prone to pregnant silences when others were chatting, but her eyes would speak. She took more from her father than from her mother.

The freedom and scope of natural scenery and things delighted her; here were a beauty and breadth not subject to criticism; they afforded space for her ideals. During our stay at English Leamington, one spring, she and her brother would walk up an acclivity, a mile or two outside the town, where grass and foliage were profuse and free as when Chaucer sang, and there were hedges of hawthorn bordering the rustic paths. We gathered armfuls of the thick-growing red and white blooms, and Rose would carry them home through the sober streets, her rosy face smiling through the clusters.

Imagination so possessed her that in her childhood she mistook its creations for facts, and would come out of her retirements with marvelous tales of what she had seen and adventured; her wise father and mother were too wise to insist upon discrepancies between truth and fable. During our sojourn at the haunted castle of Montauto, outside Florence, Rose and her companion loved to wander through the great empty rooms, with their dim lights and soft shadows, listening for secret sounds and seeing gliding figures. In the *podere* — the estate appertaining to the house — we would wander hand in hand among the vines and fig trees, fauns and nymphs treading soundlessly at our side. If we recognized our own make-believe, it only added to the charm. The credulities of childhood may bear good fruit in later years.

On a visit to her free hospital sixty years after this, I recalled to her these

child experiences. She sat on the wooden verandah of her house of love and charity, the clear American sunshine falling upon her: a devout Catholic, a band of white folded across her forehead, black robes falling about her in long folds, a rosary on her breast. Her cheeks were still rosy and her eyes blue, her lips tender and resolute. 'I was chasing will-o'-the-wisps in those days,' she said, with a smile and a sigh. If it were a sin, her father-confessor would gently have absolved her. Her mother supplied his rôle in the early years; when Rose had done wrong, she was not rebuked, but her mother would draw her into seclusion, leading her, in silence, into contemplation of the Good and True, until the barriers would give way and tears came forth. The Lord of Heaven Himself might look through the mother's face in those moments.

In Concord, in her teens, she did not attend Sanborn's famous boys' and girls' school; and the decline and death of our father ended her childhood, and left her perplexed and taciturn. She had never before faced irreparable loss and grief, and deep emotion, in her life; she had not learned how to give or to receive sympathy; and religious consolations seemed, perhaps, too conventional for her need. We cannot lift the veils that cover these human withdrawals. Her abounding health and energy incongruous with her spiritual mood puzzled her; soul and body were at odds. The music, dancing, and light-hearted chatter of the Concord young people discomposed her sense of social values; she would be present at their merrymakings, but without hearty merriment; the feelings that really dominated her were incommunicable.

By a fortunate chance, Dio Lewis's seminary for young ladies was opened in Lexington (neighboring Concord) at about this time, and Rose and her sister Una went there. It was, really, a

school of physical exercise, according to Lewis's system, affording young women their first opportunity in this country to cultivate their bodies and live by rules of health. Only young 'ladies' were admitted; all went well; a delightful and wholesome organization was created. The girls wore a distinctive dress suitable for outdoor hikes and sports; they prospered greatly and were happy; it was a remarkable anticipation of a freer age. Una and Rose were greatly benefited, and Lewis made a small fortune; but after two years the big old frame building which housed them (it had been a hotel) burned to the ground; it was never rebuilt, and for fifty years the physical education of American young women was allowed to lapse. Mrs. Hawthorne, with her three children, removed to Dresden, in Saxony, and a new era began, by the end of which Rose had entered her twentieth year.

In the German city things were a more practical aspect; the American and English society in these foreign places felt more freedom than at home; there were good music, good pictures, pleasant outdoor life, open-air concerts in the *Grosser Garten* and *Sächsische Schweiz*, hard by. Rose began to understand the society idea; but before three years the Franco-Prussian War took me to New York and the mother and daughters to London, where they were to meet the Brownings and other old friends — an agreeable interlude, until the mother's final illness began, the gravity of which I did not realize until a cablegram told me she was dead. A young fellow whom we had known in Dresden happened to be about leaving for London, and would escort the two girls back to America; but, after what seemed a very brief interval, a short letter from him informed me that he and Rose had become man and wife.

III

George Lathrop was even younger than his wife; neither of them was yet twenty years old. But the episode does not belong to the theme I am here treating; it was an error, not to be repaired. Its significance here is in the fact that it obliterated whatever dreams of a happy marriage state Rose might have had (based upon the flawless felicity of her father's and mother's union), awakening her, instead, to the rôle of endurance, difficult for her temperament of buoyant independence. Pride helped her, and her native habit of reticence in vital matters. Not until some twenty years later did she become a widow; a son had died in infancy.

Strong natures are perfected by strong measures. Rose was relentlessly tested. Beautiful, gifted, impetuous, imperious, and fastidious, the way to perversity was broad before her. Her friends were overprone to indulge and defer to her, and generous impulse could not protect her from selfishness. She might have made a brilliant figure before the world, but the heights above the world are reached by suffering.

Midway on their path, these young people were converted to Catholicism, surprising their friends even more than by their marriage — a daughter of the Puritans to embrace the faith pre-eminent for church authority, which had driven the Pilgrims to New England! Rose herself believed that the heaven had long been working in her, and that her childish experience in Rome had given hints of what was to come. We often interpret our present by our past. Her zeal was great; she had found a way to use her highest energies. But some few years were yet to pass before she found the means for the total self-surrender and devotion which were indispensable. Her first step was to seek a nurse's certificate in a hospital. There she

worked for a year, overcoming all the obstacles and tests which are designed to prove to the utmost the sincerity and constancy of the applicant. With the winning of her diploma, her future was in her hands. She knew the stories of the saints and martyrs of the Church, and nothing less than the extreme would satisfy her thirst for self-sacrifice. Whatever was most abhorrent to the instincts of the flesh, that must she embrace; whatever was most hopeless and forlorn in human fate, that must she love and assuage. All that had given joy in her life must be banished for the sake of a purer joy. In no figurative sense, but literally, must she accept the stern injunction, 'Sell that thou hast, and give to the poor . . . and follow me!'

She did not beguile herself with ecstatic emotions; she realized what she did; she had abundant common sense. But she was resolved that her regeneration should be unfaltering and permanent. Nor would she seek the solace of mortal sympathy, but would pass through her fires, like the martyrs of the Church before her, with humility and cheerfulness. How be other than cheerful, since the indulgences of earth become a stench in the nostrils, but the fragrance of Heaven is immortal? She held no pose of sanctity, but was a plain working woman, diligent and faithful in the duties she had undertaken. Work, in increasing measure, was always to do, and she did it to the very end.

No other disease is more painful or repulsive than cancer, more hideous to see or torturing to endure. When the sufferer's poverty prevents him from commanding medical care and leaves him to perish unattended, human misery can hardly go further. Rose's plan was simple: she would attend those only who were paupers and had been given up as hopeless cases by the

doctors. They came to her, not to be healed, but to die. But till death came they received every attention and tenderness that love and skill could give, and breathed an atmosphere of human love, to many of them an experience without precedent. Rose had a little money of her own, and she spent it in renting a floor of a building in the slums of east New York and supplying it with cots; she could not pay for her board and at first she worked alone. By and by another young woman visited her and became her voluntary assistant and her friend. Other persons, learning of the strange enterprise, made occasional contributions. Presently she was able to enlarge the accommodations and care for more patients. As time went on, other unselfish helpers came, but not all found courage to remain. The enterprise, too, teetering continually on the brink of collapse for lack of means to carry it on, seemed to survive by miracle only; but always, even at the last moment, money would be sent from unknown sources to supply the desperate need; the workers prayed, and their prayers were answered, so they could assign no other reason, as they held faith in the efficacy of prayer. But by slow degrees the almost incredible fact of the hospital became known to one and another, and, personally confirmed, the supplies became larger and more frequent. A larger building was rented, and at last it became practicable to acquire a refuge for the moribund paupers, in an airy and wholesome New York suburb. More recently it has been redesigned and constructed on a broader plan. Long before this the Mother Church had taken cognizance of the Home, and a date was appointed for the formal consecration. Rose looked forward with joy to this consummation of her hopes; but when, one night, she had composed herself to happy sleep, s

did not awaken the next morning when the Sisters came to call her. Mother Alphonsa was gone; but she had lived long enough to see her work well done, and promising to endure, perhaps, as long as the need which it relieved.

IV

Circumstances took me far from her neighborhood in the latter years of her life; I could visit her but at long intervals. It happened usually in spring, cool sunshine falling on the porch we sat in; and our talk was not about the Home, nor about her joining the Church; and but once or twice did she lead me through the wards, perhaps wishing to spare me even a sight of what monopolized her whole existence. But we chatted of old times, and of the children who had arisen in our later age, whom she ardently loved, and who loved her. Once she gave me some little books of the Lives of the Saints; and once, when I was departing for India, to investigate the plague and famine there, she put about my neck a tiny metal effigy which had, she said, been blessed by the Holy Father, and would shield me from harm.

Upon the whole, I found her, in this later phase, naïve and childlike, like the little girl who had been my playmate, but with a difference. The passions of her nature, doubtless as urgent as ever, centred no longer round her personal fate and interests, for in her own view she no longer existed. She lived, labored, and prayed only for those incarnations of mortal misery which she had drawn about her. Formerly she looked forward to the splendid carnival of human life, to a career in art, in society, to a bountiful and happy marriage. Those aspirations had been uprooted like weeds in a garden, and she had planted in their place

flowers of deathless root: the lights of Carnival were quenched in the dawn of a purer festival. As she sat before me in her black robes, she was not sad to look at; cheerfulness emanated from her like a fragrance, as I remember it in her mother; and, like her, she was low-voiced, tranquil, and fearless. As with her father, too, her face would now and again be traversed by lights and shades of eloquent thought and feeling. But within all was the vivid, innocent sister who had been my companion long ago.

Does it seem a pity that a nature so finely organized to give pleasure to the world and to receive it should willfully confine itself to such as were poorest and most barren of human creatures? Is it not better to establish and illustrate the beauty of the life of the world than, for such an alternative, to turn one's back upon it?

Persons competent to answer such questions must needs do so in terms which to us are incomprehensible. They have learned, at a price, things which we do not know. They have felt a joy and seen a beauty in whose existence we are impotent to believe; and for the least of these, having once tasted them, they would not exchange the kingdoms and the glory of all the earth. Such divine beauty and joy are all about us, always; but we cannot be aware of them, for, though the veil be transparent, our eyes are blind.

The seers, on the other hand, are shy and humble, and stammer and retire when interrogated. They are not proud of their knowledge, but feel themselves to be the very paupers of Creation. 'What am I in the pure and lovely light of the Holiness of God?' It is vain to argue with such persons; but, if you examine them narrowly, you may find upon their hands and feet the marks of the nails.

LESSON

You were immersed in your 'funny paper,' —
 'Toonerville Trolley,' if I remember,
Or solemn jest of some other japer, —
 Monday, the second of September.

'Labor Day.' And the next day brought you
 School (and the sandy floors need sweeping);
And what have these days of summer taught you,
 These days in Sunset Beach's keeping?

Well, we roamed in the swamp of the lumber
 Yard in July when the frogs were shrilling
And huckleberries were past all number
 And pails too far to the bottom for filling

And an old red rotted 'funny' blew over,
 Manna to tired little girls sweat-reeking,
The very moment that I, the lover,
 Found the treasure I'd been so seeking.

Ophioglossoides. Mouth-of-the-adder.
 I looked at you on the dented sleepers
Of the old yard rails — and the delicate madder
 I held. And the arrowhead. And the peepers.

These are your moments, I thought, my darlings;
 Each to each, the manna he chooses.
Orchids will follow as plenty as starlings:
 Vain is the flower that the spirit refuses.

DOROTHY LEONARD

A LONELY LOG

BY CAPTAIN EUSTACE MAUDE

THE Lone Trail, the Lone Trail follow to the end;
Tarry not and fear not, chosen of the true;
Lover of the Lone Trail, the Lone Trail waits for you.

— ROBERT W. SERVICE

I

AFTER years of waiting and reading all the books that bore on single-handed cruising, I found in the spring of 1925 that, by the greatest economy, I might be able to get to sea. The preceding fall the Half Moon had been purchased, so I took her over to Vancouver in April, where she was changed from a sloop to a ketch rig, fitted out with new rigging, standing and running, and a suit of No. 8 army-duck sails, a wheel in the place of a tiller, and the cockpit decked into a three-by-five-foot opening, engines overhauled, boat pulled out and copper-painted. Without having incurred any useless expense, I found that if I did not want the sheriff for a shipmate I had better get to sea. So on the twenty-third of April I wired my people and told my friends in Vancouver I was leaving on the twenty-sixth with Portsmouth, England, as the objective. Up to this date I had kept my own counsel, as opposition was expected. One kind friend said he would like to send me to the Mental Home at New Westminster, but evidently relented, as he presented me with a sea anchor to help me on the way. The Press gave a 'Cheerio,' and with many a hearty handshake and wishes for good luck, armed with my mascots, a red butterfly and a piece

of heather, I left Vancouver on the twenty-sixth of April for Mayne Island, my home port.

During my stay in Vancouver I lay at Mr. Thompson's boathouse, at the entrance to Stanley Park. He helped me in every way he could, and I shall always feel grateful to him for his kindness. At Mayne the deck was painted and a few supplies taken in and good-byes said, and I left on the thirtieth for Victoria, where I took in my water and gas and was assisted by Harold Payne and my son George, who both put in a lot of good work finishing getting ready for sea. On May 2, with a kindly send-off from the people on the wharf, I left for the William Head quarantine station, where I anchored for the night, leaving next morning and proceeding down the Straits of San Juan under sail, anchoring that night in Callum Bay. Next morning to Neah Bay to send off a wire and farewell letters, and fill up with gas and water, soft bread, and a few vegetables. Neah is a fishing station, and later in the year has a large fleet of trollers for salmon operating at the mouth of the Straits. Leaving Neah, I passed Cape Flattery at 2 P.M. on the fourth of May, 1925. There was a good breeze from the north, and by midnight I had made an offing of thirty miles, which increased to fifty by daylight.

I sighted the Canadian Rover on the fifth, bound in. This was the last ship I sighted for the next forty days.

During the afternoon the wind and sea increased, which enabled me to become acquainted with the Half Moon. She was a fine little sea boat and carried her sail well; not a racer as to speed, but then she was loaded down a little too much by the bow. This, of course, I could remedy as I used my water. During the night, whilst lying in my bunk, I woke with a feeling of pressure and found that the battens, holding some cases of groceries, books, and clothing, had given way, and the cases had worked over to the lee side where my bunk was. At first I tried to buck the load off with my back, but it was no good. Turning over, I found I could get an arm out, and gradually work the stuff so that I could wriggle out of the bottom of the bunk, after about twenty minutes' work. It was not a very pleasant experience, as, if some of the heavier cases had jammed, they would have held me tight.

My accommodation was rather limited, as the boat was only twenty feet on the water line. I stowed nothing before the mast, which took off seven feet; then a cabin six feet long by seven feet wide, having a bunk on either side. Between the bunks on the floor were stowed water and gasoline in cases, the usual oil container. The same cargo filled in the starboard bunk, on top of cases of groceries, flour, books, and clothes, leaving the port bunk closed in, except for two feet at the lower end, so that you had to crawl in from the bottom, before the flywheel on the engine.

Three feet by one and a half was my saloon, dining and recreation hall; then came four feet, with engine and a gangway on the starboard side to hatch; on the port side, oil stove for cooking, sextant, and books. Aft this on deck was a small cockpit, with

just room in the aft end for an arm chair and leg room forward, and there was where I steered from.

Our course, which was the track recommended to strike the northeast trade winds, took us from two to six hundred miles from the shore. As the sailing vessels were few and far between, we did not expect much company. The weather for the next four nights was what we log as 'o. c. q. r.' being overcast, cloudy, squally, rainy, with fresh and strong breezes, keeping us busy. On the twelfth I found that I had two stowaways in the shape of ants. They must have come off the vegetables at Neah Bay. They at first would not eat sugar, but after three days tackled it. They always appeared for dinner and supper, but were evidently not early risers, as they missed breakfast. They were christened Jack and Jill, and I was confirmed in my diagnosis of their sex by noticing that Jill was by far the most inquisitive, covering double the distance that Jack traveled. I believe that after a time they followed me, for if I went into the cabin they would appear there. They were with me over sixty days. Jack I saw on the fore part of the cabin hatch one day when I was reefing, and no doubt he got washed over, and Jill disappeared shortly after.

On the fifteenth, I found that of the three lantern glasses two had been broken, so I lashed the lantern and never took it down. It left me without a light on deck, but the few ropes I had to handle I got to know by feel, and my reef points I had marked with one whipping on the first, two on the second, and three on the third, so I had no trouble with them in the dark.

On the sixteenth of May I tried to sea anchor. The boat lay to it, but often in the trough of the sea, and I passed very uncomfortable nights. After that I always lay to with the peak of m

mainsail, the jaws of the gaff, about a foot above the boom. My sail had a square head, only about thirty degrees peak, so that it was snug, but there was a bag of loose canvas at the foot which might have been filled by a sea, so I had to put in a diagonal reef to handle it.

The Half Moon, with this sail, lay to like a duck, dry and easy. Sometimes after hard sailing from wind and sea, when I was getting worn out, I would lay to for a rest. When it was dangerous to leave her sailing herself, from the wind being too far aft, I would heave her to under this sail. Having no weights on the ends, she would ride very easily—a change from being hunted by combers, from endless helming, and from continued looking back to see what was coming. To leave this behind and lay to, slipping into the cabin for a square meal and rest, was like stepping into paradise.

Many people have asked how a boat sails herself. In the first place, a long straight keel is necessary, a good draft of water, and about one-third beam to her length. Such a boat, in any moderate weather, can be trimmed by the sails and helm to keep her course within half a point from close haul to wind, two points from the quarter, the head sheets being trimmed a little finer than the aft ones, so that if she comes to they will pay her off. I used at first to keep my hand on the wheel when setting her on her course, and very often, quite unconsciously, gave her a little helm. After a time I would trim her as I thought suitable on her course, then sit down and watch for a couple of minutes, then give her, if necessary, a pull of the sheet or a spoke of the helm and let her try again. In this way, very often, she was on her course in ten minutes, though occasionally it would take half an hour. My rudder, which was of Norwegian pattern, was so balanced that it stayed

where put, but I always put a twiddling line on it at night, as I found that in the dark, working in the cockpit, it might be pushed over without my knowing it, and spoil the trim.

II

May 19.—Latitude 40.10 north and longitude 130.10 west; the wind was on the quarter, and a heavy swell. I had just finished breakfast and was washing up, facing to windward, when a big roller came along. Lifting the stern of the boat, it swung the boom over to windward and caught me on the back of the head at the base of the skull. The thought flashed through me that, if I slacked my knees, I should fall inboard. This was the last I remember. Some time after, I came to, lying in a heap in the cockpit. All I could see was a blue haze, and I was stiff with cold. One arm that I had been lying on was quite numb. Gradually I got it to work and, feeling my way, managed to crawl down into my bunk, remaining there till evening, when I got on deck and roughly set her on her course by the sun. I could not see the compass.

For the next five days, though I took all the medicine in the boat, I suffered from severe headache and could get no action from my inside. My sight was slim; only after a time could I make out east and south on the compass. The other points seemed too complicated. On the fifth day I heated a little soup and put in four heaping teaspoons of curry powder, and swallowed it. Then I lay down on my bunk with blankets over me, and in a few minutes I began to sweat; in a couple of hours I began to feel ever so much better. Continuing this treatment in a milder form for a couple of days pulled me round, though I had a nauseous headache whenever I had to

face the sun, and a lump on the back of the head about half the size of a Bartlett pear. As I lay, I thought how much clearer the compass might be marked. Mine was by a good maker and has north denoted by a spearhead made with little scrolls. The easterly points are fairly legible, but the westerly half is a collection of straight strokes which are hard to separate in a dim light. West is double V — no double U about it. On the twenty-fifth, I was able to find my position, which was a hundred miles farther to the west than I ought to have been, but I had kept her rather offshore while I was in this fix, not able to take sights or sometimes see the compass.

May 28. — The water is now getting warmer, and to-day, with a light breeze, we sailed through fields of Portuguese men-of-war, lying in long swathes like mown hay as far as one could see, the swathes about fifteen feet broad with thirty feet between of clear water. There must have been myriads of them, and all drawn up in this order with the top of their sails dropped. No collision, though there was a slight swell, and the line of the swathe not six inches out. As I broke through them they peaked their sails, evidently with the idea of re-forming. I could only guess that they had probably gathered for the purpose of mating. The other day I passed a lot of yellow seaweed about the size of a man's hand, the fingers having a small crablike animal enveloped in each tip. As I passed, these would detach themselves and swim for the boat. I paid no more attention to them until I got into harbor, when I found they were barnacles and that my quarters were covered with them. As we sailed by them at three knots, these infants would make up their minds a living was in sight, and go for it. If we are descended from them, as the scientists

say, we certainly have degenerated, as we have no such qualities at a like age.

May 31. — San Francisco lay about two hundred and fifty miles to the east. We were rather farther out to sea than we should have been, but we had made the westing whilst I was laid up.

The weather all through the trip was abnormal. The summer of 1925 was a very hot one on the Pacific coast, and it made the summer winds much stronger and more irregular on the sea. The Sechart whaling station on Vancouver Island closed prematurely on the first of August — catch, one whale; the reasons stated that there were heavy storms and fogs. On the fifth of June I struck the northeast trade and ran on till the tenth, when I found that my strength was hardly sufficient to set the sails, and had no appetite and constant headache. Going south, I was facing the sun all day, which made me quite giddy, so I determined to make land. The question was whether to go to the Mexican coast or to British Columbia. I decided on the latter, though it meant, of course, a much longer passage, but then I should be back in my home port. The turn was made at latitude 27.30 north, longitude 130.30 west, a point about a thousand miles west of Guaymas, Mexico. Of Guaymas I had many pleasant memories, as we were there in H. M. S. Scout in 1866, during the French occupation of Mexico.

June 15. — A large whale, swimming on the surface of the water with just his nose showing, passed about thirty feet across the bows. He seemed to be about sixty feet long and paid no attention, though I seized two enamel plates and knocked them together, chipping off the enamel. The boat gave three or four big dives as he passed.

June 19. — Misty morning. Reset sail, had a good look around, and went to get breakfast, which I had just

finished when I heard a steam whistle and there, a hundred yards off, was a big steamer, the Mauna Ala, Captain Hall. He hailed me to know where I was bound and if I wanted anything. I replied, 'No.' In fact I was so taken aback, as I had not seen a man or vessel for forty-six days, that I even forgot to ask for a paper or some fruit. Wishing me good luck and saying he would report me, he steamed away. Good luck to him for stopping. He made me about eight hundred miles southwest of San Francisco.

June 20. — I felt better and began to eat, and I did not have to face the sun all day.

June 22. — I was washing up after supper, with my hands in the water, when I saw a shark about nine feet long swim slowly by, a couple of feet from my hands. It did not take me long to retire. Unlashing the boat hook, I waited a short time, when he came by in the same place. Aiming for the back of the fore fin, I drove at him with all my might and was brought up short, as if I had driven at a hard dirt bank. The shark turned sharp round and crossed, going off on top of the water, splashing for all he was worth for about sixty yards, and then disappeared, leaving me with the skin rubbed off the palms of my hands from the boat-hook staff.

III

June 25-30. — Very stormy weather with a very close atmosphere, making only thirty miles on course in five days. On the evening of the twenty-ninth, I had been watching the ocean for two hours. There was a sea from the north, the direction of the wind; and from the west, or a little to the southward of it, a cross sea — running, I should say, twenty miles an hour in a well-defined stream — came hissing along. Three

times this sea shot across the cockpit, the after part luckily clearing me, and going so fast that it did not leave more than half a bucket in the cockpit, though one sea was certainly eighteen inches in depth as it crossed. I had started to go below, and was halfway down the ladder, when a sea struck the boat on the port beam, driving her a distance of thirty yards to leeward, leaving a sheet of foamlike wake on the weather beam. Everything on the port side was fired across the cabin and hit the starboard side. A big navigation book went into a space about its own thickness over a tank on the opposite side and eighteen inches higher than where it started. I think if the sea had hit the deck house it would have cut it off at the deck.

This was the same day and time of the Santa Barbara earthquake, June 29, 5.40 P.M. Half Moon time about one hour earlier, about 4.40. For half a minute after, there was a calm and no sea, the boat on even keel and perfectly still; then the racket began again, blowing and plunging, so I got my supper and cleared up for the night, which meant putting everything in its place so that I could put my hand on it in the dark. Then a look at the barometer, and I crawled into my bunk and was asleep in a couple of minutes. My only change from deck to bunk was to take off my oilskins. Otherwise I turned in all standing, boots and all, during the trip. As the lawyers say, 'Time is the essence of the agreement.' The Half Moon, though a good boat, now and then required the agreement to be carried out without any loss of seconds on the part of the crew.

Daily routine: shake out reefs and reset sails and have a good look round the horizon for ships; pump out, clean lantern and stove, and serve out allowance of water; 6 A.M., cook breakfast; 6.30, breakfast; 7.00, wash up and

clean cabin; 8.00, wind watches and take sights; forenoon, make repairs; 11.30, start dinner and get sextant; 12.00, noon sight, then dinner and work out reckoning and repair gear or read; 6.00, supper; sunset, in one reef of main-sail, pump out, see that all gear is clear and ready for the night, trim sails, read; to bed at nine, having a look at compass every two hours during the night.

Provisions for the trip were as follows (asterisk denotes 'all expended'):

	<i>Taken</i>	<i>Brought back</i>
Coal oil	8 gals.	2 gals.
Gasoline	50 gals.	50 gals.
Water	50 gals.	2 gals.
Bacon	50 lbs.	25 lbs.
Milk	48 cans	18 cans
Jam	96 lbs.	50 lbs.
Mutton	48 lbs.	18 lbs.
Tomatoes	6 cans	(all blown)
Biscuit	112 lbs.	100 lbs.
Tea	12 lbs.	2 lbs.
Cocoa	6 lbs.	4 lbs.
Coffee	6 lbs.	3 lbs.
Olive oil	2 bottles	$\frac{1}{2}$ bottle
Eggs (greased and packed in two coal-oil cans of lime)	24 doz.	7 doz.
Sugar	30 lbs.	10 lbs.
Sardines	48 cans	18 cans
Prunes	10 lbs.	*
Flour	50 lbs.	*
Lime juice	1 qt.	*
Rum	1 qt.	$\frac{1}{2}$ gill
Soap	6 cakes	5 cakes
Butter	12 lbs.	*
Bread	12 lbs.	*
Potatoes	10 lbs.	*
Onions	10 lbs.	*
Baking powder	2 cans	$\frac{1}{2}$ can

My provisions lasted well. I was overstocked with biscuit, jam, and bacon; short on flour, potatoes, tomatoes, and lime juice.

My tomato cans bulged from the motion, and the last eighteen tins of milk, when opened, would pour a little thin yellow liquid and seemed to be solid in the middle, so I chucked them over. Thinking about it since, I believe they were churned into butter, which I

never thought of at the time. I had one quart of Jamaica rum. Some time after my accident I took a small glass but it made me so noisy that I reduced the ration to a teaspoonful and had half a gill left when the trip was finished.

The engine was not used at all, so there were fifty gallons of gasoline on the boat when I returned. My cooking was done on a one-burner Perfection stove, which was screwed to the locker abreast the engine. A small wire was run round the standard on two sides about eight inches up; this held a plate to heat. On the top plate, which was round and perforated with holes, three pins about six inches long, with a shoulder in the middle, were used. I put on my pan or kettle and dropped the pin in round it so that it was well secured.

For breakfast: light lamp, put on cast-iron frying pan, and in it a tin kettle with a pint of water. The mix bread: six heaping dessert spoon of flour, half a teaspoon baking powder and stir into a stiff batter. By this time the kettle has the chill off and the frying pan is hot. Take off kettle, grease fry-pan, put in batter, with the lid over, turning it once. In ten minutes there is a nice round of bread. Take out bread, grease pan, then take off pan and put alongside stove, on kettle. The frying pan is hot enough to cook bacon or eggs.

I put great faith in the cast-iron frying pan; it was easily cleaned and, through the thickness of the metal, it gave a lasting and even heat. My breakfast was always ready in half an hour from the time of lighting the stove. Dinner and supper were much the same, but varied with regard to meat. I had hot bread at every meal; one pint of tea I found ample.

The Half Moon was built by Erickson Brothers of North Vancouver in 1919. (Length twenty-five feet over all; twenty feet at water line; eight

foot-four beam; five-foot draft. Clinker built.) Her lines were those of a Norwegian pilot boat. A splendid sea boat, but not fast in moderate breezes. Her build did not give her much stowage, as her bilge rose quickly, so that I was cramped for room with all the stores in, especially as I had nothing before the mast or very little abaft the cabin, so as to make her easy in the sea. Taking sights required some management; armed with sextant, watch, and notebook, if I could see from inside the square of the after hatch all was well. It kept my body braced. Sometimes I had to go forward or aft; then it was a case of catching the sun, holding on with one hand, then trying to get a peep at the watch and afterward write down time and altitude. In the middle of the operation she would give a roll or spray, and you had to secure yourself and instruments. I lost two legs of my sextant, but the watch was in good shape, a Vanguard movement Waltham, kindly lent me by Mrs. Wilkinson of Cobble Hill. Only one day whilst on the voyage could I see the horizon, so there was a good deal of snap-shooting.

I will here describe my ablutions. I had two one-pound baking-powder tins, and inside each a silk handkerchief. Dropping a few drops of olive oil on one, I would wipe myself over. As my skin was always more or less briny, this kept it in good order and clean.

Sailing on, by the eighth of July we had reached 40.35 north latitude and 137.2 west longitude, a point where you can generally fetch the Straits of Juan de Fuca, the prevailing winds being northwest, of a force three to five (Beaufort scale). My experience was that they were to the north, blowing with a force of five to seven, which made it hard sailing for a small craft, combined with a swell and current from the north. The only course was to keep

her going with all the sail she could carry, generally with two or three reefs down, which meant the decks awash, and, as she struck a sea, a shower bath for the helmsman.

IV

July 17. — Latitude 43.36 north, longitude 129.45 west. I woke to hear an ominous wash of water and my bed felt wet. Exploring, I found four inches of water on the cabin floor and everything more or less damp along the sides as it ran up as she rolled. I started pumping, and after two and a half hours I could see the keel, and at the same time I felt that I had had all I wanted of this sort of exercise. So I got some breakfast and pumped out again, which took a quarter of an hour. As I had been only half an hour at breakfast, to keep the water down would mean twelve hours a day pumping. As we were some two hundred and fifty miles from land, this did not seem good. After some seeking, I found a small stream was running in from the shaft aperture. The packing from the outside packing box had evidently worn out from the continued motion. There was no inside box, so that all that could be done was to caulk around the shaft very gingerly, as I was afraid of splitting the shaft log. This stopped the leak, and the boat was pumped out dry. My cabin and bed remained damp for the rest of the trip, as it was too wet on deck to dry anything. I tried drying a coat at the mizzenmast-head, but even there the spray got it. The damp bed made me perspire when I lay on it, and the pounding against the sea, as my pillow was against the bow, hurt my ears, how much I did not realize until the lighthouse keeper at Destruction Island hailed me and I could not hear a word he said. My only luxury was to light the oil stove and

make a tent over it with my oilskin and dry it out.

A sailor's life is either a king's or a dog's. A king's when, with all sails set, you slip along enjoying the most glorious air in the world and sunsets and sunrises and starry nights that appeal to all that is good in the human. Or when, in a storm, you sail up the side of a big wave capped by a lot of combers, and, as you get to the top, a little splash, and she is sinking gently down the other side. It is like steeplechasing, only your chases are longer and your fences have an agreeable variation and come to you, and if you enter you have to run. On the other side you have the dog's life, and I am having a bit of it now. Crawling up of a night from one's bed along the deck to the forecandle to take reef in the staysail sounds simple, but it means sitting down on the back of a bucking horse to take your reef in, often a bucket of water in your lap and a fair chance of being hydraulicked into the briny by some wayward comber. There was only a couple of minutes' work, but it would often take twenty, as you had to drop everything and hold on.

Darwin, in his voyage round the world in the *Beagle*, called the ocean 'a tedious waste, a desert of water.' Not so to the sailor; it is his battleground, where he fights continually with the weather. No ship has been built that can disregard it, and a careless move in the game may mean loss of life or vessel. In fine weather you have to polish your weapons and prepare for storms. In storms you go well armed for the fight and you can probably hold your own.

July 26. — As the sun rose in Eastern Oregon, it silhouetted the Cascade Mountains into the sky, above a bank of mist which hid the land. A little later, as the shadows grew shorter, I could recognize the peaks of the

Cascades, Three Sisters, Diamond, and Cowhorn — old friends, as I ran stock in Silver Lake, Oregon, for six years. To-day is the eightieth day we have been at sea, and we have seen only one vessel during that time. In the forenoon the mist cleared off and I sighted land, my noon sights putting me fifteen miles west and two north of Cape Foul Weather on the Oregon coast. It was rather a temptation to go into Newport, where there is a big summer camp, as we farmed in the Willamette Valley after leaving Eastern Oregon and I should probably have come across old neighbors. It was our custom, after the grain was shocked and the contract for the threshing let, to put the family in a spring wagon with a camp outfit and drive down to the coast. The sands are fine going as the tide goes out. So, from my previous travels, I was able to identify the beaches. My game now was to beat up north fairly close to the shore and head out to sea about six for the night, and at 2 A.M. lay for the shore again.

By the first of August I was off Grays Harbour — a perfect morning. At one in the afternoon, in first reef; two, in second; three, in third; four, hove to well offshore, with the sea getting up. As we stood along the coast next day near Cape Elizabeth, about thirty feet on the lee bow, a round rock, about six feet in diameter, appeared out of the water. I had to stand on, as I had no room to wear and too much swell to be certain of tacking. My trouble was that I had not expected to have to sail this coast and had on board only a chart eighty miles to the inch. Next day I sighted Destruction Island, and the keeper sent a boat off telling me I was right amongst the rocks. This I found out afterward, as I could not hear a word he said, and he reported that I would not answer — which was the truth.

On the seventh of August, with a stiff breeze and a heavy swell, I was watching the shore about two miles off when I heard a sudden roar, and there on the weather bow, about forty yards off, was a chunk of rock about twenty feet square and fourteen feet high that appeared out of the water, which was cascading down its sides. I put the helm up and wore, standing back as near as I could the way I had come. This bit of the coast is called the 'Bone Yard of the Pacific' and I believe it deserves its name.

On the ninth of August, off La Push, a small harbor thirty miles south of Cape Flattery. As I had only two gallons of water left, I hailed a fisherman, and he gave me a tow in. I did not like to start my own engine, as it might start the leak again. We got in about 4 P.M. and anchored. I cleaned myself a bit, and landed on some sand. From the sand a sidewalk ran up the street. As I walked up it, two ladies came along and I sidled to the right, and just as they came near I went off the sidewalk to the left, my legs taking charge. I saw them laughing.

I could not get a wire off that night, as it was Sunday, but struck a Good Samaritan in the wife of the Indian Agent, who set before me salmon, eggs, bacon, tomatoes, corn, and potatoes, apple pie, peaches, berries, cheese, honey and butter, hot cakes and coffee. I felt rather embarrassed, not knowing what to eat first. She would not take any payment, saying, 'Wait till a young man comes along and I'll take it out of him.'

Next morning at 6 A.M. a face appeared in the hatchway. It was my faithful son George, who had journeyed as far as Neah Bay to look for me, when my wire was intercepted, and he came on down in a fish boat to La Push. We were towed back to Neah Bay by Margaret, Captain

Christenson, and arrived at 5 P.M., where we met the Dominion Government lighthouse tender S.S. Behring, Captain Evans, which Colonel Wilby had told George could tow us back to Victoria if we came in. Leaving that night, we arrived in Victoria at 4 A.M., August 11. Landing, we were welcomed by a government official (caretaker of the Government Liquor Store), and so up town to bed. George had steered all the way from La Push.

When I landed, my ankles were swollen and my weight had dropped from 222 pounds to 182 pounds. I was deaf and a bit weak, all, I think, due to my having to lie on damp bedding. My hands were covered with calluses. A month at George's home on Mayne Island, with good cooking and playing with my grandchildren, set me up again, although I am still a bit deaf. The time at sea was ninety-seven days actually outside the heads in the open sea; this, they tell me, is a world's record for a single-hander. If so, I am well rewarded for rather a tough trip, as I was seventy-seven years of age and six foot four in height, neither of which facts is convenient for traveling, but I have to thank my parents, who endowed me with a good constitution.

Calling the distance traveled, at a conservative estimate, about five thousand miles, and the time at sea ninety-seven days, this would work out about fifty and a half miles a day. This does not seem much, especially as I had only two days' calm, but I lost quite a bit when laid up, heaving to, and with bad weather, currents, and so forth, on the return journey, which was a dead beat for sixty days, except about eight hours' fair wind off the mouth of the Columbia River. I am afraid my yarn is rather a wet one and very egotistical, but what else can you expect from a single-hander? They are all cranks, anyhow.

CAPEADORES IN WALL STREET

BY RALPH WEST ROBEY

I

If a reader would form a conclusion, he must consult his premises carefully.

In 1921 the United States suffered the most severe and most general business depression it had experienced in a quarter of a century. The average of industrial production for that year was 23 per cent below that of 1920, factory pay rolls were 32 per cent below the level of the preceding year, factory employment 20 per cent, building contracts awarded 10 per cent, and freight-car loadings 13 per cent. Stock prices reflected this depression by seeming, for the first half of 1921, to have no bottom whatever. Finally, however, signs of improvement appeared, and in August of that year stock prices began an advance which continued without a really serious setback until March 1926.

The extent of this great stock-market advance is best realized if one assumes that on August 25, 1921, he had bought one share of each of the stocks used by the *New York Times* in its daily index of the price of industrial stocks. The total cost would have been about \$1675, or an average of \$67 a share. Had one sold them on December 31, 1926, he would have received approximately \$4425, or an average of \$177 a share. Suppose, still further, that the stock had not been sold at the end of 1926, but had been held and sold on May 14, 1928. Under these circumstances these same shares would have brought \$6750, or \$270 each.

Further analysis of this astonishing advance of stock prices reveals more interesting facts. The first is that the period of gain should be divided into two parts, the one extending from 1921 to the end of 1926 and the second from the first of 1927 to about the present time. Actually the first period more properly end at the beginning of 1926, because stock prices were about the same then as they were at the end of that year. For ease of reference, however, and since it is frequently said that stocks have been advancing since 1921, it is well to include all of 1921 in the first period. This makes it extend over some sixty-four months, as contrasted with the less than seven months of the second period.

The second interesting fact is that although the gain in the two periods was only 17 points different, 110 points in the first period as compared with 93 points in the second period, during the early period the country passed from the depths of depression to the greatest business prosperity it has ever enjoyed while in the more recent period business activity on the whole declined.

The great business prosperity referred to came in 1926. By comparing the statistics for that year with those of 1921 some justification and explanation is found for the advance of stock prices from an average of \$67 to \$177 a share. For 1926 the yearly average of industrial production was the highest on record, and over 60 per cent greater than for 1921; factory employment 17 per cent and factory pay rolls

0 per cent greater than in 1921; building contracts awarded and freight-car loadings both set new high records for all time, and were 126 and 35 per cent, respectively, above the 1921 figures.

When, on the other hand, one looks for a justification of the advance of stock prices from an average of \$177 to \$270 a share, the task is not so easy. In 1927 the yearly average of industrial production fell 2 per cent as compared with that of 1926; factory employment, factory pay rolls, and freight-car loadings each fell 4 per cent; and building contracts awarded fell 1 per cent. Obviously, then, the rise in stock prices between January 1927 and the middle of May 1928 was not the result of improved prosperity. Even during the current year, when business conditions were improving somewhat over those of 1927, it was obvious that the market was not moving in anything approaching strict sympathy with the financial and economic conditions of the country. It has been clear to all that a new element has been introduced — whose importance, as ample evidence shows, has been beyond the predicting powers not only of the experts of statistical interpretation, but of professional stock-market speculators as well.

Explanations of the Bull Market

Various explanations and descriptions of this new element have been advanced. Some have said it is nothing more than that the superabundance of money in this country has automatically increased the demand for investments. Others have maintained that the changed attitude toward common stocks as investments has necessarily resulted in bringing the yield of these securities more in keeping with that of bonds and preferred stocks, and that this could be accomplished only by driving the prices of the common

stocks above the level formerly regarded as reasonable. One writer has even put forth the theory that the stock market has now attained a position of such prominence and power that it can break away from other activities and become a business in and by itself, and as such enjoy prosperity or the reverse quite regardless of what others are experiencing. But the most interesting of all the suggestions is probably that of the *Commercial and Financial Chronicle*. This dignified periodical in its issue of August 6, 1927, intimated that the new element was President Coolidge. It said: —

However much or little Mr. Coolidge individually may have had to do with the prosperity of the past four years, he is credited with having been the backbone of that prosperity. The present bull market is going down in history not only as one of record proportions, but as one labeled with the name of Coolidge.

If the 'bull' market is to be 'labeled with the name' of its chief sponsors, it would be more courteous, and quite as much in keeping with the facts, to recognize a second 'backbone' and name it the Mellon-Coolidge market. It is the purpose of the following discussion briefly to indicate by what means Messrs. Coolidge and Mellon have been able to make themselves so important in the speculative life of the nation that they deserve to have a period of stock-market history permanently endowed with their names.

II

Every six months, and especially at the first of a new year, readers of financial pages are swamped with the prognostications of individuals whose views on future business conditions are perpetuated in print. January of 1927 was no exception, though most of the predictions were a bit less optimistic than a political party in power might

desire. The cause of this was that for some little time evidence had been accumulating which unmistakably indicated that business had slumped from the high point reached during the middle of the year. The indexes of December industrial production, factory employment, factory pay rolls, freight-car loadings, and wholesale distribution were all off a few per cent from what they had been three or four months earlier, and all of them, with the exception of freight-car loadings, were below what they had been for December 1925. By the middle of January 1927, conditions had become so bad that the *Chronicle*, in its issue of the twenty-second, commented as follows:

Of the fact that trade recession is under way, no one can any longer be in serious doubt. The evidence on that point is too strong and the signs too numerous to admit of any skepticism.

The First Slump

The stock market soon began to show the effects of this declining prosperity, and after holding up well through the middle of December began a slight recession after Christmas, when the predictions began to appear. On December 27 the highest average since the preceding February prevailed, the high of the *Times* index of industrial stocks being 183. From this level the prices gradually began to lose ground. The recession was slow, but the trend was unmistakably downward. Day after day it continued, with few exceptions, and people began to wonder if it was the beginning of a long 'bear' market which would slowly eliminate the profits accumulated during the preceding years. Even some business men began to talk for publication in a pessimistic manner. For example, S. W. Straus made public his opinion that the country had 'reached the

saturation point' as to office buildings, apartment houses, hotels, and apartment hotels. This sentiment was fairly widely discussed in the daily press and met with substantial agreement.

Necessarily this development of publicly expressed pessimism was a very undesirable turn of events for those interested in not having attention called to the slackening of business activity. It was, in fact, a much more unpleasant affair than the publication of unfavorable statistics. Comparatively few people would take the trouble to study statistics, but a great many people would listen to the opinion of the president of a nationally advertised investment house which sold its securities throughout the country. Consequently, when such an individual said in effect that an industry which affects a large proportion of all business was going to suffer more or less of a business depression because its market was glutted, it was a very serious matter, especially since no amount of reasoning could bring it in accord with President Coolidge's statement a short time before that the year 1927 would 'be one of continued healthy business activity and prosperity.'

Mr. Mellon Intervenes

Evidence is not at hand to show whether mere chance or an attempt at dignity caused the pronouncement disagreeing with Mr. Straus's statement to be made by Secretary Mellon, rather than by Mr. Coolidge, from whose opinion it differed so completely. In any event Mr. Mellon immediately gave an answer which, as reported in the *Wall Street Journal* of January 20, should have left no doubt in the mind of Mr. Straus as to just how highly his statements were appreciated in certain quarters. Three points were made in Secretary Mellon's statement. In the

first place, he said that he did not agree with the opinion of Mr. Straus; secondly, that Mr. Straus did not and could not know what he was talking about, or, as the report politely expressed it, Mr. Mellon 'doubts if any one man can tell what the situation is over the entire country'; and thirdly, that not only was Mr. Straus wrong about there being an overbuilt situation, but, 'taking the situation as a whole, the present may be considered a very fair time for building from the standpoint of cost.'

Mr. Mellon's statement, it should be noted, came after the market had been sagging for some three and a half weeks. Instead of helping the situation, the publication of Mr. Straus's views naturally 'had a somewhat depressing effect on the market, and there was considerable selling of stocks as a result.' The weakness continued for three or four days in spite of Mr. Mellon's disagreement. Perhaps the investing public needed this time to decide which of the spokesmen it should believe. In the past the pessimism of business leaders had usually deserved considerable thought, but it was possible, so the public may have reasoned, that there had been an error this time. In any event, and regardless of whether or not the three or four days were spent in weighing the relative capacities of Messrs. Straus and Mellon to pass judgment on the building situation in the United States, the market began a definite upward movement within a week after the statement appeared.

A New Decline

This upward movement continued with more or less regularity for the whole month of February, stocks moving from a low of 171 on January 25 to a new high of 189 on March 1. On the latter day, however, the price move-

ments became, according to the *Times*, 'highly irregular, and trading slowed down rather abruptly,' with the result that many stocks which had 'been advancing actively for several days sold off and ended the day with substantial losses.' The following day, Wednesday, witnessed still further liquidation, with 'very general unsettlement.' Thursday again showed weakness, and, while some strength was evident on Friday, prices sagged on Saturday.

Measured in dollars, the total decline in this brief period was not severe, but psychologically the market was in a disturbed mood and was likely to do anything. The *Times*, for example, made the following interesting comment on Sunday, March 6:—

In some quarters it was predicted at the week-end that, in the present anxious and somewhat nervous condition of the market, it will be entirely subservient to the financial news of the day, and that the tone and tenor of the news will, to a larger extent than has been usual of late, guide its fluctuations.

It was, then, a very opportune time for anyone to make a public statement if he cared to have his expressed views reflected in the stock-market trend. Whether Secretary Mellon took this into consideration in selecting the following day for a public announcement of extreme financial and speculative importance, or whether it was the merest coincidence, one cannot say definitely. It is, nevertheless, interesting in this connection to note that so far as the subject of the announcement was concerned the statement need not have been forthcoming for some weeks.

Again the Secretary Intervenes

On this following day, Monday, March 7, the 'market showed extreme nervousness at the opening, a good part of the list reacting upon the first

appearance of selling.' During the day, however, the Secretary of the Treasury announced his expectation of replacing the Second Liberty $4\frac{1}{4}$ per cent bonds with $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent notes. Since the exchange could not take place for some months, the bonds not being callable until November 15, the statement amounted in effect to the Secretary saying that he considered money rates were going to remain low, and that if the market had been hesitating because of fear of high rates it was, in his opinion, not making the most of its opportunities. When his statement is so interpreted, there is little wonder that an effect was quickly shown in the movement of stock prices. The *Chronicle* reported that the announcement 'more than neutralized' the appearance on the same day of the bad news that brokers' loans had advanced by a large amount, while the *Times* stated that 'Wall Street was disposed to draw highly optimistic inferences.' The market began to strengthen, and the *Times* reported two days later that 'prices rose with vigor' and 'it was a frequent comment in Wall Street that the "main advance" had been resumed.'

The upward swing, however, was short-lived. After moving from a low of 183 on March 8 to a high of 193 on March 17, stock prices again began to show signs of weakness. This downward movement continued for five days, after which more resistance to the 'bearish' activities was shown, but still there was no sign of real strength. Evidently a new impetus was needed to cause the market to continue to show signs of prosperity.

Strangely enough Secretary Mellon, who happened to be leaving for a visit to Europe at just this time, made his departure an occasion for expressing his optimism toward business conditions and stock-market speculation. In this interview he pointed out, as re-

ported in the *Times* of March 27, that the market seemed 'to be going along in a very orderly fashion' and that he saw 'no evidence of overspeculation.' In fact the country, as pictured by Mr. Mellon, was in about the most perfect condition possible, from the point of view of speculation. Witness his further statements:—

I see nothing to indicate that business will not continue to be good throughout the country.

There is an abundant supply of easy money which should take care of any contingencies that might arise.

I do not look for a change in the Federal Reserve rediscount rate for some time to come, because I can see no occasion for changing it.

Brokers' loans give a very good insight into the stock-market situation, and they appear in a very healthy state.

The Government will have about \$500,000,000 surplus on hand as of June 30, but I cannot say what the next Congress will do toward lowering taxes.

All signs and indications at the moment point to the country enjoying a successful business year.

It is not clear just why the Secretary should have thought it necessary to issue such a statement after the market had been showing weakness for several days, for so unreservedly favorable an opinion was bound to have a considerable influence on speculation. It may be that the blame should be placed upon some inquisitive reporter who insisted on having a popular story, or it may be that the Secretary was sincerely interested in putting an end to the decline. But in any case the statement had what the *Chronicle* termed a 'material influence' on the market and, in the words of the *Times*, 'created a cheerful feeling in Wall Street.' The following day stock prices strengthened and the market was ready to climb to greater heights.

This time it was no mere ten-day

spurt that the market was to enjoy. Rather it began, in its 'cheerful' mood, a movement which was ultimately to carry it to levels hitherto unknown. From a low of 186 on March 23, prices gradually climbed to 196 on April 5 and to 200 a week later. Over this new record of all time the market stumbled for the rest of the month, getting as high as 204 for a couple of days, but always slipping backward, although during this period the high of the day never fell below 200. Considering, however, that such unfavorable news as the Mississippi flood, increases in brokers' loans, and the Japanese financial crisis had to be offset, it must be conceded that the market amply justified the confidence which had been placed in it by its departed friend.

By the first of May the market had gotten its second wind and was in a position to break away from its monotonous record of 200. Within a week it advanced six points, and on June 2 the average was 217, a gain of approximately thirty points in ten weeks. Then, however, a recession set in which lasted through June. The loss was not severe, the total for the month being only about nine points, but its long continuance made it evident that once again new strength must be injected if the upward climb were to continue.

Enter the President

A basis for a return of optimism, if one preferred so to interpret it, was not long in forthcoming. President Coolidge, vacationing in the Black Hills, expressed what the dispatch to the *Times*, under the date of July 1, stated to be 'an optimistic view of business conditions.' According to this report, the President believed business in general to be 'satisfactory.' The Department of Labor, so it was stated, reported a 'satisfactory' condition of

employment, the Post Office Department reported an increased sale of stamps, and, although 'freight handling' showed variations, a generally 'satisfactory' condition was indicated. The President explained that the decline of net earnings of some of the railroads was due to an increase in railroad wages which had been put in effect about a year earlier. Perhaps also the increased sale of stamps was due to the mailing of circulars advertising summer sales.

To say that business conditions are 'satisfactory' of course means little or nothing. For the statement to have any particular significance it is necessary to indicate what 'satisfactory' means in relation to some recognized base. Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, Mr. Coolidge did not do this, and consequently his statement should be interpreted, although it very probably was not, with the same vagueness that characterized its expression. The following résumé will give some indication of the trend of business conditions as either the stock-market investor or the President might have followed them in the latter part of June 1927.

Industrial production in May was equal to that of March, 3 per cent higher than for April, and 5 per cent higher than for May 1926.

Factory employment in May showed no change from the preceding month, was 1 per cent lower than for March, and 3 per cent lower than for May 1926.

Factory pay rolls for May were the same as for the preceding month, 2 per cent lower than for March, and 1 per cent lower than for May 1926.

Building contracts awarded for May were 2 per cent lower than for the preceding month, 5 per cent lower than for March, and 1 per cent higher than for May 1926.

Freight-car loadings for May were 1 per cent lower than for April, 2 per cent lower than for March, and 1 per cent lower than for May 1926.

Commercial failures in May were greater than for the same month since 1922, and every month since the preceding July had been greater than for the same month of the preceding year.

Other business statistics would have indicated about the same thing — that business during the past few months had been slowing up appreciably and was on the whole a little worse than it had been a year earlier. Still it was unquestionably accurate to say it was 'satisfactory,' especially if 1921 were being used as a basis of comparison.

Whether it was such statistical evidence as the above, revealing a decline in business activity, that changed the attitude of the public, or whether the change was due to a favorable interpretation of the optimism of Mr. Coolidge, or whether still another factor brought it about, we can never know. The fact remains that stock prices at once started upward with an earnestness seldom paralleled in the history of the market. From a low of 207 on July 1, the day the President's statement was issued, prices moved to a high of 233 on August 2, a gain of 26 points in one month!

The Effect of a Famous Choice

It was on that August 2 that Mr. Coolidge announced he did not 'choose to run' for another term, but since the announcement came after the close of the market its first effect was not felt until the following day. The *Times* of August 3 anticipated the influence of the statement in the following words:

It was generally conceded that the decision will probably have an important effect on the immediate price trend, not because of the fear that there will be any less prosperity in the country with another President, but because of the fact that the market itself has been a 'Coolidge market,' and that, at the moment, it is set on a hair trigger.

Some days later, August 6, the *Chronicle* described the actual reception of the announcement as follows: —

The present bull market is going down in history not only as one of record proportions, but as one labeled with the name of Coolidge. His announcement, therefore, came as a genuine shock and, undoubtedly at first was considered by many as the ringing of the bell announcing the closing of an epoch in stock-market history.

The day after the announcement, stock prices broke badly, and although the Federal Reserve rediscount rate was reduced, after which prices stiffened a little for a couple of days, the trend remained downward until the thirteenth, the total loss being about ten points. Then the 'main advance' again began and prices were carried, almost without interruption, to a new high level of 247 on September 16. From this there was enough recession to carry prices down some seven points within the next two weeks. Again, however, they recovered, and on October 4 once more reached their previous high of 247. But once again liquidation set in, and this time a downward movement of substantial proportions occurred.

For a few days the recession was slow and orderly. Then on Monday, October 17, it became precipitous, prices dropping to a low of 236 as compared with a high on the preceding Saturday of 242. For the remainder of the week, with the exception of Tuesday, when they held firm, prices dropped two or three points a day, until on Saturday they closed at 227, some fifteen points below what they had been a week earlier. This severe decline wiped out all the gain of the preceding two months and brought prices to their lowest level since the preceding August 18. For the present purpose, however, the slump is more interesting for other reasons.

Intervention Grows Bolder

From October 4 to 17 the decline, as we have seen, took place in a very orderly manner, the total loss being only three or four points. On the latter date there was a severe break, the market even opening below the level at which it had closed on the preceding day of trading. Then on the following day the President issued a thoroughly optimistic statement, with a result that the *Times* described as follows:—

Brief dispatches giving the President's views were printed on the financial news tickers soon after noon.

Up to that time the market had been subjected to aggressive attacks by speculative interests bent upon continuing Monday's decline. Many of the active issues were moving heavily. Sentiment in the stock-market community was distinctly bearish.

The response to the President's utterances was immediate. The selling pressure was lifted and a determined buying movement got under way, causing a brisk rally in the main body of stocks that continued without interruption until the close at three o'clock.

The same report went on to point out that 'the President's statements had a tonic effect on the financial community, dispelling much of the pessimism that recent reports of industrial and commercial activity had created.'

The second point of interest in this statement of Mr. Coolidge is the reason why it should have had only a temporary restraining power on the liquidation. A positive answer to this can, of course, never be given, but it is at least possible that his optimism went too far and that his statements were not sufficiently in accord with the known facts of industrial activity to create a buoyant speculative attitude after anyone had thought them over for a night. Or perhaps the 'puzzling lifting of eyebrows,' which, according

to the *Times*, some of the statements caused, developed overnight into feelings of genuine distrust. In any event the market again turned downward, and it is an interesting speculation whether or not it was disagreement with the President's views, as shown by the following account from the *Times*, that was a prime motivating element.

The statement that the decrease in railway net receipts 'is not great' was contrasted with the latest monthly decrease of 11 per cent from 1926 and $5\frac{1}{4}$ per cent from 1925, and the statement that the railways 'are doing about the same amount of business as they did a year ago' brought references to the $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent decrease in freight-car loadings. That 'exports are on the increase' was admitted, so far as concerned comparison between September and the summer months, although attention was called to the fact that September exports decreased \$22,000,000 from 1926.

The *Times* also announced that some 'criticism was made that description of the business outlook as "better than it ever had been" might possibly induce the uninformed to suppose that the country was surpassing the record of 1926.' It pointed out, however, that the general view was 'that the President had done his best to prevent undue discouragement over such reaction as is known to have occurred.'

The decline in the market, which continued in spite of the President's statement, was finally broken at the end of the following week. The upward swing, nevertheless, proved very short, and the end of the next week saw prices at still lower levels. From this latter point, however, they again moved upward with considerable steadiness until the end of the year.

Further Statements from Washington

In the meantime the White House and the Treasury continued to issue

statements at irregular intervals, but no further purpose would be served by discussing them in detail. Perhaps by this time the market had become so accustomed to being told about the countrys' prosperity that these frequent injections of optimism were essential to its 'bullish' movements. In any event the market came to anticipate them, as the following passage from the *New York Times* of November 16 indicates:—

Washington having become the source of most of the 'bullish news' of late, Wall Street interests with a hand in the stock market seemed to feel justified yesterday in predicting encouraging developments in that quarter. 'Keep your eyes on Washington for news that will influence the market,' one commentator told his following. He offered no explanation. The impression that Washington may be depended upon to furnish a fresh impetus for the stock market seemed rather general.

Two days later the same paper carried a story which stated that the President had 'declared that America was entering upon a new era of prosperity.' Obviously Wall Street was not to be disappointed.

The President on Brokers' Loans

One further example should be mentioned of what the market came to think it might depend upon and what many people think has been a deliberate attempt to continue a bull market. Friends of the administration might justify in one way or another the statements that have so far been discussed. It might be maintained that the President should review business conditions, because the public will read what he says, whereas if the Department of Commerce issued such a review most people would pay little or no attention to it. Of course any such reasoning would have to be stretched consider-

ably to explain some of the statements or to justify the selection of the time when they have been issued, or make clear why their degree of accuracy has not been greater in some instances. But, even allowing for reasonable elasticity in the explanations so far given, it is still impossible to justify the utterance made by President on January 6, 1928, in regard to brokers' loans.

The essential events leading up to this unprecedented error of the President's may be set forth very briefly. After the market had closed on January 4, the announcement was made that brokers' loans had increased during December by \$341,071,018. This made a grand total of \$4,432,907,321, which was the highest on record and over a billion dollars above what it had been a year earlier. The following day there was, according to the *Chronicle*, a 'violent break in prices' on the stock exchange which was 'attributed to a large volume of loans,' and there was a great deal of unfavorable comment about such a volume. The next day, however, the Associated Press carried patches from Washington stating that 'President Coolidge is of the opinion that the record-breaking increase in brokers' loans is not large enough to cause unfavorable comment.'

Never before had a statement of such importance to speculation been issued by an occupant of the White House. Economists and students of financial affairs throughout the country were dumbfounded. Even Wall Street was amazed, for none of the 'optimists,' so the *Times* reported, 'could remember an instance in which the country's Chief Executive had made a public declaration on a controversy just that character.' According to them, 'the Chief Executive has traditionally avoided expressing opinion on subjects purely technical or wh-

re surrounded with problems of speculative activities.'

The effect of the President's statement on the market trend is scarcely worthy of comment. Of course it caused many people to feel more confident of the situation, with the result that there 'were sharp advances in many parts of the market.' On the whole, however, the market refused to budge. Apparently the President had gained gone too far, and the market decided it would rather reach its own conclusions as to whether or not four and one-half billions of brokers' loans were too much.

III

It is needless to continue the list of public statements made by President Coolidge and Secretary Mellon. Enough has been said to indicate that they have had a profound effect on the recent bull market, though of course this does not mean that they have been wholly responsible for it. On the contrary, had there not been a great abundance of capital available for investment and speculation, and a condition of business which superficially could be interpreted as prosperity and actually was not bad, it would have been impossible for these statements to have had such effect. Nevertheless, it is unquestionably true that prices are higher to-day than they would have been otherwise.

It is still another question as to whether or not the influence of these two men has been deliberate. They alone can give a definite answer. It will be clear from what has gone before that time after time their statements allowed a period of weakness or actual recession of the market. It is true, on the other hand, that they have not even out statements every time the market has receded. Yet, on the whole,

the correlation between their publicly expressed optimism and stock-market declines has been high. If the interference has not been deliberate, the times chosen for their public utterances have been astonishingly coincidental.

There is still the question of what harm has been done, even granting that the interference has been deliberate. To this the answer is obvious. If the present stock prices are materially above what the conditions of the country justify, it means that in due time there must be substantial declines in the prices of the securities which the public has purchased, just as there had to be drastic downward revisions in the prices of Florida real estate a year or so ago. If Messrs. Coolidge and Mellon have been guilty of bringing about the same type of inflation in the stock market that occurred in Florida, although necessarily to a lesser extent because there have always been too many 'bearish' interests to let prices reach any such relative heights as they did there, then the public may well remember the Mellon-Coolidge market.

'Coolidge prosperity' during the past eighteen months has been stock-market prosperity to a much larger extent than many of us realize. When people make profits they talk about them, and there are no greater talkers than successful small stock-market speculators, who give a false idea of the whole situation. It is this verbosity which has befuddled the thinking of a large portion of the American public. So far, of course, the great stock-market advance has been pleasant. Practically everyone has made money. So it was in the Florida inflation before the break. We are still told that stock prices will always remain high; that present prices merely anticipate future earnings. The same arguments and reasoning became hackneyed in Florida.

THE PUBLIC AND THEIR UTILITIES

FINANCE, ENGINEERING, AND MANAGEMENT

BY MAURICE R. SCHARFF

I

MANY public utility holding companies in this country have to their credit genuine accomplishments in extending and improving public utility service. With these accomplishments has come prosperity, attracting all kinds of men into the industry, with the result that serious abuses have established themselves.

Any attempt to present a picture of these abuses is necessarily a complicated task. Perhaps as clear a way as any will be to imagine that we are looking back from a vantage point of several years hence, and from this vantage point to sketch the history of a composite group of companies, made up for illustrative purposes out of material taken for the most part from companies actually existing at the present time.

Beginning our history, then, we find that our imaginary company controlled a large number of gas, electric, water, and street railway companies, situated in several different states, through a small investment in the Class 'B' voting stocks of the operating companies. Bonds, preferred stocks, and Class 'A' nonvoting stocks had been sold to the public in sufficient quantity to reduce the holding company's actual investment to a minimum, and at the same time to absorb nearly all of the net income distributed by the operating companies.

The holding company also had sold certain debentures, preferred stocks and common stocks to the public, and was itself controlled by a banking corporation through the ownership of an issue of one dollar par value voting stock, each share of which had the same voting power as the fifty dollar and one hundred dollar par value shares sold to the public. As a result of this highly logical development of the modern expedient of pyramiding, the investment of the banking corporation in the system was very small indeed, and the share of the net income of the operating companies which reached the banking corporation in the form of dividends on the one dollar par value stock of the holding corporation was also inconsiderable.

Nevertheless the owners of the closely held banking corporation enjoyed a degree of prosperity which certainly could not be explained by the small dividends which the banking corporation received from the holding company—or even by the salaries which several members of the banking corporation received as officers of the various operating and affiliated companies making up the system. A kind of second sight alone can penetrate the complexities of modern corporate organization and accounting. Assuming that from our vantage point in the future we can apply this second sight we find that the secret of the profits of

the banking corporation lay in that threefold key to the activities of the public utility holding company: finance, engineering, and management.

For the banking corporation, through the exercise of its voting control, was able to serve as syndicate manager to both the holding and the operating companies, and to participate in the underwriting of all their financing. And as the physical properties, particularly of the electric light and power subsidiaries, were being developed at a rapid rate, these operations netted a profit to the banking corporation many times larger than its share in the net income of the operating subsidiaries of the holding company.

In addition, the banking corporation owned all of the capital stock of an engineering and management corporation. This interesting corporation had contracts with all of the operating companies of the entire group to supervise their operations for a fee of 10 per cent of their gross revenue, and to perform or supervise all of their engineering and construction work for a fee of 20 per cent of their expenditures for additions, extensions, and replacements. Its capital was small, its only assets being its office furniture and a small working fund for office pay-roll purposes, as its contracts with the operating companies provided that the latter should advance all funds required for construction and field supervision work. And its profits were large, amounting to several thousand per cent of its capital, as its expenses were a small proportion of its fees, even where it actually performed a service and assumed the entire cost of performing it. Furthermore, the engineering and management contracts permitted a number of kinds of expenses to be charged back to the operating companies in addition to the fees, and, under the liberal interpretation which

prevailed, they also allowed fees to be collected, in some instances, on work for which the engineering and management were carried out by and at the expense of the operating companies, with only hypothetical supervision, and with no expense whatever on the part of the engineering and management corporation.

The interests in control of the whole group had many reasons for believing that this situation could be continued indefinitely. In the first place, its very existence was unknown to the public and to the public service commissions which regulated the rates of the operating companies. For the published statements of the operating companies, and the consolidated statements of the holding company, were so contrived as to defy any analysis which might be made in the attempt to show separately the payments to these affiliated non-utility corporations. And, of course, the engineering and management corporation and the banking corporation never published any statements, and had successfully resisted all attempts of the public service commissions to delve into their affairs, on the ground that they were not public utility companies and therefore not subject to regulatory jurisdiction. Furthermore, the operating companies of the group had been active and successful in their 'public relations' work, and in educational publicity, demonstrating that their rates were adequately regulated by the public service commissions to yield no more than a fair return on the fair values of their properties. A great chorus of customer stock owners and of newspapers and publicists, convinced by this programme of publicity that the operating companies were devoting themselves to the ideal of furnishing the best possible service at the lowest possible cost, stood ready to cry out

against any attack, which would immediately be branded as political and bolshevist. Finally, there had been no serious rate cases for many years, as expanding business and declining costs in the industry had always permitted the threat of rate complaints to be forestalled by the operating companies by so-called 'voluntary' rate reductions.

In fact, the situation approached perfection from the point of view of the controlling group, because, in addition to an enormous ratio of profit to investment, the earnings of the banking corporation appeared to conform to a high standard of financial stability and safety. For, instead of depending upon 'net income' from operations, they were derived almost entirely from financing fees, payable out of the proceeds of securities sold to the public, and chargeable, under the classifications prescribed by the public service commissions, to deferred accounts, to be written off eventually against the net income of the operating companies, the interest in which had been largely sold out to the public; profits on management fees, chargeable to operating-expense accounts of the operating companies, in advance even of bond interest; and profits on engineering fees, chargeable to the fixed-capital accounts of the operating companies, and paid for either out of the earnings of the operating companies or out of the proceeds of the sale of securities to the public.

One consideration, however, had been left out of account — the possibility of a searching investigation by the Federal Government. Such an investigation was finally made by a body known as the Federal Trade Commission, and soon brought to light the extent to which the group had sold out to the public its interest in the net earnings of its operating subsidiaries, and was living on its financial, engi-

neering, and management fees. These fees were judged by the public to be disproportionate to their value to the operating companies; in addition, the practice of collecting profits through exercise of control without investment was looked upon as a milking rather than a managing operation, and a wave of popular indignation against the companies of the group arose. The court and the public service commissions which had theretofore refrained from delving into financing, engineering, and management companies on the ground that they were not public utility companies, or else had approved profits on financing, engineering, and management when some showing of advantage or value could be made for the service rendered, now swung to the opposite extreme and held that, in the public utility industry, all profits on inter-company transactions, under contract dictated by controlling interests without independent negotiation by the contracting companies and without competitive bidding, were contrary to business morality and to public policy and should not be allowed.

At the same time a series of rate cases were started against the operating companies of the group, and the public service commissions of the various states in which they were situated, influenced, no doubt, by the violent public feeling that had followed the disclosures of the Federal investigation, restricted valuations and rates of return to such an extent that many innocent investors, including a large number of customer stock owners, suffered serious losses.

The holding company and the engineering and management corporation, however, had practically their entire income cut off, as a result of which the banking corporation was left so high and dry that the interests in control were glad to step down and out and

make way for a complete reorganization by a new group of interests in a manner more nearly in harmony with the public sentiment of the day.

II

It is probable that the Federal Trade Commission investigation of public utility holding companies now in progress will not disclose any single holding-company group with all of the features of the mythical group described above. Its fanciful fees, of 10 per cent of gross revenue for management and 20 per cent of capital expenditures for engineering, are higher than any that have ever been disclosed, although it cannot be at all certain, until the investigation is completed, that cases may not be found in which even these extravagant figures may be approximated.

Anyone who is at all familiar with the industry, however, or who is conversant with the few facts that can be gleaned from the published records, can be certain that the investigation will disclose every one of these features distributed among the companies that fall within the scope of this inquiry. Pyramiding of control through superposition of holding companies, and superpyramiding through use of low par value stocks, — a one dollar par value share, for example, sometimes having the same voting power as a fifty or one hundred dollar par value share, — are practices already familiar. Collection of fees for financing, engineering, and management disproportionate to the value of services rendered, collection of fees where no services are rendered, and numerous other methods of taking profits on non-utility operations through exercise of control by the holders of junior securities, no less certainly are among the activities of holding-company groups. Profits on sales of property and securities to sub-

sidary companies, profits on rentals of real estate, rentals of underground conduits and other facilities, sales of equipment manufactured by affiliated companies, charges for furnishing automobile and trucking services, suggest some of the means by which the controlling interests are enriched.

Such disclosures as these have already been anticipated in general terms by the Federal Trade Commission, which outlines a typical case in the following picturesque language: —

A certain operating company needs a new generating unit or transmission line and needs funds with which to pay for the facilities. Being controlled by a company that is in turn controlled or otherwise dominated by a certain investment banking organization, the company is not free in choosing the channel through which to obtain the funds for purchasing the supplies and equipment and in choosing the organization that is to carry on the construction work. Under these circumstances it is customary for the controlling service organization to provide the various service agencies and charge fees for its services to the operating companies of its group. Its banking organization arranges for and participates in the marketing of the company's securities, and collects a fee; its purchasing organization places the orders for supplies and equipment, inspects the purchases, and collects a fee; and its construction organization performs the construction work, and collects a fee; and its consulting managerial organization supervises the management and operation of the new facilities, and collects a fee. To a considerable extent, especially where the interests controlling the service organization also control the holding company, this savors of trading with and making a profit out of one's self.

General terms, however, do not supply an adequate basis for public action. And so the Federal Trade Commission investigation will unquestionably perform a useful function

in answering the question, 'What are the facts with regard to these inter-company transactions and the profits taken from the public utility industry through exercise of voting control?' When these facts are fully disclosed, it may be expected that these transactions will be recognized not merely as incidental evils, as some have considered them, but as primary factors in the speculation in utility properties and holding-company securities, and in the partial breakdown of public service commission regulation, which have characterized these last few years.

The most striking aspect of this situation, perhaps, is that it should be necessary to ask at this date, 'What are the facts?' and that an investigation by the Federal Trade Commission should be necessary to answer the question. The leaders of the public utility industry, the official spokesmen of its trade organizations and joint committees, and its well-known extensive publicity have insisted day in and day out that the industry was not only willing but anxious to place the facts regarding every aspect of the business before the public. For example, the Official Statement issued by the National Electric Light Association, in convention assembled at Atlantic City, on June 6, 1928, said: —

Recognizing that lack of knowledge is as unfair to the public as it is harmful to the industry, the electric utilities consider it their responsibility to place all the facts before the public.

It is for these reasons that the National Electric Light Association, among its other important functions in the development of the electrical industry, some years ago assumed the responsibility for and adopted the policy of preparing and diffusing as widely as possible full, accurate, and timely information on all phases of the business.

Is it then mere accident or neglect that has so effectively restrained this

urge to 'lay all the facts before the public' with respect to these transactions between public utility companies and affiliated corporations furnishing them with services now largely outside the field of public regulation? Or has there been a conspiracy of silence to suppress facts which, if known, might interfere with the development of those desirable — and profitable — public regulations which have been the object of the publicity activities of the industry?

The Federal Trade Commission investigation may help to answer these inquiries. Whatever may be the case the fact is that it is rarely possible to secure any information whatever regarding the transactions here referred to from the published reports of the companies.

Try, if you will, as a stockholder or as a member of the public before whom it is desirable that all of the facts should be laid, to ascertain from the reports of the Electric Bond and Share Company what proportion of its earnings come from dividends received on the stocks of operating subsidiaries owned by its subsidiary Securities Corporation, and what proportion from profits on fees charged for financial, engineering, and management services. Look in the reports of the Public Service Corporation of New Jersey for a statement of earnings and expenses of the Public Service Production Company (recently absorbed by the United Engineers and Constructors Incorporated) and the Public Service Stock and Bond Company, or try to ascertain from these reports the proportion of the earnings of the holding company that it received from the profits of the Production Company and the Stock and Bond Company on their services to their affiliated utility companies. Endeavor to identify in the reports of the American Water Works

and Electric Company the earnings from the Water Works and Electric Securities Corporation, and the American Construction and Securities Company. You will fail in each case, just as you will fail if you try to learn from the published reports of the utility companies and their controlling holding companies the corporate relationship and the amount and disposition of profits arising out of intercorporate transactions between the companies of the Stone and Webster group, for example, and Stone and Webster, Incorporated; the companies of the Associated Gas and Electric Company group and the J. G. White Management Corporation, the J. G. White Engineering Corporation, and J. G. White and Company; the companies of the Consolidated Gas Company group of New York City and Thomas E. Murray, Incorporated, which carries the name of the Senior Vice President of its principal subsidiary, the New York Edison Company; the General Gas and Electric Corporation group and W. S. Barstow and Company, Incorporated, etc., etc.

This is not to imply that all of the companies named above have made unreasonable charges for services rendered to their affiliated companies, or have made charges where no such services were rendered. As a matter of fact, some of them will be found to have rendered to their subsidiary companies services of the highest grade, for which charges have been reasonable when compared with the charges for similar services by independent financial, engineering, and management organizations. The point is that the facts regarding these matters have not been fully revealed, and that, in the face of a constant insistence that all of the cards are being laid on the table, a Federal investigation is necessary to bring about an understanding of the situation.

III

The second point is that even the comparatively few figures that have leaked through the veil of secrecy surrounding the subject, by publication in the decisions of various public service commissions, are sufficient to demonstrate the lack of any established standards for reasonable charges, the extreme variation in such charges by different controlling groups, and the obvious unreasonableness of some of the charges that are made.

Few such figures are available regarding charges for financial services, and none at all regarding the cost of furnishing such services, so that this branch of the subject must remain largely a matter of mystery, to be unraveled by the Federal Trade Commission.

But there are a moderate number of cases involving fees charged for management services, and the absence of standards in this field is clearly illustrated by the wide range of the fees reported in these cases. For example, in *Alpha Portland Cement Company* vs. *Lehigh Navigation Electric Company* the Pennsylvania Public Service Commission approved a charge to operating expense of $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of the gross revenue of this company, which is supervised by the Electric Bond and Share Company; whereas the Nebraska Railroad Commission, in 1926, called attention in one of its decisions to the fact that the Northwestern Public Service Company was paying to its holding company, the National Electric Power Company, a management fee of 5 per cent of its gross revenue.

In regard to charges for engineering and construction, the number of cases reported is smaller, probably because the public service commissions have rarely taken this question under their jurisdiction, even in cases where fees

chargeable to operating expenses were before them.

However, notwithstanding the rarity of such cases, they illustrate even more strikingly the wide range of charges resulting from lack of standards. Thus in *Wood vs. Elmira Water, Light and Railway Company* the New York Commission approved a charge to operating-expense account of 5 per cent of the cost of all construction, excepting consumers' meters and services, for engineering, representing payments in these amounts made to the United Gas and Electric Engineering Corporation. In *re Wisconsin Fuel and Light Company*, the Wisconsin Railroad Commission disapproved a charge to fixed-capital accounts of 10 per cent of the cost of construction work, to represent the services of the Inter-State Fuel and Light Company and /or the Utilities Operating Company, in connection with engineering and construction. And in the cases of the City Water Company of Marinette and the City Water Works and Electric Company, the Wisconsin Railroad Commission disapproved a charge of 15 per cent of the cost of all construction work for services performed by the American Construction and Securities Company.

It is quite likely that these wide ranges of between $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent and 5 per cent for supervision of management, and between 5 per cent and 15 per cent for engineering, might appear even wider if all the facts were known as to the extent of the services rendered, and the proportion of the cost of such services assumed by the engineering and management organization in each case. But even without taking this factor into account, and assuming that the engineering and management organization actually performs the service and assumes the cost thereof, experience and the customary charges of independent engineering organizations demon-

strate clearly that, for operations of the character and magnitude of those involved in these and similar cases charges such as 5 per cent of gross revenue for supervision of management and 15 per cent of construction cost for engineering are so greatly in excess of the cost of furnishing the service as to constitute a method of taking an unreasonable profit for the controlling interests, in addition to the fair return on the fair value of its property to which the owners are entitled under public service regulation.

Criticisms of contracts of the type under discussion have been repeatedly made by many of the state commissions, although their hands have been largely tied by their lack of access to the accounts and records of the holding companies and affiliated service organizations.

Thus, in the Wisconsin Fuel and Light Company case and the two water-company cases referred to above the Wisconsin Railroad Commission used similar language, an example of which is as follows:—

It is the opinion of the Commission that the mere existence of an agreement between affiliated companies does not alone justify its approval of charges made in accordance with the terms thereof, since the subsidiary is not a free agent, but is under the control of the holding company. Under these conditions, it appears that the charges for such services should, in order to be considered reasonable, bear a close relation to the cost of the holding company of performing the same.

And in the Southern Indiana Gas and Electric Company case, where this company was found to be paying to the Commonwealth Power Corporation 5 per cent of the cost of additions to its railway properties, and 6 per cent of the cost of additions to its electric, gas heating, and other properties for engineering, and 2 per cent of its gross

earnings for supervision of management, the Public Service Commission of Indiana said:—

We consider this plan simply a process of milking the patrons of the utility and directly obtaining an enhanced return on its investment. Sooner or later, patrons who are subjected to such contracts will become aroused, and it will furnish splendid argument for those who insist on government and municipally owned utilities.

Another indication of what the sentiment of the people of the United States may be expected to be when they clearly understand the issue raised by these transactions between affiliated companies in the public utility field may be found in the past action of Congress relative to similar transactions of railroad companies. It will be recalled that Section 10 of the Clayton Act provides in part that no common carrier engaged in interstate commerce shall make or have any contracts for construction or maintenance of any kind, to the amount of more than \$50,000.00, in the aggregate, in any one year, with another corporation, firm, partnership, or association when the said common carrier shall have upon its board of directors or as its president, manager, or as its purchasing or selling officer, or agent in the particular transaction, any person who is at the same time a director, manager, or purchasing or selling officer of, or who has any substantial interest in, such other corporation, firm, partnership, or association, unless and except such purchases shall be made from, or such dealings shall be with, the bidder whose bid is the most favorable to such common carrier, to be ascertained by competitive bidding under regulations to be prescribed by rule or otherwise by the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Still another expression of the public's attitude toward such transactions may be found in the report of the Interstate Commerce Commission, published in the *United States Daily* for August 1, 1927, upon an investigation

of certain transactions between the Erie Railroad and a group of companies in which Mr. Russell S. Underwood, son of Mr. Frederick D. Underwood, at that time President of the Erie Railroad, was a heavy stockholder and with which he was actively connected. The report states that Mr. Russell S. Underwood also served as Director in the Chicago and Erie, and in the New York, Susquehanna and Western, important subsidiaries of the Erie Railroad, during portions of the period covered by these transactions. The Interstate Commerce Commission refers to these transactions in part as follows:—

We cannot, therefore, disregard transactions such as these, which, made under the circumstances and conditions herein described, are not only in conflict with 'honest, efficient, and economical management and reasonable expenditure for maintenance,' but are repugnant to sound business methods, and in some cases, at least, repugnant to good conscience.

IV

It is not intended to suggest that the making of a reasonable profit on fees charged for services rendered by a controlling interest to a controlled public utility company is necessarily illegal under existing laws. In fact, the contrary is clearly established in numerous cases in which such charges have been approved by commissions and courts. For example, in the Southwestern Bell Telephone Company case the Supreme Court of the United States approved the fee of $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of gross revenue collected by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company from its subsidiary telephone companies for rental of equipment, use of patents, and services rendered, making, in the course of its decision, the following statement:—

Four and one-half per cent is the ordinary charge paid voluntarily by local companies of the general system. There is nothing to indicate bad faith.

The Supreme Court also quoted with approval the Supreme Court of Illinois in *State Public Utilities Commission ex rel. Springfield vs. Springfield Gas and Electric Company* as follows:—

The Commission is not the financial manager of the corporation and it is not in its power to substitute its judgment for that of the directors of the corporation; nor can it ignore items charged by the utility as operating expense unless there is an abuse of discretion in that regard by the corporate officers.

This doctrine of the separate entity of affiliated corporations, however, has its limitations, which have been clearly set forth by Professor Wormser in his stimulating little book, *The Disregard of the Corporate Fiction and Allied Corporate Problems*, as follows:—

When the conception of corporate entity is employed to defraud creditors, to evade an existing obligation, to circumvent a statute, to achieve or perpetuate monopoly, or to protect knavery or crime, the courts will draw aside the web of entity, will regard the corporate company as an association of live, up-and-doing men and women shareholders, and will do justice between real persons.

To a layman, it would appear that the taking of unreasonable profits by junior security holders through fees charged to controlled public utility companies comes so near to constituting a moral, if not a technical, fraud on the holders of bonds and other senior securities, and that such transactions evade so effectively the obligation to render service at cost plus a fair return on the value of the property, and circumvent so completely the statutory system of public service regulation, that the courts may be counted on, in

the long run, to disregard the corporate fiction and do justice between the controlling interests and the public who buy the securities and pay the rates.

The mills of the courts, however, in affairs like these, grind exceedingly slow, and it is unlikely that the public, when once it grasps the meaning of these abuses, will await the slow processes of the courts to settle these problems of business ethics and public policy, rather than proceed to settle them itself through legislation and other action.

V

In anticipation of public condemnation of the practices about to be disclosed by the Federal Trade Commission, the duty of the public utility industry is clear. The Chamber of Commerce of the United States, in its Principles of Business Conduct adopted at its annual meeting in 1924, laid down the principle that 'business should render restrictive legislation unnecessary by so conducting itself as to deserve and inspire public confidence.' The public utility industry should at once add to its already extensive organization a dictatorship, in the integrity and independence of which the public can have absolute confidence. The dictator should ascertain all of the facts regarding the intercorporate relations and concealed profits resulting from transactions between affiliated companies, and disclose these facts so fully that the public may actually, and not merely theoretically, understand all of the facts of the business. Under his leadership, the industry should develop standards, in harmony with its professed ideals of public service, for reasonable charges for all kinds of service customarily rendered by one affiliated company to another. And it should exert the full influence of the leadership of the industry, either to

bring the practices of all member companies into harmony with such standards or else to cast out the companies refusing to conform, for the public condemnation and destruction which they deserve, and will, no doubt, receive.

Not only would such a programme go far toward restoring public confidence in the industry, — which, despite the protestations of the industry's publicity, has been considerably shaken, — but it is probably the only way in which the reasonable profits now being taken by the more conservative companies on services to their subsidiaries can be justified and maintained.

Up to the present time, however, there has been no indication of any tendency on the part of the industry to follow such a programme. The official attitude of the industry, as expressed by its leaders, has been to doubt the existence of abuses, except in rare, isolated instances, and to insist that in such instances the company or individual involved shall alone be held responsible. As Mr. H. T. Sands, President of the National Electric Light Association, stated it at the Convention of the Association at Atlantic City on June 5, 1928: —

Each association, each company, each individual must take responsibility for its or his own acts, receiving the credit or the blame that the record brings. Every tub must stand on its own bottom. Blame, if cause be found for any, should be placed where it belongs. The entire industry should not be condemned because of the misdeeds of a few, if any.

Unfortunately for this point of view, the National Electric Light Association, the American Gas Association, the American Electric Railway Association, and the Joint Committee of Public Utility Associations have made it impossible for every tub to stand on its own bottom. An industry cannot

organize for a vast campaign of publicity on a national scale, to present itself as a whole in a favorable light, and escape the obligation to regulate itself, as the only alternative to restrictive legislation.

If the present attitude of the leadership of the industry continues, it can only be anticipated that such additional regulation through legislation will result. In such case, an assured feature of such legislation will be the requirement of complete publicity as to intercorporate transactions in the public utility industry, including the publication of separate income statements of all affiliated operating companies, whether engaged directly in public utility service or not; and the filing, as public records, of complete information as to all intercompany contracts and transactions.

Difficult problems must be solved in order to work out the regulatory features of such legislation, the very first of which, of course, is whether such legislation can be made effective by the several states, or whether the Federal Government is going to be obliged to step in to accomplish what will be required. Several possible types of legislation present themselves, also.

1. Public utility companies might be prohibited from contracting for financial, engineering, and management services from any affiliated company, except on the basis of competitive bidding, as provided by the Clayton Act for construction and maintenance work on the railroads. This, however, would be unsatisfactory, as these services are largely professional, and experience has demonstrated that professional services cannot be secured satisfactorily by competitive bidding.

2. Every company affiliated with a public utility company (a definition of 'affiliation' being developed especially for this purpose) might be declared to

be affected with a public interest, and subject to regulation by the appropriate state or federal commission, so as to limit its earnings from its affiliated public utility companies to a fair return on the capital used by it in its dealings with them. This would add a vast additional burden upon the already overloaded regulatory commissions, and it might well be that it would be the last straw which would break the back of the entire system of regulation.

3. All profits on transactions between the public utility companies and affiliated non-utility companies (again, a suitable definition of 'affiliated' being developed for the purpose) might be prohibited, definitely limiting the returns of all investors in the industry to a fair return upon the fair value of the property used in the public service, and thus bringing the fact into harmony with the theory of public service regulation. This might seem to involve

some injustice to those companies that have been moderate and reasonable in their charges for services to their subsidiaries, but it has, at least, certain advantages of simplicity. In view of the fact that the furnishing of services can be carried on without the investment of any substantial capital (and with no investment when such capital as is required is furnished by the controlled utility companies), it might prove to be the most desirable line on which to work.

Of course, there is always lurking in the background the possibility of government ownership and operation — than which no greater public calamity can be imagined. But it is hard to believe that the leadership of the public utility industry is quite so blind or that the American people are so stupid that they cannot avoid this pitfall while working out a more intelligent solution of the problems presented by the public utility holding company.

BUILDING A FUTILE NAVY

BY GENERAL WILLIAM MITCHELL

I

THE question of what a navy is worth to a country is to-day agitating every great nation in the world. Sea power — what is it and what is its bearing upon modern warfare? Although the answer cannot be found entirely by examining the records of the past, certain principles must be borne in mind.

First, let us inquire into the nature of war.

The essence of war consists in paralyzing the vital centres of an enemy, so

that people can no longer live in their homes, or maintain their manufactures, or till their fields, or raise live stock. In the old days, the only way of accomplishing this was for an army to advance along the ground, and, having pierced the hostile army, occupy the disputed areas and dictate terms to the conquered people. To-day, however, the development of the machine gun and rapid-fire artillery, the use of gas and chemical weapons, make it impossible for armies to advance rapidly, if at all. In Europe, after the armies had

gained contact they entrenched themselves, and moved backward and forward for a distance of only about sixty miles in four years. No commanding general had any power of influencing the decision. The airplane, however, appeared as the only direct means of advancing into enemy territory and practising effective warfare.

Orthodox sea warfare proved equally indecisive, for surface navies found themselves entirely unable to effect landings on a hostile coast. In the face of submarines, the British navy remained tied up behind torpedo nets in mortal fear of venturing forth. Of one hundred and thirty-four large warships sunk during the war, the submarines accounted for seventy. The high-sea fleets of Germany and Great Britain entered into combat twice, once for sixteen minutes and once for twenty-four minutes, no decision being reached in either case. The encounters took place so close to the coasts of both England and Germany that, had aircraft been developed at that time to the point they have now attained, both fleets could have been sunk expeditiously by air attack.

During the war, surface ships had very little value as far as protecting Allied commerce was concerned. The submarines, although used for the first time in history in a great war, sunk 11,153,506 tons of Allied shipping and almost half of Great Britain's merchant marine. The Germans maintained an average of only thirty submarines at sea at any one time during the war, and these were rudimentary compared with what can be built to-day. It should be remembered also that merchant shipping was not then exposed to the air menace, as airplanes did not have the cruising ability or the striking power they have since developed.

Thus it can readily be seen that the last war developed two new weapons

— the airplane and the submarine — which have revolutionized the problem of national defense. Looking at this whole question as one which aims to protect our country against outside aggression, primarily, we are forced to the conclusion that the great offensive and defensive weapon to-day is air power. It can cross the sea and attack any country in its vital places in a much shorter time and with much less effort than can either land or sea power.

Land power has become a holding agent which occupies a place conquered by air power. Sea power in its old rôle of defending a coast line has ceased to exist. Neither surface ships nor submarines can fulfill this function because aircraft can fly directly over them.

Why, then, this terrific hue and cry about battleships, cruisers, destroyers?

At the present moment Congress is being urged to saddle the American taxpayer with a heavy burden of expense to pay for the following surface craft, whose uselessness the World War and the subsequent Army Air Service bombing operations in 1921 and 1923 clearly demonstrated: —

Fifteen light cruisers, 10,000 tons each, to carry 8-inch guns, to be constructed at the rate of five each year during the fiscal years 1929, 1930, and 1931, at a cost of \$17,000,000 each	\$255,000,000
One aircraft carrier to be constructed prior to June 30, 1930, at a cost, <i>not including</i> <i>airplanes</i> , of	\$19,000,000
Total	\$274,000,000

Nor is this immense programme fortified by any corresponding expenditure on our air forces, which are largely under the control of the Navy Department, where certain superannuated old gentlemen known as admirals dictate the practical workings and policies

of the naval arm. They have a very excellent idea of the regimen and make-up of a navy of, say, fifty years ago, when they dedicated themselves in the very flower of their youth to this service. But all their training, all their discipline, every act of their official lives, tended to produce a peculiar myopic condition in their inner vision. Their minds became less mobile, less able to take on new ideas, new systems, new departures. Their hearts were given to this service and no other, and they cannot bear to see the scope of its influence infringed upon, or its prerogatives absorbed by any other arm.

The kindest explanation one can make about men with this hidebound type of mind is that their whole-souled worship of the navy as an institution has blinded them to the higher call of country. They cannot, or will not, see that extraneous forces have made the old type of navy a 'has-been' in the armory of modern nations.

They still see the spectacular clash of fleet against fleet in a grand and ear-splitting engagement at sea as a practicality in modern warfare! Years ago Admiral Sims, now retired, one of the few naval leaders with real vision, made the statement that the battleship might be the backbone of the navy, but that backbone was broken. He said:—

There will never again be in naval history one of the Simon-pure naval expeditions carried across the sea to an enemy's port, the defeat of an enemy's fleet, the establishment of an advance base on his coast, and the pouring in of soldiers and supplies. This has been forever rendered impossible against any country that has adequate air and submarine forces. The command of the air means the command of the surface, whether it be on sea or land.

This same opinion is held by several other distinguished authorities, who have been, however, unable to influence

the astonishing conservatism of mind characterizing the Navy General Board.

The report of the Naval Affairs Committee which accompanied the bill presenting this cruiser programme contained the following enlightening statement in regard to the need for cruisers:

For scouting and screening duties with the capital fleet. The superior speed of cruisers enables them to obtain information of the whereabouts and movements of the *enemy fleet so that battle may be joined or evaded as conditions may dictate . . .* their combination of speed and armament contribute an efficient element to the screen protecting the Battle Fleet.

This 'superior speed' amounts to something between 25 and 30 knots an hour. Compare this with the speed of an airplane, of from 150 to 300 miles an hour. Take into consideration the airplane's bomb-dropping proclivities, to which even a battleship succumbs in four and one-half minutes; what protection will a cruiser be? Consider also the airplane's vastly superior capacities for scouting. The ability of a ship to find anything is almost negative. Witness the nine days' search for Rodgers's plane, off Hawaii, the position of which was known within a few miles. Even in the last war, in the little pond formed by the North Sea, the battle fleets found each other with the greatest difficulty, and then aircraft reported more than did any of the scout vessels, although the commanding officers did not credit the reports of the air officers.

This same report goes on to say:—

[Cruisers are needed] . . . for dispersed cruising tasks, such as protecting our main ports, the approaches to the Panama Canal, so vital to our trade and defense, the Hawaiian Islands, the Philippines, and other focal points; protecting from raids our merchant shipping and the transport of men and munitions; and controlling the use of the seas.

In the last phrase, the height of unintentional satire is reached. The seas cannot be controlled through the agency of ships when such invincible enemies exist as aircraft and submarines, which can destroy a ship, but are not easily harmed by it.

Since 1916, an authorization has existed for the construction of three fleet submarines, appropriations for which have never been pushed through. This in spite of the fact that we have only six submarines, built or building, of later than war-time design. American submarines are notoriously the worst in the world. The Commander in Chief of the Atlantic Fleet reported on them a few years ago as follows:—

Of the combatant ships taking part in the problems, the submarines are the worst. Their design is obsolete and faulty. Their ventilation is poor and at times almost non-existent. The temperatures in the engine room rise as high as 135 degrees. They are unreliable. Some of their fuel tanks leak, either spoiling their fresh water or enhancing the fire menace, or leaving an oil slick whereby they can be tracked.

All submarines are so deficient in speed as to be of small use for fleet work except by accident of position.

In regard to the submarines, the Commander in Chief realizes with regret *that there is nothing better in sight*, and consequently the personnel will do the best it can to produce maximum results with those the fleet has. The work of the personnel of these ships is in many cases admirable.

In the meantime England, France, and Japan go on building excellent submarines.

Of late years, the propaganda which the navy circulates in regard to battleships and cruisers and our crying need for them has become so insidious and so inimical to the true state of affairs in national defense matters that it presents a serious bar to popular understanding of what these things should

consist of. Combined with the inertia of conservatism which reaches its finest flower in the navy, such lack of understanding constitutes an appalling obstacle to the modernization and reorganization of our national defense.

We hear a great deal of talk by the army and navy about the use of anti-aircraft artillery and protective devices from the surface of the land or the sea. While these weapons and devices have a limited effect, this effectiveness is constantly diminishing, as compared to the increased power and range of aircraft. During the war, the reports of the aircraft under my command disclosed that of the airplanes shot down when crossing the lines only one tenth of one per cent were accounted for by anti-aircraft fire. This was when aircraft had to stay in close proximity to the troops on the ground and the anti-aircraft gunners had every advantage. Anti-aircraft guns have not improved perceptibly since the war, notwithstanding the propaganda put out. They never can improve much, because a missile-throwing weapon needs some point of reference with which to check the strike of its projectiles. There is no such point in the air.

Furthermore, aircraft have to be seen or heard in order to be fired at. Modern aircraft can be so constructed as to be practically invisible a few thousand feet from the ground, and can be equipped with noiseless engines and propellers. They need not even come over cities or localities in order to launch aerial torpedoes, gliding bombs, or water torpedoes against them, but can make direct hits from a distance of many miles or thousands of yards.

If anyone thinks it is easy to hit an airplane with ground artillery, let him take a garden hose and try to spray a butterfly with it. He will get just about the same effect.

To sum it up, the surface ship, far

from being a defender of the country, is not able even to defend itself.

If a naval war were attempted against Japan, for instance, the Japanese submarines and aircraft would sink the enemy fleet long before it came anywhere near their coast. Airplane carriers are useless instruments of war against first-class Powers, because they are the most vulnerable of all ships under air attack, being merely thin shells, and are entirely at the mercy of submarines.

The only hope of maritime victory against Japan would be through an attack on her commerce by submarines. A military attack which would bring her quickly to submission would be an air-force attack through Alaska and the Aleutian Islands directly against her centres of population. This is not only possible but practical, and the Japanese are fully aware of it. Inversely, they could conduct an air campaign against the United States over this same route.

Russia is an even closer neighbor than Japan, her territory coming within six miles of ours, that being the distance between the two Diomed Islands in the middle of Bering Strait, one of which is owned by us and the other by Russia.

Similarly, a submarine attack on England's commerce would be the only means of obtaining victory in sea warfare, while an aircraft attack against her principal cities would quickly effect a decision on land.

It is realized by few that an offensive war across the sea might be conducted by aircraft using islands as bases and, from a chain of these, launching attacks against great centres of industry and population in the heart of the enemy country. Islands are easily defended by submarines and aircraft, if command of the air is obtained by the force holding the islands.

Further, few realize that such a

chain of islands, with intervals of open sea scarcely more than four hundred miles at the widest, extends from Europe to America by way of England and Scandinavia, the Orkney Islands, Iceland, and Greenland to the North American mainland.

In Bermuda, England has an island within aircraft-striking distance of our Eastern coast, and in Jamaica one within aircraft-striking distance of the Panama Canal.

England, Russia, and Japan all have air forces organized to act by themselves, entirely independently of an army or navy, to conduct a real air war. In fact, the military system that was adopted by most first-class Powers after the war separates land power, sea power, and air power, putting them under their own ministries. There is also a minister or secretary in charge of a department of munitions, which supplies all three. These four departments are combined under one general head, so as to fix responsibility and command, and to cut down overhead. This is a modern and intelligent system that would save millions of dollars to our taxpayers. The American navy, assisted by the regular army, prevented any such change in America. That is why air power lags so badly here. The United States, on account of its industrial excellence, its great supply of raw materials, its engineering ability, and the suitability of its young men to make pilots, could certainly lead the world in the air.

When the air force under my command sank the battleships in 1921, proving for all time that aircraft could control water areas, the Secretary of State called a conference for the Limitation of Armaments, which resulted in the Washington Treaty. It was the first constructive step ever taken by nations together for the elimination of useless war devices.

For their ostrichlike ignoring of the disturbing facts of modern national defense, the navy heads have no peers, and they are abetted by the machine politicians now in control of the government — men who have made office-holding an industry. They know that the financial forces behind ships, ship-building, and foreign loans can be used to keep themselves in office. They therefore twist and turn the truth of national defense so as to make it appear that ships will protect the country, and demand huge appropriations for new construction. This is not only throwing our money away, but leads to a feeling of false security on the part of the people, a false confidence that their dollars spent on the navy will protect their country and their homes, whereas exactly the reverse is the case.

If a country is to have national defense at all, it should be designed to protect against some specific possibility; and in considering what might be brought against us we must take into account the strongest and most modern agencies which other nations have for conducting war. If this is not done, we might just as well be spending our money for bows and arrows, sling shots, and long spears.

This country needs a good navy, but not one designed to meet modern conditions and one which will stay in its own element, the water, and not attempt to get political control over both air forces and land forces, as is the case with the American navy.

We need a good army, particularly one which will give the citizen soldiery an equal chance for command and advancement with the regular army. The obsolete system of class soldiering with a small regular army which really is nothing but a national constabulary is a dangerous condition in this day and age.

In commenting on wars of the future, Marshal Foch states: —

The potentialities of aircraft attack on a large scale are almost incalculable, but it is clear that such attack, owing to its crushing moral effect on a nation, may impress public opinion to the extent of disarming the Government, and thus become decisive.

In the report of the Select Committee of Inquiry into the Operations of the United States Air Service, the conclusion is reached: —

The uncontroverted evidence presented in support of this indispensability and potentiality [of aircraft] is so definite and overwhelming that one is convinced that its importance demands that, at least, air power must have a coördinate voice in the councils of the nation with sea power and land power.

Whenever an unbiased and straightforward investigation has been made of this matter by intelligent people, ungoverned by political exigencies or financial control, there has been and can be only one conclusion — that is, that air power has completely superseded sea power or land power as our first line of defense.

Our whole national defense needs a complete reorganization, and in no other way has this been more plainly shown than in the naval programme which the present administration has tried to foist on the American people. We need a single Department of National Defense, with coequal subdepartments of Air, Land, Sea, and Munitions under it, the latter department supplying the other three. Then and only then shall we be assured of an impartial and strictly accurate appraisal of what is needed in our national quiver of weapons; and, should war come upon us, we shall not only be armed properly, but we shall be led by one authority which can perfectly coördinate our several fields of effort.

PROBABILITIES OF WAR IN EUROPE

BY FRANCESCO NITTI

I

WHAT are the probabilities of war in Europe?

First of all, we must take into account the complete failure of the last European war, materially and morally — especially morally. During that war, half of Europe claimed that it was fighting the other half in the name of liberty and democracy. We were told that it would be the last great conflict. We saw, to be sure, the disappearance of the empire of Austria-Hungary, followed by the formation of new states that were called nations, and the end of the Hohenzollern monarchy — these conditions being highly favorable to the cause of peace.

But the failure was complete. Ten million men had been killed, more than thirty million had been wounded, and a considerable part of the wealth of Europe had been destroyed, with pitiable results. Before the war one Austria-Hungary existed — that is to say, one nation composed of widely differing populations — where now four or five nations exist. Before the war there was just the Alsace-Lorraine question, only one piece of contested territory, whereas to-day there are at least nine or ten such pieces of territory. There was only one great absolute monarchy, Russia, and two great authoritarian empires, Germany and Austria-Hungary. The war reduced all Continental monarchies almost to nothing and extended the republican form of government everywhere. Yet liberty has almost com-

pletely disappeared. There is red tyranny in Russia and white dictatorship of the most violent, sanguinary description in Italy, Bulgaria, and Hungary. The dictatorships in Poland, Rumania, Lithuania, and other countries are less cruel, but they are all thoroughly bad, and there are a number of absurd comic dictatorships such as those in Spain, Portugal, and elsewhere.

Not only has Europe been transformed from a creditor continent into a debtor continent, but she is no longer the centre of world power. She is not only in debt — she is discredited. The Great War was chiefly a civil war among Europeans, and all the European countries — vanquished, victors, and neutrals — are weaker than they were before the war.

The least one might have hoped for after the war was a diminution of armaments. As a result of the peace treaties, the four beaten countries — Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Bulgaria — have been compelled to destroy their fortifications, abolish armaments, and promise not to manufacture any military weapons. They are allowed only very limited equipment to maintain domestic order, and they are virtually stripped of all artillery and airplanes. Since so large a part of Europe has disarmed, one might at least expect a proportionate limitation of armaments all around.

But the exact contrary is the case. Europe now has more men under arms than she had before the war. She is spending at least as much money for

military purposes. Even the official figures of the League of Nations lead to this conclusion.

In an official document presented to the International Economic Conference in May 1927, a general analysis of public finance brought out the fact that no appreciable diminution had occurred since the reductions made between the years 1919 and 1923. Although the peace treaties limited the defense organizations of four European states to such an extent that they were merely able to maintain domestic peace, the world at large is spending more than 3800 million dollars a year for armaments, and Europe alone is spending more than 2200 million dollars. Expressed in gold, this figure about equals the amount that was being spent in 1913 when preparations for war had reached their height.

Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Rumania — three countries that were either formed or increased as a result of the war — have a population of about 60,000,000. The population of Germany on the eve of the European War of 1914 was estimated at 67,800,000. The German Empire was then at the peak of its economic, industrial, and military power, and to the world at large it personified European militarism. At that time the German army contained 30,075 officers, including doctors, veterinaries, and administrative officials. The officers in Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Rumania now total 51,774.

It would be impossible to assert that the wealth of these three countries, all of which suffered so intensely during the war, in any way compares with the wealth of Germany in 1914. The vanquished countries, — Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Bulgaria, — with a population of 82,000,000, have to-day 9606 officers and 186,816 enlisted men by virtue of the limitation imposed by

the peace treaties. Poland alone, with a population of 30,000,000, has 18,292 officers, 38,248 noncommissioned officers, and 213,764 privates — a total of 270,304.

Czechoslovakia is a very progressive country, and has attained a high degree of democracy. Professor Thomas G. Masaryk, the President of the Republic, is a scholar and idealist, a superior spirit. Poland, however, is full of confused parties, peoples, and passions. It is agitated by an exaggerated nationalism and a fantastic and dangerous militarism. Rumania is in the greatest disorder of all. Its governments enjoy no majority, and the Bratiano party, which pretends to be liberal, but dominates the country, commits the most abominable acts of violence and is opposed by all honest people in the country.

II

The peace treaties were not really concluded in a spirit of peace, for they heaped a great number of iniquities upon the vanquished. It was, however, possible to hope that these iniquities would be eliminated, owing to the fact that the treaties, bad as they were, contained two important points.

The first point was the Covenant of the League of Nations, which was to guarantee the existing order and to make any form of war impossible. The second point was Article VIII in the League Covenant, which should be considered in the same light as the fifth part of the Versailles Treaty. When this treaty imposed complete disarmament on Germany, it was declared that this reduction would be looked upon as conditional and preliminary to a general limitation of armaments. Article VIII in the Covenant of the League of Nations declares that the maintenance of peace demands the reduction of national armaments to the minimum

compatible with national security. This formula is a little vague. What is the minimum necessary for national security? Each country takes a different point of view, depending upon whether it is democratic or nationalist.

Unquestionably the League of Nations has performed certain services. It is useful for ministers from every European country to be obliged to meet several times a year to discuss peace. Often such discussions are beneficial. It is said that hypocrisy is homage paid to virtue. To arm and at the same time to discuss peace seems to bear a certain resemblance to this form of homage. The League of Nations has avoided no war, but it has at any rate forced a discussion of certain problems. To raise a problem is not to solve it; but the League is always under obligation to make everyone think that a solution is possible. I am not an admirer of the League of Nations. It is very difficult for such an institution in its present state to attract many hearty admirers. Too many abuses have been committed in its name, and it has committed too many abuses itself; but it is an institution that should be conserved and developed, not for what it has done, but for what it will be able to do when the eight or nine red or white dictatorships that are poisoning the present sad period have disappeared from European life.

The League of Nations declared its impotence in the Treaty of Locarno. What was the basis of that treaty? Germany, France, and Great Britain guaranteed that there should be no war between Germany and France regarding their frontier. If war broke out, Great Britain would be on the side of the country attacked. It was a partial guaranty, which the Thoiry agreements developed further.

But the Covenant of the League of

Nations already contained a general guaranty, and if any further guaranty was demanded it meant that the general guaranty was not functioning. Yet, even after this further guaranty, the troops of the victorious countries remain in the Rhineland, and guaranties of security are still said to be necessary.

III

Where does a danger of war exist?

France and Great Britain suffered greatly during the war. France not only lost great numbers of men, but enormous wealth. Her population, on account of the low birth rate, still suffers, and will continue to suffer for a long time, from the consequences of the war. The wealth of the nation has been reduced. If we investigate the inheritance tax, we observe that in 1913 the amount of money left in wills amounted to 5531 millions of gold francs, and in 1925 to 9801 millions of paper francs; and the paper franc is worth only one fifth of the gold franc. This does not mean that wealth has been reduced in that proportion. We must bear in mind many elements, particularly tax evasion and the fact that the war *nouveaux riches* still exist. We can, however, easily believe that the wealth of France has been reduced at least one third. France has reconquered Alsace-Lorraine. She possesses enormously fertile territory and vast magnificent colonies that require peace and many generations of work in order to yield their full value. Even in a victorious war France now has everything to lose and nothing to gain. Germany is the only possible fly in the ointment. Will she accept peace in good faith? Will she resign herself in good faith to the conditions imposed by the treaties?

Great Britain is chiefly concerned with domestic difficulties. Her com-

merce was profoundly damaged by the war, and her prosperity is menaced. She still suffers more from unemployment than any other European country, and her tax rates are the highest. Her national budget and her local expenses are so heavy that in spite of her huge wealth she meets them only with the greatest effort. The English Conservative Party — which enjoys a large majority in the House of Commons — is not really supported by the bulk of the country, and it has bent every effort to combat the red dictatorship in Russia and to aid the white dictatorships in Italy, Spain, Poland, and Hungary. But the protection it affords is entirely of a diplomatic character and never includes financial or military aid. All over her immense Empire, whose Dominions have become in point of fact autonomous, Great Britain is encountering difficulties, particularly in Egypt, India, and Asia Minor. She wishes to preserve her maritime superiority and to consolidate her present position. Any adventure, no matter how well it came out, would be bad business. She endeavors to make the League of Nations serve her ends and often succeeds in her efforts, but she wants to avoid war.

Now that Germany is completely disarmed, she is in no position to attempt hostilities. Without an army, a navy, or an air force, without a general staff or artillery, she cannot undertake any military adventure without committing suicide. She is surrounded by powerful armed neighbors, and until there is general limitation of armaments she cannot budge. I even believe that the democratic parties, who enjoy a great majority in Germany, do not desire war, and accept Alsace-Lorraine as a *fait accompli*. There is, however, no party in Germany that accepts the eastern frontier in good faith. The Danzig corridor, the partition of Upper

Silesia, and the Baltic States all irritate her. On these points the peace treaties erred gravely. To pretend to divide Germany for the benefit of Poland was not only mistaken but stupid, and stupidity is even worse than crime when nations are concerned. I believe that no German will ever resign himself to accepting the eastern frontier. There is, however, one important difference between the German parties. The reactionary and militarist groups think that a war is the only way of securing redress. The democratic parties think that satisfaction can be attained by international agreements. In any case, for at least ten years Germany is in no condition to make war.

Soviet Russia also finds it difficult to pursue a militaristic policy. Her economic and financial situation is so serious that it preoccupies her almost entirely. One cannot sympathize with the Bolshevik Government. It follows the same methods, commits the same crimes, and from certain points of view conceives of the world in the same way that Tsarism did. Red tyranny is the consequence of white tyranny. The methods by which Bolshevism penetrates foreign countries are wicked and dangerous, but it must also be admitted that before the Soviet Government launched any attacks it was itself attacked most unjustly. A long attempt was made to starve out and isolate Russia. Insurrectional armies led by Kolchak, Denikin, Judenic, and Wrangel were maintained. The Russian peasants have now won their fight for land, and will never accept the return of Tsarism and reaction. Past errors still oppress the country, and I am convinced that the anti-Russian policy of the English Conservatives has resulted in consolidating the Bolshevik Government — though, let us hope, not for long. I have even heard the most anti-Bolshevik Russians, both Liberals and

Socialists, discuss the policy of the Conservative English Cabinet with ill-concealed antipathy. I have the greatest aversion to Russian Bolshevism, but I must confess that it has never pursued a warlike policy. What it can be justly reproached with is having conducted the worst kind of propaganda abroad and maintaining dangerous propagandists in other countries, somewhat as Italian Fascism does.

If Soviet Russia wanted a war, she could attack Rumania and encounter virtually no resistance. Soviet Russia has never recognized Rumania's occupation of Bessarabia, which was a dishonest affair. The Rumanians have been rivaling the worst type of Bolshevism, and they have committed and are still committing the most atrocious series of crimes in Bessarabia. Yet Soviet Russia never thought of seizing Bessarabia by means of a military occupation. If Russia had attempted this, what should we have done? We should have been in no condition to stop her.

IV

For various reasons, therefore, the four chief countries in Europe do not desire war and are in no position to pursue it. In all the countries that played a serious part in the last European war the real allies in the cause of peace are the men who did the fighting. Modern war has lost all glamour. It is a methodical, brutal method of destruction, in which the individual disappears and the human mass is sacrificed without realizing what it is doing. It is not as in the past, when noble actions and individual feats of valor were the basis of military morale. There are many more victims than heroes. In every European country I have visited I have observed that, apart from a few excited fools and speculators, all the former combatants are outspoken enemies of

war. The more fighting they saw, the less they desire new wars.

Until 1935 or 1940 — that is, until the time when there will be large masses of people who had no part in the last war — European public opinion will oppose any idea of war. In those countries where this opinion can be freely expressed — which is not the case in countries under a dictatorship — the cause of peace has nothing to fear.

It is for this reason that the next seven to ten years will be most decisive. If the present state of disorder continues and nothing is done, public opinion cannot be counted on to do much in the cause of peace.

The greatest guaranty of peace would be a direct, sincere, and loyal agreement between France and Germany, and possibly an economic union between the two countries. France and Germany between them cover a territory of a little more than a million square kilometres, — about the size of Texas, Oklahoma, and Louisiana put together, — and their joint population numbers about one hundred million. But what a history they have had and what struggles they have undergone! Both countries have made great contributions to European civilization. Both countries possess complementary virtues and defects. Joined in a common effort and pooling their resources of men, capital, and initiative, both countries would not only provide the greatest guaranty of peace, but even the foundations for a transformed and renewed Europe. Apart and hostile, they will merely weaken themselves and weaken all Europe. If this agreement is not made, conditions for lasting peace will not exist, and every loss on the part of either France or Germany must be considered a disaster for the future of Europe and for civilization all over the world.

V

No immediate danger of European war exists as far as the large countries are concerned. Nevertheless, danger does exist as a result of the white dictatorships, above all in Italy and Poland, and because of the Balkan situation.

The Danube and the Rhine have always been the two historic European rivers. The last war began on the Danube and ended on the Rhine, and once more the chief menace lies along the Danube. Bulgaria and Hungary are not resigned to their present situation — especially Hungary, which has been unjustly mutilated as a result of the hatred of its neighbors. Hungary possesses a discreetly cynical and dishonest dictatorship which gives a certain amount of encouragement to even the most dangerous movements, and has actually protected counterfeiters. It is arming itself and breaking treaties. It encourages the most corrupt practices and even gives them financial support. In spite of everything, however, this government enjoys the protection of certain English Conservatives like Lord Rothermere, who are unaware of the damage they are doing.

But the gravest danger lies in the fact that the Balkans have begun intriguing as they did during the worst period before the war — in fact, during the period that caused it. Bolshevik Russia has always had its agents, and now it supports more than ever. It excites Communist movements which justify, or seem to justify, reactions. But in the last four years the Fascist Government of Italy has become an even greater source of disorder. It began with an arbitrary occupation of the island of Corfu, which menaced Greece. This occupation was peculiarly absurd, since it only resulted in disturbing a tranquil situation. After

this, Turkey was menaced, and rumor had it that Fascist Italy was about to enter Asia Minor.

Then came the treaty with Albania, a poor country, devoid of resources, which suddenly found itself the field of action for Fascist activity. Since this menaced Yugoslavia, relations between Rome and Belgrade became fundamentally poisoned. Italy has no interest in Albania, which is a barren country with a miserable climate; but activity in Albania needlessly provoked counter measures and hostility in Yugoslavia. The simple idea of the Balkans for the Balkan peoples is the only logical solution, but it is violated every day. There are even more Balkan intrigues now than in the past, and certain countries have been secretly encouraging independence movements in Macedonia.

Bolshevism and Fascism are the two menaces to the future prosperity of Europe. Both are similar phenomena in that they deny human liberty and involve the exercise of power on the part of an armed minority. Bolshevism sets about establishing the dictatorship of the proletariat — in other words, putting all resources in the hands of the workers and peasants. It attains this end by force. Fascism suppresses all political liberty and all free manifestations, saying that this is necessary to make Italy a great nation and to found an empire. Mussolini has made numerous speeches insulting the decaying corpse of democracy and asserting that liberty is a prejudice of the past. He has announced that Fascism will found an Italian Empire. To found an empire would mean taking some piece of foreign territory — which in this case would be either a French or a British possession, since it would be out of the question to despoil Switzerland, Austria, or Yugoslavia, which lie along the Italian frontiers.

Italy lacks economic resources, and Italian finance is so wretched that public credit has been profoundly shaken. Italy lacks the prime necessities for war — coal, steel, and oil. She also lacks food and cotton. In her present situation, she could not wage war without the support of Great Britain or the United States. Is it possible that these two countries would encourage such absurd, such grotesque, proposals?

Bolshevism has cut down Russia's productive capacity; and her foreign business, which the Government controls, has been utterly disastrous. The truth is that Russia is producing much less than she did before the war — in other words, much less than she did under the deplorable Tsarist régime. Economic production demands above all else order, liberty, and individual initiative — three things that no dictatorship can bring about.

Fascism has seriously weakened Italian production. In spite of appearances Italy has fallen into a state of the greatest economic disorder in the course of the last six years. Fascism has not bent its efforts to obtaining results, but to producing manifestations. All over the country there are celebrations, parades, and processions of Black Shirts. Wheat and rice production has declined; yet great festivals are held in honor of wheat and rice, and there is a special celebration in behalf of bread. Expressed in gold pounds, — in other words, without statistical manipulation, — the deficit of Italian business has risen from 643 million gold pounds in 1924 to 1259 million gold pounds in 1927. In short, it has almost doubled. Mr. MacLean, the American commercial attaché at Rome, has calculated that domestic business has dropped 40 per cent in the last two years. This is a terrible figure. Nevertheless, Mr. MacLean is a little too optimistic, for the real decline is nearly 50 per cent.

The loans negotiated in America have been used to maintain the lira, though no one knows how long this will last, and to stabilize it at its present level.

This extravagant stabilization, however, has ruined all industrial exporters. Italy now suffers more bankruptcies than any other country in Europe. In actual figures she has suffered twice as many as any other country, and, relatively to her industrial power, nine or ten times as many as any other country. Because of this absurd lira stabilization at a false level, undertaken not as a part of any economic programme, but merely as a piece of political bluff, the Italians are obliged to pay almost the same taxes as the French, whose country is at least three times as rich. In short, Italian taxes are heavier than those of any other country.

Since the Government bases itself on violence, it needs an even greater number of special militia to maintain it than Bolshevism does. These groups include militia to maintain general order, the voluntary Fascist militia, the railway militia, the post and telegraph militia, the harbor militia, the forest militia, and, most recently of all, the highway militia. About 200,000 people thus make their living off the Fascist Government, and it is like maintaining an army to support them. The industrialists and farmers have to pay for these militias. Besides this, all producers, both employers and employees, are grouped into corporations which involve still another enormous expense. There are fourteen ministries, but Mussolini scoffs at the rest of the world and occupies seven of them, comprising the office of Prime Minister, of Minister of the Interior, of Foreign Affairs, War, Marine, Aviation, and Corporations — in other words, Minister of Labor. Under these conditions, he is able to involve the country in a war before anyone knows what is happening

and before the people can manifest their desires in any way.

All free journals in Italy have been suppressed, and the press is suffering. The amount of paper used for the various daily journals has fallen off about one half or three fifths during the last two years. The ablest Italians are in exile, having either been deported or retired from public life. Poverty is increasing, and the Government has refused to meet its obligations on the Treasury and has forced them to be transformed into a consolidated debt. No criticism is allowed, even the most cordial. The press cannot discuss the economic crisis except to say that everything is going smoothly. Elections have disappeared. Even the Chamber of Deputies is going to be transformed into an assembly named by the Government. The administrators of local government and even the representatives of the chambers of commerce are no longer elected. They are appointed by the Government.

The economic situation is bad, but the financial situation is worse. On the day when Fascism feels itself lost, will it not attempt to distract attention by some international adventure? Is not this what all dictatorships have done in the past?

Fascism and Bolshevism, although apparently direct opposites, act in the same manner. Several centuries before Jesus, Plato, the greatest of Greek philosophers, wrote that dictatorship always ended in war, saying that when the dictator felt himself lost he made war. There is no example in modern history of a dictatorship that has not ended in war, revolution, or both.

VI

Dictatorships tend to support each other and to export their methods to other countries. It may be said that,

during this terrible period in the life of Europe, Russian Bolshevism and Italian Fascism are trying to spread abroad. Both movements have enlisted an army of propagandists and authorized agents, who are transforming diplomacy and the consular service into propaganda bureaus. All this can be only faintly verified in America, but it can be readily verified elsewhere in alarming proportions; for all over Europe the Bolshevik agents are lining up the forces of Communist revolution, while Fascist agents advocate systematic dictatorships. Armaments have been sent to Bulgaria, Hungary, and elsewhere. After making agreements with Primo de Rivera, Mussolini tried to bring together in Milan and in Rome Tewfik Rushdi Bey, Turkish Minister of Foreign Affairs, Michalocopoulos, Greek Minister of Foreign Affairs, Count Bethlen, Prime Minister of Hungary, and Zaleski, Polish Foreign Minister. This attracted lively attention in France and Germany. Action had already been taken in Rumania and Bulgaria, and the question was whether these conferences were really furthering the cause of peace. If they were, then what was the use of the League of Nations? Did intrigues serve the cause of peace? Though no one dared to say it, the fact remains that the armies sent to Hungary and other countries, the military reorganization of Albania, and the Balkan intrigues, especially those in Macedonia, are not guaranties of peace. Every personal militarist government can only end in acts of war. The more domestic difficulties increase, the more foreign adventures are attempted.

The projects for a multilateral pact to outlaw war are of serious significance, but the reservations everybody demands are such that it is difficult to reach any agreement. In the meantime, until some agreement is made,

what may we expect? Is it probable that such efforts will succeed either rapidly or after a brief delay? What I have said leads to neither an optimistic nor a pessimistic conclusion.

Europe is more fully armed than she was before the war. The Great War harmed the entire world and did not prepare the way for peace. However, it aroused such horror that for seven or eight years more any warlike projects will be looked upon with lively antipathy by any of the Great Powers. The decisive hour in the life of Europe will be reached about 1935, when a new generation will have grown up that did not participate in the last war and does not therefore feel this horror. Mussolini was quite right when he said in his speech before the Italian Chamber that the destinies of Europe will be decided about 1935. It will be at about that time that the beaten countries, which are now disarmed, will be free to arm themselves again. An effective action in behalf of peace can only be developed in the next seven or eight years. There is no time to lose.

A direct and sincere agreement between France and Germany would postpone the outbreak of any war, and the pooling of the resources of these two countries would mean the rehabilitation of Europe and the beginning of a period of prosperity and peace. This agreement is not easy, but it is being discussed by the most eminent men in both countries, even if it has not yet been written down in any programme. The democratic parties of Germany adhere to this principle, and in France not only is the idea supported by the democratic elements, but I believe that even Poincaré and Briand are not completely opposed to it and have no prejudices. However, any agreement is

made difficult by the Polish problem and the problem of Germany's eastern frontier, to which there seems to be no solution.

The Bolshevik dictatorship does not contemplate war, but its deplorable methods and its propaganda abroad justly alarm conservative elements and excite the forces of reaction that always favor war. Nothing has contributed to the development of the different forms of nationalism more than Bolshevik internationalism. It is a very revolting idea that political parties should be in the pay of the Bolshevik Government, whose organizations are preparing for revolutionary movements excited by Moscow, and are busying themselves with the domestic activities of the most civilized countries, propagating disorder.

Italian Fascism and its Balkan intrigues represent permanent danger if Italian Fascism and the dictatorships that resemble it are not over by 1935, peace will be gravely menaced and compromised, and there will probably not be time to avoid war.

Freedom, democracy, and peace are phenomena of the same order. Without progress there is no liberty and certainly no peace. Every dictatorship is not only a cause of economic and moral depression, but also a source of international disorder.

Happily the present dictatorships in Europe are becoming increasingly impotent, and they almost all bear the marks of their own destruction. But we must be on our guard and look upon the present and coming phase of European events as decisive. The next seven or eight years are either preparing the collapse of Europe or making ready its liveliest participation in the work of prosperity and civilization throughout the world over.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

HAVE YOU 'MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT'?

No, not this time in your library, in those tall old green books, ten by twelve, with bifurcated pages and Cruikshank illustrations. But in your hand. For in mine are three other cards marked respectively *Great Expectations*, *David Copperfield*, and *A Tale of Two Cities*, and each, like your own (if you have it), surmounted by a rugged, kindly face, the beard flowing and silky, the forehead lined, the hair thinning. I want *Martin Chuzzlewit* to complete my 'book.' Once he is mine, and the four cards laid aside, I am given another 'turn' to ask for *Snowbound*, with its bald and patriarchal creator, or *Sartor Resartus*, its name strange and alluring, or *The Newcomes*, or perchance only for *Evangeline*, whose familiar title I pronounce with some scorn as not having the charm of the new and mysterious, and whose meticulous and benevolent author I accept on terms of good-natured tolerance.

'Have you *King Lear*?' 'Have you *The Mill on the Floss*?' 'Have you *The Fair Maid of Perth*?' These were the celestial questions asked twenty years ago in half the sitting rooms of the country. For the game of Authors was a national institution. Few children reached the age of ten without having found it in their Christmas stockings or beside their birthday plates. It supplemented the so-called education of the schools in a manner at once difficult to gauge and well-nigh impossible to overestimate. It stamped upon our careless minds, intent, first of all, on completing our 'books' and winning the game, the names of great

pieces of literature; it stored up in our memories ineradicable pictures of great men and women — George Eliot with her brooch and her parted hair, the genial and wry smile of Oliver Wendell Holmes, the massive, sad face of Carlyle, the wrinkled waistcoat of Sir Walter; it ensured us against a sense of embarrassed incompetence when we were later to roam among library shelves. Even those children to whom reading was not to become a passion, whose literary knowledge doubtless never progressed beyond those pieces of cardboard, must have retained at least a refining acquaintance with names, titles, and faces; and as for that goodly number of us to whom books have proved better companions than persons, we owe to that evening game around the sitting-room table the obligation and the desire to seek out that aristocracy of letters and to make our own its long and beneficent effects.

One hopes, a little wistfully, that the game was in truth more than just a pastime; that it reflected, to some small extent at least, the tenor of an age before education had become a fad and 'wide reading' an open sesame to social and pseudo-intellectual circles. And yet the claim must rest on a less secure footing than that identical one which is unhesitatingly made in these latter days for the prevalence of electric trains, toy monoplanes, and those various and terrifying means of locomotion which scoot and spin along our sidewalks. Doubtless, however, all idealism aside, the game was simply a means of entertainment, designed by certain clever persons for their own ends and neither reflecting an age nor

intended for the better living of the younger generation.

And yet, whatever its origin, its end justified both ways and means. There was more than a request in 'Have you *Henry Esmond*?' There was a foretaste, a prophecy, of the day when we ourselves should see Beatrix descending the stairs and the Marchioness of Castlewood holding her own against the soldiers of the king. In the familiar bandying about of such names there was the graciousness of good company, and in our love for the cards themselves there was the suggestion of hero worship not to be despised.

I remember the reign of terror which swept our family circle upon the discovery, one snowy afternoon, that the baby had chewed *The French Revolution* into an unseemly pulp. The red scrollwork of the back was liquefied and running down his chin; the face of Carlyle was quite obliterated, 'spit upon,' in very truth. This tragedy was rivaled a few days later by the complete extinction in the open fire of *The Idylls of the King*. Both losses were made good by my brother John, who constructed from pasteboard two substitute cards. Upon these he placed not only the lists of productions, but also representations of Carlyle and Tennyson, which he enhanced, somewhat to our consternation, by inserting generous pipes between their lips. And yet, recalling those smoky colloquies by the kitchen fire at 5 Cheyne Row, what could have been more fitting?

It was gratitude for such recollections as these which sent me in the last Christmas season to purchase a copy of the old game for my nephews and nieces. I found it with surprisingly little difficulty, and to my rejoicing comment that it must be still in good repute the saleslady rejoined that she sold a most satisfying number each year. Reassured and somewhat

chagrined at my lack of faith, I began while waiting for my parcel, to turn the cards of a duplicate box before me. I paused at the first to make a foolish wish. I hoped it might be my luck to find upon its face the thinning hair of Dickens and that title which had opened the door for me to Mr. Pecksniff and Sairey Gamp. In my fear of turning the card I was frankly sentimental. When I summoned courage to do so, I was confronted by the placid and assured smile of a lady whose face was new and portentous in spite of its benign good-will. Beneath I read:—

GENE STRATTON PORTER

A GIRL OF THE LIMBERLOST

Freckles

The Harvester

The Keeper of the Bees

My wish denied, my citadel in ruins, what was there to do but continue my inspection? What but to know the worst?

When, five minutes later, I left the counter, I was beleaguered by emotion so painful that the simple wrath of the saleslady at the return of my package and request for my money was as balm and ointment upon a troubled spirit. Descending thus into an Avernus of anger and disgust, disillusionment and irony, I was neither stayed nor comforted by the ill-timed remembrance of a recent article, entitled 'The Hygiene of Reading,' which had found its way to my table. Its author, one of our leading professional 'educators,' therein warns all teachers and mothers against a pernicious malady he is pleased to call 'a premature reverence for great books,' which, he says, not infrequently sadly infects the young child. Perhaps some disciple of his had compiled this new and revised edition of the game of Authors as an antidote or antitoxin!

With most of the other shoppers I hurried into the toy department. I inspected miniature pile drivers, steam

shovels, and self-starting trucks. Here at least, I told myself, was no pretense. By shopping here I could at all events secure myself against hearing on Christmas night, above the carols over the radio, my nephews and nieces calling:

'Have you *The Little Colonel?*' 'Have you *Freckles?*' 'Have you *Pollyanna?*' 'Have you *Riders of the Purple Sage?*'

PRIVACY

It will be, obviously, the opposite of publicity.

I say it will be, because I do not think the thing at present exists. I conceive myself to be inventing it, offering it to a sorely tried world, which, I earnestly hope, will hail it as at least meeting a long-felt want.

For publicity, while an object of much human endeavor, is not surely that good-in-itself which is in all circumstances and at all times and in all places supremely good and infinitely to be desired. It is, for instance, possible to have too much of it. The Prince of Wales, for example, must at times feel — but if he does so feel, what can he do about it? At present, nothing. But with privacy, much.

Privacy is organized effort for the purpose of keeping some person or thing 'public.' It is the tenth Muse, the chief art of twentieth-century civilization. Privacy will be simply the opposite — organized effort for the purpose of keeping some person or thing private. I think it will be a nobler, more subtle, and more exquisite art.

The privacy agent will certainly have to be an infinitely more accomplished, more dexterous, more resourceful person than the publicity agent of the present day. The truly great publicity agent is the man who can persuade the public that it wants to hear about the person whom he is paid to serve. Once that is done, the news-

papers and other organs of publicity are his slaves; for they cannot refuse to let the public have what it wants.

The privacy agent, if he is to succeed in the highest way, will have to teach the public that it does *not* want to hear anything about his client. And to do that he will have to teach his client to behave in such a way that the public will not want to hear about him. That, of course, will often be very difficult; it will sometimes be impossible, but in most cases where it is impossible the reason will be that the client does not really want privacy — he only thinks he does. No self-respecting privacy agent would ever 'take on' Mr. Lloyd George, or the ex-Emperor William the Second of Germany; as privacy clients they would be a joke.

There will be cases, also, when even the best-organized campaign of privacy will result only in a moderate degree of quietude for its subject, not on account of any defects in himself, but because of the tremendous potentialities for publicity involved in some position in which he temporarily finds himself. To be respectable and moderately well-to-do and a trifle exclusive socially, and yet to be concerned in an interesting sex murder — that is the kind of situation which will set almost any intelligent person looking in the telephone book for the best privacy agents; but it is also the kind of situation before which all but the most courageous and resourceful of the brotherhood would recoil in alarm and desperation. What *can* be done to keep such unfortunates out of the public eye? Well, at present not much. The art is in its infancy; I have only just invented it. But there are methods which present themselves to me as feasible and likely to result in at least a mitigation of the horrors of publicity.

One of them — the best that I can think of at the moment, but also the

most expensive — is to go out — I mean for the privacy agent to go out — and commit, or procure to be committed, an even better murder than that on which the public's eyes are presently fixed. It will be difficult, in many ways, but it can be done, and the great artist of privacy, like his brother and enemy, the great artist of publicity, will shrink at nothing to accomplish his end. The chief difficulty will be in the necessarily high quality of the second murder. The public is a far better judge of murders than of plays; and those on which it fixes its hungry gaze and from which it refuses to be lured away will assuredly be murders of genuine excellence and profound interest. To get a new murder done is not, I am confident, unreasonably difficult even in England; in Chicago it is merely a matter of a telephone call and a fifty-dollar bill. But a *good* murder is another thing. It requires imagination, a touch perhaps of genius, and a suspicion of art-for-art's-sake contempt for consequences. But all that, surely, has no effect except to make my new calling more alluring to the ablest and most daring minds. I am confident that before privacy has been a recognized art for twelve months half the best intellects in the publicity business will have crossed the street to set up in the new profession.

By that time every millionaire will consider a privacy agent an essential part of his household — even if there is a publicity agent to sit on the opposite side of the same table. For one of the most appalling consequences of wealth (and they are many, I am told), especially in countries where there are not many other differences between the inhabitants, is that it subjects not only its acquirer but all the members of his family to a pitiless amount of exposure to the public eye. The acquirer is usually a fairly thick-skinned person and can stand it, and may even profit by it

if he is still engaged in the business of acquiring; but his wife and the younger generation are entitled to such protection as the privacy agent can afford.

The methods employed by this permanent family retainer must not be crude; but if they were he would not be an artist, and I hope I have made clear that privacy is an art. Already, indeed, a few members of wealthy families have shown an inkling of the idea that privacy is needed, and have attempted to practise it themselves, but always in the most primitive and amateurish fashion. I recall the case of one admirable lady in the Dominion of Canada who, imbued with the correct idea that something ought to be done to protect her family from the ravages of the press photographers, adopted the preposterous method of dashing at their appliances with a large cane. Needless to say, the results were the precise opposite of what she desired.

There is one radical difference between publicity and privacy, which on the whole seems to me to be strongly in favor of the younger art. Publicity pays for itself, or it is no good and nobody wants it; privacy will have to be paid for by those who seek to enjoy its benefits. Eventually there may come to be charitable foundations for the purpose of providing privacy for deserving persons who are in urgent need of it and cannot afford to pay the price. Even before that day comes I have no doubt that eminent privacy practitioners, in receipt of an ample salary from some millionaire client, will spare a portion of their time and talents for the relief of destitute cases, just as medical practitioners are understood to do now. But, taking it by and large, privacy will be an appanage of the well-to-do. For, after all, much of a rich man's income must always be spent on avoiding the unpleasant consequences of being a rich man.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Hilda Wetherill's Trading Post letters were addressed to her cousin, Miss Ruth Jocelyn Wattles, of California and Colorado, who describes the author as follows:—

Mrs. Wetherill and I grew up in Southwestern Colorado, where we were in contact with cliff-ruin excavations, Indians, and Indian legends. Hilda married into the Wetherill family, a family much interested in Indians, both living and historic. After a few years on the Pacific coast, Mr. Wetherill decided to return to the Southwest, and there he took charge of the Navajo trading post at Black Mountain. The Indians were not new to him, but living among them in their own country was very new and very interesting to Mrs. Wetherill. When her husband first went to Black Mountain, Mrs. Wetherill was advised that no woman could live in the house there. She insisted that she could, and she did. The wives of most of the traders on the Navajo Reservation fear and despise the Indians; Hilda made the most of her opportunities to know them—even made the opportunities. Her attitude was, hardships cease to be hardships if contacts are interesting.

Dr. Moritz J. Bonn has long been a professor of economics at Berlin. He has traveled and lectured all over the United States and written a book about us called *Geld und Geist*. His political convictions are of a distinctly liberal order. **Eleanor Risley** made her bow in the July *Atlantic*, where she gave us some account of her recent vicissitudes and adventures. Writing from her poultry farm in Arkansas, she vouches for the accuracy of 'Snake Night up Posey Holler' in these words:—

When I wrote that the sketch was 'sincere,' I used the wrong word. I meant 'actual.' This experience is actual in sequence and in each detail. The names and places are real. Alas, the people will never read my sketch. The conversations are given verbatim. Much that is written of these people seems to us written from too great a distance, and even their speech seems fabricated. The mountaineers are a reserved people, and only our poverty and our fiddle, perhaps, put us in close touch with them. While they are so-

called lawbreakers, they have evolved their own ethical code toward law, sex, marriage, and all. I have read that there is a law against Snake Night, but they observe it as they do the law against moonshining. Perhaps the only interest these simple sketches may have is that they are actual experiences in this our America.

In a previous *Atlantic* paper **Professor Salvador de Madariaga** expounded his theory that the Englishman is the man of action, the Frenchman the man of thought, and the Spaniard the man of passion. His book, *Englishmen, Frenchmen, Spaniards*, will be published in this country by the American branch of the Oxford University Press this fall. Δ It is hard to tell, but we wonder whether the 'Sonnet Sequence' of R. S. will not inherit permanence. There is no anthology on our own shelves which they would not ornament. Δ As weekly essayist in the *New Statesman* and book reviewer for the *London Daily News*, **Robert Lynd** fills an important place in English journalism. Δ The second installment of letters from the **Marquis de Barbé-Marbois** to his fiancée is memorable not only for its shrewd interpretation of the young republic, but also for its reference to 'the vast college of Princeton, erected in favor of the Presbyterians.' A **College Professor** has taught for a full generation at one of the larger Eastern universities. **Walter Henderson Grimes** tells us he is 'a business executive equipped with some rather unusual tools.' He holds a variety of university degrees, and understands from first-hand experience the tribulations of the laboring man. **Pernet Patterson**, a native of the Old Dominion, not only understands the negro, but appreciates him. Here is what he has to say on the subject:—

My negro mammy, whom I adored and who nursed me and stayed with us till I was ten, was a genuine conjure woman. She worked spells of love, hate, life, and death on the scores of negroes living about us. She held them in the hollow of

her hand. Don't laugh! But she actually, and I believe it to-day, had some power of spells and prophecy. I was born with negroes literally about me. I played only with them; fought them; loved and hated them. I earnestly believed in all their superstitions, their conjures. I myself actually made conjure 'hands' and 'ticklers' under Mammy's directions, and purposed a limited practice of conjure tricks myself. At ten I 'sought' religious conversion in the darky's silent way, and mastered his ritual of conversion — actually 'got over,' I thought, in my boyish emotional fervor. During my period of 'seeking,' my mother thought me verging on some illness. My silence disturbed the whole family — but they never knew. My old negro friends come to see me now, and I go to them — mostly in their troubles. They love me deeply, and I them. The negro is a poet, a lover of the beautiful, an emotionalist. No better character reader lives. His senses are most keenly attune — to a hair trigger — to the white man's moods and characteristics. Talking about 'psychological approaches'! Why, the high-powered white salesman does n't know even the A B C's of it. The darky is a musician, an artist, a dramatist, and a born story teller. Crises and climaxes come to him, in their proper time and order, as naturally as breathing. His love for his sweetheart, wife, and children, hidden under a stoicism and brusquerie, is deep, deep rooted, and of a self-sacrificing kind.

Julian Hawthorne gives a tender account of his sister, who embraced the Roman Catholic faith and devoted half her lifetime to ministering to the sick in a hospital which her own genius created. **Dorothy Leonard's** forbears were among the charter members of the Oneida Community, and she herself was born in Connecticut a few years before the Community disbanded. **Captain Eustace Maude** was born in Kent in England in 1848. For more than twenty years he served in the Royal Navy, which he entered as a cadet in 1861. His experiences included two years on the Royal Yacht Victoria and Albert, as well as more hazardous action in most quarters of the globe. After retiring from the Navy, he came with his wife to America, and now lives in British Columbia. Δ At the present time a lecturer in banking in Columbia University, **Ralph West Robey** has served with the National City Bank in New York, has performed research work for the Federal Reserve Board, and has been 'almost

constantly involved,' as he writes us, some kind of financial investigation.

Just as the Federal Trade Commission investigating the finance, engineering, and management of public utility corporations **Maurice R. Scharff** points out some of the reforms which leaders of the industry would do well to adopt if they would avoid eventual nationalization. He himself is consulting engineer with a long experience in the very business he discusses. Δ Ever one knows who **General William Mitchell** is and what he has done in behalf of the efficient American air force. Having protested in this issue against our futile naval programme, he makes this disturbing and prophetic warning: —

Aside from the national defense phases of our Federal bureaucratic system needs revision. As at present constituted, there are so many departments, bureaus, boards, and commissions that it is impossible for the Executive to keep control of them, to know what is going on, or to have a uniform system of administration throughout. Inefficiency is increased, and the chance for dishonesty in administration becomes greater each year, because the heads of these bureaus and separate departments are practically turned loose to their own devices without anyone to check up on them. With increased centralization of power in Washington which has come about during this administration we have this system run wild. It really means oligarchical government in the end if allowed to continue.

At various periods in his distinguished career, **Francesco Nitti**, former Italian Prime Minister, has held most of the half dozen or so cabinet posts that his arch-enemy Mussolini now occupies.

Quakers and Catholics — two horns one dilemma.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In recent months much attention has been paid both in public and private discourse to the religious qualifications of the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, but little or no attention has been paid to those of the Honorable Herbert Hoover.

That the religious issue is one that not only w

play a large part in the coming campaign, but also is at present receiving more than its full share of attention, cannot be denied. Subtly or openly it is going the rounds of drawing-rooms and cigar stores. Only to-day the writer received a letter from a layman of influence in which is indicated the pressure that is being occasionally put upon Protestant ministers. This letter reads: 'I am at a loss to understand how any Protestant minister can extol the virtues and advocate the election of the Democratic candidate. If anyone should be against him, it would seem to me that it should be the leaders of the Protestant faith.'

The same type of reasoning is found among folk of every walk of life, a reasoning which is as one-sided as it is unsportsmanlike. This is a land which prides itself both on its religious liberty and on its spirit of fair play, a land which demands that opponents be evenly matched when they enter the ring; and yet for some reason true sportsmanship seems lacking in this great political battle. One man goes into the arena with an arm tied behind him by the bands of religious prejudice, and no voices are raised to demand the application of the same handicap to the other. In the name of American sport, let this be done.

It is plain to be seen by those familiar with the tenets of the Society of Friends, commonly called 'Quakers,' that the holding of the Presidential office by a man who is loyal to Quakerism can be fully as dangerous to the safety of the country as by a man of the Roman Catholic obedience.

First of all it should be stated that Hoover permits himself to be described as a Quaker, accepts the congratulations of the Palo Alto Quakers, and attends the Friends Meeting of Washington.

Secondly, although the subject matter of this letter was sent to him in brief on June 22, there has as yet been no reply, and no reliable denial of his Quakerism has been published to my knowledge up to this time.

That the Society of Friends is pronouncedly pacifistic in its teaching cannot be denied. This is one of their cardinal doctrines. For its sake, rather than to perform military duty, Friends have suffered persecution and imprisonment not only in ancient times but as recently as the late war. During it there were Quakers who would not even ride on trains because of the war tax on tickets, the payment of which would have been to them a compromising of their religious faith.

Is Herbert Hoover, who is now desirous of becoming the Commander in Chief of the American Army and Navy, going to repudiate his religion, or is he going to apply its principles to our national policy? One or the other must be done if he is elected to that *de facto* position next November.

In *Faith and Practice*, a volume published in

1926 officially by the Society of Friends of Philadelphia, the following pertinent statements are to be found:—

Page 30. A quotation from the London Yearly Meeting Epistle of 1744: 'We entreat all who profess themselves members of our Society to be faithful to that ancient testimony, borne by us ever since we were a people, against bearing arms and fighting.'

Page 30. Quoting from 'A Declaration from the Harmless and Innocent People of God, called Quakers, to King Charles II in 1660': 'We utterly deny all outward wars and strife, and fighting with outward weapons, for any end, or under any pretense whatever. This is our testimony to the world.'

Page 31. From the London Yearly Meeting Epistle of 1804, in reference to the same subject: 'Our testimony loses its efficacy in proportion to the want of consistency amongst us.'

This page also records as an example to Friends that 'in 1650 George Fox, the Founder (of Quakerism), replied to a troop of soldiers in the Parliamentary army, who insisted on choosing him as their captain: "I replied to them that I lived in the virtue of that life and power that took away the occasion of all wars."'

Furthermore, this same page continues: 'These statements representing more than two centuries of testing and experiences are characteristic of the Peace testimony which the Society of Friends has held with unbroken consistency and clear faith from its origin.'

Is Herbert Hoover, if the occasion arises, to shatter that record? During the late war he did not, but rather in a distinguished way conducted himself in accordance with Quaker principles. Would he refuse 'for any end,' even the internal peace of our land, to call out and use an armed force?

It is not only a question of foreign wars but of domestic safety. Could Herbert Hoover as a loyal Quaker have met the situation which confronted Lincoln as he met it? Or that which faced Roosevelt during the coal strike of 1902, when he made all preparations to send Federal troops into Pennsylvania? Or that which confronted Governor Coolidge of Massachusetts during the famous police strike?

These are questions fully as important as any papal claims. They are vital to our national well-being.

However, the horns of the dilemma in all fairness must not be too sharply drawn. There have been men known as 'fighting Quakers.' The history of these is interesting.

During the American Revolution, no longer desiring to be called Tories as were their coreligionists, these men gave up all hope of making their faith and action agree. They thereupon

withdrew from the Society of Friends and formed a new society. This was known as the Society of Free Quakers and met, unless memory fails, at Fourth and Arch Streets, Philadelphia.

Others lacked the same degree of conviction and loyalty to Quakerism. During the Revolution and subsequent wars they did not withdraw. Consequently they were manfully 'read out of Meeting.' The records are quite full of such cases.

In comparatively recent years, Quakerism having experienced a serious decline in membership, a third class of fighting Quakers has appeared. These bore arms, did not voluntarily withdraw, and were not cast out. Perhaps they were rather distantly connected with the Society. Perhaps Quakerism lacked some of its old robustness, or perhaps the Society had forgotten that those concerned were Friends. In any case there was no change on the part of the Quakers of their teaching, for which might be said by some, 'All honor to them.'

If, then, Herbert Hoover is a 'fighting Quaker,' though his records in the war with Spain and the World War do not show it, to which of these three classes would he prefer to belong? To those who withdrew, to those who were 'read out,' or to those who were forgotten or ignored? And, again, would the Society of Friends care to 'read out of Meeting' a President of the United States who as Commander in Chief of the Army and Navy might be said to cause their testimony to be lacking in efficacy? Could he after all be ignored?

If the Democratic convention gave us one religious predicament, the Republicans were not far behind.

Governor Smith has given us his answer. Let Herbert Hoover not hesitate to do the same. It will show us just what kind of Quaker he is, whether his religious principles are entirely secondary and easily set aside, or whether his Quakerism is real.

Possibly, then, each man will have one arm tied, and the best one win in a fair fight. Anyhow, let us hope so.

JOHN W. GUMMERE

Charles D. Stewart's 'Pastor of the Bees,' in the July *Atlantic*, is responsible for this exchange of letters:—

PHILADELPHIA, June 29, 1928

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

One day, emboldened by the presence of a visiting bee man, I opened a hive in order to destroy superfluous queen cells and came upon an amazing incipient tragedy just in time to avert it. We had taken out the first frame and had found

there the beautiful queen bee in the direst distress, fighting for her life against the wickedly treacherous attacks of a half dozen of those who were usually her devoted slaves. We both knew enough of the habits of bees to realize that this was probably the rarest scene that can be enacted in beedom. Of course we instantly fled to away her enemies and then, with delight, watched the gallant queen recover her powers. For a few moments she indulged herself — to judge from the convulsive swaying and heaving motions of her long, graceful body — in much needed, panting breath; then, swept back to duty by that mysterious compelling force that makes of every bee a tiny fury of action and accomplishment, she pushed to the forefront of her working subjects. Before we had demolished all the queen cells but one and hurriedly closed the hive, she was darting here and there as if nothing had happened.

I at once began to regret volubly the fact that we had n't been able to put an end to the murderers, but the bee man insisted that even if they already had reentered the hive they were 'scattered' — and as incapable of getting together again as they were of deliberately planning a renewed attack. According to nature they would, he declared, return instantly and unconcernedly to frenzied work, as their queen had done.

Why did they attempt the atrocity? Who knows? Made mad, perhaps, by the intense premature heat? Or angry because they wanted to swarm and their queen would n't? As no cell containing an unhatched queen showed even a hint of coming life, there was no apiarian excuse that either of us knew for the deed so nearly consummated. Probably but a half minute had stood between the shining bronze lady and a deplorable death that would have left the hive without a leader — and in another half minute I should have missed a sight that I am certain would have been a rare treat even for Henri Fabre and that many a bee expert has never witnessed at all!

In the animal and insect worlds, the creature — less modest than we — accept the miracles that continually happen to them as the natural results of their own instinct and ability; they recognize no supernal interference or assistance even in such a totally unexpected life-saving rescue as we accomplished on behalf of the helpless queen bee.

I wish that Mr. Stewart would tell me if her predicament or her rescue (or both) was due to my bungling neglect or to a sufficing measure of skill? Or would he say that the untoward situation occurred entirely by chance and that its satisfactory outcome was equally haphazard?

I admit, however, that I yearn to have some modern Pastor of the Bees assure me that we

two, the bee man and I, came down the ages to arrive at last — together — at the exact moment to save purposefully the life of one of God's creatures!

Yours sincerely,

ELIZABETH STANLEY TROTTER

HARTFORD, WISCONSIN

July 5, 1928

DEAR MRS. TROTTER, —

From all that I have ever heard in song or story, I would hazard the guess that these bees made a mistake, but that there were causes of excitement which led to such a remarkable mistake. It was possibly a summer's day when robbing was going on; a strong, piratical colony was sacking this hive and there was much anger and consternation; in this juncture the queen, always of a timid disposition and easily frightened, acted in such a way that some of the bees, in their blind fury, took her for a robber. Anyone who acts like a suspicious character is likely to get into trouble in any community. This is a rare occurrence, quite contrary to all the rules of bee conduct — but yet it has happened, and so I hazard this diagnosis of the case.

It may have been due to your 'bungling,' as you suggest, as, for instance, if you left some honey about the place, or some drippings of comb, especially at a time when nectar was scarce; and a colony, getting a taste of this something-for-nothing, turned freebooter and began war upon another colony. As you have had some familiarity with the bees, I need not tell you that robber bees are one of the constant hazards of the profession, and the beekeeper has to be careful. Getting something without honest labor seems to demoralize a bee completely and upset her morals.

I may add that this conjecture is not an ingenuity of my own, but is backed up by an experience of Langstroth, as edited by Dadant, in which he speaks of the excitement in time of robbing and says, 'We have known bees to ball their own mother in such circumstances, for queens are of a timid disposition and easily frightened.' But it is an unusual thing and almost unheard of in bee life.

You further inquire whether you and the visiting bee man came just in the nick of time to save the queen; whether, in fact, you 'came down the ages to arrive at last — together — at the exact moment to save purposefully the life of one of God's creatures.'

This question, somewhat Calvinistic in its trend, requires that I speak a little more learnedly, and lengthily, about bees. As you are probably aware, no bee in the swarm will use its sting to kill or harm a queen bee. When they want a superfluous or intruding queen killed they let

another queen do it. They never raise their hands, so to speak, to royalty; for such a high act of killing is the prerogative of royalty itself.

If, for instance, two new queens hatch out at the same time from queen cells, the other bees will allow them to settle the supremacy by a duel, the successful queen finally inserting her specially constructed sting under the corselet of the other. And the victor then goes and runs her curved scimitar through all the queen cells which have not hatched, thereby cutting off all future queens in their cradles. It is a merciless affair.

No common bee would undertake this function of stabbing a queen. But yet the common herd resent the intrusion of a stranger and do get rid of her by the process of 'balling.' Consequently, if you have sent away a dollar or two to get a tested Italian queen from a queen raiser, you must be careful, and indeed diplomatic, in introducing her to the swarm. She will probably come in a little cage of wire netting so small that the bees can reach in and touch her. And you will do well to keep the caged queen in the hive for twenty-four hours or longer, so that she will have time to take on the odor of that particular swarm and the bees may have time to grow accustomed to her. Otherwise they will ball her. This consists in forming a close, tight cluster about her in the form of a ball; and, as they keep this formation persistently, the strange queen dies of hunger or lack of air.

Here you will find an answer to your query as to whether you arrived at the exact moment, the very instant in all time, to save the life of the queen. I would say that in so thinking you draw the line a little too close, a little too Calvinistic in trend. But you arrived at the right time in a more general way. What you have related is exceptional and rare. I hope that my unfavorable report on your final query will not dampen your ardor for bee study or seem to detract from your interesting letter.

Respectfully,

CHARLES D. STEWART

In the July *Atlantic* Ian Colvin gave his version of a poem by Ts'in-Tsan embodying the Chinese belief that the spirit actually leaves the body in dreams. One of our readers sends us Cramner-Byng's sensitive translation of the same piece of verse: —

Last night within my chamber's gloom some
vague light breath of Spring
Came wandering and whispering, and bade my
soul take wing.

A hundred moonlit miles away the Chiang crept
to sea;

O keeper of my heart, I came by Chiang's ford
to thee.

It lingered but a moment's space, that dream of
Spring, and died;

Yet as my head the pillows pressed, my soul had
found thy side.

Oh! Chiang Nan's a hundred miles, yet in a moment's
space

I've flown away to Chiang Nan and touched a
sleeping face.

Yours very truly,

CHARLES W. DAWSON

With Señor de Madariaga again in our midst we seize the opportunity to quote from a letter written us by one of our Parisian subscribers. Inhabitants of the American Heaven ought to be in a strategic position to check up on some of this gentleman's theories and may even be excused for getting in a dig at the countrymen of Beethoven, Goethe, and Baron von Huenefeld.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

As you have perhaps remarked, there is sometimes more wisdom to be found compressed within the discarded baggage of a careless, half-forgotten proverb than between the covers of a bright, intense new book.

Anent 'Englishman, Frenchman, Spaniard,' by Salvador de Madariaga, which I read with keen enjoyment in your April issue, there is an old French saying which goes, —

*Si je connaissais plusieurs langues,
Je parlerais:
Le latin à Dieu,
Le français à toi,
L'anglais aux oiseaux,
L'espagnol aux femmes,
Et l'allemand à mon chien!*

All of which would seem to bear out Señor de Madariaga's contentions concerning the three races, if language can be thought of as an indication, or outgrowth, of the character of a people. Your author minimizes the helpfulness of language as a keystone to understanding. To me it seems to be much more than a surface thing.

'If I knew many languages, I would speak Spanish to the ladies.' And who has not thought, while listening to its soft, gracious cadences, how admirably suited it is for love-making? The Spanish are predominantly passionate, says our critic. They sit by and passively allow life to flow through them, become a part of them. Thus it is that their language is like the refrain of a far-away song — a life song, with bold, round

vowels; but always, and above all, a tender song as the beginnings of love and life must ever be.

'I would speak English to the birds.' This perhaps, needs more than a transient explanation. At first glance it might seem to quarrel with the idea that our Englishman is a man of action; yet it is not an entirely contrary point of view. He is a man of action, true, but a sociological, self-restrained one. The author best explained the Englishman's heart when he said, 'Thus under the armor of self-control, the strong passions of the Englishman live a secluded life — in anything, stronger for their seclusion.' Poet find the English language unrivaled for the expression of verse, with its vast wealth of words borrowed or coined, with its swing and its cadence, and, most of all, with its wide elasticity which fits with equal aptitude the mood of a storm, the beating of waves, or the song of a bird.

'If I knew many languages, I would speak French to you' — because it is the language of friends. Just as the Frenchman is essentially a man of thought, theoretical to the point of definition, defined and mathematically ordered regulations for living, his language is reasonable and well suited to discussion. In fact, with the additional virtue of its frankness, its *naïveté*, it is charming for conversation. Perhaps that is the reason the *grands salons* have almost always accepted it as the common tongue. It may be because of his mental freedom that the Frenchman has evolved a language which is the universally accepted 'intimate' form of expression. At any rate, like the sum in addition, there it is!

You see that Señor de Madariaga is in entire agreement with my old French proverb concerning the Englishman, Frenchman, and Spaniard. It only remains now for him to diagnose 'mir — und Gott.'

Always your stimulated reader,

SUSANNA S. MOODY

A contemporary Juvenal, traveling in the West Indies, seeks (and finds) inspiration among Uncle Sam's happy Virgin Island subjects: —

SERENADED BY ST. THOMASANS

Gentle Virgin Islanders
Playing tunes on cullenders,
Pots and pans and glistening glass,
Few orchestras could surpass —

Various Anglo-Saxon saps,
When they are not shooting craps,
Shoot such kindly folk as you
For the old Red, White, and Blue.

EDWARD JAMES IRVINE

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

OCTOBER, 1928

ARE OUR COLLEGES PLAYING POOR?

BY WILLIAM B. MUNRO

I

SOME two years ago my distinguished colleague, Professor William Z. Ripley, told the readers of the *Atlantic* something about the faulty financial methods of the big business corporations. He called attention to the concealment of assets, the juggling of profit and loss accounts, the omission of proper allowance for depreciation, the failure to provide adequate reserves in some cases, and the frequent withholding of information which the stockholder ought to have. The devious ways of Wall Street were interpreted to Main Street in vigorous and colorful phraseology, with plenty of apt illustrations. These disclosures came as a surprise to the financially unsophisticated, but they were made in the interest of better business ethics, and even the corporations may be grateful for them in time.

I have sometimes wondered why big business, when its shortcomings are thus exposed to the world by college professors, does not reciprocate by sending some meticulous fellow to probe the financial methods of the colleges in quest of a *tu quoque* alibi. There would be no difficulty in finding a lot of them, for there is hardly a single off-color practice in corporate financing that

does not have its counterpart in our institutions of higher education. College professors, as a class, are quick to see the mote in the other fellow's eye. They take the righteousness of their own institutions as self-evident. In their courses on public finance, business organization, and accounting, they will dissect a municipal budget or a corporation balance sheet with caustic comments, forgetting that criticism, like charity, can sometimes make its best beginning at home.

Let me give an illustration. In the latest financial report of a certain American university there is a list of invested funds which constitute the endowment. It includes a block of General Electric common, nearly sixteen thousand shares, the value of which is given as one dollar! The actual value of that stock, as a matter of fact, is more than two million dollars. It is worth more, indeed, than the entire endowment of many small colleges. For the year covered by the financial statement, the dividends from this stock amounted to over \$47,000. The treasurer points with pride to the fact that 'the net income of the general investments' amounted to more than $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent for the year. No wonder, when a single dollar in book value yields a return as

stated above! But is it in keeping with collegiate ideals of truth and light that the university's financial reports should provide this particular brand of verity and illumination?

The foregoing illustration is by no means unique. You will find large holdings of United Fruit carried on its books by the same institution at less than \$40 per share when the true market value of this stock is nearer \$140. You will find Electric Bond and Share common, in big blocks, set down at a merely nominal valuation, when everyone knows that its value is substantial.

Nor is this college different from many others. Its financial statements are clearer and more candid than those issued by the majority of academic institutions; its treasurer is a man of the highest financial skill and competence. The practice of underfiguring assets, and thus showing an artificially inflated return on investments, is common in college financial statements everywhere. It is sometimes carried to a point where the announced figures of total endowment are quite misleading to the alumni and to the public.

There is a reason for this. Figures of modest proportions are desirable in support of the perennial assurance that college endowments are pitifully inadequate. And of course it is much easier to demonstrate this inadequacy of productive resources when book values are deflated 30, 50, or in some instances 100 per cent. It will be urged in extenuation, no doubt, that the college authorities like to be on the safe side and hence prefer to carry investments at what they cost, or even below cost, rather than at what they are worth; but a business corporation that does anything of the sort is likely to find itself charged by its professorial critics with a concealment of assets

for the benefit of the insiders. Financial statements, by whomsoever issued, should aim to give a true portrayal of the actualities. If not, the only ethical ground for issuing them disappears.

Of course there is a reason why colleges are not always ready to practice what they preach for the benefit of others. They claim to be engaged in the pursuit of truth, but that is not the whole story. The colleges are also engaged, with equal ardor, in the pursuit of funds. They want more endowment, and there are two good talking-points in their quest for it, namely, that the college authorities have great financial competence in handling the funds already committed to their care (as is proved by the high net yield), and, second, that if additional benefactions are obtained they will be made productive with the same efficiency. To this end, the investment funds are often juggled down and various assets written off. The valuations are shrunk to a point where they will not jeopardize the success of the college when it passes the hat among its alumni.

For the college must bear the protective coloration of poverty, no matter what its opulence. The exigencies of an endowment campaign sometimes call for a moratorium on the prompting of the academic conscience, but he who would be successful as a mendicant must not jangle the gold in his pockets. So the sum total of collegiate resources is neatly whittled for insertion in the president's report, and then the need for increasing it by new subscription is assiduously proclaimed, in season and out, by those loyal house organs known as alumni bulletins. Their job is not merely to sell the college to the alumni and the public, but to keep it sold — which is a more difficult task. Very often these alumni publication

are subsidized from the college treasury, from the tuition fees or other income, and the amount is hidden in the regular college budget under the head of 'publicity' or 'promotional expense.'

Looking through the reports of college treasurers, one is impressed, moreover, by the frequent examples of inadequate diversification. It will be conceded, I think, that trust funds should not be heavily thrown into investments of any one type, or concentrated in a single locality. In the interest of safety there should be a reasonable spread. Yet there are some colleges which have invested from two thirds to three fourths of their entire endowment in real-estate mortgages, with a very large proportion of these mortgages in their own immediate neighborhood. The danger of a serious financial reverse, in such cases, is by no means negligible — especially where farm mortgages bulk large in the list.

Safety is sometimes sacrificed to yield in other respects. The investing is usually directed by a finance committee of the board of trustees, with the college treasurer as a member. These men, although not slothful in business, have their own financial idiosyncrasies, or, what is more to the point, their own respective financial affiliations. They are directors of banks, railroads, public-utility concerns, or industrial organizations. If you keep the personnel of this committee in mind when you glance through the list of college investments, you will discern the possible explanation of a good many things, including the retention of some holdings which are obviously speculative or otherwise not suitable for such a list. If they were held by a bank, they would promptly come under the examiner's censorship.

II

Then as to deficits. It is sometimes said that a college without a deficit is a rarity. That statement needs qualification. It is a rare college whose operating balance does not stand in the red at the end of the fiscal year, to be sure; but this does not necessarily mean an excess of current expenditures over current income, as in the case of business corporations. I have known a university to announce a deficit at the end of a year, and to plead urgently with its alumni for contributions on that account, when the total income actually exceeded the total expenditures for that year by several hundred thousand dollars. The deficit, as a matter of fact, was in *unrestricted* income only. It meant that the institution did not have too little money, but too little leeway in the spending of it.

In other words, a college deficit is sometimes a bugbear which is conjured up by the comptroller's office as a spur to professorial economy and to alumni generosity. In accomplishing this it becomes necessary at times to employ some of the subterfuges which holding companies have devised for masking their true financial operations. One method is to charge against unrestricted income various expenses which could have been defrayed out of gifts for designated purposes, leaving the latter to pile up by the accretion of interest. Another plan, even more common, is to charge against current income a lot of items which are in reality outlays on capital account, and which would be so dealt with by any well-managed business organization. The whole cost of a new heating plant, or of reconstructing some old building, or the money expended for additions to the campus, or for the acquisition of permanent equipment — such things

are sometimes debited against the income of a single year. There are many ways of getting the balance on the wrong side of the ledger when that consummation is desired.

And it generally is a desideratum in college accounting, because a surplus is one of the most embarrassing things that a college can possess. It is, in effect, an invitation to every head of a department to come forward and raid the treasury. Just announce that any college has money unappropriated, and within a few hours the president can count upon finding most of the faculty in his waiting room. Promotions, additions to the staff, more equipment — all sorts of things will be pressed upon his attention. Every college professor believes that his own branch of work is by far the most important in the whole institution. That is the glory of his vocation. So long as there is an annual deficit, he may restrain his importunities for expansion; but not when he hears that there is a credit balance in the exchequer. Before the burning ardor of faculty enthusiasm, even a large surplus will fade away like snowflakes in June. In this fading process, however, there is certain to be resentment engendered among those who have failed to get their share. Better it is to have no surplus at all — and it is so arranged by most college presidents who know their business.

III

The almost complete dissociation of contributions from control, and the vesting of ultimate authority in the hands of those who have provided very little of the capital stock — these are two features of corporate reorganization which have drawn much criticism from professors of economics during the past few years. But it is not certain

that the colleges are altogether clean handed by comparison. College alumni are the Class B stockholders of the academic organization; they put their good money into the enterprise and are left without voting power. Or, to say it more accurately, they are merely vouchsafed the right to vote for members of some college board which does not control either the expenditures or the general policy — an alumni council, a board of overseers, or whatever it may be called.

These bodies do not, as a rule, appoint anybody or decide anything. The real governing authority of an endowed college, be it the board of trustees, or of directors, or of fellows, is not customarily chosen by the benefactors or by the contributing alumni; it is self-perpetuating. In the case of the state universities, on the other hand, it is usually appointed by the governor or elected by the people who supply it with funds from taxation. Occasionally, in the endowed institutions, the alumni are given some representation on the board of trustees, but almost invariably these alumni representatives form a small minority of the board. It is the little group of 'Class A stockholders with voting power' who have the control and exercise it.

Anyone who has sat on a board of college trustees is well aware of the numerous departures from sound operational financing which are the outcome of this control by a self-perpetuating board whose members, although men of the highest ideals and probity, are heavily immersed in their own affairs and have no time to spend on any close scrutiny of the college budget. Most colleges profess to have a budget system, by the way, but in many instances it is not a system at all. Sometimes it covers the salaries only, leaving all the other expenditures as a hostage to

good fortune. At any rate, the various criteria of sound budgetary procedure, as set forth by college professors for application in public and private business, are usually honored in the breach. Rarely, if ever, is a college budget the effective instrument of financial control that a budget is intended to be.

The procedure is something like this: The president and the treasurer (or comptroller) sit down together and figure out what the income for the next fiscal year is likely to be — income from tuition fees, from endowment, from gifts, and so on. Some of these items are hard to estimate with accuracy, inasmuch as the revenue to be derived from tuition fees will depend on the size of the student enrollment, which often varies considerably from year to year, and there is no certain way of forecasting what the gifts for current use will be. But, having made their calculations, they then deduct the actual expenditures of the past year from the total estimated income of the next, and the balance indicates how much additional the college can spend during the ensuing twelve months. The president thereupon, either alone or in consultation with the deans, proceeds to distribute this prospective overplus. Some of it goes where it will allay restlessness in the faculty, or otherwise do the most good. Anyhow, when all the additions are tacked into the estimates, usually without any allowances for depreciation of plant or equipment, or for reserves of any kind, the whole thing is called a budget.

Then the president lays it before the board of trustees, reminding them that they are busy men and of course will not care to hear it read in full. It is usually adopted without comment, question, or amendment. There are no hearings at which any of those who are

most concerned in the appropriations may appear and be listened to. For the board of trustees to have the heads of departments come before them and explain what the various appropriations mean (as legislatures and city councils do) would be an unheard-of innovation. No self-respecting president would tolerate such an encroachment on his prerogatives.

I

Allowances for depreciation of plant and equipment, write-offs for obsolescence, and reserves for contingencies, whether foreseen or unforeseen, are the exceptions rather than the rule in college budgeting. It is taken for granted that when a building gets old and unserviceable some benefactor will come forward and replace it. If he does not, the departments which are housed in that particular building must struggle along, often under the most discouraging handicaps, for an indefinite time. Botany may be housed in a mansion, and chemistry in a shack, because some donor happened to have a bucolic idiosyncrasy. Good financial planning would suggest the creation of a building fund, with additions to it each year, so that the college might fill the gaps which benefactors invariably leave. Business corporations make provision for replacements, reconstructions, and contingencies; but colleges as a rule do not. Hence their educational plants are often badly out of balance. They are bound to be, so long as no deference is paid to the laws of amortization.

So with prospective burdens upon the salary schedule. Many colleges promise their professors the advantage of a sabbatical year; that is, every seventh year off duty on half pay. Or, as an alternative, they give the professor one half of every seventh

year on full pay. But few of them ever create a reserve fund from which this arrangement can be financed without detriment to the regular programme of instruction. Hence, when the time comes for a professor to take his sabbatical absence, his courses are allowed to lapse for the year, or the additional work is thrown upon his already overburdened colleagues in the same department, or some 'shavetail' instructor, adorned with a brand-new doctorate of philosophy, is hired as a pinch hitter out of the half salary that remains.

The impairment of instruction is serious, no matter which of these alternatives is adopted. It represents a lack of prevision and planning. If a college would set aside each year one fourteenth of the total salary appropriation as a sabbatical reserve fund, it could keep its instructional efficiency up to regular standards at all times, no matter how many sabbatical absences fell due in any one year. There may be some college that does this, but I have yet to hear of it.

V

In all fairness, it should be pointed out, however, that the financing of the endowed colleges has been a difficult problem during the past ten years. Enrollments have greatly increased, and the expansion of revenues has not kept pace. There have been numerous campaigns for new resources, and the alumni of colleges have everywhere shown an amazing generosity; but even so, few colleges are better off to-day than before the war. Even a free-handed granting of honorary degrees has not allured benefactions in sufficient measure. It has been said of one ambitious university president in the West that, having failed to get a large addition to endowment by a single drive,

he still hopes to secure it a little at a time, by degrees. Looking over the list of degrees *honoris causa* at his recent Commencements, I see that he is on his way.

Meanwhile more students to be educated at a loss per capita, higher salaries for the teaching staff, the increased cost of equipment, supplies, and maintenance — these additional burdens go a good way to explain the hard financial sledding that so many of our colleges have had, although they do not tell the whole story. There are other reasons, even if they are not so frankly proclaimed in presidents' reports or alumni bulletins.

For one thing, there has been a needless expansion of college courses. Even the so-termed small colleges no longer have small curricula. On the contrary their programmes of instruction are making a valiant attempt to cover the whole field of knowledge, both human and divine. Nearly all our colleges have too many courses. They have too many courses because each feels that it must go its neighbors one better. Just look through their catalogues and see the interminable array of full courses, half courses, quarter courses, 'inter-session' courses, summer courses, seminars and pro-seminars, conferences and colloquiums, which run the gamut from Assyriology to the Theory of Aeronautics and from Christian Missions to Foreign Exchange.

This disintegration of the field of learning into its subatomic elements is the result of collegiate rivalry in the attempt to teach everything that is teachable and some things that are not. It has diluted the curriculum in a way that is detrimental to the best interests of education, and it has burdened the colleges with too many teachers of nonessential subjects. Fewer courses, given by more competent and better-paid instructors, would be of advantage

to all concerned, and not least to the makers of the college budget.

A second reason for the relentless mendicancy of the colleges, despite successive increases in their tuition fees, may be found in the still greater inflation of administrative expenses. Manufacturers would call it 'overhead.' But whatever you call it, the cost of the nonteaching personnel has been growing like Jonah's gourd. The colleges have been adding to their pay rolls a whole battalion of provosts, deans, assistant deans, registrars, recorders, auditors, bursars, business managers, publicity directors, purchasing agents, employment managers, vocational counselors, comptrollers, syndics, or what have you? Their increase is like that of microörganisms, by geometrical progression.

Time was, not so long ago, when a large university could get along with a single dean; to-day even a small one must have a whole hierarchy of them — a dean of the faculty, a vice-dean, a dean of men, a dean of freshmen, a dean of women (when it has any), a dean of special students, a dean of deficiencies, and anywhere from one to a half-dozen minor satellites as assistant deans. What these institutions will presently need is a *Decanus decanorum*, a dean of deans, whose business it will be to keep all the other deans marching in lock step.

For it is in lock step they march. Their paces are called out for them. Or, to shift the metaphor, all these administrative functionaries are carbon copies of the man higher up — a bit smudgy and indistinct, perhaps, but reproducing with mechanical exactitude even the slips in dictation. The dean of the faculty is the king-kleagle of all these 'Yes-men.' There is no division of power, and rarely a difference of opinion — otherwise there would presently be a new dean. In

his relations with the college president, the ideal dean is a true Polonius: —

HAMLET. Do you see that cloud that's almost in shape like a camel?

POLONIUS. By the mass, and it's like a camel, indeed.

HAMLET. Methinks it is like a weasel.

POLONIUS. It is backed like a weasel.

HAMLET. Or like a whale?

POLONIUS. Very like a whale.

In any event, much of the money which the alumni have contributed for the improvement of instruction has been diverted to these swivel-chair soldiers of the educational army. They have been eating up the commissariat. Who ever heard of anyone endowing the registrar's office, or the dean of freshmen, or the director of regional service? No, these supernumeraries merely create a short circuit between themselves and the unrestricted income of the college. That is why the free income so quickly vanishes. Many professorships are endowed, and hence the incumbents are no burden to the budget; but the proportion of actual teachers to the total paid-personnel has been going down during the past dozen years. In some institutions they are already outnumbered by the non-combatants.

The opportunities for retrenchment in this overhead are everywhere considerable. There is hardly an institution of higher education in the land that could not cut its corps of administrative officers in half without serious injury to the process of instruction. This estimate errs, if at all, on the side of conservatism. We are in danger of forgetting what James Russell Lowell pointed out, many years ago; namely, that 'the fame and glory of a college depend on the teachers who teach therein.' All else is ancillary to the furtherance of the teacher's effectiveness. The expansion of administrative

work can be defended only so far as it contributes to that end. In many of our colleges, however, it has gone much further; it has become an end in itself. The teacher who wants to teach, to study, and to write is compelled to divert his time and attention to the chore of compiling records, filling questionnaires, making out requisitions, authenticating vouchers, and elucidating the obvious at the behest of these paper-work zealots who spend a small fortune each year for stenographers, printing, stationery, and postage.

VI

But there is no need to multiply illustrations of the various ways in which the colleges fall short of the perfection which they expect business organizations to exemplify in matters of financial candor and efficiency. It

will be replied, of course, that a college is not a cotton mill and should not be measured with the same yardstick — which is true; yet it does not alter the fact that accuracy, frankness, and fidelity to ideals are virtues no less in education than in business.

The endowed colleges of the United States, taking them as a whole, are giving a high measure of service in return for the generous benefactions which they have received and are receiving. They have greatly improved their methods of accounting and of financial reporting during the past quarter of a century, which is in part due to the pressure exerted upon them by the various educational foundations.

But there is still some distance to be covered before the college professor of business administration can feel himself safely out of a glass house.

BUSINESS AS USUAL

BY ROBERT DEAN FRISBIE

I

ONE by one remote islands were left astern, trackless stretches of ocean crossed, storms weathered, and long glassy calms wallowed through. The monotonous sea days wore slowly away, and still the schooner moved farther and farther into a lonely sea, visiting islands even more remote from the populous haunts of men. I realized at last that the end of my journey was at hand.

Since childhood I have always liked to reach the end of things, finding a

curious fascination in walking to the farthest point of a promontory, in climbing to the top of a mountain, or exploring the headwaters of a river, but I confess that I have never yet found the elusive apple of gold I have always hoped to find at the end of each journey. Nevertheless I have wandered on, not over the well-traveled sea tracks dear to the hearts of tourists, but to strange and lonely places dear to my own heart, hidden in the farthestmost seas. Such a place, I knew, was the atoll Puka-Puka (or Danger Island, as it is commonly called), and I looked

forward eagerly to my arrival there.

I had left Rarotonga as a representative of the Line Islands Trading Company, with a commission to take stock in Table Winning's store on Penrhyn Island, to transact a pearl deal on Manihiki, and to go on to Puka-Puka, where I was to open and manage a store of my own.

Three months had passed since we left Rarotonga, months of light winds and lingering calms, when for days together we lay motionless, lazily rocked on the backs of the long Pacific rollers. A fresh breeze would make up at times, only to die quickly away, as though the spirit presiding in that empty sea were reluctant to carry us to our last and loneliest port of call.

But at last we came to where the clouds of white terns announced the proximity of land. At sunset the captain led me to the cabin top, where he pointed out a tenuous black line breaking for a brief space the smooth circle of the horizon. Clouds hung over it, and from the farther side a golden sunset light streamed down, throwing the tiny crumb of land into intensely black relief. The schooner lumbered down the slope of a swell and the island vanished.

'There's your Puka-Puka,' said Captain Viggo, 'and my last port of call, thank God!'

A sharp puff of wind rattled the stops against the mainsail, and from the cabin below I heard the drawling notes of the supercargo's accordion.

When I came on deck the following morning the schooner was resting easily in the lee of Puka-Puka. A fresh trade wind ruffled the surface of the lagoon, for now that we were at our journey's end the long calm too was at an end, and the breeze seemed to be urging us to leave this lonely place, to return to the world we had come from.

To the south was a reef with a haze of sunlight-filtered mist hanging over the foaming breakers. A shorter tongue of reef lay to the north, and the lagoon was to the east, its clear water mottled by splotches of vivid coloring. I saw three islets, one at each corner of a triangular reef which completely encircled the lagoon.

Near by some men were fishing from canoes. Now and then they would glance indifferently at us, in strange contrast to the natives of some of the islands who, the moment the schooner was sighted, would paddle eagerly out to meet her, and clamber aboard, shouting and gesticulating, eager to buy things — to steal them, too — and to get the news from other islands.

'Now there's Puka-Puka for you,' said Captain Viggo, pointing toward the canoes. There was a slight note of resentment in his tone. 'The arrival of my schooner does n't mean as much to these people as their Wednesday night *himené*. Look at the islet there, the horseshoe-shaped one where the settlements are: half a dozen children on the beach and no one else. Very likely their fathers and mothers don't even know that we've come. The island is as dead asleep as it was before the three-fingered god, Maui, fished it out of the sea. Everything is asleep here; I've never made this island except in a calm, and the wind singing through the palms seems to make you drowsier at Puka-Puka than it does at other islands. The people see no reason for getting up in the morning, and most of 'em don't: they sleep all day, but at night they wake up and you'll see them fishing by torchlight off the reef, eating, dancing, love-making on shore. Trading skippers — the few that know Puka-Puka — hate the island because they can't get people to work loading their ships; but I've always liked the place. After all, why should they work,

for me or anyone else? There's not a single article in my trade room that they really need. When they sell me copra and buy my goods they are no more than accommodating me. They know it, too — that's the worst of it!

He laid his hand on my shoulder and, calling me by my island name, went on: 'Ropati, you've seemed out of spirits most of this trip north. Now tell me, honestly, do you really want to stop at this out-of-the-way place? You won't see another white man until I come back again, six or eight months from now. You can't speak the language, and the natives will treat you about as friendly as those fishermen are treating us. You'll be very lonesome, and you know white men often go insane under such conditions as you'll find here. I'll leave you if you're sure you want to stay; but if you've changed your mind, speak out now. I'll take you back with me and there'll be no harm done.'

That's the way it was with Viggo: always fatherly, kind-hearted, and considerate of others even to the prejudice of his own interests. I glanced at the nearest islet dozing in the morning sunlight, with only two or three languid columns of smoke rising above the trees to tell of the life ashore. I thought of my long search in the Pacific for an island where I could be a law to myself and beyond the reach of even the faintest echo of the noisy clamor of civilization. I thought of my little library of five or six hundred books boxed up in the hold, and of my half-dozen kegs of fine old liquor from Tahiti. Then I visualized myself in a cool wattled hut, my brow fanned by the trade wind, and a charming Puka-Pukan ready to fill my pipe and call me to meals. Contentment's motherly hand already seemed to rest on me soothingly. Here no officious relatives or friends would cry: 'Young man, you

are wasting your life! Here you are, nearing thirty, with nothing accomplished, with no plans for the future, with no bank account! You must reform! It is your duty to keep the wheels of industry moving! Be efficient! Abstain from alcohol and tobacco! Join the church! Study Pelmanism!'

I squeezed Viggo's arm. 'No; I want to stay,' I said. 'Can I take my things ashore now? I'll come out in the morning to say good-bye.'

II

The next morning I returned to the schooner. Viggo assumed a cheery offhand manner, but I could see that he was worried, doubtful as to the advisability of leaving me here alone. Had I wished it, I am sure that he would gladly have gone to the trouble of bringing all my goods back to the ship.

But there were no misgivings in my mind as I paddled back across the reef; then I sat on the gunwales, the canoe aground in shallow water, and watched the schooner getting under way. Rounding the northern point, she swung her beam to me, and I could see Viggo by the break of the poop, waving his cap; then the schooner slipped behind the coconut palms of the leeward point. For a time the tops of her sails were visible, then only her topmasts, until, of a sudden, she was lost wholly to view. I was now irrevocably isolated from the world, but with a light heart I called to Benny (Peni), my newly acquired store boy. He jumped from the canoe and pulled it over the shallows to the bay.

In the course of time the store was ready. One room was equipped with rough shelves and one reserved for a storeroom. Upstairs I had my bedroom and a living room furnished with a table, a lamp, and an easy-chair. I

stacked my books in some empty cases, hung an oil painting, by Viggo, of the brig Sea Foam over the door, and tacked a calendar by the table. These sufficed for decorative purposes.

The rest of the establishment consisted of a little cookhouse, where an old native named William (Uiliamu) and his wife, Mama (Metua), presided in leisurely fashion, to the envy of the other natives. They prepared all my food much to my taste, for there is an abundance of sea food here to satisfy my ichthyophagian appetite. Then I could buy fat fryers at a shilling each — as I still can — and eggs at sixpence per dozen; so, after teaching Mama that a chicken should be decapitated before frying, — a waste she greatly lamented, — and that when I said the coffee was too weak it did not mean that she was to make it as thick as porridge the next morning, I got along very nicely.

When William was not fishing, chopping wood, or sleeping, he would sit in the cookhouse and order Mama about with thundering curses that he had learned years ago aboard a whaler, whose tyrannical old skipper had made the ribs of his vessel tremble with his bellowing voice. But dear old Mama was accustomed to this and did not pay the slightest attention.

I opened the store early one Monday morning. Benny and I assumed the proper attitudes behind the counter with all our little trinkets arranged behind us in glittering rows of gilt and paint — and not a soul came to buy. Several hours passed, but toward noon a child peeped around the edge of the door, holding a coconut out at arm's length. We were all attention, but unluckily, just as our first customer was about to make his purchase, his courage failed him, and he rushed whooping away. Whereupon Benny and I closed the station.

No sooner were the doors closed than some of the villagers woke up; and while Benny and I were eating our taro tops and roast chicken, with Mama waving her arms wildly over our heads in a vain effort to keep the flies away, a little crowd of natives gathered about the store. Then they surrounded the cookhouse to see the foolish white man eating with knife and fork. This sight always interested them.

'Ah!' said Benny, his mouth full of taro, 'if we had only waited a few minutes longer we should have sold something.' Benny's favorite word was 'if' (*naringa*), as it is with all Puka-Pukans. Every day one hears such phrases as: 'If I had gone fishing I should have had something to eat'; 'If I had not been under the coconut tree the nut would not have fallen on me'; 'If I had put a new roof on my house.' If I had done this, that, and the other.

But Benny was not so bad in this respect as the other islanders. He had been to Rarotonga, where he had not only learned the language, but had also acquired industrious habits. I gave him a little lecture on the futility of the word 'if,' but I doubt whether he heard me, for he was crunching chicken bones with an appalling racket.

When we reopened the store the little space between the counter and the door was jammed with people. An old man whom I shall call Ezekiel, because his name sounds something like that, was the first customer. Elbowing his way through the crowd, he laid a pound note on the counter and, in a halting voice, asked for a tin of talcum powder. He gazed timidly at the surrounding crowd, smiling when he saw a dozen heads bobbing in approbation. As I reached for the talc there was a buzz of voices from the open doorway at the back, from the two windows, and from the crowd in

front. I caught two words in the chatter: 'Paura' (powder), and 'Ezekiel.' This was the old dog's day, and he was enormously puffed up with the stir he was making.

I wrapped the tin in a piece of ancient newspaper and handed it to the old man. When I turned to count out his change he moved to the door, where he became the centre of an envious group who examined the paper, while a young girl took the tin and shook the powder into her hair with screams of delight. Then everyone's attention was turned to the girl; they smelled her hair, commenting in guttural tones on the fragrance of the powder, while they wrinkled up their noses and rolled out their lips like braying donkeys. At last Ezekiel retrieved his half-emptied tin and turned to leave the store. I had Benny call him back and put the change — seventeen and sixpence — in his hand.

He gazed in stupid amazement at the money, at me, at Benny, and back again at the money. Gradually a light came into his watery eyes — he understood that somehow or other it did not require all his pound to pay for a tin of talc.

His next purchase was a fiery red strip of split pongee, and the same dumbfounded expression came into his eyes when I took only a part of his money. Then he bought a box of matches. He decided to play the game with the remarkable white man, to get as much as possible for his money, for it was very evident that Captain Viggo's first trader on Puka-Puka did not understand his business. Next he bought some tobacco, fishhooks, and a tin whistle. At last there was only sixpence left. He gazed long and wistfully at the various flashy trade goods, finally setting his choice on a red and yellow striped shirt worth, or rather priced, ten shillings. I tried to explain

that there was not enough money left to pay for it, but he could not understand and went from the store convinced, I think, that I was cheating him.

My next customer was Ears (Taranga), the policeman of the Leeward Village, Ya'oto. A very garrulous person, he approached the counter in a fog of verbiage. A thin, shark-toothed woman, his wife, followed in his wake, casting sharp malicious glances at all the other possible customers. She looked enviously at Ezekiel, who was still standing in the doorway gazing at his lone sixpence; then she nudged her husband and demanded that he buy two tins of talcum powder, for it would be a shame to let the Ezekiel faction outdo her in powder.

Ears pretended to know how to count money. 'How much for one?' he cried above the din of voices, rolling his eyes knowingly.

'Two and sixpence.'

He laid down one and threepence with an air of great intelligence and then gazed abstractedly at the ceiling.

His face lengthened when I called for more, but in a moment he broke into a bellow of laughter. 'A wise man, this white man,' he said to the others. 'I thought he might be poor at counting money, like Ezekiel, but now I see that he knows arithmetic as well as I do.'

Then he scratched his head, glanced questioningly at his wife, and tucked his *pareu* more tightly about his waist. Finally he shoved a pound across the counter, and again gazed at the ceiling. I took the correct amount and shoved the rest back.

He stared at the money with a perplexed frown; then he nodded his head in a self-important manner, and said: 'I see that he is honest, this white man! I was testing him, I being the policeman of Leeward Village. I wanted to

see if he would steal my money, but he's all right. He has given me the correct change to the last farthing!' Then with a grandiose display of erudition he fingered the coins in a mock attempt at counting, whereupon he walked out of the store very well pleased with himself. He came back later, when the others had gone, to complete his purchases.

At that time, of course, I knew little of the Puka-Pukan language; it was Benny who explained later what the talk was about. I realized that my honesty would be sorely tried, for I could charge a penny or a pound and, with the exception of a half dozen of the ultralearned, no one would be the wiser. I resolved on that first day never to cheat these simple-minded folk. It is impossible for a Puka-Pukan to acquire a sense of values similar to a European's. Native cloth is easier to make than fishhooks; one of the latter, in fact, requires days of toil, so a Puka-Pukan will look upon fishhooks as the more valuable of the two. In the old days sailing traders took advantage of this, asking fabulous sums for a nail, or an empty beef barrel; but to-day all the islanders, with the exception of the Puka-Pukans and a few others, are quite able to trade with the white race and beat them in the end.

It was Benny who told me about Ura's One-Pound Trading Company, a story which fully explained Ezekiel's surprise at receiving change from his pound note.

A few years before my arrival, a gullible Papeete trading company, disastrously managed by the island-famous (and Jack-London-famous) Paumotuan, Mapui, established a trading station on Puka-Puka, with Ura, chief of police and sometimes deacon of the church, as trader. Although Ura was crafty, he was little better at

arithmetic than his satellite, Ears, the policeman of Leeward Village. Therefore, in order to ascertain that no money was lost, Ura charged a pound sterling for each article in his store, no matter whether it was a pair of trousers or a sixpenny bottle of scent. Tobacco, matches, and fishhooks were exceptions; these he traded for coconuts, as Mapui had directed.

Ura weighed in copra at a pound for five bags, always going through the process of weighing for the appearance of the thing, but always paying the same price. He bought no smaller lots, claiming that his scales would not weigh less than five bags. They were steelyard scales, and, when not in service, Ura used the counterpoise iron weight for a canoe anchor. Eventually he lost the weight, but he blandly twisted a piece of wire around a lump of coral and used that quite as successfully, for five bags of copra still came to exactly one pound sterling.

Thus Mapui's store prospered until one day when a hurricane struck the island. The crafty chief of police managed to save the bags of store money before the seas sweeping over the island sent him up a coconut palm. The store was completely destroyed, and when Mapui returned Ura met him with a long face, deploring the act of God that had swept away the store and all the bags of money as well. But it is an open secret on the island that when other ships came Ura spent handfuls of Chili dollars, for years wearing nothing but red silk shirts and buying bully beef by the case.

III

A few days after opening the store I broke open a case of lemon drops, marked 'lollies' after the New Zealand fashion. Benny and I ate a few and made it known that they were very

good and cost only one coconut each. But the candy business was a failure until old William came to the rescue, bringing a couple of coconuts he had filched from my cookhouse. When he had made his purchase and was crunching the lemon drops, I explained that although it was quite correct for men to eat this confection it was suited to the tastes of children. Despite this suggestion the old men and women started bringing me their nuts, and by noon that day every adult on the island was sucking lollies. I realized a good 500 per cent profit, which trading companies consider a modest return from their commodities; but, so far as I know, none of the children benefited in the candy trade.

The money Viggo had paid for the island's copra was soon exhausted; then the coconut trade started in earnest. I made a price list for Benny which still hangs in the store. The list reads as follows:—

1 stick tobacco...	8 coconuts
1 ship's biscuit...	2 coconuts or 2 eggs
1 box matches...	2 coconuts or 2 eggs
1 large fishhook...	2 coconuts or 2 eggs
1 small fishhook...	1 coconut or 1 egg
1 lolly.....	1 coconut or 1 egg
1 clay marble...	1 coconut or 1 egg

From then on Benny looked after the sales most of the time. He was little more of a mathematician than Ears, but he could count coconuts and read my list. If a man called for a stick of tobacco and a box of matches, Benny would be at a loss to estimate their combined price in coconuts, so I made it a rule that he should sell but one thing at a time. Thus he would count the eight coconuts and deliver the stick of tobacco, afterward counting the remaining two for the box of matches. When anyone came into the store with money he always called me, lest the business should degenerate

into the Ura One-Pound Trading Company class.

Sometimes, of course, innocent deceptions can be practised which have nothing in common with cheating. The natives having returned on one occasion from one of their periodic copra-making expeditions to the neighboring islets, I found myself for several days with enough to do. About twenty tons of copra had been dried, most of which belonged collectively to the villages, for there is no private ownership of land on Puka-Puka. Each man is given his share of nuts to prepare, and receives his portion of money or trade goods derived from the sale of the copra. But after the villages have made their collective lots, the remaining coconuts are divided. Some are used for food, and the remainder split and the meat dried into individual batches of copra.

I had two village batches — from four to six tons each — to weigh, as well as several hundred individual bags, and paid for it at the rate of one penny (British) per pound. The nuts are remarkably uniform in weight, two of them being required to make a pound of copra, so that the natives receive an average of a halfpenny per nut.

There was some wrangling about the price, for even on Puka-Puka the inhabitants wake up sufficiently now and then to wonder whether they can not get more for their copra and pay less for trade goods. On this occasion Windward Village held back its copra for two months, losing about 10 per cent through further shrinkage in weight. They expected me to raise the price, some of the more sanguine dreaming about five and six pence a pound.

I explained to them again and again that I could pay only a penny a pound the current price all through the island at the time of Viggo's last visit. 'Yes,

they replied, 'but maybe the price has risen since Viggo was here.' 'And maybe it's gone down,' I said. However, they would not listen, and still refused to sell their copra.

I became rather annoyed at this foolishness, and after thinking matters over I decided to have some sport with the Windward Villagers. All the natives had heard of wireless telegraphy from the missionaries, or from some native who had been as far as Rarotonga, where he had gaped at the aerial while some 'civilized' Rarotongan had related weird stories of the *tua-tua reva* (air talk). To a Puka-Pukan, of course, such a thing is sheer magic.

Knowing this, I had Benny stretch some wires from the roof of my store to that of the schoolhouse. Then I rigged up a mass of meaningless wires, flash-light batteries, boxes and tins painted red, green, and yellow, bolts and gadgets of all sorts. Then I fastened a string from a clicker on the table to a pedal beneath it so that I could make the clicker 'speak' by working my foot up and down. My phonograph supplied motive power to turn various clockworks and what-nots.

When all was ready I let it be known that I had constructed a wireless so as to pass my evenings in conversation with my friends in Tahiti and the Cook Islands, and with my great personal friend, William-Cowboy (William S. Hart), the famous movie star in the United States. I further explained that I should publish a daily bulletin of news from Rarotonga and other parts of the world.

My neighbors were so astonished and excited that no one slept that day. The store was crowded, and two or three natives who had been to Rarotonga took advantage of the opportunity to shine, explaining to the others what a wireless was, and minutely

describing the mechanism. They declared that my wireless was exactly like the one in the great station at Rarotonga.

I started the thing going. It ticked merrily, and Benny, standing behind the gear, intermittently pressed a flash-light button behind some red tissue paper to give the appearance of high-voltage current. As the wireless 'talked' I wrote the messages on slips of paper.

One message caused me to pull a very long face. It was a message from London, which I wrote out in native, of course, and posted on the door. The translation is as follows:—

LONDON, ENGLAND, *April 26, 19—*. The price of copra has fallen to a halfpenny per pound. The warehouses are full of copra and there are no purchasers. Warning has been sent to the traders of Cook Islands to buy no more copra this year.

The next day Windward Village came to me in a body to weigh in their copra. I declined, saying that of course I could not possibly buy it in view of the news received from London. The village fathers met that night and there was a long and violent discussion. Those who had been against the idea of holding out for higher prices now had their innings, and the opinions they expressed of the more grasping members of the settlement were as vigorous as they were picturesque and uncomplimentary. I kept all the fathers on pins and needles for a week, when a message came through to the effect that, while the copra market was still unsteady, prices had again risen to a penny per pound. That same afternoon I purchased Windward Village's copra, and the following day I dismantled the wireless station, owing to the fact that the batteries had given out.

I soon learned the peculiarities of the

Puka-Pukan trade. Success depended principally on stocking the store with articles of no earthly use to the islanders, and avoiding everything that might have some intrinsic value. How like children my customers were! Why should they spend their money on umbrellas, or trousers, or toothbrushes when they could buy toy balloons, popguns, and firecrackers!

'I need a new mouth organ,' said Bones, the superannuated 'lady-killer' who has the honor of being the father of Letter and Table-Salt. His head is bald except for a wiry fringe around the base of his skull; his nose, like old William's, is very large, and rheum is perpetually oozing from his faded watery eyes. His clothes were in tatters, and he was carrying a young pig, nursing it in his arms as though it were a baby.

'Here you are, Bones,' I said, 'a fine Japanese mouth organ, well made, keyed true, and noisy: two and sixpence.'

Depositing his pig on the counter, he took the instrument, put it to his big sensual mouth, and breathed into it the most objectionable grunts and groans that could possibly be imagined. There was no tune to it, only amorous gruntings like those of some old satyr who had furnished music for Circe's revels. In fact, if there is, in these modern days, a living image of one of those evil earthly spirits who prowled through the forest glades in the world's youth, then, surely, it is old Bones of Puka-Puka.

Once a customer entered the store with the demand, 'I want a pair of shoes.'

Abel (Abera), a village buck of Windward Settlement, was the prospective purchaser.

I produced some footgear that shone beautifully with a coat of shellac. 'Here you are, Abel,' I said. 'These are the kind of shoes that all the young

men of Rarotonga and Tahiti wear. And William-Cowboy will have no other kind. They are the very finest shoes that can be bought anywhere.

For some time Abel stared vacantly at them; then he asked, 'Do they squeak?'

'Squeak!' I exclaimed, forgetting myself for the moment. 'Of course they don't squeak!'

'Then I don't want them,' he said, shaking his head decisively. 'What is the good of shoes that don't squeak? I want noisy shoes so that people will hear them and admire them when I go to church.'

I perceived my error at once, and brought out another pair, exactly like the first, for I carry only one line of shoes.

'I see, Abel, that you are a sensible customer, and you have a mind of your own: you know exactly what you want. I can't shuffle off any second-rate silent shoes on you. Now then, if you want a pair of the finest squeaking shoes, that can be heard a hundred yards off, here are the very ones!'

Abel made his purchase and left, and the next Sunday I saw him walking to church in the midst of the crowd, in parade, dressed in his necktie, his derby hat, and his fine new shoes, which squeaked as loudly as all the rats of Puka-Puka squeaking together. His face beamed when he noted the impression he was making on the young ladies, particularly on Everything's favorite and rotund daughters, who were intimate friends of his.

At another time the interest in trading had flagged so seriously that there was danger of having to close the station. I revived interest by opening a large tin of red roofing paint and selling it at two coconuts a daub. Thus some old grandfather would bring ten nuts, for which he could stick his finger into the pot five times and

make as many daubs on his two cheeks, nose, forehead, and chin. Such are the blessings of civilization brought to benighted savages by South Sea Island traders.

IV

Three white men have tried to live in Puka-Puka before me. The first was a Frenchman employed by a Samoan firm. In three months he killed himself in a fit of morbid nostalgia. Next to his grave, in the little cemetery before the coral-lime church, is the grave of a missionary. He also lasted just three months, and I am told that he was quite *neneva*, or mad, when he died. The third grave in the foreign corner of the churchyard is that of Daniel, a Tahitian half-caste. He lasted six months. On his deathbed he swallowed a large diamond and a half-dozen pearls to make certain that they would be buried with him.

I am the fourth foreigner to have topped here, and I have been the only white resident on the island for five years now. A few months after landing, the native parson took me into the cemetery and pointed out three neat graves, with white coral gravel banked over them. Legendless coral slabs enclosed them.

Karé, the parson, glanced at me with cold fishy eyes and coughed behind his hand as the Rarotonga missionary had taught him to do.

'Ah, Ropati,' he said with a deploring little shake of his head, 'they die very quickly indeed, just like that'—and he brought his tongue down from the roof of his mouth with three clucking sounds. 'You must be careful, Ropati, very, very careful. I advise you to learn the tabus and obey them; and whenever you are sick send quickly for Jeffrey (Tiavare), the witch doctor. Also, I advise you, as a friend, never to go fishing after you have beaten your wife, and to avoid stealing coconuts during the full of the moon.'

He moved a few paces farther and stared at an empty space beyond the Frenchman's grave. 'Hm,' he muttered, compressing his lips. Unconsciously his fishy eyes turned toward me and then back to the empty space. I knew what was going on in his mind, and mentioned that it was time for me to open the store.

While walking out of the graveyard he gave me a final piece of advice. 'Also, Ropati, you must read the Bible, go to church, and cook no food on Sunday. Every little thing helps.'

THE BISHOP'S NEW SPECTACLES

BY THE RIGHT REVEREND CHARLES FISKE

I

A MINISTER'S morning mail is like the membership of his Ladies' Aid Society—at once his joy and his despair. Perhaps I am violating confidences, and in consequence may get myself into serious difficulties, by repeating what many clergymen have told me, that, although there are times when they do not see how they could get on without the dear ladies of the Aid Society, there are occasions quite as frequent when they do not see how in the world they can get on with them. It is sufficient to state the fact without going into a detailed record of experiences that have produced such mixed emotional reactions.

A minister's mail furnishes similar reactions, especially if he ventures, in his sermons or public addresses, to deal with questions of current interest, or to state his convictions about problems of special moment. My own mail pouch is a fascinatingly interesting study whenever I have shown the hardihood to express views on certain controversial subjects which no one could gracefully avoid who is alive to the problems which agitate men's minds—such problems as the solution of the liquor question, or the pernicious activity of paid uplifters, the manners and morals of this generation, marriage as a temporary or permanent institution, or a dozen other social questions which the conscientious minister knows involve definite moral principles on which, apart from their

political and legislative application, he feels it his right and duty to speak.

When he does give voice to his convictions the mail bag bulges. Some of the letters are a delight. Indeed, most of them are pleasant reading, because the majority of those who write express appreciation of thoughts with which they are in hearty agreement. But there is always a generous sprinkling of epistolary disagreement, critical counsel, and violent protest. Numerous persons, with panaceas for all the ills with which society is afflicted, write lengthy letters proving that their own specific remedies furnish a sure cure for the evils we deplore. Every variety of enthusiast or crank reads into one's statements approval of his own theories, much to the personal discomfort of the recipient of his adulation. Sometimes the writers express aggressive agreement with what the poor author was unaware that he had written. It hurts to be lauded as a protagonist of some special theory of which one has never till now heard. It hurts even more when one reads a note of severe rebuke for what he knows he did not say.

Every now and then some magazine article lets free a flood of letters from correspondents whose logical processes make one wonder how they came to subscribe to the dignified journals of public opinion to whose columns the modest contribution of the author was admitted. What a mixed variety of readers the magazines must have! How do they ever conceal from their

advertisers the mental calibre of some of their constituency? Many of the better writers are anonymous, sometimes, one feels sure, from modesty; more often because prejudice or misrepresentation prefers anonymity. But the poor author is deprived of the sweet joys of controversy. He has no opportunity to reply. He may not look forward with anticipation to a subsequent rebuttal, rejoinder and sur-rejoinder, *et ad infinitum*. He simply grins or groans.

In the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly*, a few months ago, I wrote of how 'A Bishop Looks at the Church.' The ensuing correspondence was voluminous. Much of it was a joy, though a few of the laity, most of them ladies of leisure, seemed to regard me as a sort of *enfant terrible* of the episcopate. Young people poured out their souls by post. Not all, to be sure, were thinking straight; one young man, for example, claimed to have lost his faith because he was convinced that the Y. M. C. A. secretary had stolen his pocketbook! But, for the most part, the writers showed constructive thought about the present status of institutional religion. Many of their criticisms met a responsive echo in my own heart, as when one Episcopalian youth declared that, so far as he could learn from the public prints, the general convention of his own church expected to spend three weeks in Washington during October with no more valid excuse for meeting than the acceptance of a missionary budget which its council knows, and we know, and the council knows that we know, will never be raised; the completion of the work of revision of a prayer book whose rubrics will be regarded by Catholic churchmen, Modernist churchmen, and Evangelicals as kindly suggestions of what it would be nice to do, in case you did not want to do some-

thing else; and the engaging in debate over such supposedly vital matters as the disposition of the Thirty-Nine Articles of Religion.

Of special interest were several letters which presented a challenge in almost identical terms. One man wrote: 'If the Church is as faulty and futile as your picture paints it, why do you remain in the ministry? And how can you continue to urge others to come in?' And another: 'You have expressed exactly what I feel about all of the churches when you declare that the real reason why some of us stay out of them is that we are bored beyond expression by the type of people who are in them. I feel that you are "one of us"; so tell us, please, why you are in the ministry.' Yet another: 'What you say is true; only you have not said enough. Do you not see that what we really object to, in the churches, is not only that so few of the ministers are really "on the job," or that so many of them have substituted sensationalism or political propaganda for religion, but that with every denomination both clergy and people are more concerned about their church than about Christianity, and, with your own denomination in particular, more interested in *apologia* of the Church's position than in aggressive effort to win men's souls? Those of us younger men who are in earnest about such a task may sometimes be unfair, we may be "half-baked," but we have zeal and optimism; and these are exactly the qualities we do not find in church people or in their ministers. You evidently feel something of our difficulties. Tell us, then, why you entered the ministry, and why you stay.' And, finally, the challenge was repeated in these words: 'You have "looked at the Church," Bishop, and you say that all is not well with it. Now get a new pair of spectacles, take

another look, and tell us why you still believe in it.'

These letters were all anonymous. They could not, therefore, be answered, although some of them were written in such evident sincerity that they deserved courteous acknowledgment and perhaps some effort to reply, instruct, and edify. They made one long, indeed, for a personal interview. May I, then, put on my new spectacles, take another look, and answer the challenge?

II

In R. J. Campbell's autobiography, *A Spiritual Pilgrimage* (the story of a life of patient and painstaking pursuit of truth, with courageous facing of the problems raised by modern Liberalism, and in its charm and the candor of its self-revelation equaled only by Cardinal Newman's *Apologia pro vita sua*), there is an illuminating passage which makes clear the principal differences between the Irish Presbyterianism in which the author's youth was spent and the atmosphere of English Non-conformity with which his later life was surrounded. With English Protestantism, the 'Church' had disappeared and the 'Gospel' had taken its place. Evangelization was the thing chiefly aimed at, and that of a particular and well-marked type. The very idea of the Church seemed almost superfluous. Any suggestion of the necessity of being grafted into a corporate life of fellowship was wholly absent. The gospel of salvation was purely individualistic; there was little thought of the Church as the Church, the home of the growing soul, the sphere of sacramental grace, the society which is Christ's visible witness and representative on earth, in which He dwells and which His Spirit guides and inspires. The older Protestantism of Ireland, as of Scotland, still held to this corporate

conception of Christianity — and held to it as firmly as does the Catholic, Roman or Anglican. 'The minister was a man sealed to a vocation not of earth but of Heaven, chosen and anointed with a divine charism for the discharge of a sacred duty.'

We find the same line of cleavage in America to-day. Whether the Protestant congregation be one of the older type, with emphasis on evangelization, or a more cultured group concerned rather with intellectual problems of faith, religion is usually regarded as individualistic rather than corporate. The minister speaks of his own views and convictions. He may be a man of fine character whose preaching affords spiritual help and guidance, but what he says has no authority other than that of his own personal experience. His success or failure depends upon certain 'accidents of the situation' — whether he is the 'right man in the right place,' with a congregation wise enough and good enough to value him accordingly, whether he has a congregation less thoughtful than himself and never facing the questions of faith in which he is interested, or, on the other hand, a congregation more thoughtful than its pastor and seriously concerned over difficulties he does not even begin to think about.

The point is that the whole matter of religion and faith is a matter of personal experience, and the whole question of Christian allegiance and loyalty a matter of individual decision and choice. There is no conception of a corporate life as of primary consideration, nor of a corporate faith as the established result of an age-long experience. Of course, such a corporate conception of religion, with the Church idea dominant, does not minimize the necessity for individual discipleship and consecration. There must come, first, such a sense of the wonder of

Christ's life and of the beauty of His teaching as to call forth devoted, personal allegiance; but there must be the further conviction that Christ never meant His followers to be left loose and unattached — individual fellowship was to be kept strong and steady through corporate union.

We who believe in the Church continue to believe in it, with all its faults, because it seems to us in accordance with the mind of the Master. It is the forethought of Christ, not the afterthought of men. If the Church were nothing more than a convenience, — on the whole a satisfactory method of securing unity of Christian purpose, — then there would be no compelling motive for membership; we could not, for the life of us, get up much enthusiasm about it, or more than a very little interest in it. If its work seemed to us futile, we could shrug our shoulders and depart. Even the question of Christian unity would fail to capture the imagination — it would be a social, economic, or administrative problem, a matter of uniting conveniently useful societies into a common order. Who could get on fire with enthusiasm about any programme of ecclesiastical peace, save as an effort to heal the wounds of 'Christ's Body'?

At bottom, then, here is the real dividing line between Protestantism and Catholicism. Those of us who are sympathetic toward the Catholic conception of Christianity feel — whether rightly or wrongly — that the Church idea is an essential part of Christ's teaching, and that in the New Testament nothing is found as entitled to call itself membership of Christ which is not also membership of the divine society which we call the Church.

The fact that Dr. Campbell found this Church 'atmosphere' in the earlier Protestantism of his youth shows that the conception is independent of

Roman Catholic claims, and that the essential principles of faith and order may be held in union with an interpretation of life in terms of the individual conscience. In America, just now, so some of us believe, the real need is a return to this ideal, if Protestantism is not to end in what Mr. MacManus calls 'the nadir of nothingness.' Catholicism, as an ideal, is a system of worship, of sacramental grace, of order, doctrinal truth, and broad fellowship. It may degenerate, by an overinsistence upon authority, tradition, and apostolic order, into autocracy in ecclesiastical government and static intransigence of religious thought. Protestantism, as an ideal, stands for personal religion, individual acceptance of truth, rigid obedience to conscience, and consecrated service of Christ and of men. It may degenerate into unhealthy individualism, with self-determinism run mad, and private judgment multiplying sects; it may tend toward fatal indifference to authority and the lessons of experience; it may become over-desirous of basing morality upon law and backing it up by legal enforcement; it may be overfond of dictatorial methods of moral reform; it may appear narrow, aggressive, and disputatious. We need the ideals which lie at the root of both systems, but our first need in America at the present time is a reconsideration of the corporate nature of the Christian religion. However academic all this may sound to my youthful correspondents, it is worth while to get back to first principles in the discussion of our problem.

III

'But,' objected Alice, "'glory" does n't mean "a nice knock-down argument."' 'When I use a word,' Humpty Dumpty said in rather a scornful tone, 'it means just what I

choose it to mean, neither more nor less.' Humpty Dumpty was a prophet born out of due time; his unconscious followers are many, and they play havoc with clear religious thinking. We are always using different terms for the same thing, or the same term for different things. Possibly the general attitude toward the Church would change if we could make less dim and obscure the thought of the One, Holy, Catholic Church. It is not just an abstraction, equivalent to 'all the churches,' or, with greater vagueness, to 'all Christian people.' Though we are members of particular churches, our membership is lifted into union in a society which is the 'Body of Christ.' There is a Catholic, though not Roman, Church consciousness which makes this society more than an abstraction, like 'mankind' or 'American' and 'European'; it is concrete and real.

We who believe in the Church, despite its present futility, feel that because it is the divine ideal it has recuperative power, now, as it has been shown to have such power in the past. If we criticize, it is with constructive purpose. We are so committed to the Christian programme, and so convinced that it can be realized only by corporate action and in a corporate life, that when we see the Church failing in its purpose *it hurts*, and we cannot but show our pain and shame. But we still cling to the Church idea, and we are convinced that only as Protestant America returns to that idea and ideal will there be renewal and regeneration of religious life. In America, the notion has become general that the churches are mere convenient agencies of Christian effort, to be accepted when desirable, changed at whim, or even deserted in disgust. They are 'amorphous aggregations of individual souls,' societies through which 'a set of views may be promul-

gated, and a more or less incoherent and unstable set of views, at that.' Against such a view of Christianity we protest with all our strength. We stay in the Church because we believe in its divine character, while recognizing its human faults. Our criticism, therefore, is something more than whining complaint or pessimistic despair. We point out weaknesses in the hope of arousing a 'divine discontent' which will lead to the restoration of the ideal in which we still have strong faith.

For certainly we are not surprised that the Church does fail. Of course it does, since it is human. We believe in democracy — government of the people, by the people, for the people — despite its blunders. The Church is of God, but it is also of men. It is a society of sinners, by sinners, for sinners — made up of weak men, carried on by them, designed for them. Even the apostles were a rather poor lot. Bruce Barton, in *The Man Nobody Knows*, said that no one had ever put a big matter into the hands of such poor trustees. Christ's apostolic family was in all ways weak, though eventually, for most of its members, their commission raised them above themselves. Some failed, but the work was done by the brave and faithful. Protestantism, even at its best, thought of the Church as the Society of the Saints, whereas it is really the refuge of sinners, penitent but weak, learning but not yet made perfect, trying but often failing.

Christ expected weakness and failure. He likened the Kingdom to a net, full of fishes both good and bad. He compared it to a field, full of wheat and tares, which could not be separated until the time of harvest. There never has been a time, in the long history of the Church, when it did not need reformation and new inspiration. Its history is the story of a long struggle

with a weak membership. But, somehow, it has served its purpose.

It will continue to serve its purpose, because it is the one society which enables men to know themselves 'as part of a vital tradition covering a history longer than that lying between the horizon of their threescore years and ten.' The Church is the only society, other than the family, with a great philosophy under it and a sublime ideal behind it. Its power lies not in its argument but in its aim; not in its advance — often slow, and sometimes so slow as to appear a retreat — but in its goal. On the whole, it knows whither it would be going. Dean Sperry says, 'The only thing that will be the death of the churches is the death of all personal religion.' He should have said more. 'Churches' may fail, if personal religion dies among their members. But 'churches' are little groups of a larger whole, and 'the Church,' in this larger sense, will not die. Like the giant, it 'never feels perfectly well all over'; it is big, and there are distresses and disturbances somewhere all the time; but it is strong, and throws off diseases and cures injuries in its members.

Modern Protestant discipleship is hesitating and uncertain, impotent and unsaving, just because it lacks this larger vision of the Church Universal. It is to this larger vision that we remain loyal, despite the distressing inefficiency of the moment. The only hope of Protestant Church life lies in a return to the thought of the Church as a world-wide organism which represents Christ on earth and is 'His Body,' through which He does His work. Such a Church presents a great cause, challenging the labor and loyalty of men. It puts things in the right order. It summons men to worship, not in order to secure promises and favors, but in order to become

better and more active in service. It calls for an adventurous religion, not 'the passivity, drowsy devotion, and blind obedience which people think is religion.'

IV

These considerations give us the real reason for Church loyalty. We can never, in days of doubt and distress, rekindle enthusiasm and affection for a Church that is little more than an Ecclesiastical Rotary Club. The truth is that American Protestantism has been reducing the Church to this level. I am not seeking admission to the ranks of those who week after week take their fling at the noon-day luncheon clubs. They have their place and value. But we may be good Americans of a reasonable — if not the full hundred — per cent without becoming 'joiners,' or when we grow weary of combining oratory and eating we may resign without loss of self-respect. The average American, after a like fashion, believes that he may be a fairly good Christian while ignoring the Church, and, when bored by what he sees in the Church, feels that he may retire to the 'private practice' of religion.

I do not find any such individualistic system of faith and practice in the New Testament record of the beginnings of Christianity. Faith in Christ was always corporate. His followers were always brethren. They were exhorted not to 'forsake the assembling of themselves together, as the manner of some is.' They 'continued stedfastly in the apostles' fellowship,' as well as in their teaching. They met daily, or at least weekly, for the 'breaking of bread' and the 'prayers.' For myself, I expect to continue in the same way though there are dullards galore in the congregation; and, even more, I shall continue though my pious soul be distressed by the hypocrisy, indifference,

deadness, or self-complacency of those who make up the rest of the congregation. Perhaps, indeed, I may even be moved to ask whether my righteousness really exceeds the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees by so large a measure as those in other ways like-minded with myself generally assume.

Indeed, even as a human institution, one cannot feel that the Church is a failure. After all, I seem to see an effect upon the general life of its members which, far as it falls short of what we desire, is greater than the results effected by any other human institution. We forget how great has been this general advance. It has affected our social life as well as our personal life, our national life, our spiritual life. Indeed, it even accounts for some of our present doubts and difficulties.

Why has the present generation become so critical of the type of Christians whom Bishop King used to call 'mousy little men'? Why but because the Church has been presenting the human Christ, as never before, in all His winsomeness and attractiveness and in all the strength of His splendid manhood? Why have we become dissatisfied with the pettiness of much of our church work and the nasty little self-consciousness of some of our church workers? Why but because the Church has had teachers who have gradually developed another type of Christian — men with the natural virtues of 'pleasant paganism,' but also with the aroma and atmosphere of Christianity? Why do we find an increasing dislike of the present propagandist activities of Protestant America, save because of the fact that there have been some Christian prophets to show the attractive power of faith, until at last we are beginning to see its modest charm and are approaching the day when there will surely be wider appreciation of the kindly, courteous, tolerant, quiet,

steady, and well-disposed religious folk who mind their own business and modestly and unobtrusively worship and serve God in their own way, without obnoxious insistence that everybody shall serve and worship God in exactly the same way; in particular, not showing themselves impertinently inquisitive as to the faults and failings of others and overzealous in bringing them to repentance and a better life?

Yes, there are improved standards of Christian life appearing just over the horizon, and the Church is responsible for the change, with the dawn of the new day. Religion to-day is more strong, more powerful, more sane, and not less devout, than the religion of our grandparents, because the Church has looked more closely into the life of the human Christ. The change of social attitude is due to the same influence. With all its faults, business is less brutally pagan than it was in other times. Industry has changed in a generation, and the change has not been due entirely to the growth of democracy or the power of labor organizations; it has been due to the preaching of 'the social gospel' by fearless churchmen. The change of mind as to corruption in politics is very marked, despite recent scandals. We are no longer 'corrupt but contented.' There is indifference, of course, because the country is prosperous, and prosperity causes 'fatty degeneration of the moral nature'; but conditions are nothing compared with earlier days, and churchmen have not been without influence in pointing to the perils of an easy-going democracy. War has lost its romance. Why? Hundreds of pacifists who blame the Church for not stopping the World War forget that churchmen are responsible for clear thinking about the subject now, and that their moral influence, more than the hysteria of

pacifist agitation, is responsible for the movement for peace.

One of the most frequent complaints against the Church refers to the unhappy divisions of Christendom; but to what do we owe the movement for unity but to the Church itself? Division came because the Church had become secularized and corrupted and had to be reformed. In the effort to establish truth, men became enamored of meticulous doctrinal expositions of the faith, and the process of fission went madly on. But it is the Church, not its critics, which is leading the return to unity and fellowship, and leading it with right motive, not as an economic consolidation, but as a unity of evangelical purpose, with true understanding of the mind of Christ. Nothing in our present age is so indicative of the recuperative power of the Church as the strength of this movement toward reunion.

Our very ideas about God — for that matter, even our doubts about God and our difficulties of faith — are a sign of the advance of true Christian thinking. The world is more sensitive to the problem of evil than ever before. We see so much of the apparent heartlessness of the universe that faith which can survive the test of serious thought demands all a man's honest effort; it must be what George Tyrrell called 'faith in long trousers, not faith in knickerbockers.' It is no longer easy to believe in a God of love, and we would best confess the difficulty, instead of avoiding it. Yet an Infinite and Eternal Power lacking the qualities of love and tenderness and pity would no longer be God for us. Why? Because slowly, through the centuries, the Church has taught of God as Jesus knew Him, until His thought of God has gradually moulded our ideas, just as His standards of life have slowly changed our moral conceptions. The

very difficulties which oppress us have come to be felt as never before because Christianity, through the Church, has given us ideas of God which alone can satisfy. We must have a God who is like Jesus. No other God will content us, and if we cannot have such a God we will do without God rather than accept another. (Perhaps that supplies a hint as to the way in which to approach the question of Christ's divinity.)

V

We hold fast to the Church, despite its faults and failings, because it is the one institution which definitely witnesses for Christ. Someone has suggested in a witty protest, with humor that stings while it smiles, that apparently the first qualification for the ministry nowadays is that one should have in him the makings of an efficient administrator and financial manager. The writer deplures, as one of our contemporary tragedies, the fact that so many of our ablest young men become bond salesmen and stockbrokers, although these fields are already overcrowded and the men often meet with only moderate success, whereas if they had gone into the ministry they might soon attain fame and fortune as pastors of large city churches. Or some of them go into the law, and eventually into politics, whereas as emotional orators their great opportunity might have been found in American pulpits. Sometimes, yes. But the picture is a caricature, just as *Elmer Gantry* is so overdrawn in its ugliness, in depicting another type, that it defeats its own purpose. In fact, the quiet work of the true priest, preacher, and pastor goes on, and it is still holding up Christ, proclaiming faith in Him, and bearing witness to Him in service and teaching. No other society save the Church exists for keeping that faith alive. However

inadequately the faith and teaching are presented, in a divided Christendom, nevertheless the fires are kept burning.

We do not believe that the witness will fail, and therefore we are sure Christ's words will not pass away. Of late the world has been slowly coming to the conclusion that His way and teaching were right. The old plan of life has broken down, and men are looking wistfully to the Way of Life which Christ taught and to which the Church has always borne its broken witness. Some, it is true, feel that He was disillusionized at the end, and found that His plan of living would not work in a rough world like ours; that, while academically sound and idealistically beautiful, it was smashed to pieces by the hard facts of life, and cannot now be acted upon without exceptions and reservations. Yet the Church, in its weakest days, has always held up the standard, and at last we are coming to see that Christ was right in declaring that we must put 'first things first.' It is not a question of life smashing His teaching to pieces; the question is whether life itself will not be broken to bits if His teaching is wholly ignored. Personal problems are still settled by words He uttered centuries ago. There is scarcely a social movement which does not seek, in some degree, to utilize His principles. Economists and statesmen are beginning to talk in strange ways of taking His spirit into national and international relations. They have begun to dread the upheaval which is sure to issue out of complete disregard of Christ and Christian brotherhood. Men are saying now, in loud tones, what the Church has always said through the voices of its prophets, even when its speech has been feeblest: that apart from Christ there is no charity wide enough, and no faith deep enough, to bring the world lasting peace.

I do not think I am wrong in saying that the Church has always taught this, however feebly and falteringly, and that outside the Church it has rarely been taught with an approach to consistency. Nor do I believe I am in error in saying that, on the whole and in the large, the Church has based its teaching on faith in Christ, generally in Him as the unveiling of the heart of deity, always in Him as one in whose face men have seen the light of the knowledge of the glory of God.

We need such a faith. Life is a poor thing without it. How poor it is may be guessed from Robert Keable's confessions published a few months after his death and showing how painfully he was trying to find his way back to light. How impotent and unsaving life is, apart from such faith, we see in the recent report on an inquiry into 'The Sensible Man's Religion.' I have no doubt that the report is a true one, and that its conclusions fairly well summarize the beliefs of the average man outside the churches. But read the emasculated creed. It is a weak and nerveless thing. It makes no demands, offers no adventure, calls for no sacrifice, has no appeal, points no challenge. Doubtless there are also thousands within the churches whose faith is no larger. That is the reason we find the churches suffering from a terrible blight. Too many of their members have a religion which is hesitating and uncertain; it carries no atmosphere, has no courage or conviction. That is the reason for the sickness of the Body of Christ. 'At the centre His heart still beats strongly, pumping the life blood; but the valves are choked up, the blood cannot circulate freely, the members fail to work in harmony with each other, and many seem numb or dead.'

The remedy lies not in abandoning Christ's ideal. It lies in seeking to embody the ideal. We shall not be

alone when we set out upon our task. We shall find ourselves members of a goodly company; for the Church still has its saints and heroes. I call to remembrance men like Grenfell, Rowe, and Stuck; men like Mott and Speer; men like Graves and Teusler; women such as Miss Royden, Mrs. Simkovitch, or Miss Vida Scudder; soldiers such as Wood and Pershing; statesmen like Stanley Baldwin or Ramsay MacDonald; scientists like Pupin; men high in social life such as Lord Halifax or the Duke of Newcastle; we have had our Mahans in the navy; we have judges, college professors, business men, heads of great corporations, leaders of labor organizations, financiers, governors, and presidents. There lies before me a list of more than a hundred leading public men of America, and names of some fifty wonderful women, who would willingly make public declaration that all they are and all they have done they owe to the Church's faith. Their names cannot be printed — indeed, the living who are named above will object to being numbered among the saints. If I were to print the complete list, there would be objection to the inclusion of some names; they all have their faults and defects. Imagine the excited discussion which would follow upon my naming Wilson or Roosevelt as Christian examples among the presidents! They had their faults. So had all the departed saints whose names are now in the sacred calendar. I have no doubt some of them were not any pleasanter companions than are you who would read the list, or those who compiled it, or I who withhold it.

To live with the saints in Heaven

Is bliss and glory;

To live with the saints on earth

Is — often another story!

That is not the point. The fact of importance is that every one of them has

splendid virtues, and every one attributes all to Christ and the Church. There are good men and women, it is true, outside the Christian fellowship; but the names on my list are of men and women who show a peculiar quality of goodness which only the fellowship of believers creates. It is an indescribable something which makes us realize how impossible it is to separate the character we call Christian from the creed out of which the character is born and the Church in which it is nurtured.

I entered the ministry because I saw — far back in those days — what faith in Christ meant. I came to that faith, as did Romanes, after passing through doubts such as he had as he wrote: 'When I think, as at times I must, of the appalling contrast between the hallowed glory of that creed which once was mine, and the lonely mystery of existence as now I find it — at such times I shall ever feel it impossible to avoid the sharpest pang of which my nature is susceptible.' I came to faith through the shadow of a sorrow shared with the closest friend I then had, whose suffering I tried to lighten. I reached my faith through study of the person of Christ, finding that He exercised over me the same fascination the four Gospels show Him as exercising over those who felt that their eyes had gazed upon and their hands had handled the very Word of Life.

Then I looked at the Church, and I saw all its weaknesses. I watched its members and knew them for the poor things they were. I went into the ministry to make them more worthy of their calling. And ever since I have been trying to make myself more worthy of my own! I doubt if anyone would be won to the Church if he knew me as I know myself, and yet I think he might be won if he could guess what I should have been, and might still be, without the Church and its worship.

TWO SONNETS

I

THE tides of Time that sweep our lives away
Must ebb for you as they recede from me.
You too, beloved, must grow old some day
And gaze at youth as I do, wistfully.
Then, in the gathering darkness, would I stand
Close by your side and hold you comforted,
When, like a frightened child, you seek my hand.
But when that need arises, I'll be dead.
Remember then the things I did not say —
And which, unslain by words, by silence sanctified,
Remain behind when I have gone my way,
Too much your own to perish when I died.

And this still living part of me will come
To sit beside you, in the empty room.

II

Blossoms of words I gather for your sonnets,
Fragrant and many-hued, with heartstrings round them.
They are but decorations for your bonnets,
And others see and wonder where you found them.
These are the simple gifts of my impoverishment,
Poor starveling products of my artlessness,
Where, on my fancy's frugal nourishment,
Fell random seeds of your great loveliness.
And though of little worth they seem to be,
When others lay great treasures at your feet,
You'll know you've seen the stars at noon with me,
And heard the skylarks in a city street.

And when, with years, all other pleasures fade,
You'll still repeat these silly rhymes I made.

R. S.

THE THREE WISHES

BY MARGARET MUNSTERBERG

GOLAUD. Est-ce qu'ils parlent?

YNIOLD. Non; petit père; ils ne parlent pas.

GOLAUD. Mais que font-ils?

YNIOLD. Ils regardent la lumière.

GOLAUD. Ils ne disent rien?

YNIOLD. Non, petit père; ils ne ferment pas les yeux.

GOLAUD. Ils ne s'approchent pas l'un de l'autre?

YNIOLD. Non, petit père; ils ne bougent pas, ils ne ferment jamais les yeux. . . .
J'ai terriblement peur. . . .

MAETERLINCK, *Pelléas et Mélisande*

DORA MERRYWEATHER caught a glimpse of her five-year-old boy as he was peeping through the portières from his vantage point in the little vestibule between the dining room and the library, where her guests, under the drowsy spell of the flickering fire, were just entering upon a somewhat subdued and meditative mood.

'If the little imp will only keep out of mischief now!' she was hoping. 'Emma ought not to have let him creep out of his bed at this time of night. She does n't know how to manage him. He will be picking up stray ends of conversation again and let them torture his precocious, fantastic little head. Not, to be sure, that anything is being said just now to corrupt five-year-old youth!'

These friends, who were lingering in an intimate circle after the other guests were gone, seemed indeed to have slipped into a blissfully naïve state, as they allowed themselves to do — and she realized this with pride — only in the mellow atmosphere of her

own open house. Most of the men who had been here to-night — and Hortense Lorraine, too, for that matter — would ordinarily begrudge an evening spent away from their desks, with not even dinner for compensation. These loose, congenial Thursday-evening gatherings without special invitation were unique in the university town.

'Yes, he was a powerful thinker,' of Professor Leighton's rich voice sounded from the depth of his leather armchair. 'But he never attained the greatness that he desired.'

'Who does?' sighed little Mr. Odiorne.

'Do you remember the old fairy tale,' asked Hortense Lorraine, staring into the fire, 'of the three wishes?'

'Yes,' said Maurice Andrews, at her side. 'Did n't a fairy allow a peasant and his wife just three wishes, and did n't the old peasant woman wish that a sausage would hang on her husband's nose and then have to waste a perfect good wish to get it off again — or on her own nose — how was it?'

'Oh, I remember it very clearly,' Dora Merryweather now joined in heartily. 'I read it to Peter only the other day. But what makes you think of that, Hortense?'

'Oh, well,' said Hortense, 'I am sometimes so childish — I like to imagine some spirit offered me just three wishes to be surely fulfilled and I had to decide then and there what they should be.'

'A desperate task!' said Maurice Andrews.

Dora let her eyes travel in a circle round her guests; they were all hushed and listening to the vagaries of Hortense as if they were the latest hypothesis of Einstein. A strange intensity was settling on every face, and each pair of eyes was drawn to the fire, as if a secret could be read in the restless, blue-green flames.

How funny this was! Dora had a perverse wish that the whole company would suddenly turn into children. Chubby, curly-headed children! And old Professor Leighton a darling little boy! And she herself would be back in that sunny childhood of hers! That would be her first wish, if she had three precious ones at her disposal — to be a child again in Birchsilver, the country home, with laughter in the yard full of romping playmates, laughter on the dark old stairs, laughter rippling in every corner. Her gay young mother, her little brother who looked like Peter — oh, what folly to waste a wish on a life that had no Peter in it! Dora was quite serious now; there were only three wishes, and all three must be for Peter! They were not hard to find. In the first place, he must always love her to the end of her life — wish number one. Then he must always be happy, of course; but that was too vague, for what was happiness? He must have his own heart's desire, his own ambition fulfilled, so that he would always have that precious light in his eyes that kindled when he ran to meet her, and was so easily eclipsed by a harsh word. Also he must become a great man, in some intellectual field, like his father and grandfathers, only more distinguished, more original than any of them — wish number three. His father! With a sense of guilt Dora glanced in the direction of her husband, who was brooding unperceived in a dark corner. The three wishes were exhausted and she had forgotten him!

Now she could not unwish them any more. . . .

In the silence that had fallen on the room, which made the ticking of the old clock formidable, Hortense Lorraine felt suddenly face to face with herself, as if the others were mere phantoms. Three wishes! Only three. It seemed as if life were nothing but intense wishing, wishing all the time. What was every poem, created with so much pain, but a crystallized dream or wish? Or was it called hope? Hortense was often haunted by a picture of Dante's Limbo, where the virtuous Pagans languish in eternal desire without hope. Three secret, inmost wishes to come really true! Hortense felt her pulse quickening with the awful responsibility of choice. Well — one wish could be quickly disposed of: that the publisher would accept her book of poems. He had it now three weeks. There was a certain pride in the definiteness of this wish. After all, there was some compensation for outgrowing the turmoil of student days: a clear purpose emerges at last. Now, with the poems safely between covers, what next? Good reviews, fame? Oh, no, let that take care of itself. One wish was enough for one's work. And now the two others. Here her confidence left her, and she felt on unsafe ground. Neither was she alone in the room any more, with only spectres dimly filling the background. Of one other inhabitant she was intensely aware, almost afraid that he might penetrate into the depths where a wish was taking form. That dreaded spy was Maurice Andrews, and the wish was for his love. The fierceness with which that wish asserted itself was startling — it seemed as if it were being screamed into the silence. And, when the wish comes true, what will become of little Ethel, Maurice's fiancée, with those big blue child's eyes adoring him, waiting for him in the

dreariness of her small-town home? Hortense was not cruel. Ah, but there was still a third wish left—and could n't that be for Ethel? That Ethel should turn away from him and love someone else? But would n't that be likely to happen anyway, if she knew that Maurice . . . ? Yet it would be better if she turned from him first. . . . How childish, childish! And what would it all lead to, anyway? The third wish must be something definite—some end. Marriage? His faithfulness? Oh, let that all be taken for granted! The third wish: a child from him! There was honesty at last! But poor Ethel. . . .

Maurice Andrews felt a strange vibration, as if some force from without were communicating itself to him. This childish fancy was taking a queer hold on his mind: three wishes! Suppose some power really granted these three. There was, of course, a fascination in the ancient sacred number. Else why just three? There was something inexorable about it, too, for the wrong wish and its fulfillment could never be undone. If one could choose—but one was n't even free to choose one's own wishes; they seemed to come by themselves. There it was, the first wish: to be in Professor Leighton's place in the university. The rôle of instructor for one whose book was now internationally known, while mere drudges held higher posts, was too irksome to endure. Therefore . . . but oh, shame! For Leighton's chair to be vacant, the dear old man would have to die. Never! The second wish must be old Leighton's voluntary retirement with a pension. And now there was only one wish left for the contents of life. This was a deliberate wish: his three-volume study of Swift should be a masterpiece, an undisputed contribution to scholarship. That was the third wish. But something was left that

should have been included in all this wishing. What? Why, Ethel, of course. But what was there to wish about her? Was n't she his, secure, already? Why was Hortense Lorraine looking at him just then? Disconcerting she was with that dark, haunting glance. . . . Clever, too, with swift flashes of insight. A poet . . . he must read her things; or perhaps not—they might have less life than their author. Tantalizing, that look of hers. . . .

It must have been a nervous stir on the part of Maurice Andrews that made Professor Leighton, who was smoking placidly in a remote corner of the room, suddenly look in the direction of his young colleague. To be as young once more as that brilliant pupil of his! Ah, if there were something in this puerility of the three wishes, that would be his first wish, without hesitation! Slowly he inhaled the rich smoke from Mrs. Merryweather's excellent Havanas, and sank forty years back into the time of his early manhood. He was a young instructor with a passion for his subject, attracting more students than the head of the department. Those lectures on the Romantic Movement were n't bad—not at all bad for that time. But oh, the humiliation of being under that small intriguer, with his jealousy of the stronger and younger man! He could still see those foxlike little eyes. The old scholar shook his head; no, if he were to be forty years younger again, it would not be in that or any other fresh-water college! No, he would be a young instructor at Harvard, with all the means for research at his disposal and the prospect of early promotion. And Jane would be alive! That would not be the third wish, of course, but the first. Jane and he would be young together once more. The old man took off his blurred spectacles and wiped them carefully. The sweetness of it . . . yes, but those

scenes she used to make, over his late hours, his smoking, the new hat that he didn't like, over the coffee in the morning — over anything and everything when she was possessed. And how willful she used to be, never giving in or admitting that she was wrong! No, the first years had been trial years, and then, as they defied intrigues together, as the children grew up, as time mellowed both . . . Dear Jane! If she could be here now as she was ten years ago — that last year! No, those foolish wishes for youth should be unwished again, if only Jane's hand could lie on his once more — the trembling, wrinkled hand, so dear. . . .

The ash tray on the little table between Professor Leighton and William Odiorne was accidentally knocked over.

'What can be agitating the old Professor so?' thought the lawyer. 'He is lost in contemplation and yet seems excited. What can be going on inside that white-haired old head?' Nothing the like of which was ever in his own, William Odiorne's — no, sir! Some unworldly fancy or a problem of what Spenser meant in some line of the *Faerie Queene* or how many grams of opium Coleridge used before concocting *Kubla Khan*. . . . And what queer, unearthly wishes such a head would entertain! Oh, well, there was not much pondering for William Odiorne, Jr., when it came to three wishes. First — money! There was no mincing that big and solid truth: money to make him free, so that he would not have to slave in the office one other day! A deep sigh of relief escaped him at the prospect. Wish number two: a farm somewhere in Connecticut or New Hampshire, where he would raise fruit trees, experiment with them, breed them true, like another Burbank. Oh, the torment of a missed vocation! To be out in the air from morning to night, brown from the sun, using one's per-

fectly good strong hands! Very well, sir, but how about the rheumatism? Confound it! Hah — the third wish will be to get rid of rheumatism for once and all. There, now! What will Bess say? Indeed, what will she say to the farm! Far too many words to suit him. Oh, pshaw! Can't a man have three decent wishes fulfilled and be left in peace? Was there still bound to be something? Well, if he were limited to three, there was no help for it; he would have to let the rheumatism stay and use the third wish to transform Bess so that she would be supremely happy on the farm. . . . Darn it! There was that twitch again. With a hundred wishes fulfilled, and that pain, there was no joy. . . .

The involuntary twitching of the stolid lawyer did not escape the fine perceptions of Donald Fisher, the youngest and least conspicuous member of these evening gatherings. The twitching reminded him of the convulsive movements of the frog with which he had experimented this morning, touching its leg with acid. If only the tadpole experiment would bring the desired result — if the polliwog, after the operation, would only refrain from growing into a frog! Really, if he were a superstitious fool and could have three wishes — the joy of that experiment turning out right! And the next step — the second wish: to discover the law of growth. A glow spread over him, and his pulse thumped at the thought. It would be the consummation of his hopes. But would it be possible to carry on all the necessary experiments under present conditions? Ah, the third wish: a large and permanent endowment for the laboratory. Those three wishes fulfilled, and life would be worth while. . . . Oh, but he was an egotist, a brute. Not a thought of his old mother who had toiled, out on the dreary Dakota farm, to make this life

possible for him! Would he be experimenting now if she had indulged in ease and the things other women liked — if she had been like that silly woman over there, toying with a cigarette in her plump hands that looked as if they had never held either a needle or a broom? . . .

Mrs. Odiorne felt that someone was looking at her, though she was not sure who, or whether or not the look was agreeable. Not that she minded being looked at! After all, why did one spend weary hours at the dressmaker's and hairdresser's if nobody paid any attention to one? Look at Dora Merryweather now! She seemed to command attention without effort. Now if Bess Odiorne could have three wishes come true, she would wish to be in Mrs. Merryweather's place. How she would enjoy these evenings as hostess! How smart she would make them — perhaps with bridge for some, instead of just talk. But — was n't there always some but? — she could n't abide Dr. Merryweather for a husband. No, old Bill was better than a doctor coming home at all hours. . . . And besides, she was afraid of that wiry, aged-looking little man. He had a way of staring right through you, enough to make you squirm. No, that first wish would have to be revised: she would n't want to be in her hostess's shoes at all — only to be as young and clever and handsome as Mrs. Merryweather! Then wish number two: to be a great social leader. That was fine! And now for a third one. Perhaps it was silly, — people would laugh at her if they knew, — but she did so want to speak French fluently. Ever since that dinner for the French celebrity, — oh, what was his name? — when the other women had all talked to him and she had sat there dumb and out of it, that had been her secret wish. And if she could play the piano as well as her sister Roxie . . . or . . . three

wishes did n't go very far. . . . And there was that horrible Dr. Merryweather again looking at her as though he could read every one of her thoughts and saw how ridiculous they were. . . .

Dr. Merryweather had slipped in late and found his wife's guests still lingering. He stood in a dark corner behind a revolving bookcase, where he did not have to talk after an exhausting day, and let his eyes wander round the room. He caught his wife's swift, alert glance as it shot in his direction. How young and fresh she was! How untouched by care! He almost envied her. If he could have three wishes fulfilled, they would be sleep, sleep, and again sleep! He lit a cigarette and leaned against the wall. Three wishes, indeed! As if he were not consumed with some passionate wish every hour of his day! The eyes of that cancer victim this morning in the public ward, those eyes riveted on to his with the dying man's last hope and beseeching him for help. . . . Oh, God, if that man could come to life again! What a wish! Then the operation this afternoon — the young man, only support of his family. There was hope there — if the patient's heart could survive the strain, he would be saved. The torture in the mother's look! — Then the poisoned woman in the maternity ward who lay in convulsions — if she could pass the crisis to-night, there would be a chance. . . . The passion of these wishes was wearing him out. Now that the disciplined tension of work was relaxed, a wave of bitterness flooded his spirits. What did these people in the room know of agony and despair? What trivial wishes — ambitions, vanities, futile desires — were filling their minds this moment?

There was not one who could follow him — not even Dora. Gifted as she was, devoted mother, perfect housewife and hostess — she could not

accompany him to those depths into which he was plunged almost daily. Not one here, not one! The loneliness of it! His eyes again swept the circle of his guests, and now they met the full, dark glance of Hortense Lorraine. Here there was passion — here was his equal! Strange that he had not even noticed her before. She was, he believed, a musician or poet. A poet and a healer could meet perhaps on the same plane. . . . Tired, worn-out as he was, he felt himself suddenly jerked back to life. And he was darkly, mysteriously drawn to this stranger in his house. . . . Heavens, what was that?

A heart-rending wail rang through the house and terrified the guests, so that they sprang to their feet.

'Emma, Emma!' cried a child's voice in mortal terror. 'They're bewitched! Come and see! Oh, I'm afraid. They have n't said a word — nobody has — an awful long, long time; and they're just all staring and they look awful, like ghosts. A

bad fairy has come and bewitched them all.'

Without a word, Dora Merryweather slipped out of the room to comfort her hysterical child.

'The boy is right,' said Donald Fisher quietly. 'We have all sat for twenty minutes in complete silence. I noticed the clock when Miss Lorraine first spoke of the three wishes.'

The sultry atmosphere that had settled upon the room was not relieved by so much as a smile. The spell was not broken, but intensified, as one glanced furtively at the other, dazed and embarrassed. Mechanically they looked round for the hostess, but, as she was not in sight, they walked upstairs one after the other, silently or with subdued whispers put on their cloaks, and just as silently left the house. Dr. Merryweather crept up the back stairs to his private study which no one entered, and threw himself on the couch, after closing the door, to avoid meeting his wife

'EVER GRATEFUL FOR THE PRIZE'

BY AGNES REPPLIER

I

IN 1867, at the International Exhibition in the Champ de Mars, Paris, appreciative judges awarded a prize to the biggest and deadliest gun manufactured by the 'Cannon King,' Alfred Krupp. Three years later, France had practical, if painful, proof that her award was well merited. Half a century later, this gun's successors — notably the mysterious 'Big Bertha,'

which had a radius of seventy-five miles, which killed seventy-five non-combatants on Good Friday in the church of St. Gervais, and which disappeared as easily as a toy pistol after the signing of the Armistice — showed conclusively that prizes, like chickens and curses, come home to roost.

The reaction after the World War has temporarily dimmed mankind's interest in guns, and concentrated it upon plans for peace. True, a brigadier

general of the United States army has recently carried away from English competitors a British War Office prize of three thousand pounds for a self-loading rifle, which can fire twice as fast as a hand-loaded rifle, and can therefore be trusted to kill twice as many people. But this is an unusual, though widely heralded, event. For the most part, prize givers and prize winners are substituting the abstract for the concrete, the desired for the ascertained. It is the natural and touching belief of reformers (every American, says André Siegfried, is at heart an evangelist) that by putting up enough money they can ensure reform. The mediæval barons had a somewhat similar set of convictions, though the goal they sought was different. It took the wisdom of an unlettered peasant to enunciate the great truth: 'Le bon Dieu ne vend pas ses biens.'

The connection between Colonel Charles Lindbergh's Latin American flights and permanent — or even temporary — peace is hard to trace; but we can all sympathize with the relief of the Woodrow Wilson Foundation when Heaven sent its way this splendid young adventurer to whom it could give the award. Awards, especially recurrent awards, are a weighty obligation. Something has to be done with them, and the supply of prize money is occasionally in excess of legitimate demands. Colonel Lindbergh is one of the outstanding figures of the world to-day. He has made history as history has always been made, by men who go about their life's work with no great regard for spectators. That he should receive the Woodrow Wilson award pleased the public, and made possible some charming phrases, such as 'healing wings,' and 'the young ambassador of good will.' If international relations rested upon sentiment or phraseology,

the Western continent would be a lovely nest.

It may be remembered that thirty-seven years ago Oscar Wilde — a keen pacifist — was convinced that, although emotional sympathy would never be strong enough to unite civilized nations, intellectual sympathy might accomplish this great end. 'It would give us the peace which springs from understanding.' He felt sure, for example, that no Englishman who was capable of appreciating the excellence of French prose would ever want to make war on France, which may or may not be true. Germany, having avowed preference for stodgy prose, was naturally immune from such an influence. Goethe, whom Mr. Wilde quoted with triumph, did indeed confess that, in his eyes, the culture of France outweighed her belligerence; but no general argument can rest on such a foundation. A world of Goethes would be a world at peace.

II

The ineradicable buoyancy of the human heart, and the ineradicable materialism of a prosperous civilization, are indicated by the prizes which earnest Americans offer for the theoretical abolishment of evil, and the theoretical upbuilding of good. A sound, waterproof plan of peace is in their eyes a highroad to harmony; and so it would be if men lived by rule. When two years ago the Society for the Prevention of Crime offered a prize of \$2500 for a programme which would make New York less sinful, it expressed a generous desire that other cities should profit by the light let in upon Manhattan. A Boston reformer, 'shocked by the increasing number of suicides among college students,' conceived the idea that a cure might be effected through the popular medium of

the drama. That dramatic art, like every other art, can influence by indirect methods only ('Cela prêche la population,' said Diderot, looking appraisingly at Greuze's 'La Bonne Mère') is a circumstance which straightforward propagandists fail to apprehend. The anonymous Bostonian was perfectly straightforward. He offered a prize of \$1000 for a play which would 'hold up faith in life to the youth of America.' It was a large order. Boston, like New York, stood ready to extend its benefactions to the country at large. It wanted a whole reforming play for \$1000, while New York was willing to give \$2500 for a reforming paper of two thousand words — more than a dollar a word. In both cases it was hoped that something would happen which has never happened since the beginning of the world. Men and women were to change their methods of thought and modes of life because somebody had been stimulated by motives, other than the desire for good, to present arguments in favor of the change. It is true — and a happy truth — that amendments on a scale large enough to be noteworthy have been brought about from time to time. A study of the means employed by Saint Francis of Assisi and John Wesley might make salutary reading.

Three years ago a chemist in New York offered a prize of \$100,000 for a formula of synthetic opium which should be an exact reproduction of nature's product. The prize was not intended to stimulate trade, but to destroy it. All rights to the formula were to be sold to a virtuous international syndicate which would drive poppy opium from the market by underselling, and then refuse to sell. Thus would the world be rescued from a curse which, since the days of Hippocrates, it has valued more highly than its blessings. Two obstacles to this

plan (apart from the great original obstacle of the formula) seem to have been overlooked. Synthetic opium would be worth many millions to the inventor who is expected to sell his secret for \$100,000; and when the time came to remove it from the market, the industrious husbandmen of China would probably replant their poppy beds.

The multiplicity of prizes in our day is a distinctive feature of modern civilization. There is no lack of them in Europe. France especially, in spite of *Figaro's* plaintive suggestion that what the world needs is a 'Society for the Discouragement of Letters,' offers superb incentives in the Flaubert, Renaissance, and Goncourt awards; to say nothing of lesser laurels, such as the Prix de la Femme de France, sometimes so curiously bestowed. But it is in the United States that prizes take on numbers, magnitude, and infinite variety. They are given for every imaginable form of excellence, from high scholarship and civil service to 'hot-dog' stands and the 'ideal ankle.' Nothing comes amiss to benefactors who are searching for somebody to benefit.

The Pulitzer prizes alone would daunt any institution of less grasp and magnitude than Columbia University, under whose auspices they are awarded. Every year — and a year runs swiftly by — the judges are required to give prizes of \$1000 each for an American novel, an American play, an American biography or autobiography, an American history, and a collection of American verse. There are others, but these five are enough to consider. They would be hard to dispose of under any circumstances; but Mr. Pulitzer took pains to make the disposal harder by imposing impossible conditions. The novel must 'present the wholesome atmosphere of American life, and the

highest standard of American manners and manhood.' (One wonders if the New York journalist had in his mind the manners and manhood of eighteenth-century Lima.) The biography must teach 'patriotic and unselfish services to the people.' The history and the verse are less heavily handicapped; but the play must 'represent the educational value and power of the stage in raising the standard of good morals, good taste, and good manners.'

These conditions deny criticism. It is true that the Nobel literary prize is awarded for work which is great 'dans le sens d'idéalisme.' This is the discriminating clause which gave to Mr. William Butler Yeats the lead over Mr. Thomas Hardy's more serious claims. It is restricting, but it does not, like the Pulitzer stipulations, impose tests which have nothing to do with literary or dramatic qualifications — tests which may be eluded to some extent, but which may not be deliberately disregarded. That the prize for the best novel should have been twice given to Mr. Booth Tarkington shows the gratification of the judges at finding a popular and thoroughly 'all right' novelist upon whom they can unload. The selection of *Alice Adams* in 1922 suggests the line of least resistance. This analysis of the sufferings of a girl who does not have a good time at parties is subtly and uncannily acute. How did Mr. Tarkington chance to observe so closely the pitiful devices by which a wallflower seeks to cover up defeat? But by no stretch of imagination can such a picture of wounded vanity be accepted as illustrating 'the highest standard of American manners and manhood.' As well might we accept the argumentative vapidities of *Why Marry?* or the Cinderella-like smugness of *Miss Lulu Bett* (a good book gone wrong in playland) as representing 'the educational value and power of

the stage.' Yet both these dramas received — in seasons that must have been exceptionally barren — the Pulitzer award.

It is as hard to extract from a novel or a play a meaning which it has received as it is hard to write a novel, or a play, or an essay, or a book of any kind along lines laid down for competitors. A convincing proof of this difficulty was the failure last year of ten thousand essayists to compose a paper on President Wilson which the Woodrow Wilson Foundation could possibly accept as worthy of the \$25,000 prize then offered. Such a failure could only have meant that men and women who know how to write know also that no good creative and critical work can be done without a broad margin of freedom. A biography of a man must reveal a man, and a man, especially if he win renown, is a complex creature. No catalog of virtues and accomplishments can disclose the principles of humanity cemented, as Montaigne reminds us, with sickly qualities. The glory of our fallen nature is that no mistake or misadventure can permanently cloud the vision or obstruct the way; and the consideration of this truth is more heartening than the echo of all the panegyrics which have ever resounded through the world.

As for the 'all-American' history of the United States, which was designed to win a \$10,000 prize, and gratify the Mayor of Chicago, it should be, if it ever sees the light, an interesting volume. Facts are said to be stubborn things, but they have been relegated before now to subordinate position and if ten thousand dollars cannot soften them into acquiescence, banish them entirely, of what use is American money? The real difficulty of such a task is that not even the most accommodating of historians can walk confident over mendacities that have

been bought and sold. When Macaulay and Froude threw overboard the obtrusive facts for which they had no use, they did so in obedience to their own prejudices and enthusiasms. They grew more and more eloquent as they wandered farther and farther from bare unsympathetic truths; but eloquence, while perfectly at home with error, is not susceptible to bribery. Some years ago the producers of a book called *Profits*, which dealt with American industries, offered \$5000 for the best adverse criticism of their work. They probably knew that while there might be plenty to say — and say truly — against it, the offer of a preposterous award could be trusted to dull the edge of assault. Censure, like praise, must be born of conviction; but conviction may be born of passion or prejudice, and be all the stronger for its lineage.

III

The history of prize giving is full of interesting and unedifying incidents. Far back in the year 1830, the Central Unitarian Association of England decided to offer three prizes, one of ten guineas, one of fifteen guineas, and one of twenty guineas, for three essays designed to convert Roman Catholics, Jews, and Mohammedans to the truths of Unitarianism. The value of the awards was held to be nicely balanced by the difficulties of the task. It ought to be ten guineas easier to convert a Catholic than to convert a Mohammedan who has so much farther to travel. All three prizes were won by Harriet Martineau, then a young woman of twenty-eight. She must have discovered a modifiable formula which could be applied to all three classes of recusants ('One part helps another,' observed the experienced Vincent Crummies), and she was forty-

five guineas the richer for her find.

The curious and painful part of this story, however, is that the reasoning used with such financial success by Miss Martineau overturned her own convictions. Two years after writing her prize essays she recoiled, expressed regret for 'the weakness and falseness of the views' she had been conveying with so much pains, and became, in her own words, 'a free rover on the broad, bright, breezy common of the universe.' Her roving led her straight to the then popular cult of Mesmerism, which inspired her with such thorough-going zeal that she filled her house with patients ('seven asleep at one time in my sitting room'), and filled the columns of the *Athenæum* with stories that would have sounded unusually incredible in the *Arabian Nights*. 'There are minds,' observed Sir Thomas Browne, 'that can credit the relations of Mariners, yet question the Testimonies of Saint Paul.' But mariners' tales, albeit in bad repute, are stark realism compared with some of Miss Martineau's mesmeric revelations.

Every now and then we read about the winning of a prize so unusual or so well bestowed that it seems to right a little the prevailing wrongness of circumstance. Such a one was the \$1000 Pulitzer award for reportorial work in 1924 given to two newspaper men who unearthed the evidence which compelled Nathan Leopold and Richard Loeb of Chicago to confess the foulest crime in the city's bloodstained annals. Another and more cheerful instance was the prize given some years earlier by the British Agricultural Society to a Mr. Gibbs, — otherwise unknown to fame, — because he wrote a practical treatise on harvesting wheat in wet weather. If he had anything helpful to say on that score, the rain-soaked harvesters of Britain must have arisen and called him blessed. Last year it

occurred to the *Washington Daily News* to offer a prize to the Federal employee who was 'most on the job.' The judges passed lightly by a number of more or less distinguished names which would have done credit to the journal, and ferreted out a woman who, during five administrations, has been in charge of the United States Civil Service Commission's Bureau of Information. She draws a salary of \$2300; and every year an average of thirty thousand people seek her advice and assistance. What that woman does not know about the rank and file of government workers is not worth the knowing; and if anything in the nature of a prize can sweeten her labors, let us thank a just Heaven that she got it.

Better still was the story that came from Paris of the giving of the Henri Fortin prize to a twelve-year-old girl, a laborer's daughter who, since the death of her mother two years before, had taken charge of her father's home and four younger children, without ceasing to attend school. Only in France could such a miracle be credited. It is said that the audience in the Trocadéro was moved to tears at sight of this child who had shouldered the burdens of maturity. The award of five hundred francs, once worth the winning, had shrunk with the fallen franc to a pitifully small sum. It is to be hoped that sympathy took some stouter form than tears when this drama of the poor was unfolded before the eyes of the well-to-do.

It is a far cry from a poverty-stricken child receiving thankfully a few dollars ('I shall buy eggs,' she is reported to have said) to the great Nobel prizes accepted with indifference and hauteur by men who have climbed the heights. When Anatole France was awarded the Nobel prize for literature in 1921, he said very plainly and very truly that he

had no need of it. He had money and fame in plenty. Bernard Shaw was even more explicit. He said that he had more money than he could spend and more fame than was good for him. Rudyard Kipling, though less outspoken, showed the same unconcern. To such embodiments of success awards are superfluous, a well-meant but purposeless attempt to gild refined gold. Money can of course be disposed of, but honors must be retained, crowding in upon other honors in a fashion which Mr. Shaw considered unsanitary. Of the three men, he alone has had the habit of looking into his own soul.

That the city of Toronto should have presented a Sheffield tea service to Miss Mazo de la Roche, whose novel *Jalna*, won the Atlantic Monthly \$10,000 prize, is a circumstance worthy of an older and more tranquil generation. To get a prize for winning a prize is sufficiently unusual; but to have one's own town so pleasantly alive to one's prowess is unprecedented. Cities do occasionally put up notices, which nobody reads, to inform the public that a distinguished citizen, long since dead, lived in this or that house, which nobody looks at; but they do not give silver services to show their pride and pleasure at the success of their living children. That Miss Eva Le Gallienne should have received a prize of \$500 for her efforts to provide good plays at prices which people who love good plays can afford to pay, heralds the approach of the millennium. It carries the light of hope to hearts that starve for pleasure. Even the fact that Miss Le Gallienne, when she brings her New York Civic Repertory Company to other cities, asks the same price that non-reforming managers demand, cannot extinguish our confidence. That Princeton University should offer two foreign scholarships (which are prizes) with the expressed desire that the recipients shall

feel no obligation to do any special work, but shall merely meet all the foreigners they can, is a splendid departure from tradition. With an ocean lying between America and Europe, and with keen observers like M. Siegfried lamenting that never before did Americans and Europeans have a less intelligent understanding of one another, the essential need is intercourse. It may or may not lead to sympathy. It cannot fail to afford enlightenment.

IV

A pure pleasantry in the way of rewards was the recent offer of really handsome prizes for really handsome designs for hot-dog stands. It seems tolerably certain that nothing will win the American proletariat from this favorite article of diet, the speculative nature of which does but enhance its charm; and that nothing will induce the proletariat to call it by any other name than the one which has been so affectionately devised. The booths from which this delicacy is dispensed are many in number, and visibly lacking in elegance. At the Philadelphia Sesquicentennial the hot-dog stands were so numerous that they distracted attention from more legitimate and more pleasing structures. To combine tastefulness and simplicity in such a fashion as to content the æsthetic without alienating the unrefined can never be easy. A newspaper poet, one of the anonymous versifiers who fling their wit and wisdom to an unheeding public, as expressed in the following lines the sentiment with which the hot dog itself regards its approaching gentility:—

In my lowly shack,
In my dull abode
By the dusty road,
By the beaten track,
Modestly and long
Have I fed the throng.

Thrust within a bun,
Humbly I have done
What the hot dog can
For the hungry man.

Now that they will build
Palaces for me
Wonderful to see,
Shall my warmth be chilled?
Shall I be stuck up?
Am I such a pup?

Nay, let me remain
Meek, without disdain,
Man's devoted friend,
Faithful to the end.

I make no apology for this simple and timely verse. 'What can we relish if we recoil at vulgarity?' asks Santayana from the heights of his ineffable distinction.

Yet it is just possible that even Santayana's tolerance would be strained by the kind of vulgarity which is displayed in the beauty contests that have run riot in this country, and have apparently penetrated into Europe and South America. The protests voiced against the disgraceful and demoralizing spectacles at Atlantic City have been so vigorous that there is a chance of their being suppressed; yet newspapers vie with one another in printing pictures of these half-naked young women (whose beauty must be taken on faith), and in writing sentimental imbecilities about them. It was calculated that last year's prize winner would probably earn — apart from the prize money — at least a hundred thousand dollars by showing herself in vaudeville. The money, we were told, was to be used in the study of art; and it was the valuable opinion of the judges who had given her their votes that, 'having beauty herself, she should not find it hard to create beautiful work.'

This flawless bit of reasoning establishes a new basis for achievement. Christopher North said that no ugly woman ever wrote a beautiful poem the

length of her little finger; but he had founded his views upon the undeniable comeliness of Mrs. Hemans, whose verse — many times the length of her little finger — he sincerely admired. He probably did not think she wrote *Songs of the Affections* because she was good-looking; but only that she would not have written them had she been ugly.

A young woman to whom was awarded a beauty prize in a contest at Galveston, Texas, and who was dubbed 'Miss Universe,' which was going one degree better than Atlantic City's 'Miss America,' received a public ovation when she returned to her home in Jersey City. A committee from the Chamber of Commerce met her at the station with flowers and flags, and the Mayor 'formally welcomed her from the stage of the Central Theatre.' It does not sound grown up; but neither does the fuss made in New York over 'the ideal American ankle,' the measurements of which were given in the papers, together with the measurements of the calf, the knee, and the thigh which necessarily accompanied it. Five hundred dollars, a silver cup, and a bronze cast of the ankle were awarded to the young woman so distinguished.

A great deal of American money is spent in this fashion, but other countries are correspondingly profuse. We have heard much of Britain's financial straits. Her distress at seeing works of art and cherished manuscripts looted by American plutocrats can be readily understood. No generous heart likes to see a country despoiled by purchase; and the abduction of little Alice from her English home savors — for all the money paid — of child-stealing. But a group of London newspapers could afford to put up a prize of a thousand pounds for a beauty contest; and a

picture of 'England's girl' came over the seas to take its place in our Sunday press with pictures of the most beautiful young woman in Spain, the most beautiful young woman in Belgium, the most beautiful young woman in China, and the many most beautiful young women at home.

Prize giving, if it does not degenerate into indecency, is a legitimate form of advertising. Nevertheless, it is startling to see a jeweler's window filled with silver trophies of the type usually awarded to tennis players, and to be told that they are prizes designed for an 'interstate spelling competition' adroitly staged by a business school. Spelling is admittedly a more desirable accomplishment for most of us than tennis playing; but never before did it take on such a sporty character, and never before did it win such immediate and valuable recognition. Last year seventeen newspapers offered prizes for a national spelling contest in our national capital. A little boy of thirteen from a country town in Ohio won the championship and \$1000. A little boy from Iowa won \$500, and a little girl from Pennsylvania, appropriately christened Minerva, won \$250. Accustomed as we are to the lavish scale on which everything is conducted in our lavish land, these figures are staggering. Memories of a whole childhood of unrecorded and unrewarded industry seem to my soul with a sense of injustice in that I was born too soon. Nor does the fact that I never could spell reconcile me to my fate, for well I know that the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. Stout nerves and the lawlessness of chance determine many a contest, which is what makes the thrill of competition and the supreme joy of victory. 'Stolen fruit is sweet,' observes George Meredith; 'but undeserved rewards are exquisite.'

EVOLUTION—A CONSERVATIVE'S APOLOGY

BY PAUL SHOREY

APOLOGIES and explanations are useless, yet I wish to begin by saying bluntly and baldly what I shall repeat with variations: that I know I am taking the unpopular side; that it can do no harm, for we have heard nothing but glory to evolution in the highest for the past thirty years; that, though I sometimes play with the subject in the hopeless endeavor to conciliate editors who demand 'the readable proposition,' I am quite sincere and serious.

I

The ancient rhetoricians already observed how much easier it is to hold attention with praise and agreement than with argument and dissent. But some demon impels me to fly in the face of their precepts. I have never but twice had the good fortune to speak on the popular side of any question; once when we were at war, and once at Hull House, when I told an audience of Greeks that trailing clouds of glory did they come from Greece, which was their home. But otherwise all my life I have been defending lost causes, leading forlorn hopes, and protesting against the excesses of contemporary fads and fashions. And now old age steals upon me, still apologizing for the classics in a Greekless age, denouncing pseudo-science to a generation intoxicated with that heady brew, and seeing red everywhere in universities whose instructors are merely dyed a harmless delible pink by their deplorable preference for the *New Republic*

and the *Nation* to the *Saturday Evening Post*.

The subject I have chosen this time on which to exercise the spirit of contradiction and paradox, as an unfriendly critic might call it, is evolution—the gospel of evolution. A psychologist could explain this attitude as a reaction from my bringing-up, and an illustration of the modern social and political law anticipated by Plato's remark that doing anything excessively provokes a revolt to the opposite extreme. I was not brought up on the Main Street of Gopher Prairie or Winesburg, Ohio, or in the Nebraska of Miss Willa Cather. I was not told that it is sinful to play cards or drink beer or dance or smoke cigarettes or exhibit your ankles. I was not compelled to memorize the Catechism. I was not driven to church, Sunday school, and prayer meeting three times in one day. I was not forbidden to read anything but Josephus on Sunday afternoon. I did not attend a sectarian college in Kansas or Nebraska, where *Evidences of Christianity* replaced philosophy, and the deleterious effects of four per cent of alcohol on the coats of the stomach stood for chemistry and biology.

My experience, then, is precisely the reverse of that of those denunciatory critics and novelists who feel that their most pressing mission is to redeem America from the Puritan virtues, and deliver her from creeds that refuse and restrain. Instead of prescribed Josephus and Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*, I

read Darwin's *Origin of Species* aloud to my mother at the age of nine. As John Stuart Mill modestly observes of Plato's *Theatetus*, which his father made him read at six or eight, I am not sure that I understood it all. During the first two years of my course in the old west-side Chicago High School, I was further initiated into forward-looking thought by Shelley's *Queen Mab* and Herbert Spencer, and went about spouting, —

' . . . The exterminable spirit it contains
Is nature's only God,'

and justifying my refusal to attend even a left-wing Unitarian Sunday school by quoting Spencer's 'when the unknown cause produces in him a certain belief, he is thereby authorized to profess and act out that belief.' I even learned by heart the definition of evolution: 'Evolution is an integration of matter and concomitant dissipation of motion, during which the matter passes from an indefinite incoherent homogeneity to a definite coherent heterogeneity, and during which the retained motion undergoes a parallel transformation.' For this, thirty years later, I substituted the more portable, pregnant, and ironic formula of Mallock: 'Evolution is the rational sequence of the unintended.' At the close of my high-school course I delivered a commencement oration on the Future of Science, with a peroration from Shelley, 'Happiness and Science dawn, though late, upon the earth.'

From the Chicago High School I went, not to Siwash College, but to Harvard, and that hotbed of infidelity destroyed my faith — my sweet, innocent, adolescent faith in the genesis of Herbert Spencer, the *Origin of Species*, and the psalms of Shelley. The Harvard professors, who were even then more intelligent than their failure

to educate Henry Adams makes them appear, did their perfunctory best to preserve it by setting me to read Schopenhauer and von Hartmann, and by a course in Spencer's psychology under Professor James, who was then himself young and still worshiped at Spencer's shrine. But, as there was then no vigilant scientific and radical censorship such as we shall soon have, I was allowed to find my way to Plato and Berkeley and Matthew Arnold and Ruskin and Mill — and the mischief was done. I was emancipated and never again could be formula-ridden by the Lenins of pseudo-scientific dogma.

Plato taught me the meaning of reasonable argument, and delivered me from Herbert Spencer by the remark that, when you meet disciples who proclaim that their guru is omniscient, there is always some illusion or hocus pocus involved. Berkeley's unanswerable logic made me smile at Spencer's ponderous refutation of him and its naively pathetic conclusion: 'If the idealist should be right, the theory of evolution is a dream.' And Matthew Arnold's application of a Homeric quotation to the definition of evolution made it impossible for me ever to contemplate it again without a grin.

These reminiscences are of course neither proof nor evidence of anything. They are merely a preparatory Freudian analysis of some of the infantile fixations that make me write as I do.

One further serious caveat I must enter before I take the plunge. No matter what vivacities I may be tempted into, to whatever extremes the spirit of reaction may carry me, nothing that I shall say is intended to have any bearing on the scientific teaching of biological evolution in the laboratory to students properly prepared to understand it in a definite and technical way.

I am merely trying to improve the text of Mr. Balfour's remonstrance with people who 'have a sort of semi-scientific varnish' and who, he thinks, 'do nothing but harm by spreading this sham philosophy among the young and ignorant.' I am aware of the futility of this protest. A few years ago when, at the Leland Stanford commencement in honor of our returned soldiers, I professed in the disconcerted presence of ex-President Jordan a few harmless sentiments about patriotism, Americanism, and the necessities of national defense, a Daughter of the Revolution — the revolution of 1917 — whispered to my wife, to her great glee, 'Ain't he mediæval?' That will be the mildest comment on the present utterance.

II

The first and chief thing to observe about evolution and popular culture is that our scientific colleagues are suffering from a fear-complex, which the actual state of public opinion makes a little superfluous. If there were the slightest danger of any serious interference with the scientific teaching and study of biology, my sympathies would be wholly with them, and I should think it injudicious, if not wrong, to treat lightly so vital an issue. But a very little observation of the actual trend of controlling public opinion is enough to dissipate these tremors. I do not know whether the things that our foreign critics repeat after Mr. Mencken and Mr. Darrow about Tennessee and Florida are unqualifiedly true. But there can be no doubt about the situation in the dominant circles of all the leading Northern states. I have been suggesting some of the doubts and queries of this essay in conversation for some years, and hinting that there was possibly something to be said even for the late Mr. Bryan. I have never met

one person in university, professional, business, social, or political circles who took the suggestion seriously, or who admitted that this case was no exception to the rule that there are two sides to most questions, and that a considerable popular movement probably has some justification in a real, however confusedly apprehended, problem or grievance.

The two chief reasons for this are plain. First, almost the most skillful and successful campaign of propaganda ever undertaken was that of Huxley and his associates and successors in behalf of Darwin and Darwinism. Huxley's reprinted polemics are still directly or indirectly the chief source of every able editorial on the folly of fundamentalism and the absurdity of Mr. Bryan, from Maine to California. They all know and continue to quote Huxley's retort to Bishop Wilberforce to the effect that he would rather be descended from an ape than from an ecclesiastical sophist. Mr. Horatio Bridge's centenary tribute to Huxley tells the story much more eloquently than I can. And he incidentally illustrates the point to which I am tending by the admission that Huxley's importance lies in those fields in which he always confessed himself an amateur: that is, in philosophy, theology, and ethics.

It would, of course, be very superficial to attribute the popularity of evolution wholly to propaganda, however skillful. Biology has been widely taught in our colleges, and the evidence from palæontology, embryology, rudimentary organs, homologies of structure and function, and the life story of the little Eohippus and his more or less toed or ungulated descendants, has been brought home roughly but convincingly to an ever-increasing body of students. To this we must add a still more influential cause, the miracles

wrought by the applications of science in the world of action in the last fifty or a hundred years, that list of discoveries and inventions which a sense of humor ought to prevent any writer from repeating, because it has been enumerated with almost identical words and comments in thousands of textbooks, popular histories, and commencement addresses.

But, whatever the explanation, the fact of the popularity of evolution is certain. Evolution has a good press, an almost unanimously good press, throughout the Northern states. There is, in fact, no cause that is so immune from criticism to-day, that is so sacred a cow, not only in the newspaper offices, but in the universities of the North, as evolution with a capital E.

An ambitious young professor may safely assail Christianity or the Constitution of the United States or George Washington or female chastity or marriage or private property or the defense of your native land or the acceptance by the university of the interest and dividends that pay his salary. He may advocate the complete mongrelization of the population of the United States. He may teach Marxian economics or Westernmarckian ethics. But he must not apologize for Bryan, or hint at the discouragement, not by the police, but even by argument, of the circulation of pornographic fiction and the dogmatic inculcation of a materialistic psychology and cosmogony. That would be intolerance, lack of a sense of proportion, failure in open-mindedness, unfaith in progress. It is not done.

For these reasons I think that my scientific friends are unduly agitated by the antics of a few freak legislators, and that, as I have said, if I were not too old for that, I am the one to be frightened. The scientific study of biology is in no danger. But the continuance of the Huxley, and too often

the Haeckel, type of propaganda, addressed not only to the adult public or to expert students of biology, but to the undergraduate public in its novitiate years, is another matter, and is at least open to friendly and thoughtful discussion.

The starting point of such an inquiry is a distinction which by this time must be familiar to all who have read or thought about the matter at all, but which in the heat of debate is often ignored even by scientific men as well as by the public to which they appeal. It may be variously described as the distinction between the most helpful working hypothesis of science at any given date and ultimate truth; or the distinction between science as a body of organized critical knowledge in a limited and defined field and its usurpation of the functions of a general philosophy of life and the universe; or, to come closer to the issue and not to mince matters, the distinction between the probability — the certainty, it may be — that our bodies were evolved by the operation of natural and calculable forces from the bodies of animals and the assertion that it is now known, or the prophecy that we shall soon be able to demonstrate, that this process completely accounts for the human mind, and proves not only that mechanism is the most convenient working hypothesis of some kinds of science, but that it is all there is in the universe.

It is necessary to dwell a moment on this distinction, for everything depends upon it. We need to clear our minds not only of cant, but of ambiguity and timidity. There is a great deal of both in the huge recent literature on the reconciliation of science and religion. Both sides have taken to their trenches, and only a few skirmishers venture into the open. The most pertinent comment I know on evolution in the

twentieth-century pulpit is the old Victorian limerick: —

A bishop there was of Natal
Who had a Zulu for a pal.
Said the Zulu, 'My dear,
Is n't Genesis queer?'
Which converted my lord of Natal.

It was a clever answer of the British divine who, when asked his opinion the other day about evolution and fundamentalism, replied that in England the Church had outgrown these controversies, and had come to realize that what mattered was not where man came from, but where he was going. It was a politer form of Carlyle's summary pronouncement that his concern was not whether monkeys had become men, but how to keep the present generation from becoming monkeys. It was a shrewd evasion, but an evasion it was.

A mechanistic evolution, a materialistic neurology, and a behavioristic psychology, consistently thought out, are quite incompatible with anything that can honestly be called religion. To teach them on the same campus would be, to those who think, a jest, and, to those who feel, a tragedy. The attempts at reconciliation, sincere or insincere, are familiar to us all. Type of many of them is Herbert Spencer's Unknowable with a capital letter, the sufficiency of which we may plausibly, and the sincerity of which we may pardonably, doubt, after reading his *Autobiography*. So far as it is sincere, all his rhetoric serves chiefly to illustrate the fundamentalist's prejudice that the infidel — as the fundamentalist styles him — cannot himself live without the illusion of religion, but will inevitably turn to it when sick or sorry or sentimental. Plato anticipated the fundamentalist with the averment that there was no example of a man who had consistently believed and talked atheistic materialism from youth to

old age; experience and life cannot bear it.

I observed a curious illustration of this recently. A great convention of scientific men was presided over by a distinguished physician who for many years has been in his teaching a persistent advocate of the most uncompromising materialism. His philosophy left no slightest loophole for the intrusion of any soul into man or any guiding purpose into the universal machine. At the close of the final banquet he choked with emotion and said from the chair, 'God bless us all!' I was profanely reminded of O. Henry's (I think it was) shrewd observation, 'Stir the depths of your cook's soul sufficiently, and she will discourse to you in Bulwer-Lyttonese.'

If space allowed, it would be easy to show that there is no hard-headed scorner of what a British lecturer to American undergraduates recently satirized as 'the unseen hand that guides' who does not contradict himself as soon as he forgets controversy and proceed to describe biological structure in teleological terms, and support, as Mr. John Watson does, his personal notions of Utopia, reform, and the good life by the complaint that we are not living as we were *intended* to live.

III

But my object is not epigram, cynicism, or satire. As Emerson said in his essay on Experience, I have set my heart on truth in this chapter. And so I am bound to offer something more helpful, more constructive, as the current word is, than satire of others' inconsistencies. If religion is incompatible with a mechanistic materialism, and if most propagandist teaching of evolution implies, when it does not expressly affirm, mechanism, what is to be done about it? I can only

submit the reflections of a layman. The first thing to do is to challenge the materialist's philosophy on scientific grounds.

I shall waste no time on the standardized evasion, as old as Tyndall, that materialism is an equivocal term of abuse and calls for a new and more spiritual definition of matter. The admirers of Huxley — and I am one — protest that we must not call him a materialist, but an agnostic. But if his teaching and that of Tyndall come to the young and the layman in the epigram, 'In the beginning was hydrogen,' what is the difference? We all, including those who take refuge in this argument, know well enough what materialism means in this discussion. It means the denial of all possibility of a controlling purpose in the mechanism of the universe, or a soul in the mechanism of the brain. Now, with many eminent men of science, I believe that the first of these dogmatisms cannot be proved, and, not being wholly an amateur in psychology, I know that the second can be riddled at every turn by sound logic and observation. The materialist in neurology and psychology is not merely teaching bad metaphysics — he demonstrably misrepresents the facts of both neurology and psychology when he presents his doctrine to the public.

This is too technical a point for detailed elaboration here. But I repeat, with evidence to back me, that every neurologist or psychologist who teaches or insinuates materialism misrepresents the facts both of neurology and of psychology. As Mr. John Watson, the most conspicuous contemporary materialist, naïvely avows of his own book, 'Scientific nonessentials . . . are sacrificed in order to present the outline of the main theme in a manner agreeable to the nonscientific mind.' The practical meaning of this is that diagrams are

put into textbooks that do not represent the facts either of neurology or of psychology, but only serve to illustrate and create a presumption in favor of materialistic hypotheses.

The author sometimes does, and sometimes does not, accompany his distortions with a perfunctory and disregarded warning that his diagrams and illustrations are merely schematic conveniences or prophecies. But he does manipulate and rearrange his facts as inevitably as any popular expositor of Einstein and relativity. The excuse is the same in both cases: the public and the students would not, without this gentle soliciting of the facts, apprehend the higher and more essential scientific truth of the theory. It is the old theological casuistry and 'economy' of truth in a new guise. If this lay opinion of mine has, as it in fact does have, the support not only of many philosophers, but of a by no means inconsiderable representation of the most eminent men of science, it ought to be taught and inculcated in the college at least as insistently and fervently as virtual materialism is now taught, with at most a perfunctory disclaimer. It is not. On the contrary, evolution attempts to annex all the hinterland of history and the humanities.

An eminent professor of psychology and education testified at Dayton that evolution is indispensable also to the teaching of the mental, moral, and historical sciences. It would have been about as reasonable for me to go there and testify that evolution is not needed in the teaching of the biological sciences. There is no evidence that evolution is indispensable or helpful to the study of history, literature, language, art, and philosophy. If there is, will someone put one example in a letter and send it to me. In F. S. Marvin's *Science and Civilisation* there is a chapter on the influence of

Darwinism on thought and life. I went through it pencil in hand, and the two following vague truisms are the best that I could find. On page 204 he says, 'There is included in Darwinism a vindication of the general idea of evolution that the present is the child of the past and the parent of the future. That was indeed an old idea, but Darwin made it current intellectual coin.' It certainly was an old idea. It is simply the historical method. But what has technical, biological evolution to do with it? Darwin only made it a fashion and a fad, and too often an evasion of honest critical work. Secondly, he says, on page 211, 'We should have liked to show that Darwinism was the heaven that made psychology a new science, — comparative, genetic, and concrete, — but that in itself is a long story.' They always say that, but never produce even one definite, significant, concrete, new psychological truth that Darwinism or the biological method has established.

As a test take Professor Herrick's lucid and well-written book, *Brains of Rats and Men*. There is not one sentence in it that contributes anything new to the mental, moral, literary, linguistic, and historical sciences. If we think that there is, it will be because we get interested in the entirely different or, to us, new subject of neurology, or because we have never read either Plato's *Theætetus* or the psychological chapters of Malebranche's *Recherche de la vérité*, or Descartes as interpreted by Huxley, or the older English associationists, or because we are thrilled by the magnificent concession of the final sentence, 'Men are bigger and better than rats.'

Professor Herrick, unlike many other scientific men, gives ample warning that his diagrams are merely schematic. Yet they evidently create in him as well as in his students the illusion of an

explanation. And the only thing that really arouses his enthusiasm is the reiterated insistence on mechanism and the repudiation of anything mystic or purposeful. To scientific men, frightened by the Dayton trial, these dogmas have become a cult, almost a fanaticism. And they think they have proved the value of their results for the mental and moral sciences when what they have really found is at the most a confirmation of their own speculations. The value of evolution for them is that it proves evolution. The value of neurological psychology is that it demonstrates the existence of a neurological psychology. The value of the evidence for mechanism is that it proves mechanism. And they do not know what we mean when we keep asking for the slightest evidence of any other values apart from the, in their own place, inestimable values for biology and medicine.

Their arguments move in a circle. They call the hypothetical reconstruction of the skeleton of the Neanderthaler and of the psychology and religion of the cave men mental and moral science, and then cite them as examples of the contribution of such speculations to those sciences. Their syllogisms all have four terms. They coolly substitute evolution for the critical historical method, which, of course, is indispensable, and then infer that the teaching of biological evolution is equally essential to the study of all the humanities. Or, when they say 'historical method,' they mean the prehistorical method which, from the point of view of any sober criticism, is its opposite, and which, too long or prematurely pursued, actually unfits its votaries and victims for the critical study of history and literature, because it establishes an ineradicable habit of unverifiable hypothesis and *a priori* deduction.

I shall be completely misapprehended if it is supposed that I am disparaging these subjects as specialties in their own field. It is their premature intrusion in education, and the more or less avowed and conscious attempt to annex and dominate everything else, that I deprecate.

IV

But, to return to mechanistic evolution, what has all this to do with religion? Why, this. The explicit repudiation of materialism is the minimum foundation of faith on which anything deserving the name of religion can be built. If we are not wholly Tennyson's 'cunning casts in clay' or Plato's 'puppets pulled by strings,' if there is something — we know not what — more in us, there may be something — we know not what — more in the universe and in our destiny. If not, not. This is not a return to Herbert Spencer's perhaps insincere Unknowable. It is the affirmation that we know that systematic materialism is as unscientific as it is unphilosophical, and that this leaves the door open for hope and faith and Platonic fancies — yes, and for any harmless theological and historical symbolism that does not shock the moral sense, interfere with real science, or foster the persecution of opinion. This will seem to the fundamentalist a very slight basis for religion, and to the hard-headed rationalist a dangerous concession to superstition. But it sufficed for Plato and the long line of liberal Platonizing theologians from Plato to Shaftesbury, and from Shaftesbury down to and including that Victorian liberal, John Stuart Mill, in his posthumous essays on Religion. Happy, perhaps, are those who have more. But with less there can be no religion at all. And all religious perorations in the books of cosmogonical, biological, and psychological materialists

are to be taken in a Pickwickian sense. When they tell us that God is simply transmuted love, or, better yet, that God is a tear of love shed in secret over human suffering, or when they perorate about the things 'out there,' and write hymns to the God of energy with a capital E, and the omniscience, omnipotence, and holiness of truth with a capital T, the most charitable supposition is that the depths of the cook's soul are stirred.

But are we not overlooking ethical religion? That only, and not even natural religion, is the religion that Matthew Arnold so convincingly expresses for himself and for many of the finest minds of his generation and ours. It is the cult that the ethical-culture societies endeavor to establish as a recognized form of institutional religion. There is no doubt that 'morality touched with emotion' — sufficiently touched, impressively touched — is now a religion for some minds. But it is more than doubtful whether it can ever appeal to enough minds to take its place among historical religions, and it has yet to be proved how much of its efficacy it will retain for the second generation away from Christianity.

An exquisite writer and imperfectly Americanized retired Harvard professor, reverting to type, complains that even so scientific a mind as William James had come out into the open, but that the vast shadow of the temple still stood between him and the sun — the sun of unrighteousness, it would seem. Nietzsche, ridiculing the British, says in terms, 'They have got rid of the Christian God and now think themselves obliged to cling firmer than ever to Christian morality.'

As I have said, the future only will show how a generation that has never known even the refuge of the shadow of the temple will endure the glare upon life and the universe of the pitiless

publicity of science. It will save space and wasteful argument to quote Tennyson once more: —

Truth for truth and good for good! the Good, the True, the Pure, the Just,
Take the charm 'For ever' from them, and they crumble into dust.

Some materialists who have shut their idealism up in a thought-proof compartment may regard that as a deplorably low and selfish view.

Huxley himself waxes very eloquent in the denunciation of Saint Paul's 'If the dead rise not, let us eat and drink; for to-morrow we die.' And the appeal to materialists to repudiate this thought in the preface to Ruskin's *Crown of Wild Olive* is one of the most glorious passages in English prose. The idea, indeed, that the spiritual and moral life is not dependent on such hopes is, like most ideas, as old as Plato. But still older are the words of the Homeric Achilles, 'Oh, Odysseus, gild me not my death. I had liefer be the poorest serf, the man with the hoe that tills another's field in the sunlight above, than lord and king over all the sapless dead.' The question is not whether a Huxley or a Ruskin could whistle moral idealism to keep his courage up, but whether the real feelings of ordinary humanity are not more nearly expressed by Homer, Saint Paul, and Tennyson.

Burke repeats the warnings of Cicero and George Washington against throwing off that religion which has hitherto been the one great source of civilization among us. He is fearful lest, since 'the mind will not endure a void, some uncouth, pernicious, and degrading superstition might take the place of it.'

The post-war young anarchy of which we are all talking, and which Mr. Philip Gibbs's so-named recent novel vividly portrays, may have many

causes. It is the standardized tactics of liberal and radical journalists and fictionists to laugh down the suggestion that the influence of the Darwins, the Nietzsches, the Anatole Frances, the Remy de Gourmonts, and their American followers has anything to do with it. 'Look at Russia,' 'Remember the Greek Sophists,' are comic clichés of the satire of senility in all radical literature to-day. These satirists rarely offer evidence. But with time and the proper occasion I could produce abundant proof of the direct filiation between the ethical nihilism of present-day talk, and sometimes practice, and the literature of materialistic evolution, Westernmarckian anthropology, Marxian revolt, and the popular expositions, the textbooks, and the erotic and revolutionary fiction that make it accessible to the most bird-witted minds. Neither the victims of this inculcation nor the few 'reactionaries' who deplore it realize how all-pervasive, insistent, and dominant the propaganda of moral anarchism by writing and speech has become. The fashion of speech obsesses even those who cannot possibly intend to approve the doctrine. Mrs. Wharton herself in a late novel has caught the infection and says that moral scruples may be moral cowardice. Possibly, as a matter of ultimate psychology. But these are not the things whereby we may edify the released minds of an emancipated generation.

We have admitted for argument's sake that ethical religion, so called, may furnish a working code for a few minds of the quality of Matthew Arnold and Mr. Felix Adler. We have argued that natural religion, so called, and the repudiation of materialism may supply the sanctions of religion for many more to whom so-called orthodoxy has become impossible. Can we wonder that Bryan, whom I use merely

as a type, felt that the old fixed faiths and the Bible, literally or symbolically understood, — but more safely literally, — provide the only sure anchorage? There may be, then, in spite of the unanimity of the denunciatory chorus of science and the intelligentsia, something to be said for Bryan after all. Might it not even be made to appear to a sufficiently informed and open-minded judgment that, if the option is forced upon us, even Bryan is a safer teacher than Nietzsche or Anatole France or Strindberg or Remy de Gourmont or Mr. H. L. Mencken or Mr. Clarence Darrow?

For the most vociferous advocates of the causes Bryan denounced do not wish to preserve anything that the world has hitherto called morality. 'The herd-morality,' says Nietzsche, 'is good for cows, women, and Englishmen.' 'C'est beau, un beau crime,' says Anatole France, whom the academic audience of a great university admires so fanatically that a year or two ago they froze out a cultivated French lecturer who dared to hint a few courteously expressed reserves.

The criticism of evolution in Bryan's book is crude. But it is not more illogical or unfair than most attacks by laymen on things which they distrust but do not fully understand. It is not more unfair or ignorant than Voltaire and Ingersoll on the Bible, than most of the assailants of the classics, than Mr. H. G. Wells's history of the Roman Empire or the Renaissance, than recent radical historians' story of the formation of the Constitution of the United States, than any scientific man's account of the science and the philosophy of the ancients and the philosophy of Plato.

Bryan was a controversialist attacking evolution generally because he believed that its generalized propaganda, as an all-embracing dogma, is

dangerous to education, morals, and religion. He was probably as well aware as are his critics of the distinction between the agreement of biologists on the broad fact that some kind of evolution has occurred and their at present hopeless uncertainty as to the precise methods and processes by which it came to pass. 'Like all the great propagandists, he met prejudice with prejudice,' writes the most recent American apologist for Thomas Paine. Let those who are without sin cast the first stone at Bryan.

To consider one typical detail, his remarks upon the eye and upon the difficulty of believing that the too easily worked logic of the struggle for existence and survival of the fittest and natural selection really accounts for so complicated a coördination are expressed in language that would appeal to his audiences. He makes fun of natural and sexual selection, ridicules the development of just two eyes from the pigment, and asks why the light waves quit playing when just two eyes were finished. But the reasoning of the passage as a whole does not differ appreciably from that of Bergson's *Creative Evolution* on the same subject. Those who denounce Bryan as an American moron should explain that it is only the charm of his beautiful style that saves the French philosopher and academician from a like condemnation.

An English expositor of Bergson says that nothing less than a controlling design can explain the fact that the eye of the vertebrate and that of a mollusc, such as the common pecten, have developed retina, cornea, lens, *independently*. I have no opinion as to the final verdict of science on these nice questions. But I am confident that there is nothing in Mr. Bryan's writing more outrageous than a statement which I cull from Remy de Gourmont. 'Discontinuous light,' says

this oracle of the intelligentsia, 'created the eye precisely as the drop of water creates a hole in the granite.' *Ce n'est pas plus difficile que ça!* Obviously Remy de Gourmont cared no more for the patient exactitudes and suspensions of judgment of real science than did Epicurus, Lucretius, and Mr. Bryan himself. He and his kind are interested only in the affirmation of antireligious dogma as Bryan was in his own fundamentalist propaganda.

Technical problems are beyond the range of the present writer, and perhaps of some of his readers. But all literate mankind has or will claim the right to an opinion on the great decisions that determine our attitude toward life and education. Mr. Bryan and his followers were seriously alarmed by certain apparent consequences of the unqualified and indiscriminating propaganda of evolution in secondary and collegiate education. Shall we tax ourselves to damn our children, is the way they posterized it. Nietzsche, Bryan said, carried Darwinism to its logical conclusion. Radical weeklies and lecturers try to laugh that down by pointing to the alleged saintly character of Darwin and the higher spiritual interpretations that can be read into the gospel of the Superman and the Blond Beast. But for practical purposes Bryan was right. The general theory of evolution, said John Fiske long ago, is rapidly causing us to modify our opinions on *all* subjects whatever. He does not except morals, and his successors apply the principle by preference to them. Darwin has certainly destroyed the last of *their* 'ideological prejudices.' 'We shall not get infanticide and the permission of suicide nor cheap and easy divorce till Jesus Christ's ghost has been laid,' writes one of them.

But, before turning in conclusion to a few words about this problem, I can-

not forbear, in taking leave of Bryan, observing that his style, the naïveté of his logic and rhetoric, are from the point of view of the absolute reason little, if any, more absurd than those of his opponents. Perhaps none of us are qualified to judge our fellows from the point of view of the absolute reason; let us substitute such approximate designations of what is meant as common sense, relevancy, and literary good taste. I will not undertake the too easy demonstration that Mr. Bernard Shaw's preface to *Back to Methuselah* is far sillier and, for all its flashes of epigram, more muddle-headed than anything in Bryan.

V

I feel the greatest respect, nay, awe, for the leaders of American science. But they are human, and the pontifical authority and the immunity from criticism which their achievements have won for their most reckless pronouncements outside of their own specialties cannot be good for fallible human nature. And my ignorance is not likely to say anything as unfair as the abuse which they have showered, not only on Mr. Bryan, but on Professor Louis T. More's thoughtful and carefully reasoned volume, *The Dogma of Evolution*. If their scientific activities were really threatened, no reasonable controversialist would risk weakening their hands in any way. But when they come forth as authorities on religion, metaphysics, literature, education, criticism of life, Biblical and Homeric criticism, and the history of Greek philosophy, they invite the friendly tap on the knuckles that may recall them to their sober selves.

Those who venture into the twilight zone between science and pseudo-science make still wilder work. With no satiric intention, but merely as a

warning, I add a few typical examples of the kind of things they say when they let themselves go:—

'The ultimate question, therefore, is, Has evolution been a mistake?'

'The dog that barked at a feather moving on the lawn had the ethical idea that it was wrong for such a thing to move there. Many of our ethical ideas to-day are just as foolish.'

'Kant's cosmological argument is a fallacy. The heavens do not declare the glory of God, but the life of such a man as Charles Darwin is in truth a standing proof of the existence of God.'

'The religious sense tends to heighten the deeper we study the biological sciences.'

'When a vibration wave passing over a sensory nerve is gradually brought to a stop by the resistance of its synapse . . . its slowness passes through an infinity phase. I ask you to entertain the suggestion that the infinity phase of slowness is the common stuff of all sensations.'

The Middle West holds the record with three gems that on the stretched forefinger of all time deserve to sparkle forever. One linguistic, but not by a linguist: Our language is highly systematized; it has discarded useless inflections, and is therefore a superior medium of expression to the Greek. One on the history of philosophy, but not by a historian of philosophy: Among the Greeks the leading proponent of the evolution theory was, — you will never guess, — it was Aristotle, who taught that the world has existed from all eternity precisely as it is. One astronomical, but not by an astronomer: The old saying that an irreverent astronomer is mad can apply with equal force to the physicist; he comes to feel that his own intelligence is the supreme achievement of evolution. Perhaps Bryan was almost justified

in his coarse vernacular question, Can you beat it?

Having no better 'ole — I mean no more suitable pigeonhole — for them, I class with these naïve exuberances of the rhetoric of science all exaltations and exultations and sentimentalities in contemplation of the evolutionary idea. This category includes all expressed preferences for a simian to some other ancestry, from Huxley's famous retort to Bishop Wilberforce to the bathos about the heroic little monkey in the peroration of Darwin's *Descent of Man*.

It applies doubly to all the false logic that praises the amphioxus for having raised himself so high, and bids us rejoice that we have gone so far and may go so much further yet. Darwin began it with his 'Man may be excused for feeling some pride at having risen, though not through his own exertions, to the very summit of the organic scale.' Clifford attained the very summit of this absurdity with his 'If I have evolved myself out of something like the amphioxus, it is clear to me that I have become better by the change.' And now it is a commonplace of the rhetoric of popular lectures on evolution. Who, pray, is 'I' in that sentence? Are we talking Pythagorean metempsychosis and the myth of the tenth book of Plato's *Republic*? If undergraduates can be stirred with the rhetoric of such jumbles of gush, fallacy, false sentiment, and question-begging moralizing, would they not be more profitably employed in studying the elements of logic, and Longinus's warnings about the rhetoric of the frigid or false sublime style, before they attempt to master the evidence for evolution?

Grant that the biological evolution of our bodies has been proved by science and that the mature mind has got to face the facts — why, in the name of common sense and the clearance of the mind from cant, should anyone inculcate

this gospel on youth as glad tidings of great joy? Has anybody ever really answered the poet's protest?

Let him, the wiser man who springs
Hereafter, up from childhood shape
His action like the greater ape,
But I was born to other things.

Or, as a witty novelist recently put it, 'Bad beginning for people. But why speak of it? Do collie dogs have Darwins to prove that they were once hyenas?'

A few months ago a charming woman, her face all aglow with enthusiasm, asked me if I had seen the glorious news in the morning paper. They had actually found, in South America this time, a parietal or occipital bone of a missing link. (Please don't tell me that 'missing link' is unscientific — I have read that protest fifty times, but, like many unscientific expressions, it is a convenient, indispensable shorthand.) The exultant lady reminded me of a story which Professor Osborn will pardon me for stealing and sophistically wresting to my own purposes. He asked — I admit that he was jesting — the Archbishop of York if he knew why York was famous, and, when His Grace supposed it was for the beauty of the cathedral, solemnly rebuked him with the correction that it is because the oldest and smallest tooth in the world, the *Microlestes*, is treasured there. It was not, as the poor sentimental Victorian supposed, because man with 'splendid purpose in his eyes' had 'rolled the psalm to wintry skies' and 'built him fanes of fruitless prayer.'

I did not dash the lady's enthusiasm with argument, for she is the wife of a biologist, and it is the kind of wifely sympathy with her husband's specialty that a Greek professor's wife might, but I fear would n't, exhibit if he settled *hoti's* or *hote's* business in Homer or

discovered a shade of meaning in the enclitic *de* unobserved by the Germans, though I can't for the life of me see why that should not be quite as exciting as the triumphant proclamation that 'the age of the armored merostome arthropods is also thrust back to mid-Cambrian times by the discovery of several genera of aglaspidae.'

But, seriously, why should anyone rejoice at a little more technical confirmation of the conjecture, as old as Anaximander and Empedocles and Ecclesiastes, that we are born as the animals and have one destiny with theirs, or at some new evidence to prove the opinion that puzzled Socrates in Plato's *Phædo* — that life and sensation originate in a sort of fermentation of the elements of the *Urschleim*, and combinations of sensations account for all the fine ideas of the moralists and the metaphysicians? Or, if the editor of the *Atlantic* objects to a quotation from those obsolete classics that 'still linger' in Chicago, take the idea with all modern improvements in Professor J. Arthur Thomson's *Science and Religion*: 'By a process of natural synthesis . . . from some colloidal, carbonaceous slime activated by ferments.'

O star-eyed Science, hast thou wander'd there,
To waft us home the message of despair?

What part has our ephemeral consciousness in the strivings of the worm to be man as it mounts through all the spires of form, or in that future of the best or worst that must make haste to get itself evolved before the earth plunges into the sun or dries up like the moon?

Dead the new astronomy calls her, and the earth
itself shall die.

Are we merely whistling, so to speak,
to keep our courage up? The sincere

believer in a creative, an emergent, an orthogenetic, a holistic, a divinely guided evolution may do this, and console himself with the poet's fancy that the emergent evolutionist

stands on the heights of his life
With a glimpse of a height that is higher.

But why should those who shut the door in the face of even this tenuous hope be glad? What ground for rejoicing is there in the philosophy of those who persistently admonish undergraduates that any doctrine but uncompromising mechanism is adverse to the progress of science, and that there must be no implication of any break between man and the animals in either biology or psychology? If that teaching is true, the only logical position is despair or forgetfulness of both past and future in the present, or the silent disdain of the French philosophic poet:—

*Et ne répondons plus que par un froid silence,
Au silence éternel de la divinité.*

VI

I threatened an excursus on the teaching of evolution in the college. I have left myself no space for that, and it does n't matter. The sixty-fourth volume of the *Proceedings of the National Educational Association* boasts

that in the year 1925 the grand total of its printed matter about education was 129,867,256 pages. Why should I swell the tide? The gist of my counsel to those who propose not to teach biology in the laboratory, but to lecture on evolution in general to the general body of undergraduates, can be pilulously compressed into a word. It is Punch's advice to those about to commit matrimony: Don't! Full soon their souls shall have their earthly freight — and their minds are already sufficiently unsettled. Or, if you must lecture, I can fall back on the precedent of my master Plato. In his *Laws*, writing in the rambling fashion of old age on morals and music and government and atheistic science and deleterious literature and religion and education, he pulls himself up and asks, 'But if the books now in vogue are objectionable, what shall we teach?' And he answers with a perhaps perceptible droop of the left eyelid: 'Well, on a survey of what I myself have written thus far, it seems to me good stuff and salubrious doctrine.'

I need not underline the application. If you will look for trouble by lecturing to freshmen on evolution, tell them more fully, more interestingly, more critically, more scientifically, something like what I have been trying to say in my amateurish and ignorant fashion.

TREMBLING EARTH

BY SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

I

THERE are different ways of meeting a fiftieth birthday. Some substitute auction for action. Others stop eating the things which they like and live mostly on spinach until death relieves them of their sufferings.

'If I must be dragged into old age, it shall be backwards,' wrote Montaigne — and I agree with him and am going to set my heels in deep and hold back as long as possible against the grip of that toothless hag who at the last overthrows us all.

Accordingly, when I was invited to spend a week on a hidden island in the almost unknown depths of that great marsh which lies between Georgia and Florida, I promptly accepted.

The Seminole Indians, who once lived there, have christened those six hundred square miles of swamp 'Okefinokee,' which means in their tongue 'Trembling Earth.' It is there that the celebrated Suwanee River has its source, and there too can still be found the magnificent ivory-billed woodpecker, now nearly as rare as the passenger pigeon or the Carolina parakeet, and other birds and beasts unknown to everyday life. Moreover, the island which I was to visit was once a Seminole stronghold before that fierce tribe were driven down into the Everglades. Even now its mounds are occasionally visited by wanderers of that race who find their way back to the lost home of their ancestors.

A day and a night after the invita-

tion, and I stood at the beginning of a long channel which stretched away into the mysterious depths of the marsh. As I stared at its shimmering length, there flowed into my blood that joy of the wilderness which so many times has come to me upon approaching some unexplored fastness of the wilds. A moment later and I was in another world where everything was strange and new.

The bleached grass of the banks showed a pale ochre against the copper-brown water, in which strange green and violet lights gleamed, like those one sees in the depths of a black opal. The crimson keys of the red maples were the color of shed blood against the towering cypresses, shrouded with Spanish moss, which gave a curious touch of melancholy to the landscape.

Patches of small lilies, pearl-white with a tinge of crimson, — 'milk-and-wine,' the country people call them, — and drifts of snowy violets, with sepia pencilings within their exquisite petals, showed here and there on the banks, which were laced with muscadine and bamboo vine. Little waves of perfume floated through the air from the butter-yellow blossoms of the wild jessamine, which resembles the false foxglove of the North and has a fragrance like that of no other flower.

Suddenly, from the marsh beside the canal, a white heron with slim black legs and a yellow bill took flight and flapped away like a great, snowy butterfly, and I recognized the American egret, which I had only occasionally

seen as a rare visitor in the North. Here these birds were abundant everywhere. Perched on the tops of the cypresses, or rising from the Swamp where they fed, they added a touch of almost unearthly beauty to the landscape.

Then, as we rounded the first bend in the stream, three great birds, shadow-gray in color, with naked reddish heads, round black eyes, and long legs and bills, flew across the canal ahead of us. Unlike the herons, which always fly with a kink in their necks, these birds had their necks stretched straight out, as were their legs, and they presented a curiously stiff, wooden appearance as they flew. They were like no other birds that I had ever seen, and I suddenly realized that I was looking for the first time at a sand-hill crane, not so rare as his larger and almost extinct brother, the whooping crane, but still scarce enough to be an event for most ornithologists. Later on I learned to know their loud trumpet note, *kuk-a-row-ow-ow*, rippling across the marsh like the call of some giant tree toad. The birds themselves were among the wariest of all the marsh folk, never alighting anywhere except on the ground, and with their wild alarm notes doing sentry duty for all of the wild folk near them.

After several hours on the canal we reached an osprey's nest, a cartload of sticks in the top of a towering cypress. There we left the tiny canal and, using a curious three-pronged pole, the 'push-pole' of the Swamp, followed hidden waterways and secret marks through the very heart of the marsh, everywhere dotted with innumerable islets. Almost immediately I caught a glimpse of another bird strange to my Northern eyes, the anhinga, otherwise known as the water turkey or snake-bird. To me the adjective which best describes that bird is 'narrow.' His back was long and slim, his tail, nearly

a foot in length, seemed scarcely two inches wide, while his long attenuated black body gave him a strange, spearlike effect. The anhinga's conventional flight is three flaps and a soar. Usually when alarmed he circles up and up until a mere speck in the sky, but at other times the versatile bird will dive and swim under water like a fish.

Just beyond the first anhinga, my guide, a celebrated bear-hunter, Pungie Slaughter by name, lost for a time the winding, tangled waterway which he had been following like a clue through the maze of the Swamp, and we found ourselves confronted by a wall of shrouded cypresses. Zigzagging in and out between their trunks, we suddenly shot into a tiny, hidden lake, perhaps forty feet across, so encircled by the close-set trees that we never suspected its presence until we were floating on its smooth water. There it lay like a great aquamarine set in platinum, and it gleamed so lonely and lovely that I like to believe that no one else has ever seen it, save we two.

For a long time we floated in silence in the golden afternoon light that filtered through the ghost-gray Spanish moss. Then, as at last we reluctantly turned our boat toward the hidden entrance through which we had come, from the farther bank of that still, green pool a song bubbled out full of crystalline runs and trills, yet with a loud ringing sweetness in it which reminded me of the song of the Northern water thrush, as I have heard him sing in lonely forests from the tangle of roots of some overturned tree where he had made his nest. Yet the song which I heard on the bank of that hidden lake was not that of any thrush. There were strange cadences in its depths that I have never heard in the music of any other bird, and it ended in a wild strain of the same kind which 'charm'd magic casements . . .

in faery lands forlorn' for another sweet singer so many years ago.

For a long time we both sat still as stones, hoping to glimpse the unknown bird, but he kept out of sight in the tangle of undergrowth which stretched away before us. Then, even as I feared that he had gone, the singer showed himself in a tangle of cane at the water's edge. His bill bewrayed him as a warbler, but not one which I had ever seen before. For a minute he reminded me of the worm-eating warbler with its striped head, but this bird had a white stripe over the eye, and I finally identified him as the Swainson warbler, that rare bird which Dr. Bachman found near Charleston in the thirties, at the same time that he discovered the other warbler which bears his name. Like the Bachman, the Swainson for many years was never seen again, and remained practically unknown until rediscovered in the eighties. This one was grayish brown in color, with a reddish-brown crown, while the broad white line over and through his eye was his most obvious field mark.

II

The setting sun gleamed through the trees like a vast incandescent ruby as we approached the end of our journey. Crossing the last wide stretch of open marsh, we came to a dark clump of cypress trees. Swinging around the largest one, we found ourselves at the beginning of a hidden waterway hardly broader than the width of the boat, which had been cut through the undergrowth and along which we pushed our little craft for over a mile until we reached Secret Island, one of the most beautiful of all the known islands of the Swamp.

As we landed, a mocking bird sang his afternoon song, the most delicious melody which I have ever heard one

of those great performers give. I counted nine distinct staves of his song before he began to repeat, nor did he deign to imitate any other bird. His florid, sweet song reminded me of the Carolina wren, the brown thrasher, and the cardinal grosbeak, yet with a phrasing and beauty all its own.

Before the bird had finished singing, Uncle Billy, the caretaker of Secret Island, came out to welcome us. He was a little man less than five feet in height, with a martial white moustache, bristling white hair, a pair of wistful blue eyes, and a soft voice, and for months at a time lived in the Swamp without seeing a human face. Almost immediately we became fast friends. He had a tiny cabin about a hundred yards from the little bungalow between the two live oaks, where I was to stay, and there he, Pungie, and I pooled our knowledge of cooking and produced some very respectable meals.

'No, suh,' said Uncle Billy, as we sat around his little cookstove after supper, 'I don't have no time to get lonely here. There's always so much doin' with the birds comin' an' goin' an' the flowers a-bloomin' an' the different animiles on the island. Sometimes it seems as if I could hardly keep up with 'em all. Yes, suh,' he went on, 'I've lived in the Swamp all my life an' I reckon I'll die here. Onct I went away an' stayed a long, long time to see if I could get used to livin' outside, but I was n't happy a single minute till I got back.'

'How long did you stay away, Uncle Billy?' I inquired.

'Two days, suh,' he answered.

As we all sat together on a little bench in front of his cabin, while the soft dark spread like a slow stain across the marsh, I could see the belt of Orion, that mighty hunter, gleaming overhead, with Saiph the Sword Star shining at its side, while below, Sirius

gleamed green in the fell jaw of the Dog. Then, well below that constellation, I glimpsed an unknown star close to the edge of the horizon, and for the first time in my life looked upon great Canopus, that wild, blue-white star of the desert which led Mahomet out to conquer half a world. Only in our southernmost states can it be seen.

While we were talking, a company of Florida barred owls began to hoot in the distance, their notes sounding like the deep-toned bay of some great dog—*who-who-who-who-who-ah*. All at once they broke into a perfect chorus of ghastly shrieks, like that company of fiends which Christian heard in the distance as he was crossing the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

Then, across the narrow island, which is only half a mile wide, from the black depths of the Swamp came a deep booming bellow with a snoring note at the end, an indescribably wild, menacing, arrogant sound.

'That's an old bull 'gator,' explained Uncle Billy. 'He's the biggest thing in the Swamp an' listen to him say so,' and once again the ground fairly trembled under the deep-toned roar of the great saurian, the challenge of the reptile to the mammal, almost as menacing as the roar of a lion.

At last it was time for me to turn in.

'Wait a minute an' I'll light a lantern for you,' said the old man.

'I don't need a lantern, Uncle Billy,' I assured him. 'It's only a hundred yards to go.'

'Son,' said Uncle Billy, earnestly, 'it ain't far, but if you go without a lantern you're liable never to get there. Do you see that chap on the wall?' and he pointed out to me the skin of a magnificent diamond-back rattler as wide as both of my hands, with twenty-one rattles and a button. 'Well, suh,' he continued, 'them babies do their huntin' at night. I was goin'

along after dark on the same path you're goin' to take, when I heard a rattlin'. It seemed to come from all sides o' me, an' I stood like I was froze an' yelled my head off for Rid Chesser, who was stoppin' with me. He came out with a torch, an' there, not a yard in front o' me, was coiled up the snake who owned that skin. Rid, he came as fast as he could, but if you leave it to me, he was over twenty years a-gettin' there. He hit the ol' snake a clip with his torch an' bruk his back. If I'd a moved one inch after that old-timer's alarm clock started, I'd be six feet underground to-night.'

'Yes,' Pungie advised me, 'you take a lantern, an' when you go through that patch o' dwarf palmetto you step kind o' high an' proud.'

Needless to say, I carried that lantern and probably stepped higher and prouder and slower than any man who ever visited Secret Island.

Just as I reached the little house where I was to sleep, there was a glow in the dim lavender sky, and very slowly the rim of a dull orange moon thrust its way above the ghostly live oaks. As it rose higher in the sky the trees were silhouetted against the sepia and silver water, and a still, unearthly beauty spread like a mist over the whole landscape.

As I sat on the top step of the porch and stared unbelievably at the loveliness spread out before me, the same mocking bird who had welcomed me at twilight began to sing low and sleepily. Then, as the moon climbed the sky, his song became louder, and I fell asleep that night in the pale gold moonlight with his wild, sweet cadences thrilling in my ears.

III

Early the next morning, just as dawn began to glow through the shrouded trees, I was awakened by

another song, entirely different from that of the mocker, and in its way much more appealing. From the top of a great slash pine close to the house came a pure strain of exquisite tenderness. The sound had all of the silver, flutelike quality of that song of the field sparrow which floats across darkening pastures in the North. In it too was something of the pathos and spiritual quality which one hears in the song of the hermit thrush. Hurrying into my clothes, I slipped out of doors and identified the unknown singer as a pine-woods sparrow, one of the most beautiful singers of all his large family. As the light became stronger he flew away, and I heard him only that one morning, but his limpid, crystal-clear song is among my best memories of the Swamp.

On our way across the prairie that day, a long dark animal rushed into the water from a little island. Its heavily furred body was so sinuous as to seem to flow along the ground as it shot through the bushes. Pungie identified it as an otter, and for a long time we pursued it by the line of air bubbles rising through the shallow water beneath which it swam.

As the sun rose higher and the marsh warmed up, Pungie suddenly pointed his finger toward a dim black mass showing in the bleached grass at the edge of a pool some ten feet across. I focused my field glasses on the spot and with difficulty made out the outlines of a huge, serrated body, black as death. There was something abhorrent to me in the monstrous figure — perhaps an instinct handed down from the ages when mammals were fugitives and weaklings among the dragons of the prime.

As we came closer, I could see that the eyes of the great 'gator were closed. Dipping his pole into the water without a sound, Pungie drove the boat swiftly

forward. Suddenly, when we were not more than thirty feet away, a turtle slipped off a log into the water with a splash. At the sound, two murky, fathomless eyes opened in the alligator's head and stared at us inscrutably. Then the crocodilian raised itself from the ground on four bowed legs, with an awkwardness which disguised the real swiftness of its movement.

Once I saw a toad approach an unsuspecting insect. Instead of hopping, it stalked forward on bent legs with a stealthy, swift, menacing movement. As I watched the alligator move, he reminded me of a great hunting toad. The body was carried high on bent, tense legs which could shoot it forward with unexpected swiftness, and as I looked I was glad that I was not within reach of those black jaws.

In another instant the great reptile had reached the edge of the pool and slipped into it with hardly more of a splash than a turtle would have made. For a moment the end of his muzzle and his two protruding eyes showed above the water, and then disappeared.

Our next meeting with this dark king of the marshland was out on the open water, when we saw what seemed to be two knots on a sunken log some distance ahead.

'That's a big ol' he-one,' said Pungie, and, as we approached, the black dots suddenly disappeared. Immediately Pungie stooped until his head was close to the water, and gave several deep grunts, an imitation of the love notes of an amorous alligator. At once the ominous knobs showed again, but went under as the boat reached them.

'Let me take the pole and give him a poke. Perhaps he'll come up again,' I said rashly.

'Now I would n't never go pokin' no ol' bull 'gator. Howsomever, do as you like,' objected Pungie.

With the idiocy of ignorance and

relying upon divers authorities which state that alligators never attack humans, I thrust the pole down until it grated upon the ridged back of the monster hidden beneath the brown water, hoping that he might come to the surface again. He did! As I prodded the ridged back, it was as if a depth bomb had suddenly exploded beside me, as, with a tremendous splash, the bent, ten-foot body of the alligator shot above the surface like a black bass breaking water. I had one glimpse of a huge lashing tail, and then two grim jaws clashed together so close to the boat that they splashed water all over my face as the great 'gator fell back with a crash, nearly swamping our tiny craft.

For once Pungie showed speed.

'This ain't no place fer you an' me,' he exclaimed, snatching the push-pole from my nerveless hands, and with a mighty shove he shot the boat a dozen yards away from the mass of foam and bubbles the alligator had left behind.

Fifty yards farther on he came to a halt and regarded me severely.

'Don't you never do that again,' he commanded. 'That ol' bull was snap-pin' fer your hands. If he'd caught 'em he'd a pulled you under an' rolled you until you was drowned dead. He'd a hid you up under some bank until you softened up a bit an' then he'd a et you. Don't you never poke no 'gator again.'

'Well, Pungie,' I gasped, 'if you feel that way about it, I never will'—and I never have.

Pungie told me of a similar experience with a porpoise.

'They're like 'gators,' he said; 'kind o' sudden. Once when I was fishin' with Zeb Kahler at Limb Sound we seed two porpoises comin' toward us. They was goin' under the boat like they allus do, an' I told Zeb I was goin' to jab one of 'em with the oar. "Don't

you," says he—but I did. Each o' 'em was about ten feet long, an' I poked the front one right in the middle o' his fat back. The next thing we knew we were lyin' in a mud flat fifty feet away, with our boat upside down beyond us. Both o' them dead porpoises had rose up under us an' shoved us through the air, boat an' all, like as if we'd been blowed up by a torpedo.'

The very next day after my experience with the alligator I had another reptilian adventure that was even more trying to my nerves. Pungie and I had been searching for the trail which led to Bugaboo Island, which was reputed to be haunted and where the ivory-billed woodpecker was said to be found. I was sitting in the bow and bearing my head as Pungie pushed the boat through a fringe of bushes. Even as I did so there was a thud behind me as if someone had dropped a piece of heavy fire hose into the boat, and I heard Pungie give a gasp. Then as my back came that sound which no man born of woman may hear unmoved—the fierce, thick hiss of a snake. Glancing over my shoulder I saw the head of a monstrous serpent rising from the bottom of the boat not a foot away. As I stared helplessly at it, the grim mouth slowly opened showing the white lining which marked the dreaded cottonmouth moccasins. The snake had been basking in the upper branches of a bush and, startled by our approach, had tried to slip into the water, only to land in our boat.

It was the largest water snake that I have ever seen and must have been fully five feet in length and thicker around than my forearm, dingy brown in color with dark blotches showing faintly along its back.

I had nothing in my hands, and my legs were so cramped that if I tried to stand up I should undoubtedly fall out of the boat. Moreover, the snake

is so close to me that any attempt
my part to move would probably
met by a dart from the curved,
ovable fangs I could see faintly show-
g in the white gum of the upper jaw.
I sat still, very still, watching the
ake over my shoulder. It was so
se to me that I could plainly see
e curious pit between the nostril
d the eye, which is found also in the
ttlesnake and the copperhead and
ich gives their fatal family the name
pit vipers. The glassy, lidless eyes
th their curious oval pupil, the hall
ark of a venomous serpent, had an
pression of cold menace quite as
reatening as the fierce glare that
ows in the eyes of the larger Car-
vora when enraged.

A diamond-backed rattler, with its
gher tension and more irritable
mperament, in a similar situation
uld undoubtedly have bitten me.
moccasin, however, although it will
en its mouth and hiss when ap-
ached, rarely strikes unless actually
ched. Once the great cold-blood
rned its hissing head toward Pungie,
o gripped his pole like a pole vaulter
ady to break a record.

For what seemed to me a long time
at motionless, until at last the men-
ing mouth with its white satin lining
used, the great heart-shaped head
rust itself over the gunwale of the
at, and the monstrous body flowed
er it smooth as oil, and, with scarcely
ipple, disappeared in the water.

'I don't mind a bear,' confided Pun-
e to me a few minutes later, 'though
me folks get flustered when a big
e-one charges, grittin' her teeth an'
ashin' down the bresh. A big ol'
ttlesnake or a moccasin, howsomever,
ts my goat every time, they look so
ad o' unfriendly like.'

On our way back we came to a dead
press, white as bleached bone. On
e of its limbs, perched in a row, sat

six black vultures, my first sight of
that grim bird. Although smaller than
the turkey vulture and with less ex-
panse of wing, the black vulture is yet
a heavier bird. The sextette showed no
signs of alarm even when we came close,
but sat regarding us fixedly out of their
red eyes like a dark company of witches.

Beyond the vultures we found a
shaded pool from which Pungie dipped
me a drink of the celebrated Okefi-
nokee water, a rich golden brown in
color, with a curiously soft, spicy taste.
After drinking it for a few days I came
to like it better than any other water.
In the early part of the century, cap-
tains of sailing vessels used to fill their
casks from the upper reaches of St.
Mary's River, which rises in the marsh,
and at the end of a two years' voyage
the water would be as pure and potable
as when first used.

My days and nights on the hidden
island and in the heart of the great
marsh passed all too swiftly. There
was fishing, such fishing as I had never
expected to find on earth—large-
mouthed bass, jack, bream, blackfish,
and perch. The flowers and the trees
were new to me and all strangely
beautiful, and everywhere were the
birds of the South—red-bellied wood-
peckers, blue-gray gnat catchers, pro-
thonotary warblers all gray and gold,
and a score of others whose songs and
habits were a continual delight.

Then, all too soon, came the day when
I had to leave those lonely wilds and go
back to live among the tame folk.

'I wisht, I wisht that you'd spend a
month here with me,' said Uncle Billy,
wistfully. 'We'd have such a good
time together watchin' the birds an'
flowers an' critters.'

'I'll come back, Uncle Billy,' I
promised.

'Yes,' he said. 'Once drink swamp
water an' you'll allers come back, but
— I may not be here when you come.'

LOW PRUDENCE

BY ROBERT HILLYER

MANY years ago a philosopher, addressing the seniors of Dartmouth College, warned them of the world into which they were soon to go forth as a place governed by maxims of a low prudence. He urged them to be bold, be firm, in holding fast by the intellect, to seek truth and beauty though the world mock them. Why should they, he said, give up their right to traverse the starlit deserts of truth for the sake of an acre, a house, and a barn?

How vague these phrases sound to us now, though less than a century has elapsed since they were spoken. Modern ears like not an abstraction, for in receiving it they must transmit to the mind something that demands thought, definition. Emerson spoke of beauty and truth, but these terms we reject, unwilling either to seek out his meaning or to find one of our own. We have not the time for such speculation. Besides, so overwhelming are the problems of the moment, which may be solved, that we cannot give heed to the problems of forever, which we know cannot be solved, even though — and of this also we are aware — man's intellectual energy is most nobly employed in the attempt to define the abstractions from which he sprang and into which most certainly he will return. Whence did man come? What is his good? How shall he live toward Nature who creates and destroys him? We laugh these questions away as fit only for green minds, not because they have been answered, but because they cannot be answered, and we will have

naught to do with effort unproductive of substance. So we interpret life in terms of expediency, as though the fabric were cracking and our sole concern were to patch it here and there for a few more trips to the well.

Yet surely it is no sign of incompetency to attempt definitions of the abstract. History shows us otherwise, and even Nature provides us with a pretty analogy against such an assumption. Our concise bodies are knitted together from the vast earth — definitions in flesh of ineffable desire. Our minds, too, are devised to lay hold on tremendous concepts and compress them into a single thought. Why should we be impatient if that thought must give place to others more in step with forward-pacing truth? Our bodies are not immortal, we cannot cling to them beyond their span; yet by implication we require of our thoughts a permanence not vouchsafed even to the stars. Like children exasperated at a difficult puzzle, we fling the whole problem from us because we cannot complete the elucidation. Philosophy, in the greatest sense of the word, has disappeared.

The philosophers themselves were the first to withdraw from their wide heritage. The teachers, now wholly seduced by facts, followed them. And at last literature has succumbed. We may study Plato, Epicurus, Plotinus if we will (though few of us do), but rare is that teacher, even of so-called philosophy, who can discourse of them as intimates, and rarer still the

philosopher who contemplates, as they contemplated, the mysteries that nourish the spirit even while they defy the reason.

Literature was the last to leave off speculation. Of the novel little need be said, for that form of art was never the natural vehicle of philosophy. But the disaffection of drama and poetry left human thought voiceless. In modern writing we find sociology, that degenerate grandson of philosophy through ethics, and psychology, its equally degenerate cousin, yet at their best these are poor substitutes for the grander meditations so congenial to the normal man. For the most part, literature has surrendered to an extreme individualism, and devotes itself to tracing the reactions of a single mind or — and this applies especially to modern poetry — describing unrelated sensations. The pyramid of literary technique is upside down, all its weight converging on one not very important point.

However, literature was the last to lose consciousness, cosmically speaking. The religious leaders and the philosophers themselves, to whom in the past men were wont to look for spiritual refreshment, were the first to fly the field. Priests and ministers have not stirred themselves, except in quibbles, for so many years that we have ceased to think of them as a part of the intellectual republic. Few would seek out a clergyman seriously convinced that they would see through his eyes a universe illumined with new possibilities. Yet perhaps this test is unjust. The tradition of the priesthood has never fostered speculative thought. No doubt the sacerdotal quarrel as to whether or not Amon was in fact assumed into the substance of Ra represented a high level of priestly speculation in Egypt, though the question may not now seem of importance. I

think we may safely exonerate the religious from responsibility for those greater questions which remain unchanged through the centuries. But the philosophers we cannot exonerate.

We have it on their own authority that science has closed against them the gates of that spiritual Eden wherein their predecessors were wont to stroll in the cool of evening, surrounded by their disciples. Yet I understand that the scientists, or at least such of them as ponder the matter at all, declare that the gates are as far open as ever, and that for their part they are merely interested in the physical composition of the universe. No honest scientist deviates, except as an amateur like you or me, into a contemplation of the First Cause. Indeed, he has no license to do so, for science is exact, whereas the problems of philosophy, in spite of its logic, must remain by their very nature inexact both in their posing and in their conclusion. No laboratory has been built wherein the existence of the soul can be proved, nor has truth yet been distilled into a test tube. The scientist who swept the heavens with his telescope and found no God was a dull fellow after all. I might just as well say that I have beaten the bass drum and have seen no lightning. Examining this matter, we find that the scientists are entirely blameless. It is not they who have invaded the field of philosophy; it is the philosophers who are attempting to fasten scientific methods on wholly unscientific material. Should we bring the subject down to a specific example, we might consider Ouspensky's use of Einstein's mathematics. Strange and wonderful are the ideas on which philosophy thus squanders the hard-earned penny-facts of the scientists.

Of these purchases, perhaps psychology (still known as a branch of philosophy, but verily the devourer

of the parent stem) is the gaudiest. Stretching the philosophic license of speculation beyond the wildest fantasy, it gravely claims scientific exactitude for the conclusions it derives therefrom. Incidentally, a rather pathetic proof of man's eagerness for any sort of thought is the avidity with which he has picked up the crumbs dropped from so starved a board as that of modern psychology. Our speech bristles with complexes, the subconscious, and sublimation. Doubtless Greek conversation was embellished, in much the same manner, by references to the Word, the Spirit, and the Elements. Both may be jargon, but something more than the illusion of the past makes us find in the Greek a nobler turn of speech.

Instead, therefore, of urging people's thoughts toward those larger horizons toward which they naturally turn, psychology, our substitute for philosophy, ascribes even these thoughts to an aberration of the human mechanism. Not many years ago we feared to dream lest our sins find us out. At that time many of us, exasperated beyond measure at the corruption and scattering of Freud's highly specialized theories, longed for a Leonardo, who, it will be remembered, when all the world was hysterically groveling before Savonarola, sardonically amused himself, during one of the fanatic's sermons, by drawing a hideous caricature of him. Lacking a Leonardo, we took comfort in this quotation: 'The foundation of it all is essentially unscientific. . . . It would be impossible to give any detailed conception of the treatment of dreams. Nor would the attempt reward the pains; the curious specialist must read the treatise for himself. He will find in it one of the most astonishing efforts of besotted credulity to disguise itself under the forms of scientific inquiry. He will

find a subtlety and formalism of system worthy of a finished schoolmaster of the fourteenth century, and employed to give order and meaning to the wildest vagaries of vulgar fancy. The classification of dreams is a great effort . . . and is followed out in exhaustive order. . . . It would be wearisome and even disgusting to give examples of this futile and almost idiotic superstition, masquerading as a science.' The quotation is not, as one might well believe, from an attack on Freud. It is Samuel Dill's commentary, in his *Roman Society from Nero to Marcus Aurelius*, on the interpretation of dreams as practised by one Artemidorus at the height of the Roman Empire. Certainly that society found Artemidorus as important as we found Freud, but it had also its Marcus Aurelius, its Seneca, its Epictetus.

Furthermore, it had many teachers who, though they contributed little to the main stream of philosophy, directed eager youth to the deeper channels where he might launch his bark. But what of our teachers, who discourse in lyceums, academies, even in universities? Surely they would be the last to succumb to maxims of low prudence. Though all the world desert philosophy and follow the changing demands of the stock market, the teachers, frugal and meditative, should be counted on to encourage youth in his long, long thoughts and permit him to wander, during those four brief years, in a plaisance secure from the bruits of a factual world. It matters not that most young men consider their college course as but a link in the ordinary development of business, a help in obtaining a more lucrative job, an opportunity to meet advantageous friends. That pure love of learning, to which the teachers have dedicated themselves, will foster

the natural speculations of youth, and, whereas he has come expecting water, they will give him wine. Though the student's motives be uncertain, the teachers' are pure.

And in fact, desirous of academic advancement and more money, the teachers have yielded to a stranger system than will be found in all the vagaries of high finance. Submitting their free minds to a set scheme for gathering facts, abandoning their love of ideas for a narrow channel prescribed for those who would be successful before the world, they undergo a certain treatment for a term of years and come forth stamped with the ironical title of Doctors of *Philosophy*. If this be not following the maxims of a low prudence, coin was never minted. Why should youth, beholding his most enlightened elders devote themselves to a fantastic system, seek other than the doctrines of expediency? If gold rust, then what shall iron do?

Writers, philosophers, teachers, they have all left the ancient love, the writers finding their talents best employed in chronicles of sensation, the philosophers in devising new theories concerning the brain and the nerves, the teachers in peddling facts. We merely laugh at youth when, in a characteristic mood, he 'discusses the Universe,' believing, indeed, that such discussion is proper only to adolescence. We have forgotten that the most mature races, beside whom we should appear but as children, found in their relation to life a subject of keen interest. The cosmic speculations which, without encouragement or guiding, spring up on the campus of an evening or during the lunch hour in a broker's office are the first shoots of

a hardy plant that in other ages has brought forth man's fairest blossoming. Why have we blighted it with our laughter or cut it off with our insistence on 'more important things'? To be sure, great thoughts are greatly demanding. Yet, viewing the antics of the wealthy and their hangers-on in avoiding thought, we cannot believe that thought involves more labor than the escaping of it. Rather, we shun philosophy because we are impatient of anything which cannot reach completion before our eyes, which cannot by tangible result justify its inception. The nature of the soul we leave to our neuropath, who tinkers us into a semblance of sanity for a few more years; for ethics we have substituted a code that we obey or defy according to our impulse. Whatever we do, we fly from those deeper questions the mere asking of which sets us apart from the beasts of the field.

Let none accuse me, however, of advocating an outburst of vague speculation. We have enough of that in the intellectual slums where the thousand and one cults make ridiculous the very name of God. The life of thought is a profession; its brotherhood is called to an arduous and aloof task the performance of which may not, in the time being, show perceptible result. Yet the times are favorable for philosophy. The Church cannot, even though it would, obstruct the thinker's programme. Most important is our need for philosophy. We cannot rebuild this subtly undermined world, we can do nothing but patch it from day to day, until arises in our midst a fresh conception of the heights toward which we shall raise our towers and the depths that shall support them.

THE SEA BOY

BY CAPTAIN WILLIAM OUTERSON

I

IN the narrow space of the ship's after deckhouse were four bunks, two fore and aft and two athwartships. In front of the lower fore-and-aft bunk, on the deck, was a wooden sea chest, its top slightly smaller than its base, with grummets spliced into cleats on each end. Into the lower bunk, and partly on top of the chest, some articles of clothing had been carelessly thrown: a pair of rubber boots, a heavy reefer jacket, blue cloth trousers, a pair of thick woolen socks, and a heavy blue muffler.

On the outboard bulkhead hung a narrow, hinged table, held up when in use by two triangular wooden legs that swung inward from the bulkhead. On the edges of this board were polished hardwood rims to prevent the dishes from sliding off in heavy weather. A suit of yellow oilskins and a sou'wester hung from a hook in the uprights supporting the after end of the bunks. A paraffin lamp with a clean globe, faintly glowing, hung in gimbals fixed to the bulkhead.

In the upper fore-and-aft bunk a young boy was sleeping the profound sleep of the sailor in heavy weather. Judging by the motions of things in the room, the movement of the ship was unbelievably violent, yet the boy's sleep was not disturbed. As she rolled to starboard his head and body sagged sidewise, inert and flaccid; when she lifted to the urge of the seas he sank and flattened into the mattress. In

her abysmal drop to the trough, as swift as a falling stone, he seemed for a brief instant to float, untroubled and unconcerned, between bed and blankets.

The suit of oilskins on the hook, capped by the steadier sou'wester, contrived a riot of fantastic motion, weird and surpassingly idiotic, in the dim glow of the lamp. The legs of the pants swung forward together, then flew apart; the arms of the coat waved helplessly, in flapping movements like gestures of hopeless resignation; the whole suit with all its limbs outspread swung wildly in a sweeping curve, then arms and legs collapsed and fell against the upright beam with a soft slap. It squirmed against the steel support, like a yellow scarecrow hanged by the neck and dying.

The lamp moved with ease and dignity. Having been designed and constructed for this sort of thing, it remained erect and efficient, bathed in its own halo, unaffected by the labored distress of the ship, which might heave and plunge to her heart's content without endangering its expert balance. There seemed a sort of magic about it, the appearance of a quaintly useful conjuring trick which man has played against the rage of the sea.

The sea chest was solid, with joints carefully closed to make it water-tight. Its rope grummets were lashed with stout cords to the uprights at the head and foot of the bunks, which at first had been drawn taut to allow no play whatever. But the wetness and the violence of the ship's motion had

loosened the lashings. When she rolled to starboard the chest slid smoothly an inch or so till stopped by the tautened grummets. As she rolled to port it came back against the lower bunk with a gentle thud.

The table was almost barred from this fellowship of motion. Held rigid at the hinges by the unyielding bulkhead, its flap fastened on the underside with a brass hook, it appeared securely gripped. But even so it moved a little. Within the eyebolt, where the hook fitted, there was just a mite of play, and with each movement to starboard or to port the flap took up this play with a steady, almost clock-like click.

It was a marvel how the tanned, fair-haired boy in the bunk could have sunk from this bedlam into the quiet stillness of sleep. The sounds within were subdued, recurrent, intimate, the voices of familiar things, friendly and useful. But the clamor on the deck outside was the outcry of an alien world, torn by the struggle among those ancient antagonists, a roaring wind, a driven sea, and a stubborn ship. The noise of the storm, subdued by the heavy steel walls of the deckhouse, came through as a hard, droning scream, deepened from time to time by the muffled crash of seas breaking aboard, like the distant booming of a minute gun fired by a ship in distress.

Aft on the poop a boy, closely bundled in oilskins, detached himself from the shelter of the weather cloth and the stability of the shrouds to which it was lashed and staggered to the binnacle, inside of which a small clock showed the time to be fifteen minutes to four. Reaching for the rope of the small bell on the cabin skylight, he struck one tinkling chime that was lost in the storm before it was fully born.

'They'll never hear that,' he thought,

peering into the murk ahead, all his attention strained to hear the answering stroke of the ship's bell at the break of the forecastle. None came, and he began to work his way to the taffrail on the forward end of the poop. Up here there were no seas coming aboard, but the motion was a dance of madness. Over the glass panes of the cabin skylight were gratings of brass rods, set firmly into the hardwood sashes. Gripping these, the boy steadied himself to the end of the skylight. From there to the end of the companion hatch was an open space of five feet, through which the wind blew with the force of a hurricane. Across this he dived and gained the lee side of the hatch, where he was sheltered from the wind. The hatch was made of teak, polished smooth and varnished, and offered no projections to serve as handgrips. But the boy was wise in these matters. The wet surface of the wood was sticky and roughish from rain and salt sea spray, and by pressing the palms of his hands against its rounded top he maintained his footing and reached its forward end.

From there to the taffrail was a clear twelve feet of wind-swept deck. Watching his chance when the ship heaved her starboard scuppers out of the water and swung her decks level for one uncertain moment, he dashed for the rail. The wind caught him and carried him to starboard so that his course was slantwise, but the continuing cant of the deck opposed the power of the wind, and he arrived at the forward corner of the rail with an ease that brought him a faint sense of triumph. Here was the end of the speaking tube that communicated with the lookout.

Twisting the whistle out of the mouthpiece, the boy blew into the tube with all the force of his vigorous lungs. The shrill scream of the whistle

at the forward end of the tube reached the expectant ears of the man on lookout, who came aft to the watch and called, 'One Bell!'

Struggling to the after end of the deckhouse, one of the men descended the iron ladder to the sea-swept main deck, clawed his way forward in the lee of the house and the forehatch, and struck the ship's bell once with all his force. Stumbling then to the door of the starboard forecabin, he wrenched it open, tumbled inside, and pulled the door quickly shut, then raised his voice in a strident yell to wake the watch below.

Clinging to the poop taffrail, the boy waited, crouching down on the rail, one arm thrown over it, the other hand clasping the neck of the speaking tube, until his ears caught the vanishing note of the bell forward. When it came he replaced the whistle in the mouthpiece, moved across the short space to the head of the starboard ladder, and seized both its rails with a nervous grip. Descending step by step, he slid his hands carefully down the rails, never for a moment relaxing his hold, watching the wild white water foaming from port to starboard with the motion of the ship. A heavy sea had just come aboard, flooding her fore and aft, and he waited on the second step from the main deck until it had found its way out through the bulwark ports.

When the chance came, and the after deck was clear of water, he left the ladder and ran for the house, missed it and slid with a clatter into the scuppers, gained his feet again in a moment and charged for the house, caught the brass ring of the lock, and held on grimly while the ship reeled insanely to starboard. When she steadied enough and he regained his balance, he turned the lock and jerked the door open, jumped inside and pulled it shut,

heard a monstrous sea fall aboard forward, and listened for a few seconds to the sound of the rushing water. Then he raised his shrill young voice in a savage, exultant cry, stepped to the bunk in which the fair-haired boy lay sleeping, and shook him with rough decision by the shoulder.

'Now then, you sleeper,' he chanted 'wake up and turn out. One Bell's gone.'

The boy in the bunk heaved himself up to a sitting posture, and regarded the other with tragic wide blue eyes, aching for further sleep.

'One Bell!' he exclaimed. 'It can't be One Bell yet. I've just fallen asleep.'

The dark-haired boy yelled with derision.

'That's the way I always feel at One Bell,' he cried. 'But it's One Bell now, all right, and no mistake about it, so you tumble out and get your clothes on.'

He stepped to the door and opened it cautiously, peered out to consider his chances, turned his head swiftly toward the bunk and saw the sleepy boy scrambling out on to the sea chest, then pushed the door open and leaped out, flung the door to with a bang, and raced for the poop ladder.

II

The fair-haired boy balanced precariously on the top of the sea chest and pulled on his pants over the woolen underwear in which he had slept, wrapped the slack of the legs about his ankles and drew the thick socks up over them, dragged on his rubber boots and stood on the deck, jamming himself between the chest and the table flap until he had put on his vest and reefer and muffler. Over these he coaxed the sticky oilskins, the legs and sleeves of which he tied with many

turns of tarred yarn around the wrists and above the ankles. He was now practically water-tight, ready for the poisterous deck. As Eight Bells had not yet struck, he sat on the lid of the sea chest and gazed pensively at nothing, his eyelids, now that his activities had ceased, beginning to droop over his sleep-haunted eyes. He was a very young boy, not yet fourteen, and this was his first voyage to sea, the realization of a dream that had colored his waking, and sometimes sleeping, hours as long as he could remember.

At this particular moment he was not sure that the dream had possessed any single element of reality. Things were very different from the bright picture his boyish imagination had painted before the beginning of actual experience. The work, so far as he was concerned, seemed to be a mixture of such duties as are usually performed by the humbler class of servants ashore. In fine weather he swept the decks, swabbed paintwork, polished brass work, coiled up ropes, cleaned the Mate's room once a week, went aloft to overhaul buntlines and leech lines and make them fast with a single turn of twine that would break easily when required, and in all weathers he was timekeeper, striking the hours on the little bell on the cabin skylight. Some of these tasks seemed to the boy to be flunky's work, altogether foreign to his notion of the sea. But the work had to be done, as the Mate had once told him, and there was nobody else to do it. That was what they carried boys for.

These, however, were small matters compared with others — sleep, for instance. He never got enough sleep, and just now he was desperate for it. On this night he had slept for something like three hours and a half, and his ungrown brain and body yearned

for more, for whole long nights of sleep. But he had to go on deck for four hours. That was well enough. He liked to stand behind the weather cloth, watching the straining ship and the leaping seas, and keenly aware of all the sounds of their warfare. That was a sailor's life as he had dreamed of it. But just at this moment what would he not give for a few hours' more sleep. His eyes closed against his protesting will, and his head dropped slackly forward.

The dark-haired boy on the poop stood gazing into the binnacle at the face of the small clock inside. Just as the minute hand touched twelve he seized the bell rope and struck vigorously eight times, four double strokes, *ting-ting, ting-ting, ting-ting, ting-ting*. The pallid tinkle of the little bell, its farcical inadequacy in all this tumult, moved him to passionate scorn. He dived across the reeling deck, wrenched the whistle out of the speaking tube, and blew a furious blast. A few moments later, as he stood tensely listening, he heard the chime of the ship's bell, faint and far away, and charged down the ladder, seeing a clear deck to the after house.

Wrenching open the door, he shot his head and shoulders inside, saw the bowed head of the fair-haired boy, and emitted a startling yell: 'On deck the Watch! Eight Bells! Shake a leg, there!' He slammed the door shut, scrambled to the weather side of the house, plunged into his own room, and in less than three minutes was sound asleep in his bunk.

The fair-haired boy jerked his head up at the howl of his shipmate and rose swiftly to his feet. Sleep fled from his eyes, and his face became composed and wary. Thrusting the door slightly open, he peered out, and felt the situation to be safe for the moment. Her starboard side was reeling upward,

and there was no heavy water on the deck. He skipped outside, slammed the door, and raced for the poop ladder, slid on his feet against the after hatch, but did not check his advance, and reached the ladder safe and dry. He was well on his way up when she shipped a heavy sea that curled over the bulwarks from fore-castle to poop and filled her main deck with boiling white water. Hauling himself along the taffrail to the weather side of the poop, he joined the Mate behind the weather cloth, hooked his arm around a backstay, and peered through the darkness at the Mate, whose big bulk loomed beside him, shadowy and vague to his eyes, but very clear and definite in his mind as the acting centre of power and authority. The Captain was the source, the origin, and the symbol of supreme command, but he moved in a different orbit from officers and crew, lived in a higher sphere. He was quiet, affable, kindly, but remote and inaccessible, not familiar and abusive like the Mate, who was intensely human and roamed the decks with his eyes everywhere.

The boy liked the Mate, although he often dodged him, kept out of his way as much as possible, and avoided to the best of his ability, being a sane and healthy boy, the unimportant flunky work that was left for him to do.

On this wild morning the Mate ignored him completely, was only briefly aware that he had come on deck and forgot him immediately, his mind being occupied with that bitter, impotent revolt against the sea which is the mark of the true seaman. From his rich and shocking vocabulary he was silently choosing the strongest words he could find to express his contempt for sailors. He cursed the ship and the crew, the owners, the sea, and himself, chiefly himself, and wondered with sardonic self-pity why he

had not been a farmer. The idea of a farmer expresses an ancient contempt fostered by men of the sea for men of the farm, and it pleased his present humor to double the scorn of the term by referring it to himself. At varying intervals he asked himself, with an exquisite fury of sarcasm, 'Who would n't sell a farm and go to sea?'

His feet well apart, his left arm hooked around a backstay and his right hand gripping it, the boy was safe from the hazard of the reeling decks, and felt only a keen exhilaration from the ship's motion. The weather cloth gave him complete protection from the wind, and a feeling of deep enjoyment possessed his mind. He loved the storm, the turbulent roar of the wind, the rising and falling scream of the rigging. His mind moved slowly from one sound to another. He heard it, felt and followed it for minutes, let it sink into his soul. He knew the shuddering crash of the heavy seas as they broke aboard: just a booming sound and a trembling of the hull at first, followed swiftly by rushing, slapping noises as the tumbling water met the smooth sides of the forward house and the coamings of the fore hatch, then a noise of broken rapids while the water rushed from side to side across the deck with the rolling of the ship.

The boy began to feel the approach of six o'clock, when Four Bells had to be struck. He brought his mind to the task of getting across the poop to the little bell. He shifted his grip and moved to the after edge of the cloth, waiting until her decks were rolling up from starboard, then walked with short steps sidewise against the slope of the deck toward the bell, bracing hard against the enormous wind as he left the shelter of the weather cloth.

Looking into the binnacle, he saw

that it was ten minutes to six. The Mate noted his absence, looked round and saw his face illumined in the light of the binnacle, and turned his gloomy eyes forward again. The boy decided to wait beside the bell for ten minutes, not caring to make the passage to the weather cloth and back again. But his position here was too unsheltered, and he turned toward the wheel, which was lashed hard up and had no man at the spokes while the ship was hove-to. The wheel stood in front of the wheel box, a teak structure with a low gable roof in which were the worm gears that reduced the strain from the rudder to the wheel, giving the steersman an immense leverage. The boy went round the wheel to the lee side of the box, sat down, and lowered his head to get shelter from the wind. In a moment he was asleep, caught by outraged nature as suddenly as by the blow of a hammer in the dark.

The Mate looked round again in a few minutes, saw no sign of the boy, knew at once what had happened, and cursed him under his breath. He was not unsympathetic, — it was hard enough for a seasoned old seaman like himself to stay awake sometimes, — but discipline must be enforced, and the man on lookout had to wait till Four Bells before he could be relieved. The Mate let go the backstay and staggered to the bucket rack where water buckets with brass hoops were kept. The first in the rack was half full of water; he picked it up and made his difficult way to the wheel box, and saw the boy sprawled backward, utterly asleep. The Mate drew back the bucket and dashed the water into the sleeping boy's face.

To be wrenched out of deep sleep by any sudden stroke of pain or acute discomfort, deliberately inflicted, is an experience shocking and indescribable. There lapses to life in such a moment

something that is better left undisturbed. The boy sprang up convulsively, lost his balance and fell, rolled down against the rail, heaved himself up and turned toward the Mate. He could barely distinguish the form of the officer, but in his ears rang the laughter that had greeted his frightful awakening, a sound that seemed to him obscene and apelike. He was a Scot, the son of a hundred generations of men utterly intolerant of oppression. Mad fury flamed in his heart, and he took a step toward the Mate. Had the boy been just a few years older, that officer would have gone down to the lee scuppers, Mate or no Mate — aye, or the Captain himself. But full awakening came swiftly, and the boy's anger died as quickly as it had been born. He was at fault. He was asleep on watch, the one unforgivable sin in a seaman. A sleeping sailor had more than once brought ship and crew to sudden appalling death.

The Mate swung suddenly to the binnacle and glanced at the clock, which showed the time to be six o'clock. Striking the bell four times, he looked at the dim figure of the boy over against the rail.

The boy saw the movement and heard the tinkle of the bell, became at once the ship's timekeeper again, and listened intently for the sound of the bell forward. It did not come, nor had he expected it would, and he made his way to the forward taffrail and blew four powerful blasts into the speaking tube. The lookout heard the signal and passed the word to the watch, one of whom went forward and struck Four Bells.

The Mate worked his way forward to the bucket rack and replaced the bucket, then crouched forward against the wind and gained the shelter of the weather cloth, where he resumed his ceaseless watch. The boy heard the

faint strokes of the ship's bell from forward, and, replacing the whistle in the tube, made a circuitous course to the weather cloth. The Mate turned as he arrived and gripped him by the shoulder, shouting into his ear against the roar of the storm, 'Don't you ever go to sleep on watch again!'

'All right, sir!' shouted the boy, his mouth close to the ear of the Mate, who nodded in the blackness and turned away.

III

The boy began to be aware of a slowly growing distinctness in the dim bulk of the Mate, a thinning and refinement of the darkness, which seemed to be transforming itself, magically, into something else. A wordless emotion, immeasurably old, of joy and worship combined, come down from ancient men who feared the night, possessed him as he watched the advance of day. Somewhere the sun was heaving up over the rim of the world. Here his approach was hidden by the murk of war, a wrack impenetrable of twisted cloud and driven scud. The light came through slowly, revealing the foam-streaked sea in the stormy dawn.

Now his small world lay open to his charmed and watchful eyes. The violence that had tossed him back and forth in the unrevealing darkness he could see and understand in the gray gloom of day. The Cape Horn Sea, range upon range of foaming crests tormented by devils and rushing to destruction, advanced upon the ship in endless ranks. There seemed to the boy enough of these to press the assault forever, but he was not afraid. His faith in the ship was limitless.

When the light of day became broad enough, the seeing eye of the Mate, roving aloft, halted and stayed upon a loose end of gasket, whipping like a

pennant in the wind on the mizzen upper topsail yard. The sail was furled, the ship being hove-to under main and mizzen lower topsails and a storm jib, and the yard was down. The loose end worried the Mate. If the whole gasket worked loose, the wind would rip the sail to ribbons in no time, might carry away the yard and lose the lives of the men sent aloft to make it fast. He turned to the boy and shouted, pointed to the yard and the forward house where the watch were standing by. What he said was to send a man to the mizzen upper topsail yard to make that gasket fast.

The boy did not hear the words, but he saw the loose rope and knew it had to be made fast. Being a first-voyager, he was never sent aloft in heavy weather, but if he remembered this he ignored it, controlled by an obscure desire to make good, to atone for his crime of falling asleep on watch, to show the Mate that he was of some account where seamen's work was concerned. He charged away from the weather cloth and gained the bridge leading from the poop to the after deckhouse, went along this easily, securely gripping the handrails, and gained the top of the deckhouse.

Pausing here, he watched the deck for a favorable opportunity, descended and dashed to the weather mizzen shrouds, scrambled swiftly into the rigging and began toiling upward. He did not see the frantic fling of the Mate's arm, and heard no whisper of his bellowed order to come down out of that. He heard nothing but the thunder of the storm, felt nothing but the pressure of the wind at his back. In his heart was a great elation, an acceptance of the struggle between the gale and himself.

As the ship rolled into the wind he was forced irresistibly against the

rigging, jammed breathless against the shrouds with an immense pressure that held him helpless. As she rolled to leeward the weight lifted from his back, and he scrambled up a distance of four or five ratlines. Intent upon his task, he did not know that the Mate on the poop and the men on the forward house were watching him steadily.

'Good Lord,' the Mate prayed inwardly, 'don't let that fool boy go over the side!'

The men did not pray. They were rough men, hard, ignorant, resentful, users of obscene and blasphemous language. But they were wishing the boy good luck on his venture and helping him on with silent encouragement. Every one of them wanted to go to his assistance, but there is a feeling among sailors in such matters, an unwritten law that neither man nor boy shall be humiliated by having his work taken out of his hands, proof that he is unfit for his job.

The boy waited a moment or two, his hands securely grasping the futtock shrouds and his feet on a ratline of the lowermast rigging. The futtock shrouds are heavy iron rods leading outward from the upper end of the lower rigging to the edge of the top, making an angle with the horizontal of something like forty-five degrees when the ship is on an even keel. The top is a platform fixed to the head of the lowermast; to its edge are bolted the lower ends of the topmast rigging. On either side of this platform, between the rigging and the mast, is an opening called the lubber's hole, through which a man may crawl if he does not care to risk the climb over the edge of the top.

For the space of a breath, the boy considered the lubber's hole. He knew that on a day like this he might go through it without loss of self-respect. But he had no intention of doing so; the

possibility of avoiding the dangerous outer passage had merely entered his mind. He waited till the ship was nearing the end of her roll to starboard and the futtocks were perpendicular, then he started up, making very sure of his grip. In a second or two he reached the edge of the top and grasped the shrouds of the topmast rigging—the most dangerous moment of his journey, because his legs were held at a forward angle so that his feet could rest on the ratlines of the inward sloping futtocks, and the middle of his body was pressed against the edge of the top. The thing to do was to lean his body outward, clear of the edge, and this he endeavored to do in order to give his legs free play, but the ship rolled back to windward and the pressure of the gale held him jammed against the top, unable to move. The Mate and the men held their breath. The ship stopped her weather roll and whipped her masts back to leeward, and the boy started up over the top, but missed his footing, and his legs swung out behind him, all his weight on his desperately gripping hands. In another short moment he would have been torn from his hold and nothing but a miracle could have saved him.

The Mate leaped to the main deck to go to his rescue, but a sea came aboard and washed him back to the foot of the poop ladder. Seizing the handrail, he mounted a few steps, clear of the churning water on the deck, cast his disturbed eyes aloft to the mizzen top, allowed a sigh of relief to escape from his hairy chest, and returned to his place behind the weather cloth.

The ship ended her dizzy reel to leeward and hung for one trembling moment almost on her beam ends, her masts inclined at such a slant that the boy's legs fell against the futtock shrouds by their own weight. He

immediately found his feet and climbed into the topmast rigging. After a struggle he reached the level of the upper topsail yard and worked his way cautiously on to the footrope, crawled out on the yardarm to the loose gasket, and made it well fast. The work done, he came into the rigging and descended to the top, halted in that comparative haven, both arms embracing the rigging and each hand grasping a shroud, lifted his head, and looked out over the wild sea. In that moment he saw the unforgettable sight of his life: a three-masted, full-rigged ship running before the wind with all sail set. Involuntarily he flung his arm out toward that vision of magic or mirage, as it seemed to him, and the watchers on the deck saw what he saw.

The motion in the top was more violent than on deck, and there was no protection from the battering wind, which forced the breath back into the boy's throat and seemed likely to tear him from his double hold and carry him away to leeward. But neither danger nor discomfort made any impression on him then, his soul being wholly engaged in watching the driving ship. She came storming along in a smother of outflung foam, a living thing of power and beauty and most compelling majesty, charging across the colossal seas and thrusting them aside. He watched her diving into the trough, and wondered, appalled, if she would ever come up again. Behind the intervening crest he saw her disappear, hull and courses and topsails, till only her topgallants and royals remained in sight. From the deck she was wholly lost to view. But in a little she rose again, topsails heaved into his vision, courses lifted above the spume, her dripping bowsprit stabbing the scud, her trenchant forefoot leaping clear of crest and

tumbled foam. Lost in amazement and rapture, the boy clung to the thrashing backstays above the top and gazed with all his eyes, receiving on the tablets of his memory an impression so deep and strong that it remained forever indelible. Neither the passage of the years nor the growing mass of later experience could dim the beauty and the thrill of that picture of the sea.

She passed close by, a hundred fathoms at most, her men scrambling into the fore rigging to send forth a cheer, a message of sympathy and encouragement that came faintly through the storm like the cry of a child in the wilderness. The greeting was answered by the men on the forward house, but the boy remained silent, too deeply stirred for outward display.

In a moment she was gone, fled away into the gray gloom and faded into the drifts of foam and spray and low-flying scud, only her milk-white wake remaining to tell that she had passed. The boy sighed deeply and returned to the deck.

In the eyes of the Mate was a look somewhat resembling that which dwelt in the eyes of the boy, but mingled with scorn and weariness, as if he too had dreamed a dream and seen a vision, but awoke to find it deceitful and meaningless. It had been his intention to rebuke the boy for going aloft in this sort of weather, but when he saw the light in the young blue eyes raised to his he lost this design, and only told him to see what time it was. The boy went aft and saw by the binnacle clock that it was eighteen minutes past seven. He extracted the lamp from the binnacle, opened the little glass door and let the wind blow out the pale yellow flame, replaced the lamp, and struck Seven Bells. Being now visible to the men on the forward house, who were anxiously awaiting the end of their watch on deck, he was seen

striking the cabin bell, and the ship's bell forward was struck immediately after.

IV

When Eight Bells went and the blue-eyed boy was relieved, he got an enameled plate and hook pot from his room and, with earnest prayers to the gods of the sea to spare his breakfast, made the trip to the galley. Here he received a sufficient quantity of oatmeal porridge, which sailors designate 'burgoo,' a pot of hot but otherwise doubtful coffee, and a half-pound loaf of newly baked soft bread—this last a treat which was enjoyed only three times a week. The loaf of soft bread was a treasure to be guarded at any risk short of life itself, and the boy had moments of terror as he turned from the galley door with both hands full and realized that he might lose it on the way aft.

He went with swift but cautious steps along the lee of the forward house, emerged upon the open deck, and leaned against the gale, casting anxious glances toward the weather bulwarks, where drops and little pools of restless water were whipped into quick spurts of spray by the searching wind. The main hatch, covered with rough tarpaulin and raised two feet above the deck, gave surer footing than the slippery planking, and also provided safety from all but the heaviest water. He reached the end of this and stepped to the deck, hope rising higher every instant. But the sea had been balked long enough. The ship, miraculously dry for all these minutes, gave a sudden lurch to windward, a movement strange and unexpected, which switched the deck from under his feet and brought him down, still holding to his coffeepot, his plate of burgoo, and his coveted loaf of bread.

Brought by her sidewise movement

right under a stupendous wall of water, the ship did not have time to rise to it, and the sea came over, green from the bows to the break of the poop. The roaring flood caught the boy in its rush, and washed him like a chip toward the fife rail. He dropped his coffeepot and plate of burgoo and shot forth a desperate hand to find a grip, but the intolerable weight of water tore him loose and swept him aft, flung him from rail to rail, dashing him against the after hatch and the jigger fife rail and finally against the foot of the poop ladder, where the powerful hairy hand of the Mate swooped down and drew him out of the snarling water, heaved him up against his chest, and carried him to the poop, where he set him on his feet. The boy coughed and spluttered, shook the water from his eyes, and looked up at the Mate with a smile, his soaked and uneatable bread still clasped in his left hand. The heart of the Mate was touched, but he gave no sign of any emotion other than amusement.

'Are you wet?' he grinned.

The boy laughed, glanced at the disintegrating mass of stuff in his hand, and tossed it over the side.

Back in his room again, the boy sat on the sea chest, both elbows on the raised table flap, slowly munching a dry ship's biscuit, there being neither beef nor butter nor marmalade in his locker. He was tired and very hungry, and a little despondent, thinking of home and its comforts, of the sheltered life he had led before he came to sea, of his prosperous, genial father, his beloved mother. The dry biscuit became suddenly distasteful, and he tossed it listlessly into the bread kid.

There came to his ears a faint drumming sound of footsteps on deck, the door was suddenly wrenched open, and the bearded face of the Mate thrust inward.

'Here, boy!' he shouted, pushing a bundle across the table toward him. Then he slammed the door and was gone. The boy opened the bundle, which was wrapped in a clean towel, and found three cabin rolls, buttered, each one almost as big as the loaf he had lost, a pot of hot coffee with milk and sugar in it, and a slice of beautiful boiled ham. The manner in which he disposed of these delectable viands was, perhaps, as complimentary to the cook as to the Mate, but the cook certainly received no credit in the

boy's mind when his hunger was fully satisfied and he prepared to turn in.

Drifting ineffably on to that smooth and magical slope which leads downward to the wells of sleep, the sounds of the wind and the sea came to him refined and beautified. Other sounds were coming from the deck, voices and thumping of boots, and the shrill wailing cry of the dark-eyed boy, who had gone on watch:—

'Loose the fore tops'l.'

The wind must be going down, he thought; they were setting sail.

THE TRADING POST. II

Letters from a Primitive Land

BY HILDA WETHERILL

April 27

HERE's a conversation I have about twenty times a day:—

CUSTOMER. How much left?

I. Nothing left.

CUSTOMER. Really?

I. Really. Nothing left.

CUSTOMER. But I gave you fifty cents. Give me five cents' worth of raisins and five cents' worth of stick candy.

I. Really, you have nothing left. Coffee twenty-five cents, one orange five cents, one package of red dye ten cents, tobacco five cents, cigarette papers five cents. Nothing left. You know there is n't.

CUSTOMER. *Ya-de-la*. I forgot the tobacco. I put it in my pocket.

The women are the worst, and how they do rant and rave if they think they can make me believe they are short a

half dollar. They'll argue for hours, and it's often cheaper to give them the money outright than to have them go home angry and tell everyone they have been robbed.

Yesterday they came early and stayed late — almost all night, in fact. About 9.30 P.M. we drove the crowd out and made for bed. Ken was almost asleep, Betty was snoring, and I had reached the cold-cream stage when definitely, though faintly, I heard that blowy whistle a Navajo drives his horses with. He keeps up a continual noise of shooing, whistling, and 'Get up, there!' in English. I take it he thinks the white man has discovered a language the horse understands. Anyhow, I heard the freighters coming — two four-horse teams from Gallup.

I screwed the lid back on the cold-

cream jar; Ken got up and dressed. I put on a kimono and hunted frantically for strings to tie up my stockings. The teams came to the platform in front of our door and unloaded. All the savages came in again and stood around and impeded traffic as we carried flour, coffee, canned goods, oranges, tobacco, sugar, handkerchiefs for headbands, and corduroy pants. I checked the load and tried to understand the remarks they made about my appearance. Can you see the picture? Almost midnight, coal-oil lamps, piles of freight, savages, and the one woman present in a kimono and a pigtail.

We are having another plague of whiskey in the neighborhood. Someone among the Indians, and we suspect our own crack freighter, is selling whiskey. Many of our near-trusted stand-bys are prostrate — with headache. We have been unable to catch one of them with liquor, but its effects are evident enough. It's a case for the police, I think. I hope we can give them a scare — not the police; the bootleggers, you understand.

May 5

Perhaps I did not tell you about the cherry-red plush coat. It was full length, and that means to the ankles, red plush lined throughout with black sateen. There were five pockets. When my part of the work was finished the owner put five buttons made of half dollars on the front, seven or eight made of dimes on each sleeve, one on each lapel, and seven on the slit up the back that I had made so he could ride in the coat. It was gorgeous. The first day it was in his possession, he gambled and lost it. At once he came in and ordered another, but we were out of the plush and have never been able to get it.

May 18

I've just seen something that you'll hardly believe. I am doubting even

though I've seen it happen. A Navajo first aid — and I must say the doctor would probably have come too late.

The freighters who are going out tomorrow with wool for shipment are camped here for the night, and a boy about fifteen was putting twelve head of mules into the corral. One of the mules kicked the boy, one foot hitting his shoulder and the other the back of his head. If he had been an inch closer, he would have been killed. The boy's father, his grandfather, and Ken saw the kick and saw the boy drop. Ken, of course, started toward him, but the Indians stopped him. Old Utcity, the grandfather, and a big doctor himself, came into the store and called everyone inside. The boy's mother, who was cooking supper outside, came in with her two little tots and sat down on the floor; the father came in and stood with head bent and arms folded.

A doctor not related to the boy went out alone and down to the corral. I came into our room and looked out of the window, though Ken told me not to, because the others did n't, and he would n't.

With a little medicine bag in his hand, the medicine man walked slowly to the corral gate. There he stood for an hour, or five minutes, — one can't estimate time under such conditions, — and then he zigzagged into the corral, sprinkling medicine out of the bag. When he reached the boy, he took pinches of something out of the bag and dropped them on or around the boy. He made motions in the air as if he were driving something away. I think it was about ten minutes before he stooped down and helped the boy to his feet. The lad walked slowly and painfully about. The doctor followed him, making signs and pushing away something imaginary. They came out of the corral, went by the house, and disappeared over the hill.

The family went outside, but made no move to go near the boy. After a little the mother followed the boy, but came back almost at once. Ken walked around where he could see and saw the boy lying on the ground out of sight of the house. We waited and watched, and surely the Indians must have been doing the same, but there was not the least appearance of uneasiness or watchfulness on the surface.

After a little the boy moved into the hogan where his grandmother was staying because her sons-in-law were here, and if any son-in-law sees his mother-in-law they both go blind. I went out to speak to the old lady and take some oranges to the boy. He was lying by the fire with a shawl under his head. The next morning he was sore and aching, so the father got another Indian to drive his team and took the boy home.

During the treatment, neither boy nor doctor made a sound, and there was no emotion on the part of anyone except myself.

June 1

The amount of silver under our counter is diminishing rapidly. I wish the last piece were gone, but there's no possibility that that will happen. No, a large stock of silverware on hand does not mean that we are competing with Rogers '47 or with a later make. It means that at wool-shearing season most of the pawn is redeemed and taken away. This silver is the silver money that has been hammered into beads, belts, rings, bridles. It is an Indian security and one of the trader's greatest worries.

Every Indian owns at least one necklace of silver beads, with a crescent-shaped pendant — the arms of friendship, they call it — hung by the middle of the curve. Sometimes this is mounted with turquoise, sometimes it is plain.

On each side of the pendant plain silver beads and four-petaled squash blossoms alternate.

At any time an Indian can take off his beads, pass them across the counter, and say, 'Give me ten dollars in trade and keep my beads until shearing.' Perhaps each member of the family will do the same, and every other family, until the trader has dozens of strings of silver beads worth from fifteen dollars each to three or four times as much. It is no small responsibility to house this treasure, I assure you, and there's many a long argument as to just how much each piece is in for. At any time the owner may partly redeem his possessions or get more credit on them, and the difference between the successful trader and the failure lies in the pawning sense and the collecting ability.

It is very poor policy indeed for the trader to say to the Indian who has just sold his wool, 'I'll just credit your account with this money.' A Navajo will not forgive that. He wants to handle the money, and if he does not feel inclined to pay his honest debts, that is the trader's loss.

Sometimes an Indian will hand you the forty dollars you have just given him for a sack of wool, to redeem his silver bridle. Then he will pass the bridle back to the trader, pawn it for forty dollars, and trade the money out. Of course the trader does not want a silver bridle. It is no good to anyone but the Indian, and he wants it only once a year when he dresses up to go to the *Yabachi*, the harvest-home dance. At that time he comes to the trader, borrows the bridle for a week, if the trader will let him have it, and brings it back at the end of the week. The rest of the time it is hanging among the trader's white elephants under the counter.

Many a trader has been shot and his store burned because he lost pawn.

June 15

Every once in a while I have a feeling that this is n't I, and that all I am seeing is unreal. Do I actually see these Indians, the rough landscape with its crubby trees, its scant grass, its lizards and coyotes, its water holes and trails — trails everywhere, with horse, cow, and sheep tracks and moccasin prints; not a dwelling for miles at a time, and then often smoke, but no dwelling?

The hogans are dirt-covered and are an exact match for their surroundings. Unless one sees the blue smoke in the air, one is not likely to see the habitation at all. A real hogan is a work of art. It is domelike, with a smoke hole some three feet across at the top. As you stand on the inside, the structure seems to be a large inverted basket made of peeled poles. The outside is covered with dirt put on moist enough to pack and smooth over the surface so it will shed rain and not blow away in the high winds.

Even in the coldest weather the hogans are so warm that the family remove part of their clothes when they are going to stay inside for a time. The men wear what I call hogan pants. I have made many of them out of unbleached muslin, cretonne, or sateen. They are made like a sailor's trousers, but are slit up the side so the owner will have another place to sew silver buttons.

The basketlike interior of the hogan is soon smoke-stained and dark in color, but there is plenty of fresh air and sunshine coming through the smoke hole. Household utensils are few. The cooking things are put away, more or less clean, in a wooden box.

There is a great demand for the empty boxes the canned goods come in. I can appreciate the Indian need of the boxes, because that is my own style of furniture. A box is something rare and valuable. I was scolded by an indignant housewife for breaking one up to build

a fire. She said I should get dry wood and bark from the trees and save the boxes for my friends who needed them in their hogans. I feel corrected, and shall save the boxes from now on.

In houses where I sometimes call to see the progress of a blanket I am allowing credit on, or to see a sick baby, they keep a box for me to sit on. Once I sat on the skins on the floor with the Indians, and both of my feet went to sleep. I can't tell you their word for that condition, but they understood what had happened, and ever since have been very good about keeping a box for me. They will say, 'Come over to our house and sit on your small square box to-day,' or 'Give me a box. Your old box is broken and there is no box for you at my house.' When they say that, it seems that I should give them a box; otherwise a box is ten cents.

All the small crevices between the poles of the hogan are shelves and hiding places to tuck things away. The rough knots are to hang things on, and the weaver's loom is supported by the overhead poles. In nice weather the weaving is moved out to a summer shelter of green boughs.

Of all places, a hogan was never designed to walk about in. You come in and sit down at once, because as long as you stand the smoke circles about the room, and when you sit down it ascends in a straight column to the smoke hole. You need to have your eyes full of this cedar and piñon smoke but once to make you feel that blindness is upon you.

July 23

Our Old Lady and two of her daughters arrived to call and to return the beads, bracelets, and medicine basket that they borrowed for their big sing. The Old Lady herself was the star performer. Such a sing is a curative or healing ceremony and is more interesting than the call.

The ceremony begins with a sand painting. I went early and found the high and mighty medicine man, a stranger to us, arranging a cushion of green boughs and ripe grass. When he had finished that he made a big suds of yucca root in a basket. This he placed before the boughs and sprinkled both with powdered leaves of some sort. All the time he was singing, and other singers with rattles sang with him.

Now the Old Lady took off her shirt and moccasins and knelt on the green boughs. The doctor or medicine man took down her hair, took off her beads, wet her head, and then washed her beads while she washed her hair. He poured the rinse water over her head. Never before had I seen an Indian man make himself useful to a woman in the least degree.

When her head was washed, he washed her feet and sprinkled her back, and I began to think he was going to help her off with the only skirt she had on; but three women came in and held robes to make a screen while the Old Lady finished her bath to the music the singers kept up.

After the bath, they told me there would be nothing more to see for a time and I could go home and come back about noon. I did. It was when I returned at noon that I saw the sand painting. It was so large there was barely room to sit one deep around the walls of the hogan.

It was done in black, white, red, blue, and yellow sand, and was beautiful beyond anything I had expected. The design was four stalks of corn, representing the corn god, with ears and silk on each. On the top of each stalk was a square head with arms and hands, one hand holding a large ear of corn and the other a ball. On each top corner of the head there was a tassel and on top of each tassel a bird, and a good bird he was, too. Around the foot and two sides

of the whole was a framelike stripe with corner posts of turkey and eagle feathers. Every line of the entire picture was clear and perfect.

At one side the Old Lady sat on a pile of new calico, covered with a buckskin. She was sans shirt and shoes. While the chorus kept up a steady number, the doctor painted her. A dazzling sight, I assure you.

The colors were mixed very thin and smooth by rubbing the little balls of colored clay on smooth, flat stones, dipping the clay balls in water, and rubbing again. When all was mixed, the doctor touched the white paint with his two forefingers, and, singing high and shrill all the while and keeping time with his painting, he made a double row of poll dots down each arm, then hit or missed over her back and down the front. He duplicated the performance with blue paint and then with yellow, until the woman was only a pleasing background of brown skin showing.

Still using the two paint fingers, I drew a black line straight across her face through the eyebrows. Her face above this he made a dead white. From the black line down to and including her upper lip he made a solid yellow; her face below this and about half her neck he painted black. No one could possibly have recognized my dear and respected neighbor. Her beautiful black hair was wet and dangling and had bits of herb sprinkled through it.

All this was hard work for the doctor. He weighed two hundred and twenty-five, and was stooping and singing constantly. The perspiration dripped from his face, and his plush shirt showed dark, wet areas.

It seemed to me there was not much more the old fellow could do in the way of decorating the Old Lady, but he knew something else. He moved her paint stone down to her feet; still chanting gustily, he squatted on his heels

nd, dipping small feather brushes in the paints, he made a snake on each foot. The heads in white, with black mouth, nose, and eyes, were on each great toe nail; the white zigzag angles of the bodies ran halfway up the shin bone. Her skirt was folded back barely enough to allow for the painting.

When all was finished, no one could have called her naked; she was actually the most covered-up person I ever looked at. Comical! I wanted to both laugh and weep. My poor dignified Old Lady — and everyone so sober!

While all this was being done, an assistant had been covering a ten-year-old boy with black and white polka dots. It seemed he was being taught the ceremony.

The decorated ones were now seated in the middle of the picture, where the doctor waved feathers, shells, sticks, and all sorts of jimcracks over them, and finally tied a bunch of feathers like a toy duster to the Old Lady's topknot. She looked rakish as anything, with all that paint she was wearing. Then he took two little boards with gods painted on them, and, clapping her between them, he twisted her body to the right and then to the left, all the time making a sort of trilling noise that almost wrecked my gravity. He did that with every doodad he had in his pack, and then went over the lot again.

She sat with her legs straight out in front of her, and he placed boards at the soles of her feet and then gave each foot a little kick; with a trill he brought feather dusters down on her head; finally he put around her neck a necklace of dried and braided corn husk and bracelets of the same on her arms. After he had done everything anyone could possibly think of, he sent the two painted ones out. Then he put the handle of the feather-duster affair in his mouth, took a bunch of eagle feathers in one hand, and blew the whistle in the

handle of the duster as he dragged the feathers down a line of the painting. In this way he went down each cornstalk and around the border.

This being finished, a robe was spread down in the middle of the floor, and the two patients — victims would be a better word — were called back. A basket of corn meal, with a pattern in medicine drawn on top, was set before them. The doctor took a pinch about as big as an egg and shoved it into the Old Lady's mouth. Somehow she managed to down it in time for the next. After that, she and the boy helped themselves for a little, and that act was over.

They asked me to have some of the corn meal and I tasted it. No salt! How they ever swallowed it I don't see.

It requires a specialist and an artist to do what that M.D. did. No common doctor could have made the sand painting; his ease and confidence were wonderful. The sand used is from the different sand rocks of the Painted Desert formation we have around here. The black is charcoal. All the colors are ground fine on stone mills. The material he used to paint the Old Lady was the same, mixed with water to about the consistency of putty. The water used was dropped from a turtle shell.

In making the painting the sand is held in the closed fist and allowed to dribble in a thin stream between the thumb and forefinger. There may be some three or four colors in less than a half inch, but all the lines are true and not in the least blurred. I understand that every inch of color has its own proper place. The doctor had several assistants, but if anyone made the least mistake, he corrected it. Of course his only design is in his memory.

August 5

About five yesterday afternoon a messenger came bringing several things that did not add to my happiness.

One was a reminder that a note at the bank is overdue. 'Please give this your immediate attention.' We are borrowing money to pay on a farm we are buying — in a country where there is more water than there is in a well.

March 30

I never supposed I should be so calm in a smallpox epidemic. It has come upon us suddenly, and almost immediately dozens have died. The Indians come to the store with their bodies covered; they lie down on the floor beside the stove sick as can be, and we have such a time getting them to go home. It's raw and cold and wet outside, and our stove is red-hot inside. May you never know the odor of drying clothes, none-too-clean bodies, and the disease.

It's not the least use for us to be careful; the disease is everywhere. Of course, when a medicine man treats anyone, a crowd comes to the ceremony and the disease is spread more effectively. This morning I shook hands with a man who had pox sores all over his body, face, and hands, but I did not notice them until I felt the roughness of his hand. He said two of his children were dead and all the others in the hogan sick, and he had had to come for food. Of course there was nothing to do but take his money and pawn his beads, which must have had enough germs on them to kill the nation. Such things are of daily occurrence.

Vaccination has been explained to the Indians, and they go willingly to be vaccinated; but the roads are bad and the ponies poor and thin, so I offered to vaccinate here if the vaccine could be sent. I have had about twenty cases and expect more vaccine in a few days.

Among the first to die was our Old Lady — the finest woman and the best weaver in the whole countryside. I have never known a more perfect mother and housewife. She was a most

competent head of the family, a counselor and guide to every man, woman and child. The order she kept among some ten or more children, her own and her grandchildren, was beautiful to see. Already the household shows the absence of her managing hand. None of the children has been washed or combed since the Old Lady's death. Her father came to me after she was buried and said, 'My daughter is gone. Her children will be hungry. She called you her child, so you must not forget her babies.'

Very touching. They really believe they have a claim on me because I always walked to her hogan when I walked out at all, and I called her 'mother.' Now I am expected to feed and clothe the whole family.

In the midst of the death and disaster came Clizy do elizy (Blue Goat), full of distress because his black stallion was in awful danger of dying. Someone or some destructive devil had cut a part of the hair from the black stallion's tail so that, instead of the full flowing ornament that almost touched the ground, the long black hairs hung in two spikes. This, somehow, was the worst kind of tragedy, and the whole family was in distress; even two of the children who have smallpox cried because the black stallion was bewitched and would surely die. . . .

I expect more vaccine to-morrow and have sent word to the Little Bidoni family to come. They are a very intelligent and superior household, with several small children.

The name 'Little Bidoni' we gave him because his own name is hard to say and harder to write. Bidoni means son-in-law. His name is Somebody's Son-in-law. It's the 'Somebody' I can't say or spell.

March 31

Another day. Only two deaths reported. The condition is worst, worse

near, around the government post. Almost everyone everywhere has had the disease, however, and there is scarcely a smooth skin left on the Reservation.

April 1

Night again. It has been a hectic day. I've held the hands of four small poxy Injuns when they came to tell me of a death in their hogan and put out their hands for a sympathetic grip. When they shake hands, they hold for several minutes. What could I do but console them in their way? I'm covered with smallpox germs. One woman, who was covered with sores, laid her head on my shoulder and leaned against me. Her husband died last night. What use precautions?

The Little Bidoni came this afternoon with his two wives and five small children. The smallest, a boy about four years old, had never been to a store before, his father told us. The others, one girl and three boys, were all shy and sweet and so unusually well dressed. They all had on silver belts and beads. The little girl, who was about fourteen, must have had on six pounds of silver, including lovely blue turquoise ear loops of fine beads which announce she is of marriageable age.

My apparatus and technique for vaccination consist of soap and water to wash a clean spot on the arm, then the scraping of a small area, and the rubbing in of a small drop of vaccine.

In this instance Ken and the Little Bidoni stood leaning against the high counter in the store while I arranged my things on the counter. The Little Bidoni stood where he could see the members of his family being vaccinated, but he did not show a wrinkle of anxiety. The children and the two wives as vaccinated them never for a moment took their eyes from the Little Bidoni's face; he gave them very quiet, straight looks, but seemed to be taken up with

the conversation which he and Ken carried on by unspoken agreement.

KEN. You have a large and handsome family, my friend.

LITTLE BIDONI. Oh yes. I am happy that you say so. My family is happy at the hogans.

KEN. Your girl is very beautiful. She is quiet and well behaved like her mother, who makes the fine blankets.

LITTLE BIDONI. Yes, you are right. My daughter is a good girl. She owns many sheep and is going to be wise like her mother.

KEN. My friend, your boys are all brave and strong.

LITTLE BIDONI. *La-a-a*, my brother. My sons, as you see, are all brave. Not one would flinch from any small pain.

Just here I was vaccinating the four-year-old boy. He was white as a brown-skin could be, but made no sound or movement.

KEN. You speak truly. Your sons are all brave and unafraid. Please allow my wife, who likes all brave boys, to fill a bag with candy for each of your children who is here to-day.

April 30

Back home again from what might be called a pilgrimage. Our nearest government doctor ran out of vaccine. We simply had to have some, so I started to the railroad for it.

How did I go? Don't ask me. I have a sinking feeling whenever I think of that seven days. A circuit of one hundred and seventy-five miles, with a Navajo team and the Navajo! Snow! Drifts! Mud! Slow travel!

I did not suppose anything in this world would justify to me whipping a horse, but that Navajo team was the most aggravating thing that ever existed. As I left here at 4 A.M. Ken said, 'Don't let him drive hard until afternoon. Take it easy until the horses get strung out.'

Don't let him drive hard! By whipping, yelling, and slashing we could get that team to trot — downhill — never otherwise. If for two minutes the driver stopped his belaboring, they stopped. He would stand up, lean over the dashboard, and lash with all his might, and the horses would walk slowly out of the road and come to a dead standstill; he'd pull on the line to turn them back and they'd twist their necks, open their mouths, and stand there. Several times he had to get out and slash them around the legs and shoo them back into the road as he would an old cow.

The wonder to me was that not once did that Indian appear to lose his temper; he did n't seem to think he was passing through anything unusual. For a while I was fairly sick with the whipping, and then I regretted I had n't brought a pitchfork.

At noon we stopped at a water hole, fed those beasts, and ate our own lunch. One horse would not eat corn, had never learned to like it. Many Indian ponies will not eat grain of any kind, even when they are starving. At first I thought the horse was worn out and too tired to eat, and I began to feel remorse for wanting that pitchfork; but when the Indian tried to catch the brute to hitch up — and the beast was hobbled, too — I got over my pity and remorse.

We got under way again with twenty miles, mostly upgrade, to go. I can't tell you about the first eleven miles. Sometimes I think I am still traveling that road and always shall be. It was endless. When nine miles from the post office, our destination the first day, we came into the Keams Cañon road. For five miles that led across a wide valley. Five miles of mud and melting snow! Hard footing for any team — but for that one! It's a wonder I have any disposition left. We crept and slid and staggered so slowly that when we stopped, as we often did, it would be

several seconds before I realized we were standing still. It was sundown. Still miles of mud ahead of us, and the horses done out. A cold night was coming and I began to wonder if I could make it the rest of the way on foot in the moonlight. Again I thought it would be better to wait until the mud began to freeze and we could travel better.

I had not decided when the mail from Keams, two men in a light rig, passed us. They stopped when they could look back into our top buggy and see the passengers were not all Indians. One of the men insisted that he and I change seats so I could get to the stopping place before night. I agreed, and waded in mud over my shoe tops to make the change. Away I went, rejoicing to have mud splattered on me by a real live team.

My Indian got in at ten o'clock, his passenger an hour earlier, because he got out and walked.

It snowed that night and we had a blizzard for the next two days. The road to the railroad was so bad that everyone advised me not to try it. Finally one of the men at the post office volunteered to go, and I let him. Hoping the road would be better, my Navajo and I came back by Nozlin and Chin Lee. It was a little farther but there were two places to stop instead of one.

So ended my travels. I vowed I'd not go out again until I could go in an airship. Ken expects to go week after next with our own team. The road will be better, if it does not storm.

May 19

When I opened the mail sack brought in by the freight teams of Sendol zhi there was the usual roll of photogravure sheets which Mother sends us from the *New York Journal*. These bring the war nearer than anything else we have

unless it is the food question, but the food in a beef-and-mutton-eating country never is so much of a problem as it is elsewhere, I imagine.

The brown sheet shows photographs of the crowds in Paris, the streets jammed, soldiers marching, flags everywhere.

The page is always immediately spread out on the counter, and as many Indians as can get near crowd around and look and ask questions. They point and marvel. I marvel, too, at the real intelligence with which they study the pictures. Not one of them has ever been farther from the Reservation than the railroad towns a hundred miles to the south and east, but of course they recognize the buildings. They count the stories and the windows and guess that a particular building would be as high as such and such a rock or bluff. They recognize cars and automobiles and identify soldiers by the uniforms, and they count all of them.

One day when they despaired of counting so many people as there were in the picture of massed crowds, one took a soda-pop bottle, borrowed my pencil, and drew circles all over the sheet. Then they counted the people in each circle and asked me to add the numbers. After that they estimated that there were four persons in each space not included in the circles and I added those numbers. It came to several thousand and they repeated the figure all day, trying to grasp the magnitude of it in people. They speculated on how many sheep and horses all the Navajos owned, and the number of people was greater than the number of animals. At last they decided the stars were the only thing as numerous, or maybe the grass.

The army planes in a picture were flying in a formation like a flock of wild geese. The Indians asked if they would come down at the water holes. They

could n't get away from the idea that things that flew had bird habits even if men did ride in them.

In a few days the brown sheets are worn to rags; every inch has been pawed over and discussed. Always questions follow: How many white people left? Pretty soon, maybe so, Navajos will be the only people left. When all the white men are dead, what will the white women do?

You should have heard one old medicine man rave because there was no more free tobacco in the bowl on our counter. We explained that the soldiers had to have the cigarettes. That did not convince the old fellow that he should not have any.

Another old Indian wants the barbed wire when the war is done. He will use it to fence his desert water hole. He looks at the pictures and says they don't seem to know how to make a good fence over there, so he will take enough to surround a bit of grass for pasture. They seem to have so much tangled up and going to waste over there!

A picture of a long line of ambulances and hospital interiors impressed all the Indians. One asked if their mothers knew when the soldiers were hurt, and who would and how could they bury the dead where there were no quiet out-of-sight places.

One studied the picture for a long time and said soberly, 'Much weeping. All the women will cry.'

June 4

News! The Navajo men must go to the Fort to register. Great excitement! Some most unwise and shortsighted trader has spread the tale that the registered Indians are to be compelled to go to war and will be put in the front and shot first to save the white men.

This morning a strange Indian came into the store and bought every rifle cartridge we had for the 30-30 carbines,

the most used gun with the Indians. Ken says I should not have sold him the cartridges, but the Indian could see we had them. Somehow I did not want him to know I was afraid to sell them to him, so I asked if the coyotes were getting his sheep and he said yes.

I am not going to worry. Ken says he thinks the old men can keep the young hot-heads quiet. He has invited them to meet here any time to talk things over among themselves. He thinks they had better be here where we can feed them than to get excited on an empty stomach and do something rash.

June 11

Another week gone, and all the men of fighting age are registered. Every day the talk goes on. The plan is this: When the first sign of an order comes for the Indians to leave the Reservation, the Indians around each store are to kill the trader and his family and burn the store. The pawn is to be saved and returned to the owners, and the supplies saved, if possible, for the Indians' use. They will all rise and act on the same day. When the stores are burned — and please note that they have figured they can use clubs at the stores and save their ammunition — they will all march on the railroad towns and fire and kill as long as they can. They know the white soldiers and guns are all across the sea, so the Indians think they can destroy many towns before anyone can stop them.

How like paradise our ranch would be now. No one can say we haven't earned it. If this war leaves us alive to get to it, I hope I never see, hear, or smell an Indian again. I must be tired. Likely I won't feel that way to-morrow.

June 29

A week ago Ken listened, by invitation, to the Indian powwow held here. About a hundred and twenty-five

Indians sat on the shady slope by the camp hogan, ate doughnuts and coffee and smoked cigarettes; and then one and another, and another talked. They kept it up all day. For the first time I realized where the Indians got their reputation of being serious and unsmiling. The sun went down, and the moon — what there was of it — came up, and still they talked. I was tired out and ready to drop. About midnight I went to bed and tried to sleep.

I think I had dozed off when the most bloodcurdling uproar brought me to my feet in the middle of the floor. Horses were clattering over the trail, quirts were slashing and saddles squeaking — note how thin the walls of this house are. At last I distinguished Ken's voice in the farewells, and I let my breath out.

Next the Navajos' riding song floated through the night. We had n't heard that for weeks, — not since the men went to the Fort to be registered, — and how beautiful, how perfectly uplifting it sounded.

I was almost in tears before Ken could tell me what had happened. After he had told me, I could not decide whether to weep for joy or for apprehension, so I did neither, but went to sleep and slept all night — or what was left of it.

It was just like Ken to think of the solution that would suit the would-be warriors, but might not please other white men.

As I said, first one and then another talked. The young men were for organizing a massacre and killing as many whites as they could before soldiers could be brought in. Some eighteen thousand fighting men had registered, and they had bought all the ammunition on the Reservation. Killing the whites on the Reservation would have been no job at all; they would scarcely be in good training by the time they

eached the towns. They knew all that only too well.

The older men could remember Kit Carson and his scouts, and they did not want trouble. The young fellows answered with the story that the Indians were to be sent across the sea and put in the first lines and killed first.

Toward midnight they asked Ken to talk, and with nothing but his own conviction to go on he made several serious promises.

At one time the Mexicans owned his land where the Navajos are now, and quarrels over land are within the memory of all and the experience of many.

Ken told his audience that if the Indians were called to fight it would be to protect their own hogans, their own families, and their own wide valleys from the Mexicans. He told them that if they were called for that purpose Washington would see that they were made soldiers and provided with all they needed. He told them that if they were called off the Reservation he would go with them and lead them.

It was what they wanted to believe, and they believed it. Since, they have been getting their herds in shape as any white man would if he expected to leave home; they have bought such things as heavy shoes, saying moccasins would not do for long marches. Old men and all want to start south to meet the Mexicans.

We were afraid a report of Ken's words would reach the Agency before our letter. If the Agent contradicted the report — we should n't be making any more speeches about war policy or anything else.

We got our letter off to the Agent by special messenger, but felt none too comfortable while we waited four days for the answer. When it came it was hearty approval of what Ken had done.

We admit to ourselves that what Ken did probably averted a massacre, but at best the situation now is a doubtful joke. Ken might have to make good on some of his promises.

July 9

Do you know, I believe I am the only woman in the Allied countries who is not knitting, and I don't so much as own a needle. And I don't know how to knit. The Red Cross centres you speak of — the nearest one is a hundred and fifty miles or thereabouts from me. I feel guilty. Perhaps it will count for something that I have handled so much of the wool before it becomes yarn.

November 6

Packing to move your earthly goods in one small camp wagon is something of a job. We nailed up a few boxes and sent them out by the freight teams yesterday. When we start we shall take only a camp outfit. We are to go over a pass that is three full hard days north of us.

Our successor is at the store and is in control, and we are so glad and relieved to be able to give our whole time to packing and getting away. Almost four years we've been here. In all my life I have never put in a more colorful period. I feel as if I were returning home after a long journey in a foreign land. I am glad I went and glad to be home again. The new life will be interesting too.

November 12

Armistice! The whole world happy, and we did not know it until twenty-four hours after. No need to fight Mexicans! Nothing to do but hurry to those green fields and grow food.

And I don't need to learn to knit.

Yours,

H.

FOR SLEEP

THERE is no way with sleep but to die each night —
Drop like a drowning swimmer in the flow
Of heavy waters crushing out the light,
Closing above a last thin watery glow.

Unfearing and unhoping, you must ride
The lonely current of a nameless stream
That bears you onward toward its ocean's tide
With weight of waters heavier than dream;

And down beyond the world at last you will sink
Deeper than time, and where all time is vain;
And in the abode of sleep, as beyond the brink
Of death, give up the body and the brain;

Knowing you cannot wake, nor any sound
Trouble your silence like a distant bell;
Knowing that nothingness will close you round,
And in its still embrace you will fare well.

BERNICE KENYON

THE ENERGY OF STARLIGHT

BY A. VIBERT DOUGLAS

I

THE development of science presents a dual aspect. When it is regarded, as it were, microscopically, the mind is staggered by the vision of ever-growing complexity, greater and greater diversity, whether it be of stars or stones, men or microbes, molecules or atoms — new types, new species, new affinities, new isotopes. Regarded macroscopically, however, very different is the prospect it affords — the vision of all-embracing natural law, a great underlying unity gradually disclosing itself, the intrinsic harmony of all things. This is the vision all-compelling, the vision which sends the man of science on a lifelong quest as sacred as that of the Holy Grail — the quest of Truth. And in the reality of this vision his faith is unwavering and undaunted. All faith is dynamic, and to this vital faith of men of science that there exists ultimate order in the universe Professor A. N. Whitehead has ascribed the rescue of Western thought in the later Middle Ages from the futility of 'unbridled rationalism.'

In no branch of science is this gradually emerging unity more evident than in the realm of physics. Five or six hundred years before the beginning of the Christian Era we find the Greek philosophers experimenting and speculating upon the phenomena of mechanics, sound, heat, light, electricity, and magnetism. Each of these was at first an entirely separate and distinct branch of knowledge, no connecting

links being apparent. Archimedes investigated the laws of mechanical advantage and buoyancy; Pythagoras studied sound, discovering a relation between the length of a stretched string and the note which it would produce when caused to vibrate; Hero of Alexandria probed some of the mysteries of heat; Thales, in 600 B.C., knew something of the manifestations of electrostatics and of magnetism, but to him they were phenomena unrelated in any way; Aristotle, about 350 B.C., and five hundred years later Ptolemy of Alexandria, recorded their observations on the behavior of light, but of its true nature and its kinship to the phenomena studied by Thales and Hero even Ptolemy knew nothing.

Our picture is thus of six streamlets of knowledge having their beginnings in the far-distant past, each growing in breadth and depth as the centuries rolled by. But not the inspired vision of even the greatest thinkers of early times could foresee that these streams would prove to be tributaries of one mighty river — the vast, deep, broad river of energy.

The first confluence took place almost imperceptibly with the gradual realization that sound was essentially a mechanical phenomenon, produced by mechanical means and in itself a pulsation of material particles. Thus two of the streamlets had merged their waters before the time of Galileo and Newton. The momentous contributions to knowledge made by these two giants among the great thinkers of all time

swelled this stream during the seventeenth century until it became a rushing torrent.

The other streamlets, meanwhile, grew each to the proportions of a river, but each maintained its individuality until the nineteenth century. With the discoveries of Coulomb, Volta, Gauss, Oersted, Ampère, Ohm, and the great Faraday, the rivers of knowledge regarding the phenomena of electricity and magnetism became merged into one, the river of electromagnetic energy. Contemporaneous with Faraday, Carnot and Joule were establishing the relation between mechanical energy and heat, and so another mingling of waters was accomplished and the comprehensive river of mechanical energy flowed on toward the present century, to be augmented from within by the work of Helmholtz, Clausius, Kelvin, Boltzmann, Gibbs, and Planck.

But what of the river of light? 'Light, the prime work of God,' as Milton has written; light, to this day the chief marvel and mystery to the natural philosopher. The stream of light grew into a river during the lifetime of Newton and Huygens. Its volume increased with the investigations of Fraunhofer, Fresnel, Foucault, and Kirchhoff, but it was the mathematical researches of James Clerk Maxwell about 1875 that brought about the union of the river of light with the great river of electromagnetic energy. The Maxwellian electromagnetic theory of light at once led men of science to search for a radiation akin to light but invisible and of very great wave length. The infectious enthusiasm and pioneer researches of Sir Oliver Lodge stimulated many to the search, but to Hertz in 1888 fell the lot of first detecting the 'wireless' waves. Gradually it was realized that to the same category of electromagnetic waves or vibrations belonged the heat

rays, much shorter in wave length than the Hertzian waves, but longer than those of visible light. Thus, too, the mysterious X-rays of Röntgen found their true place among the electromagnetic waves shorter than light, shorter even than the invisible ultra-violet light whose chemical activity is so great.

Thus the great river of mechanical energy mingles its waters with those of the great river of electromagnetic energy, and even as the waters swirl together new knowledge regarding the energy of matter itself springs suddenly forth in astounding abundance to increase the already swollen river. The momentous discovery by Sir J. J. Thomson of the electron, the ultimate charge of negative electricity and the smallest known particle of matter, closed the century. Following up the work of Becquerel and the Curies in radioactivity, the present century saw the birth of Rutherford's nuclear theory of the atom and his discovery that the electron and the proton, or the ultimate positive charge of electricity, are the two building bricks of all the elements of which matter is composed. On Rutherford's experiments arose Bohr's theory of the atom, which supplied for the first time a picture of the mechanism within the atom which permits of the emission of electromagnetic energy as X-rays, light, or some other form. The culminating step in this conception that there is one great entity, energy, which can manifest itself in many forms, was taken by Lorentz and by Einstein independently when they propounded the relation which links matter with energy. Matter itself, or, to think of its ultimate constituents, the proton and the electron — these are tremendous concentrations of the fundamental entity of the universe, energy. Not that this is available energy — the secret of the

concentration of energy whereby matter is created and the secret of the annihilation of matter whereby its energy is dissipated into space are held tightly by Nature beyond the grasp of man. Sometime and somewhere in the space-time universe this transformation has taken place and matter has come into existence. Man can alter its form to a limited extent by bringing about chemical and physical change, but he cannot as yet make or unmake matter.

II

After contemplating this mysterious fundamental entity, energy, manifesting itself in so many ways, whether bound as in matter or freely transformable as from light to heat, from heat to mechanical energy, to electrical or chemical or any other of the well-recognized forms, the question naturally presents itself, Whence comes all this terrestrial energy with which we are familiar? The earth beneath our feet, the air we breathe, and our bodies themselves are tremendous concentrations of energy. Whence comes it? And the answer is — star dust. Our earth was once a portion of the surface material of the sun, and our sun is just a star among the stars of a great galaxy of many millions, a quite typical star in most respects, neither one of the largest nor one of the smallest, neither one of the hottest nor yet the coolest. A chance fragment of a great star is our planet; and man, as far as his physical framework is concerned, being 'of the earth, earthy,' is therefore of the stars, starry, or, rewriting a famous line of the great poet, 'We are such stuff as stars are made on.'

When we seek the source of the unbound energy of the earth we find that some of it — its gravitational energy and a very small amount of its heat — is within it; but the energy which

maintains the surface temperature of the earth at a reasonable degree of warmth, the energy which makes possible the existence of life upon the earth, life vegetable, life animal, the life of man — all this energy comes from without. It is brought to the earth in the sunlight and in the starlight; but, since the latter term in its fullest sense includes the former, we may simply and with absolute accuracy say, Of star dust are we made, and by starlight we live.¹

If astronomy be the study of the stars, astrophysics may be said to be the study of starlight. Whereas the former is the oldest of the sciences, the latter is one of the youngest, yet in the few-score years that have elapsed since the birth of astrophysics man's knowledge of the universe has expanded many fold, so almost overwhelming have been the revelations resulting from the study of the energy of starlight.

One never ceases to marvel at the achievements of the early astronomers. They mapped the heavens; they recognized that the stars are the time-keepers; that their positions give us our sense of direction; that the seven celestial bodies — the sun, moon, and five naked-eye planets — which wander across the background of the 'fixed' stars move with an ordered precision which they could foresee though they could not explain. But, because they knew not the real significance of energy, they could read in the starlight only its most obvious message.

Aristotle gave his support to the doctrine that all things terrestrial were made up of four constituents, — earth, air, fire, and water, — whereas the celestial bodies were composed of a fifth substance, the perfect immutable

¹The writer acknowledges indebtedness to Dr. A. Wilmer Duff for the idea of the river of energy developed above and to Dr. E. B. Frost for the metaphor 'star dust' as here employed.

substance; and hence, unlike the earth, the heavenly bodies remained forever unchanged. No room is here for a study of the energy of starlight, for to recognize an outflow of energy presupposes change in the radiating body. Thus the minds of men had to be freed from the shackles of this Aristotelian fallacy before the science of astrophysics could come into being. This liberation was not achieved for seventeen centuries, and then it was Galileo who severed the chains once and for all by turning his pioneer telescope upon the sun and finding there every evidence of change — change in its surface brightness, dark areas whose shapes and positions altered from day to day. By this and other evidence he proved the universality of the law of change.

There remained now no obstacle to the study of starlight as energy save only the very essential fact that the means of analyzing light was still unknown. The discovery of the prismatic separation of light into its constituent rays was one of the many achievements of Sir Isaac Newton. If a ray of starlight be made to traverse a glass prism, it emerges not as one ray but as many; the composite starlight is analyzed, and each ray corresponding to a different energy value is set out in order, so that it can be studied apart from the others; and, what is quite as important, if the incoming starlight is lacking in some of the full range of expected energy values, their absence becomes at once apparent.

The road was now paved for the birth of astrophysics, and the investigations of Fraunhofer and Kirchhoff into the spectra of starlight mark the beginning of this new branch of science.

III

When the light of a star is viewed through a spectroscope attached to a telescope, a band of colored light is

seen, the sequence of rainbow colors, but crossed at intervals by dark lines. Instead of merely looking at this spectrum, a photograph of it may be taken, and thus a permanent record is obtained which may be studied under the microscope. In this way precise measurements may be made of the wave lengths of those missing radiations in the stellar spectra. Now these dark lines in the spectrum are the hieroglyphics which hold the message of starlight, and the corresponding measurements of wave lengths are the code by means of which these hieroglyphics may be interpreted.

It is well known to the physicist that the atoms of every element can be identified by the distinctive radiations which they can emit or absorb according to the conditions of temperature and pressure under which the experiments are carried out. When the distinctive wave lengths of, let us say, the hydrogen atoms are found to agree precisely with a set of the dark lines in a stellar spectrum, the conclusion is obvious and unavoidable — hydrogen is not exclusively a terrestrial element, it is a constituent of every star, it is one of the essential building bricks of the material universe. So too carbon, nitrogen, calcium, iron, silicon, and, indeed, most of the elements of terrestrial occurrence, have added their hieroglyphics to the stellar spectra. Not only do the elements impress upon the starlight the record of their identity, but also of the conditions of temperature and pressure under which they are radiating or absorbing energy. The temperatures of stellar atmospheres are found to vary from about two thousand degrees Centigrade for the cool reddish stars to over twenty thousand degrees for the hot giant stars of bluish hue. This is read directly in the message of the starlight, but to form a picture of the conditions

at the *centre* of a star is another matter. All the courage and all the insight of the mathematician are here required to reason from known surface conditions to the unknown central conditions. 'Our object in diving into the interior,' writes Professor Eddington, 'is not merely to admire a fantastic world with conditions transcending ordinary experience; it is to get at the inner mechanism which makes stars behave as they do.'

The starlight contains some valuable information regarding the motion of the star. Just as the whistle of an approaching locomotive is shrill, suddenly becoming deeper as the engine speeds away, so the hieroglyphics are displaced slightly toward the violet end of the spectrum if the star is approaching and toward the red or longer wave lengths if the star is receding. Much of what is known regarding the motions of the stars in space is learned in this way. These motions are sometimes very large, a velocity of one hundred kilometres per second being not uncommon, yet so vast are the distances between stars that 'speeding' is not a public danger! Even a 'runaway star' traveling one thousand kilometres per second would speed on through empty space for many millions of years before approaching so closely to any other star as to cause apprehension or consternation in the star world. The stars are no more crowded together than would be four or five little minnows were they the sole inhabitants of the Atlantic Ocean.

IV

Whence comes the energy of starlight? This has been one of the puzzling questions to which one answer after another has been given, only to be rejected as insufficient. Kelvin suggested a gradual contraction of the star; then radioactivity seemed to offer

a solution; more recently the slow synthesis of the elements was regarded as the source of energy — hydrogen atoms in the stellar crucibles being so locked together in mutual embrace as to be transmuted into the successively more complex elements of increasing atomic weight, a process accompanied by a liberation of electromagnetic energy. But now a new and yet more startling theory holds the field, championed by some, doubted by some, unproven but not disproven — the theory of the spontaneous annihilation of matter within a star. Reference has already been made to the Lorentz-Einstein hypothesis of the intrinsic oneness of matter and energy. It is not inconceivable, then, that under the extraordinary conditions existing deep down within a star the ultimate particles of matter, proton and electron, might so collide that each unkinked the other's energy, thus producing their mutual annihilation as matter, or, expressed otherwise, thus bringing about the physical degradation of the energy of matter to the energy of radiation.

Perhaps this is the true explanation of the seemingly inexhaustible store of energy poured out continuously into space from every star that shines in the heavens. To consider just one typical star, our own sun is radiating energy equivalent to the annihilation of four million tons of its mass every second, and has been radiating thus for a million million years if we are justified in assuming that it was once as massive a star as Sirius. But, vast as is the store of stellar energy, it is not limitless. Professor Whitehead paints a majestic but a solemn picture of the universe 'passing with a slowness, inconceivable in our measures of time, to new creative conditions, amid which the physical world, as we at present know it, will be represented by a ripple barely to be distinguished from non-entity.'

'Degradation of energy, yet conservation,' is the summing up of the whole matter by the physicist; 'physically wasting, yet spiritually ascending,' is the dictum of the philosopher.

That the processes of nature are irrevocably proceeding toward a lowest ebb is a thought intolerable to some types of mind. In spite of the fact that there is no supporting evidence, there are those who would believe that somehow and somewhere radiant energy — the energy of starlight — is being re-formed into protons and electrons, these aggregating into atoms, the atoms forming nebulae which condense into stars whose matter gradually becomes transformed again into radiant energy. Thus the whole order of nature becomes one vast cycle indefinitely repeated.

V

It would be difficult to overestimate the influence which astronomy has had upon the human mind. From the geocentric standpoint of pre-Copernican days to the heliocentric point of view was a tremendous advance and involved a revolution of thought of far-reaching consequences. But the study of starlight has not left us there; it has forced upon mankind the realization that, though the sun is the centre of the solar system, it is not the centre of the universe. Our glorious sun is but one of the lesser stars in a galaxy of a thousand million; and far out in space beyond our galaxy are the spiral nebulae to the certain number of many million, and the probable number of a thousand billion² — and each spiral nebula is a galaxy of myriad stars!

Where is man in such a picture? Certainly not where Gray infers him to be when he sings of gems and blossoms unseen by mortal eye: —

² This is the English billion, equivalent to a million million. — AUTHOR

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Nature has strewn her stars with even greater prodigality, but can we say they 'waste' their energy of radiant light and heat upon surrounding space because it may be devoid of little 'earths,' the habitats of human life? Is it 'waste'? That word is unknown in the economics of nature. The stars in their courses fight against our petty anthropocentric sentimentalisms; they fight and they prevail. We must change our philosophy; we must widen our vision and sing with another poet. Robert Service, —

A star or a soul is a part of the Whole
And weft in the wondrous Plan.

All down the ages we find men of science and poets alike drawing inspiration from the starlight. Ptolemy of Alexandria, in terms characteristic of his period, expressed it thus: 'Mortal though I be, yea, ephemeral, if but a moment I scan the multitudinous circling of the stars, no longer on earth I stand, but sit with Zeus himself and take my fill of the ambrosial food of gods.'

Human thought has passed through many phases since Ptolemy's day. Materialism is inadequate and unsatisfying. When man endeavors to grasp the significance of the workings of nature, tries to realize the vastness of the universe and to grapple with the great mysteries still unsolved, perhaps it is a something within him akin to mysticism which sets some chord vibrating in harmony with those thoughts expressed by Pope in his pæan of praise to an Immanent Divinity, who

Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glow in the stars and blossoms in the trees;
Lives through all life, extends through all extent;
Spreads undivided, operates unspent. . . .
To Him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, He bounds, connects, and equals all.

THE PATH OF WISDOM

BY VINCENT C. BONNLANDER

THE world is a fertile mother, refusing one who woo her. She yields impartially to him who comes in search of wisdom and him who is content with folly, responding to each with an offering made in his own image. He who says in his heart, 'There is no God,' finds nothing in Nature to contradict him; and yet another, looking upon the same world, will hear the winged creatures, the mountains, and the abyss of ocean declaring, as Saint Augustine heard them, 'God made us.' Society may banish the thief, incarcerate the vicious, draw its skirts away from the heretic, but Nature will never disown any of these: she has room for them all as well as for those who observe the proprieties of custom. In the house of Nature there are also many mansions. In her great democracy of time and space every created thing has its own appointed place. Nature is impartial, and we shall look in vain if we expect from her any verdict upon the kind of life men choose to lead in her domain.

And yet, the contradictory conclusions to which men come concerning life present a problem. To say that it is not Nature's problem does not dispose of it. Rather it is to insist that it is man's problem. And that insistence is needed. Frequently men defend a departure from custom by maintaining that their indulgence of desire is natural, thereby implying that Nature gives approval. But that is what Nature never does: Nature is indifferent, making no distinction between sin and

righteousness. A flowering vine and a rotting carcass at its roots alike illustrate the laws of chemistry and gravitation; and by invoking such principles there is nothing to choose between the hand that offers a cup of water to the thirsting and the hand that flays a shrieking victim. The discrimination which we make between these is not derived from any bias in Nature, but derives from a human bias. And it is to the latter we must turn if we will understand the meaning of morality, and that species of morality, right thinking, which is called wisdom.

On being confronted with the diametrically opposed opinions of men concerning life, a first impulse is to dispose of the confusion by concluding that here we are face to face with an ultimate fact beyond which we cannot progress, to admit that, as concerning tastes, so with the prejudices of the reason there is no disputing. And the temptation is almost overwhelming to be driven to adopt some theory of predestination which, while not accounting for that bias in intelligible terms, at least will lighten the burden of our ignorance and relieve our sense of responsibility. It is the old temptation to invent a vocabulary, pretending we have thereby made a discovery about things, to banish the familiar into regions of the unknown under the guise of offering a solution of its problems and difficulties. But to adopt such a course is a confession of defeat. For to displace any problem from the present and carry it back to creation is to remove it from time

altogether and from the world which gave it birth. It is not explanation, but the failure of explanation.

But the recognition of human bias need not lead us to such a confession of defeat: it may and does furnish us with a clue to more hopeful considerations. It leads us to inquire why it is that men living in the same world should come to such radically different conceptions of it. And when we ask, What is the pivot upon which this personal bias turns? and expect a verifiable answer, the whole problem appears in a different light.

For one thing, it invites us to a consideration of the facts of psychology — not, however, that phase of it which deals with neurones and sense organs and which is chiefly concerned with physiology and anatomy, but rather that development of the science which still goes by the name of the New Psychology, dealing with the mechanisms of thought under such terms as complexes, repressions, conflicts, rationalizations, and the like. This latter approach is concerned with the thought process itself, and its examination of the working of the mind reveals the impressive fact that fidelity to the laws of logic is not a decisive factor in generating the wide variety of the opinions, theories, and beliefs embraced by men. As Dr. Bernard Hart has pointed out in following this phase of inquiry, there are none more logical than the insane. 'The Queen of Sheba' who scrubs the floor of her ward has a strictly logical explanation of her drab and sorry condition: it is all the result of a gigantic conspiracy against her, and there is no slightest detail in the conduct of friends, relatives, and associates which she does not fit perfectly into the 'truth' of her contention. Who then shall decide between her and those who call her 'truth' an error and a delusion? Shall we make it a matter of a majority

vote, admitting that the day may come when the population of our insane asylums and those outside will change places? That has been suggested. A Persian it was, I believe, who in visiting this country some years ago made the delightful observation that we keep some of our citizens confined to give the impression that the rest of us are sane. But a collective prejudice is simply an individual bias magnified. The upshot of this line of inquiry is that in spite of a perfect logic there are people who find it of no use in helping them to get about in an ambiguous world.

But if the test of reasoning is not found in the quality of logic, where then shall we turn for an understanding of prejudice? And the answer for which we have been seeking is readily found: the test of rationality does not lie in the laws of logic, but is discovered in the application of reason to facts. It is in this direction in which the path of wisdom is discovered. And if the word 'facts' seems to be a question-begging term, it may be avoided by stating the principle thus: thinking and reasoning do not occur in isolation from the things thought about and reasoned about, and what is really critical is what thinking accomplishes with the objects of thought.

It is an honored doctrine that achievement is dependent upon the selection of a goal, and then abandoning all other loves to cleave only to this. But the facts of life, exemplified equally in success and in failure, teach quite otherwise. These insist that achievement is not primarily a matter of desire and persistence, though these do play a significant if not a decisive rôle. What is no less important than the selection of a goal is knowing something quite definite about the nature of that goal, and what is no less important than devotion and persistence in attaining it

is knowing something quite definite about the means by which it can be attained. All the desire of the baby for the moon will never bring it to his arms, nor will the most painstaking search of the prospector reveal the hidden gold unless he seeks in places where it may be found. To say that Nature is indifferent to the desires of man does not mean that man can be indifferent to Nature. It matters exceedingly to him if not to her what he chooses to do with facts. Wisdom is born when man discovers that the reason finds no tracks laid down for it in the world in which it operates, but that the mind of sage and fool, learned and simple alike, bumps along until it encounters a fact, and what is really critical is what the mind chooses to do with that fact. And the emphasis is on the *do*: thinking is also a doing, an accomplishing.

Man can do a number of things with facts. He may ignore them, and then they will send him sprawling, cripple him, or destroy him. He may hate them and vent his anger by beating his head or his heart against them, only to find himself torn and bleeding. He may turn facts into questions, and then they will forever haunt him. He may behold in them a secret to be explored or a mystery to be worshiped; and in one case they will bring him to a seat in a laboratory, in the other they will bring him to his knees. Having made his choice as to what to do with facts, they will certainly do something to him. Action and reaction is another law of Nature from which there is no escape. His decision may eventually bring him to the madhouse or to fame, to the bliss of Heaven or the torments of Hell. Choose he may and does and must; but he chooses at the peril of his life and soul.

And so we are prepared to give a more adequate answer to our question:

What is there in the way in which people reason that leads them to such contrary conclusions about the world and the kind of life it is their lot to live therein? It is at the source a difference in the way they face and dispose of facts, whether their thinking follows the lead of things, or whether, on the contrary, they insist that things should follow the lead of their thinking; to state it paradoxically, whether they build up their prejudices before facing facts, or whether they arrive at their prejudices after examining them. Between these two attitudes lies the abyss which separates the path of wisdom from that of folly.

The mind of man climbs to a new level when it discovers that facts are not enemies, but the familiar furniture of a world which it may call its home. Then it no longer dreads them, but accepts them with a sincere humility akin to piety, purging itself of all anxiety and renouncing the alchemy of fancy which makes them seem other than they are. Matthew Arnold quotes somewhere from Bishop Butler: 'Since things are what they are, and their consequences will be what they will be, why then should men wish to be deceived?' Why indeed? To face the spectre of deception resolutely is to banish it utterly. Building its foundation upon facts, the soul may go forward unafraid, strong in the confidence that knowledge of facts gives it a power over them, strong in the confidence that, knowing things for what they are, it may employ them to build a better and a more beautiful world.

Thus the wise man finds in his wisdom a reward for the kind of life he has led, a kind of life whose energies have been directed toward understanding the world in which he lives in order that he may live well therein. Not that he need or can postpone either of these

interests in favor of the other. They are not mutually exclusive. His thinking well is part of his living well. By seeking humbly into the ways of things he discovers wisdom, and through knowing the ways of things he becomes a creator. In this he finds an ample field for the joyous exercise of his soul. To be spiritual is also to be wise.

And with the discovery of the path of wisdom his whole attitude toward Nature is reborn. No longer does he look upon Nature as a fickle mistress, bringing forth a protean brood to every chance lover. That she may be so entreated he will admit. That she is impartial in her fertile motherhood he will not deny. But with wisdom comes

the revelation that, while she may be indifferent to man, man may not be indifferent to her; that her favor may be sought and won, or dallied with and lost. And he who walks the path of wisdom will be swept by a longing to win her from all idle lovers, to hold her to his heart and breathe his own love into her. Humbly and patiently he will sit at her feet, striving to understand her ways and seeking to learn the secret concealed behind her impassive face. And as he gazes there will come one time the fleeting beauty of a smile. Perhaps it was the mirroring of his love; perhaps the quickening of her own soul. The path of wisdom is a discovery which leads on to others.

HANNIBAL AND ROME

BY CAPTAIN B. H. LIDDELL HART

I

It is the year 238 B.C. Before the altar of Baal-Moloch in the city of Carthage stands the great general Hamilcar Barca, offering sacrifice for the success of the expedition he is about to lead into Spain by way of the Strait of Gibraltar. Few who watch him have any insight into the ultimate motive, stupendous in idea and in consequence, which is driving him into this self-imposed exile. Perhaps its significance is revealed, by instinct, most to the nine-year-old boy who stands near him, a boy whose features tell the relationship of the two by a similarity rare even between father and son. For Hannibal — the 'Grace of Baal' —

had been born in the later years of the First Punic War, when Hamilcar was about to begin that heroic guerrilla struggle in which, during six years he strove to preserve Sicily from the Romans, only to be thwarted by lack of support from war-weary Carthage. Hannibal's early childhood had been filled with the impressions of mingled pride and shame — with the epic glory of his father's fight against odds which alone brightened with honor the gloom of material losses, with the peculiar bitterness which springs from unserved defeat, and with the sense that military genius had disclosed a potential counterpoise to the traditional sea supremacy which Carthage had forfeited.

At the end of the ceremony, Hamilcar called his young son forward and, out of earshot of the other worshipers, asked him whether he would like to accompany the expedition to Spain. At Hannibal's eager assent, his father led him up to the altar and, making him lay his hand upon the sacrifice, made him swear an oath of lifelong enmity to Rome. Then, their blood reënforced by a blood oath of still deeper significance, the two prepared to set out from a mother city which the father was never to see again, the son only after thirty-six years. And the blood of that sacrifice was to be the symbol of the blood of hundreds of thousands which was to be poured out in the vain fulfillment of the oath. To understand it, the Old Testament is a better guide than the classics, for these men were of a Semitic race, strange blend of the spiritual and material, and the binding force of a Semitic oath is portrayed in many passages, of terrible sublimity, in the Old Testament. Racial, too, was the tenacity of purpose, the patient impersonal pursuit of vengeance, carried to a pitch and prolonged to a span without match in the history of man.

II

Twenty years have passed. The scene has changed to the ramparts of Italy, those towering Alpine battle-positions which, seen from Turin, seem to fall sheer to the rich plain of the Po, which they protect. On a wide bare platform between two peaks, a stage raised by Nature, — probably the Col du Clapier, — are assembled a horde as awe-inspiring as their setting. Faces wolfish from hunger and pinched from cold, ragged dress, and variety of equipment may give them a tattered-bald air, accentuated by their heterogeneous mixture of races — Spanish

and African foot, Numidian cavalry on their desert-bred horses, Balearic slingers, and a sprinkling of fair-skinned Gauls; but their very assortment appears to symbolize the threatened racial encirclement of Rome, and the presence of such an army in such a situation, poised like a Damocles' sword above the plains of Italy, adds to their terrifying appearance.

With dramatic instinct Hannibal summons his men together and points to the view unfurled beneath them — in that clear atmosphere, as mountain climbers know, it would seem but a few steps down. 'A battle, perhaps two,' and Rome, the goal, would be in their grasp. The scene signifies not only the imagination which, coupled with vengeance, was the great driving force of Hannibal, but also his use of it as a moral tonic to his men, one of the secrets of his extraordinary power in welding this cosmopolitan collection of mercenaries into a matchless tool for his genius. For him the view symbolized Rome beneath him, for them it symbolized a limitless vista of booty; but his own imagination could also evoke a response from theirs to the grandeur of sharing in such a venture and playing for such colossal stakes. What a gamble it was! Those who saw the view were little more than half the number who, crossing first the Pyrenees and then the Rhone, had begun that arduous climb up the western slopes of the Alps. Difficult as was the passage of the precipitous and roadless gorges for an army, — with all its horses, pack animals, and elephants, — the obstacles of nature were less than the obstacles of men. For as the snake-like column dragged its endless tail round mountain spurs and along the face of precipices it was repeatedly assailed by the mountain tribes. And the descent, if unopposed, had to overcome the treachery of snow and ice —

in one place Hannibal had to halt his half-frozen and half-starved men and beasts for three days while a road was made for the elephants. What power of leadership must have radiated from this young man of twenty-nine to carry his heterogeneous army of mercenaries so far from their homes, to make them dare such perils when their blood was chilled and their minds oppressed by the unknown — and this in physical conditions so strange to men accustomed to the genial southern warmth of Africa and Spain. When they at last stood on the plains of Italy, they mustered only 20,000 foot and 6000 horse — a mere handful to invade a state which, fighting on its own ground, had a quarter of a million men listed for service among its citizens and allies, and thrice that number capable of bearing arms.

Yet, if the physical odds were so heavily with Rome, Hannibal had a counterpoise which has been too often underrated by historians. For he pitched his military genius against commanders who knew only the drill and not the art of war, — scorning it as Punic deceit, — and he brought a superbly trained professional army against short-service citizen levies. That he ultimately failed in a trial of quality against quantity, where Alexander had succeeded, was because he had to meet Romans, not Persians, men who stiffened instead of dissolving under pressure, and because he gave them time to learn the art of war and so balance the deficit of quality.

Thus Rome, despite her numerical strength, had ample cause for dread at the news that her foes had surmounted her northern ramparts. Baal-Moloch stood on the mountains, casting his fell shadow over the sunny plains of Italy, for although the head was the 'Grace of Baal,' the body symbolized

the terror of Moloch and its burning embrace, lusting to make sacrifice by fire and sword.

III

Two years later. It is the evening of Cannæ. The victim lies prone beneath the sword, stretched helpless, to the appearance, on the altar, awaiting the consummation of the sacrifice. Yet the blade does not fall. Why? That still the enigma of history.

Since Hannibal entered Italy, he had defeated the Roman armies in three great battles. First at the Trebia, where he not only drew the enemy to battle breakfastless on a bitter winter day but hid a picked body of troops in the sunken bed of a stream, to emerge and strike the Romans in the rear while they were spent from hunger and the strain of resisting the direct attack and the more vulnerable because of the rout of their cavalry. Then at the Lake of Trasimenus in the spring of 217 B.C.; here, after slipping past the army of Flaminius, which blocked the road to Rome, he prepared for his pursuers an ambush which, in art and scope, has no match in history. Concealing his troops overnight on the hills which bordered the lake, he waited until the Roman army, in hot pursuit, was pressing along the lake shore in the early morning, and then, at a signal, his troops, sweeping down from the mist-wraithed slopes, blocked both ends of the defile as a prelude to battle that, morally and mentally won before it began, became a massacre of sheep. The road to Rome lay open to Hannibal, with barely a hundred miles to go, and with no formed army at hand to oppose him. But instead of marching south he turned east toward the Adriatic shore, ravaging the country, giving his men their fill of booty, and putting to the sword all inhabitants

capable of bearing arms. Some discount this story because it comes, like all we know of Hannibal, from racial enemies; yet they relate many instances of his chivalry, and the very fact that they contrast this action with that of Pyrrhus, the last overseas invader, suggests its authenticity. If true, it not only shows us Hannibal quenching his thirst for vengeance, — he was still youthful enough to find satisfaction in such physical retribution, — but perhaps yields a clue to a deeper problem, his turning aside from the goal. The military reason often advanced is that his army, essentially equipped for mobile warfare, — like an athlete stripped for a race, — had no siege train. It may be true, for, although there is no direct proof, the impulse of his attempt to take Spoleum in passing is perhaps indirect evidence.

But beyond this there would seem to be a political reason. Since crossing the Alps he had conducted a ceaseless and subtle propaganda, its keynote that 'he was not come to fight against Italians, but on behalf of Italians against Rome.' Consistently he had released without ransom all prisoners who were not Romans, seeking thus to detach from Rome her allies. With his first military successes many of the Gallic tribes north of the Po had come over to his banner, but he had still to win the alliance of the Italian states. It is well to emphasize that, if his route from Trasimenus took him away from Rome, it took him toward his allies. His army was a mercenary coalition, and he now aimed to expand and secure it through the achievement of a political coalition — his policy that of the racial encirclement of Rome.

But, as beyond the military reason we found a political reason, so beyond the political was there perchance a

spiritual reason? Let us stay our hand for a moment, for it is still premature for an attempt to draw aside the veil. Granted a respite after Trasimenus, the Romans, now awake to the imminence of the menace, — the fiery breath of Moloch scorching their very faces, — appointed a dictator, Fabius, who adopted a strategy henceforth to be linked with his name for all time, a strategy of wearing down the enemy's strength by avoiding battle. Time was on his side. Dogging Hannibal's footsteps persistently, keeping to the hills where Hannibal could not bring his cavalry superiority into play, cutting off stragglers and foraging parties, he remained an elusive shadow on the horizon, dimming the brightness of Hannibal's triumphal progress. Thus Fabius, by his very presence and immunity from defeat, thwarted Hannibal's moral suasion over the minds of the Italian allies. To check them from joining Hannibal was a far greater result than that, more commonly acclaimed by historians, of giving Rome breathing space — for Hannibal himself allowed this to Rome.

Attrition strategy, however, is not only a blunt but a two-edged weapon, and is apt to injure those who wield it through the moral depression and strain which it involves. When after six months the tenure of Fabius expired, Rome was almost compelled by the devastation of the lands of her allies to relieve the strain by a reversion to direct action. If the instinct was right, the execution was faulty, and the new consuls allowed themselves to be drawn to battle on the cavalry arena afforded by the coastal plain of the Adriatic.

Here, on the field of Cannæ, the greatest host Rome had ever brought into action — eight legions instead of the two of the usual consular army — was annihilated by Hannibal's

art, particularly the skill with which he played his cavalry 'trump.' As usual, the infantry were in the centre, the cavalry on the flanks, but the actual disposition was unconventional. For Hannibal pushed forward the Gauls and Spaniards who formed the centre of the infantry line, while holding back his African foot, posted at each end of the line. Thus the Gauls and Spaniards formed a natural magnet for the Roman infantry and were, as intended, forced back and back, so that what had been a line bulging outward became a line bulging inward. Flushed with their success and eager to break right through the enemy centre, the Roman legionaries crowded into the bulge and the press grew ever denser, until they could scarcely use their weapons. Thinking that they were pushing in the Carthaginian front, they were actually pushing themselves into a Carthaginian sack. For at this juncture Hannibal's African veterans wheeled inward from either side and automatically took the thick press of the Romans in flank. Meanwhile, the powerful assault of Hannibal's heavy cavalry on the left had broken the opposing cavalry on that wing and, sweeping round the Roman rear, had dispersed the cavalry on the other wing, which had been held in play by the elusive Numidian horse. Leaving the pursuit to the Numidians, the heavy cavalry had then delivered the coup de grâce by bursting like a thundercloud on the rear of the Roman foot, already surrounded on three sides and too tightly jammed to offer effective resistance. Thenceforward it was but massacre.

That evening, Maharbal, commander of the Numidian cavalry, urged an instant advance on Rome. According to Livy he declared, 'Send me on with the cavalry, follow on yourself, and in five days you shall feast

in triumph in the Capitol.' Hannibal replied that he must take time for reflection, whereupon Maharbal bitterly exclaimed, 'You know how to win a victory, Hannibal, but not how to use one.'

If the truth of the remark be uncertain, the truth of the opportunity is sure. When the rumors of disaster reached Rome, there was panic among the people, if not among the Senate — but for their prompt and resolute action masses of the inhabitants would have fled the city while there was time. For the dread advance guard of Hannibal was expected hourly.

Why in this hour of supreme triumph did he abstain from attempting the consummation? His next efforts are directed to breaking up the Italian confederation, and the reward of his victory at Cannæ comes in the first secessions of these states. His political object is clearly to continue building up a coalition against Rome. But why do this when Rome is stripped of her defenders, and her allies, if they have not deserted her, are temporarily paralyzed? An advance on Rome is not only the direct way to gain Rome, but the best and quickest way to hasten the secession of her Italian allies for the news that Hannibal is at the gates of Rome, after destroying her army, will discourage any idea of intervention to avert her impending doom.

There must surely be a deeper explanation than any yet offered. What is the mainspring of Hannibal's whole career and campaigns? Vengeance — Semitic vengeance, conceived on a large scale and with a majesty of design far removed from a crude vendetta. Yet vengeance is a primitive instinct, and the fact that it is the governing motive of a great mind does not affect its nature, only its mode of execution. When primitive man takes revenge he

does not dispatch the object of his hatred quickly, but prolongs his sufferings in order, by slow sips, to obtain the full flavor of the satisfaction of his instinct. The victim must not only pay for his misdeeds, but must know that he is paying. Let us apply our knowledge of this primitive instinct to the study of Hannibal's mind. To weep down from the Alps and overwhelm Rome in a swift, Homeric conflict would enable the defeated to fall fighting in a blaze of glory. But if Rome's armies could be one by one destroyed, her allies turned to spurn her, the fruits of her years of conquest gradually plucked from her, while she, in pitiable weakness, and in the sight of all who had long feared her, awaited the inevitable end — what an epic vengeance!

IV

Five years pass. Hannibal is riding up to the walls of Rome, leisurely surveying the city which has been his magnet since he took the vow of eternal enmity in Carthage twenty-seven years before. His coming has been announced by a flood of terror-stricken refugees from all the countryside and by the fiery beacons of hamlets given up to the flames. Within the walls are the same panic, the same lamentations of women, as on the morrow of Cannæ. But the Senate is equally resolute, and far less moved. And Hannibal himself lets his eyes rest on the city, not with the satisfied look of one who holds the prize in his hand, but with the wistful glance of him who makes a supreme act of renunciation. He casts his spear over the walls — symbol of defiance, but also of futility — and a few days later turns his back on Rome, forever.

After Cannæ, many Italian cities had come over to him, led by Capua,

the nearest rival of Rome in size and riches. From Capua south down the shin to the toe of Italy, most of the land acknowledged his leadership. But even here numerous Latin colonies or Roman garrisons held out, and the heel as well as all the upper part of the leg of Italy was unshakably solid in fidelity to Rome. While the respite after Cannæ enabled Rome to raise fresh levies to replace her lost legions, Hannibal's new allies accepted his help rather than tendered him theirs. And his help was soon needed, for, although the Romans were too wary to risk another pitched battle, four armies kept watch on him, harassing his detachments and confederates, as well as giving both moral and timely material aid to the fortresses which he threatened.

More ominous still, the Roman generals were learning the art of war from their master, and some of his pupils, Marcellus particularly, began to score points in these desultory exchanges. In 213 B.C., while Hannibal was away in the south besieging Tarentum, the Romans laid siege to Capua, and, although Hannibal relieved it once, the Romans lured him away by a threat elsewhere and promptly returned to the siege. Their entrenched lines of circumvallation were soon so strong that a fresh and direct attempt at relief by Hannibal failed, and it was in a calculating but desperate effort at indirect relief that, in 211 B.C., he marched on Rome. But the opposing generals, both before Capua and in Rome, were not deceived by this strategic bluff and, maintaining the siege, detached only a small part of the besieging force as a stiffening to the ample new levies in Rome.

In an age when the strategic art was still far behind the tactical, which Hannibal himself had raised to the highest level in all history, this far-

reaching manœuvre of his was a landmark in the evolution of strategy, and the very fact that it failed of its purpose testified not merely to that supreme level-headedness which was the hall mark of the Romans, but also to the progress of their military education.

Soon one of them, graduating in the Hannibalic school of war, was to retort by a stroke of strategy more original than any Hannibal had tried. After Capua had fallen, — to be made an awful warning against desertion of Rome, — Hannibal's sole hope lay in support from his own people. Carthage had sent him only the most meagre reënforcements, although, strangely enough, she had been liberal in furnishing troops for Spain and even for Sicily. She was a 'nation of tradesmen,' and, while she could appreciate the value of war as a means to new markets or resources, she had no thirst for either empire or revenge, except as a by-product. Moreover, she was divided by faction, and there was a powerful 'peace party' whose policy was dictated as much by a personal feud with the Barcine party as by distrust of its 'imperialistic' designs. When Hannibal sent a message by Mago for reënforcements, his opponents turned his words as an argument against his request: "I have slain the armies of the enemy; send me soldiers." What else would you ask if you had been conquered? "I have captured two of the enemy's camps, full of booty and provisions; supply me with corn and money." What else would you ask if you had been plundered and stripped of your own camp? Thus they excused themselves for withholding the men and supplies which might have sealed the fate of Rome and averted their own. The Romans were right to term it the Hannibalic war rather than the Second Punic War — for it was a

duel between a man and a nation.

In default of direct support from home, Hannibal's remaining hope lay in reënforcements from his Spanish base. But here the Romans intervened. No diversion was ever better justified, whatever the apparent breach of the principle of concentration, than the action of Rome in maintaining large armies in Spain while she was fighting for her life on her own soil. The brothers Publius and Cneius Scipio were successful during the crucial years in keeping the Carthaginians so fully occupied in Spain that it was out of the question to send troops to Hannibal in Italy. True, in 212 B.C., the year before Capua fell, the Scipios were defeated and killed. This was perhaps the darkest hour for Rome since Cannæ, for in Italy she and her allies were feeling acutely the strain of the incessant struggle. But the twenty-four-year-old son of Publius Scipio, a youth who had distinguished himself in preserving the remnants of the Roman army after Cannæ, volunteered, when his seniors held back, to take the command in Spain. By a brilliant march and coup de main, he seized Cartagena, the main Carthaginian base in Spain, under the noses of three Carthaginian armies, and thus debarred them from transporting reënforcements to Italy by the direct and comparatively simple sea route. But although he was too weak to prevent Hasdrubal, Hannibal's brother, from leaving Spain next year by the land route, it was with such a small fragment of the Carthaginian forces that Hasdrubal had to tarry in Gaul to recruit and reorganize, losing two vital years before he at last pushed on into Italy, in 207 B.C. By then Hannibal's situation had changed for the worse, and, although still undefeatable, he was gradually being hemmed in in an ever-narrowing

area in the south of Italy, like a lion in the bush by the encircling beaters.

V

Hannibal is in camp at Canusium, a few miles from the battlefield of Cannæ. Facing him is the camp of the consular army under Nero — a name three centuries later to be of as bad omen for Rome as it is now for Carthage. Hannibal's outposts see a party emerge from the Roman camp; as they come closer they are seen to be prisoners, chained and under escort; a little closer and they are recognized as Africans. Then one of the escort advances and throws a human head on the ground before returning. Curious as to the significance of this byplay, the Carthaginian outposts pick up the head and take it to Hannibal, who recognizes the marred features as those of his brother. It is the first news he has had that Hasdrubal was even in Italy, and a cruel repayment of the honors he has always paid to his own fallen antagonists. Soon two of the captives, released for the purpose, arrive to give him a full account of the disaster.

The messengers sent by Hasdrubal to tell Hannibal of his arrival in Italy, and his plans, had traversed the whole length of Italy safely, only to miss Hannibal, owing to one of his frequent changes of position, and to fall into the hands of Nero. Thereupon Nero had resolved on a bold cast, and, leaving part of his force still facing Hannibal, had gone north by forced marches to join the other consul in a concentrated blow against Hasdrubal. In seven days and nights he covered some two hundred and fifty miles, defeated Hasdrubal at the Metaurus by a brilliantly conceived and executed transfer of force from one flank to another, and marched back quicker

than he had come, so that he was again with his whole army facing Hannibal a fortnight after he had silently slipped away.

Hannibal, recognizing that his last hope of conquest had vanished, quitted the scene of his supreme triumph, nine years before, and fell back to Bruttium, the toe of Italy, there to stand at bay, a stricken but still unapproachable lion, for another five years. But he could recognize a still deeper significance in this disaster. For he, the archdeceiver, had been himself deceived, outwitted at last by men who were tyros in strategy nine years before, masked by a shadow while his opponent was carrying out a strategic manœuvre more far-reaching than any he had ever conceived — one unsurpassed for two thousand years, and made possible by the highly trained mobility of troops whom his campaigns had converted from citizen levies into expert professionals. Only when he was present were the Roman arms still powerless. For sixteen years he strode to and fro through a hostile country, untamable, and after Cannæ rarely challenged; supported only by his own exertions, yet making the war support itself — a feat without parallel in history. To have held his mercenary and heterogeneous band together through the perils of the Alps and the march into the heart of Italy was remarkable, but as a testimony to the unique force of his leadership in war it was nothing compared with the fact of holding their devotion, so that none offered to betray or desert him, through fourteen years of fading fortune. And he quitted the land without molestation, the Roman armies daring no more than to follow him down to the shore at a respectful distance.

Hannibal's vigil of revenge in Italy was ended by an urgent summons of recall to Africa to save Carthage from

the rising star of Scipio. For Scipio, after conquering Spain and destroying there the whole fabric of Carthaginian dominion which Hamilcar had woven, had carried the war into Africa, defying the military wiseacres of the Senate who were still prodding cautiously and ineffectively at the lion in his den. They argued, with the obstinacy of orthodoxy so familiar in the modern World War more than two thousand years later, that it was essential to concentrate all efforts against the main armed forces of the enemy — in Italy. Scipio, an ancient Winston Churchill in vision and initiative, preferred the more original strategy of manœuvring against the enemy's rear; by slipping past the arm to strike at the heart of the enemy power, instead of putting his head in its mouth. Annoyed at Scipio's presumption, his senatorial opponents not only sought to deprive him of command on a trumped-up charge, but, foiled in this, took care to give him as little support as Carthage had given his rival.

With two disgraced legions and a few thousand volunteers Scipio sailed from Sicily and confounded the prophets of gloom by making good his hold on African soil. With prudence balancing audacity, he first sought to secure a base and to weld his troops into a fighting force. Then he sprang, shattered the field armies of Carthage and her African allies, and, before Hannibal could return to the rescue, forced Carthage to sue for peace. But the news that Hannibal had landed encouraged Carthage to break the truce, and Scipio's position, isolated on foreign soil, looked as black as his opponents at home could wish. By a masterly strategic move, however, he tilted the scales in his favor. Instead of falling back along the coast to his base, he advanced inland up the Bagradas Valley — a move which apparently

isolated him still more. Actually, however, by this menace to the main source of supply for Carthage, he compelled Hannibal to follow him to battleground of his own choosing and toward the Numidian reinforcement which were expected from his own allies.

VI

The shadows are lengthening on the battlefield of Zama, in the year 204 B.C. From behind a rampart of corpses advances a line of Roman legionaries unexpectedly thin if also unexpectedly long, treading carefully to avoid slipping on the blood-soaked ground. Hannibal has been awaiting this moment all the long day of fighting. His 'Old Guard' of 24,000 veterans from Italy has been held well back in reserve, immobile and fretting while the battle raged before their eyes. They have seen the thunderous charge of the elephants nullified by Scipio's originality in leaving lanes between his cohorts, down which the maddened beasts took the line of least resistance to themselves — and least damage to the Romans. They have caught glimpses, through the dust clouds, of the swirl of the cavalry fight on the wings, which ended badly, but also in the disappearance of both pursuer and pursued. They have seen their first two infantry lines, composed of Gallic mercenaries and home levies shattered and dispersed after a fierce struggle. But the victors must surely have suffered severely and become disordered — then their own chance will come for the decisive counterstroke. To their disgust, however, they have seen that Scipio had the impudence, under their very noses not only to reorganize, but to change his dispositions, securely screened by the rampart of bodies, and in the knowledge that they dare not rise

disarranging their close-ranked formation by an advance over such corpse-littered ground. The Hannibalic host have been still more astonished to see that Scipio is deploying his rear lines on the flanks of his first line. Surely he is mad to stake a single thin line against their deep mass, even though it gives him the momentary advantage of overlapping their flanks!

At last the Romans are coming — now they are clear of the barrier of dead. Hannibal gives the long-awaited signal and his massive phalanx bears down on the slender Roman line. What if they be checked for a moment by the stream of missiles which that line can shower, owing to its extension? Once the opposing ranks are at hand-grips, weight must tell, and the lighter be pulverized.

But the rearmost Carthaginian ranks hear the thunder of hoofs behind them. It is Scipio's cavalry returning from the pursuit, as he calculated when making his novel disposition. The decisive manœuvre of Cannæ is repeated — but reversed, and the result also. Scipio has not only learned Hannibal's art, but has borrowed his instrument — superiority of cavalry.

VII

A few weeks later — in the city of Carthage. The assembly is discussing the peace terms which Scipio has offered — unexpectedly moderate, as no extra penalties are exacted for the violated truce. Yet an orator, closing his eyes to the helplessness of Carthage, is advocating a continuance of the struggle. Hannibal, tired of listening to those who for sixteen years have merely made war with words, rises from his seat and pulls the speaker down. At a murmur from the assembly, Hannibal asks them ironically to pardon him if, after thirty-six years' service

abroad, he has forgotten the etiquette of debate. Then he urges them to accept the terms.

And for seven years he strives loyally to fulfill them, diverting his genius, as many-sided as Napoleon's, into new channels — the restoration of Carthage's prosperity and the improvement of its administration, financial and judicial.

With the collapse of his titanic scheme of vengeance, has the spirit which inspired it changed? Having learned the futility of destruction, has he turned his energies to reconstruction as a worthier memorial of his genius? Or merely as a means to an end — that of building up the material strength of Carthage for a fresh military cast? We shall never know. For now a new vengeance becomes incarnate, as implacable as his own — the hatred of Rome for the man who has committed the crime of making Romans tremble. In vain Scipio protests that such vindictiveness toward a man is unbecoming to the dignity of the Roman people. Cato, with his parrot cry of 'Delenda est Carthago!' carries the first step of his programme of persecution, and to avoid being brought to trial Hannibal flies from Carthage by sea. Nine years of boyhood filled with visions, seven of middle age filled with disillusion, are all that Hannibal saw of his native land. Henceforward he sets out again on the stony path of revenge. He has failed to raise the West against Rome; for the remainder of his life he will try to raise the East — to rouse the lands whence came his forefathers, before they too feel the iron heel of Rome. From Tyre, the cradle of the Phœnician race, he goes to the court of Antiochus, King of Syria, who is contemplating an invasion of Greece to stem the Roman tide. Once more Hannibal designs a vast scheme for

the conquest of Italy — that Antiochus shall advance through Greece while he, with the loan of a force, goes to Carthage to raise Africa against the oppressor, the two armadas then to converge on Italy. The jealousy and egotism of Antiochus make this scheme stillborn, and soon Antiochus, the victim of his own vanity, is conquered in Asia Minor by an invading Roman army. The Roman peace terms demand the surrender of Hannibal, but he flees in time, first to Crete and ultimately to Bithynia, where the King, Prusias, promises him a safe refuge.

VIII

Dusk deepens into darkness. The house which Prusias assigned to Hannibal some years before is encircled by a cordon of shadowy figures, stealthily creeping into position as a guard of dishonor. Then the occupants hear the rattle of accoutrements as an armed party marches into the porch. Hannibal has no need to be told the meaning — since a Roman envoy arrived at the court of Prusias he has been anticipating some such action, for his trust in the faith of kings is as

slight as his knowledge of Rome's ceaseless pursuit of himself is sure. His attendants hurriedly rush to see if there is an avenue of escape, if one of the secret passages which have been prepared is open. Everywhere, however, they are brought to a halt by the glint of arms. The spies of the King have done their work well; his band of assassins are watching every bolt hole. But there is one resource they cannot block. Hannibal calls for poison, long kept ready, and with the comment, majestic in its irony, 'Let us release the Romans from their long anxiety, since they think it too long to wait for the death of an old man,' he drains the cup.

Thus, defying his lifelong foes to the end, passed the one man who might have diverted the Roman flood which was soon to submerge the whole Mediterranean world — the man who almost changed the whole course of history.

'The wheel has come full circle,' and with the completion of the cycle the curtain drops on the supreme drama of vengeance, leaving to history the memory of its futility, but also of its sublimity.

STUDIES IN TEMPERAMENT

I

WHEN the Great Trump sounds and the Last Tribunal is set up, it is my belief that, amongst all the sectaries, Friends will have the best right to rejoice. Truly they are excellent folk. 'When I came to eleven years of age,' wrote the original Charles Fox, 'I knew pureness and righteousness, for while I was a child I was taught how to walk to be kept pure.' When was Quaker ever in trouble of his own making? He walks discreetly and soberly, injuring none. If a Quaker does get into trouble, it is because orderly processes go awry in this disorderly world.

Herbert Hoover has received the Friends' inheritance of righteousness, or at least has been taught it since he too came to eleven years of age. But how different from that righteousness which Colonel Roosevelt so vehemently preferred to truth! The militant Mr. Moses, to be sure, did call on him to conduct a crusade. But the soldierly symbolism was misplaced. Never since Saint Louis was a more pacific leader named to a crusade. Armageddon is no place for him. His battlecry to his followers is to be as sober, as sensible, as industrious as he. Mr. Hoover's real difficulty is that he is a reasonable man in a very unreasonable cosmos.

Another major inheritance Mr. Hoover has. By temper and training alike he is a Man of Science. He has the scientist's passion for perfection, his impatience with mistakes, his love of order, his need for lonely intercourse with a few kindred spirits. The market place is an abomination to him, and

even the club is something of a nuisance. His idea of a social hour is one or two choice friends talking perfectibility. He likes to foretell how the expert is to 'hook up' the world's industries, how kilowatts and horsepower are to supplant sweat and backache, how after six hours' work, or maybe five, the future operative will drive his high-powered car to the home where breakfast porch and sun parlor are symbols of a world's progress. At such times his eye lights up, his utterance becomes sure and rapid, he speaks like a prophet visioning the future. For the material progress of mankind, new conquests over nature, new comforts, new foods, new bathrooms, are to him more than a philosophy, more than a passion. They are a religion.

Far be it from me to suggest improvements in the structure of this best possible of worlds. With my fellows I accept the universe and merely state the observable fact that nature may be tractable, but human nature is certainly intractable. For the engineer the world is a garden where wastes can be turned into flower beds; but, as Aristotle pointed out some centuries ago, politics, being the organized governance of human nature, is more troublesome stuff. To mould and bend and shape politics transcends difficulties in the natural world. Perhaps Plato divined more surely than Aristotle comprehended it. If you would rule the perfect state, he said, you must find your philosopher-king. And Quakers are hardly the stuff that kings are made of. With them philosophy and kingship are not on friendly terms.

Among Mr. Hoover's followers, two

out of three will tell you they are voting for him because he is not a politician. But when you come to think of it, that is a curiously unscientific reason to advance. Politics is the real social science, and the amateur politician is neither better nor worse than the amateur scientist or the amateur plumber. A professional politician watches men as Maeterlinck watches bees or Coolidge a ball game. He is intensely interested in goings and comings, business and pleasure. He studies men because he likes them. That Mr. Hoover is not a politician must be reckoned among his liabilities.

II

These two, Hoover and Smith, are Plutarch's men. Oh, for a Plutarch to contrast them! What a contradiction they are: Hoover with his quiet, orderly ways, Smith with his rough-and-ready ones; Hoover giving orders with his flat, low voice, Smith grunting them out with varying degrees of emphasis. Both are head and shoulders above the men about them, both really great administrators, one by reason, the other by instinct and the cogent power of proving by words what this instinct has taught him to be right.

Give me his pleasures and I'll give you the man. The lonelier the stream, the happier Hoover as he whips it. Better it were that men went about their business like fishes, for in a silent world Hoover could accomplish still more. Smith could concentrate while his secretary ran a riveting machine. He can knock men's heads together without losing his temper, fight the long day out at his desk, always struggling forward, edging a little nearer his objective; and when time's up he goes to rest himself on the beach at Coney with a hundred thousand yelling, cavorting fellow creatures. Always the

human scene. From Oliver Street to Albany it has been crowds, crowds, all the way, and if he trudges on to Washington he will go by the road where men are thickest.

Smith loves his fellows and understands them. The eccentricities and absurdities and unreasonableness which mark men from animals irritate Hoover. To Smith they are like the dyer's hands subdued to what it works in. Humorous of course, tempers his soul and lends its quaint enveloping charm to the ugly picture of struggle forever before him. Hoover's humor is more like the trout's, or at most the silverling's — neat and shiny, but hardly comic. They take a joke in differing ways, these men. The newspaper 'boys' who traveled from New York to Palo Alto for the candidate's daily story found him about as gossipy as the multiplication table. They spoiled his fun, of course, but they reflected that he spoiled theirs; and when this noisy crowd had driven every fish from the pools of his favorite brook, it was not very honorable, to be sure, but it was natural that one of the talented photographers should have snapped a small whale at the end of Hoover's delicate line, and sent the fake to his paper. It was not funny to Hoover. It was simply dishonest, as it undoubtedly was, and he was mad clear through. But when the boys at Albany tried to photograph the governor as if he were laying bricks, Smith merely grunted his refusal. 'That's boloney, boys,' he said. And the photographer, who knew that bologna ought n't really to be made of cat's meat, stopped dead.

Here are two honest men, fair-minded, free-minded. But when Hoover speaks, the tenets of Republicanism are forever in his thoughts. It is not many years that he has known them by heart, and the party leaders behind him are watchful lest he forget. They

now that seven years ago the direful league numbered Hoover among its advocates. They have not forgotten that he has had a friendly word to say for the workingman's beer. Even the economics of the Home Market Club have not always had his sympathy. Misunderstandings might arise, and rudence is the watchword. Hoover is absolutely honest, but he counts the cost. He prefers to speak of the Eighteenth Amendment without mentioning the Volstead Act, or of coöperative marketing without reference to the McNary-Haugen Bill.

But with Smith honesty means courage, and truth means candor. Candidates habitually tell the truth, but the whole truth is a more awkward matter. It is long since we heard Cleveland flurting it curtly out, and now Smith speaks in a way that makes the politicians whistle. How many candidates have we known who would be content to stand up and be asked questions by a bumptious evangelist who has sought notoriety and found it? Vile names they call him, and leave to innuendo that they dare not speak in words. They say he has favored the saloon, flouted decency, protected prostitutes. Another running for high office would hide behind his own self-respect and pass this by in superior silence; but Smith, with all his masterfulness, is in elemental things humble-minded. Decency, friendship, religion, the things near his soul — when you flout these his sincerity is outraged; he comes from a school where a man cannot be called a liar and hold his peace.

How far are we from the days of Roosevelt and Wilson! The heroes are silent. No passionate voice tells us to do our duty. Doubtless the preachers retted us with their chiding, but something in us misses them still: Roosevelt with his gospel of never-ending struggle, and Wilson with his eyes on a land

fairer than men have known. Neither of these protagonists to-day turns the American eye inward. Neither makes us feel our shortcomings. We are come into a more practical world. There are more coupons to cut, more motors to drive, and the duty of statesmen is to multiply our possessions. But in the hurlyburly you can hear Hoover's voice asking for order and quiet, a larger leisure and freedom from material ills; and Smith's reminding us that the struggle is common, that the Haves must help the Have-nots, and that sharing the other fellow's load is the first duty of citizenship.

III

Smith is at once the victim and the beneficiary of the most popular of American fallacies. His education is a political asset, simply because, in the conventional sense of the term, education he has had none. Because a President of matchless genius triumphed over poverty and the want of most desirable things, the public has ever since decided that, whatever a man may wish for his own children, he should prefer for his President's childhood the advantage of no advantages. This is the reverse side of Lincoln's legacy to his country. His successors have advertised it. What did Garfield not owe to the dramatization of the towpath, or Coolidge to that unlovely New England parlor, or Hoover to the tiny cottage with which he never sought an association until he ran for office?

Smith has struggled up from a boyhood of city hardship and city ignorance. The countryside is a friendly foster mother to the poor. In the city, poverty is greedier. It takes all. The reeking gutter and the steaming sidewalk, the forlorn tenement, the hot crowded rooms, full of a congeries of odors blended into the stench of poverty.

A background like this stifles and smothers. Here the child sees, smells, and listens to things evil for all, but terrible for youth. Smith is the first of our national leaders who knows in his marrowbones what these things are. Wonderful it is that he has come through with power and with vision.

Then of his training. How little they know of human nature who point at him because he once did what was asked of him by Tammany Hall! Tammany, which, for all its sins, has seen poverty and treated it as human. The charges that Smith voted against decency under orders have been destroyed charge by charge, but that his association with Tammany was long and intimate is fixed in the record. Do you suppose that William Allen White remembers those comfortable days of his evangelistic youth when in his new tie and Sunday suit he took himself away with his book to spend a loving hour with Robin Hood — Robin, the shameless robber who befriended the poor folk the fat Abbot did not care for? Well, forty years ago Tammany Hall was Al Smith's Robin Hood. It was Tammany Hall that brought his mother coal and gave her boy a chance. And in that pitiless East Side young Al learned that a man's chiefest virtue is not in the cardinal Seven, and that without loyalty even a dog is a yellow cur.

To men like White — good men, honest men, even human men — I commend the story of Lincoln entering politics which the unresting genius of Beveridge has just fully brought to light. How about the society of the Clary Grove boys, Mr. White? Should a hero keep such smirching company? Later, at Springfield, Lincoln served first of all his boss. He voted as he was told, and the votes he cast are not mentioned in the eulogies. Only gradually was that great tragic head lifted up so that he could see first beyond his

gang, then beyond his party, and at the end beyond his nation far into the future, where self-interest is the interest of all, and where enemies bind up one another's wounds.

So in Smith's career you see him running errands for the ward boss, then as the unquestioning lieutenant of the party leader, then as the governor grown to self-reliance and responsibility, using the party, but seeking the people's good.

No, Mr. White, the story that Athene sprang from the godhead into the world, perfect and full-panoplied is a pretty tale, but it is fiction and should not be believed in Kansas. Even in Tennessee they accept the evolution of character.

White at least speaks out, and the yelping pack of the little-minded — Straton and the rest — howl in the chorus. They say their silly say, but at any rate their utterance is above a whisper. For to-day decent men are asking, Shall whispering become an American habit? Secret slander is not a pretty thing. In my own youth the depths of political muck were sounded when men in little knots dropped their voices to tell some succulent scandal of that private life from which Mr. Cleveland, for the nation's great good, was called to the White House. In my own boyhood I recall, with that lightning clearness which memory gives to things that seem symbolic, listening to a man whispering how one bitter January night Mr. Cleveland in a drunken fury had pushed his wife, in her night-dress, out of the White House door. With the maturity of my twelve years I discounted that story, and a generation later when men (it was Democrats this time) hinted to me how Roosevelt's mind was disintegrating under orgies of alcoholism, I thought it funny, when I should have thought it tragic. But I am older now, and do not think it

unny when evil lies are whispered of
governor Smith.

Never is it 'I saw him,' but always
'I have a friend who positively knows.'

Oh, the base meanness of it, the re-
nunciation of straightforward Yankee
ways! In his own state they know him
— or at least the masses do — well
enough, but among strangers at a dis-
tance little by little sibilant scandal
makes its way. Nail in your thoughts
the most famous of all Lincoln stories,
his reply to the talebearers of General
Grant: 'What is his brand of whiskey?
'I'd like to send a barrel to all my gen-
erals.' And the glorious summary: 'I
need that man; he fights.'

We may need that man. He fights.

IV

God made the country; man made
the town. All of us feel the signifi-
cance of the changes which are making
the United States an urban continent.
The great open spaces are narrowing.
The suburbs are pushing deeper and deeper
into country we thought forever safe.
For generations young people have
been moving from the farm to the
city. Now the city itself is moving
toward the farm. Go to California.
Follow the way the houses straggle along
the railway. The lonely cottager is slip-
ping into history after the hunter and
the ranger. The country is filling up.
Whether we like it or not, the city
mind grows dominant in politics, as
for a full generation it has grown
dominant in custom and in thought.
It is natural that many of us are fear-
ful as our inheritance changes. The
America we have received from our
fathers has gone from us, and the
America we have we may not bequeath
to our sons.

This is the first great challenge of
Smith. The city is in his mind and
heart. He is sign and symbol of a

great change. Hoover, however mod-
ern, however scientific-minded, seems
to us a less definite break with the
traditional. He calls to mind all the
sweet and peaceful generations of our
rural past. Shall we hold to the tradi-
tional, or is it time perforce to meet
our new destiny and to think for our-
selves?

One other deep canyon divides the
candidates. Smith is a New Man. He
speaks for millions who have not learned
all our ways; and why should they,
when we will learn none of theirs? Not
since Jackson torpedoed the Federalists
has the stratified social consciousness
of America felt the tremor that seems
to precede the earthquake. The old
order may close its ranks and withstand
the shock. But the great forces are
unchained, and in the end, sometime,
they will have their way. Will the time
and will the leader be so propitious
as they are to-day?

A strange campaign it is. On the
surface are the issues casual almost,
and not exciting, but below the issues
are two contrasting personalities, each
strong enough to sail the ship on
bold new courses. And beneath the
champions themselves, far below their
political convictions, plumbing depths
which no American election has ever
stirred, there is joined one issue at the
very core of the republic and of society
itself. Only bigots and fanatics bring
it to debate, for it is deep beyond
reason and its elements are primal.
'Thou shalt have none other gods but
me,' spake Jehovah, but the people
parodied his commandment. 'Thou
shalt have none other gods but mine'
has been the outcry of the ages.

To change the course of that red
record America was peopled, and the
experiment of the United States was
dedicated to the proposition that a
man's religion must not be held against
him. Vain and futile hope! In the

human heart prejudice is deeper than reason. Hypocrisy which cloaks itself always in words and laws, in shibboleths and fair phrases, now declares everywhere that the issue is Tammany, or farm relief, or sumptuary laws, or, with a holier accent, 'the inviolability of the Constitution.' Keep the Constitution inviolate! Before God and the people, may we not ask why the Eighteenth Amendment should be sacred and the first of all itself ignored?

These are the written words which once summed up the best hope of the world:—

'NO RELIGIOUS TEST SHALL EVER BE REQUIRED AS A QUALIFICATION TO ANY OFFICE OR PUBLIC TRUST UNDER THE UNITED STATES.'

Let us vote as our consciences dictate. Let us vote for Hoover or for Smith as men. Let us honestly prefer the Republican promise of good business or the Democratic plea for fair dealing. Let us vote to continue our experiment in Prohibition or put mere Temperance first. Let us save the farmer by the way we prefer. But let us not try to fool our own souls by voting before the world for a secret reason which the more decent of us dare scarcely even murmur to ourselves.

When the preachers cry out that the issue of issues is the nullification of the Constitution, that Constitution established to ensure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, they proclaim a truth they do not understand.

E. S.

HAMSTRINGING INSURANCE

BY HOWARD DOUGLAS DOZIER

I

THE assets of the life insurance companies chartered in the United States exceeded on December 31, 1926, the market price of all classes of stock of the one hundred corporations whose common stocks were the most active, the highest-priced, and the largest-dividend-paying of all those listed on the New York Stock Exchange.

A giant insurance and investment corporation, after merging these one hundred companies, could have declared a sizable stock dividend and continued cash dividend payments equivalent to the old rates. It could have assumed the bonds of the con-

stituent companies, met the interest payments, and had enough resources left over to set up a respectable surplus. In addition, it could have paid the bankers, lawyers, and economists who planned and effected the consolidation handsome fees for their services.

The newly formed corporation would have had a virtual monopoly over most and a commanding position in all of the iron, steel, nonferrous metal, and oil industries; the telephone, the telegraph, and the express services; the electric light and power and the gas industries, including the supplying of most of the machinery used in these fields; the production of automobiles, except the Ford output; the bottle and

an manufacturing industries; the construction of passenger, freight, and sleeping cars and locomotives and their repair, including the furnishing of parts kept in stock; the operation of reparation cars; the refining of sugar; the reparation and sale of tobacco, to say nothing of chewing gum; the mail-order and chain-store business; the fruit-carrying trade; and the making and distribution of farm machinery.

Yet those who owned the insurance companies would have owned them still, and, in a large measure, those who owned the corporations would have owned them still. For policyholders of insurance companies and stockholders of corporations are recruited from the same group, and that group is getting to be pretty much everybody.

Through stockholding men have become directly owners and partners in enterprise, and through insurance-policy-holding they have become indirectly creditors of the enterprises which they own.

Any attempt to translate the enormous potential financial power of insurance companies into corporate managerial activity would equal in folly an attempt to level Pike's Peak with a pumice stone.

This paper advocates no such translation. It does suggest, however, the desirability, in the interest of uniformity, of removing certain restrictions which some of the states impose upon insurance companies in the investment of their funds.

The daily income of some of the largest insurance companies is as much as one million dollars. To find safe and profitable employment for this amount of money in an investment field as wide even as is consistent with safety is no mean task. To find such employment in a field restricted far within the bounds of prudence is a stupendous undertaking.

Each insurance company doing business in more than one state is subject to two classes of regulation: that imposed as a condition of its corporate existence by the state from which it holds its charter, and that imposed by the states in which it hopes to operate.

These regulations as to bond and mortgage investments are well-nigh uniform throughout the nation. They vary as to stock investments. Massachusetts, a comparatively liberal state, permits domestic insurance companies to invest 10 per cent of their capital and surplus in stocks, but no insurance company may own more than 10 per cent of the outstanding capital stock of any one corporation. New York, a more conservative state, forbids common stock investments and allows only 2 per cent of its insurance companies' total assets to be invested in preferred or guaranteed stocks of solvent corporations. New York cannot, therefore, enjoy fully the liberality of Massachusetts. Texas, which may be denominated provincial so far as its insurance laws are concerned, is fairly liberal in its investment requirements of domestic companies. It imposes upon outside companies, however, the condition that they invest in Texas securities 75 per cent of the legal reserve on policies carried by Texas residents. It defines these securities as Texas state, county, and municipal bonds, mortgages on Texas real estate, and first-mortgage bonds of any solvent corporation chartered under the laws of Texas and doing business in the state. Stocks are not included.

The variation in the requirements of these three states with respect to the investment in stocks is typical, and is sufficient to explain why stocks constitute an almost infinitesimally small percentage of the assets of life insurance companies.

It is to be hoped that the recent

revision of the New York law is the beginning of a movement in pivotal states which will make it possible and practicable for all insurance companies to invest a reasonable amount of their funds in good preferred and common stocks.

As a test of sentiment of those most vitally interested in the liberalization of the investment opportunities enjoyed by life insurance companies, this question might be put to a responsible official of some reputable and reliable insurance company: 'Would you be unwilling for your company to buy a reasonable amount of the common stock of any of the corporations whose bonds you already hold?' And this to any policyholder of the company who is also a conservative investor: 'Would you be unwilling for your insurance company to invest in the same stocks which you yourself hold, and to an equal amount?'

The broadening of the field of investment for insurance funds so as to include those stocks generally recognized as belonging to the investment class would be advantageous to the policyholders, to the insurance companies, and to corporations. Moreover, it would tend to have a stabilizing effect upon the stock market.

II

The relationship which exists between an insurance company and the policyholder is contractual, legal, financial. The contract establishing this relationship calls for the payment of fixed sums of money conditioned in amount and method of payment upon eventualities mutually agreed upon.

On the other hand, the relationship which exists between the policyholder and his beneficiaries or dependents is social, implying a moral rather than defining a legal obligation. The ultimate object of the insurance contract

is to help the insured meet these moral and social obligations to his dependent.

The safeguards and restrictions which the various states have thrown around the investments permissible to insurance companies are admirably adapted to the protection of the legal contracts which exist between the companies and their policyholders. They are ill adapted for the complete or even the partial protection of the moral and social obligations of the insured to his dependents.

The present arrangement leaves the dependents, the main objects of the whole insurance scheme, exposed to a whole new and as yet uninsurable hazard — namely, the loss incident to a decline in the purchasing power of money.

The next great forward step in insurance bids fair to be the working out of a plan for the protection of the purchasing power of the estate which insurance is designed to create.

Because of the recent price revolution, many dependents for whom adequate protection had been made under the old order found the provision inadequate under the new. The real value — the comfort-commanding power — of so many life insurance policies has been halved recently and it is not necessary now to amplify.

The hazard of the declining purchasing power of money rests altogether upon the insured, and is borne largely by the beneficiaries. This risk should be underwritten by insurance companies and should be paid for out of the reserve set up for that purpose. The means are at hand for setting up and maintaining such a reserve, and can be used if the state laws are so liberalized as to make it practicable for insurance companies to invest a reasonable amount of the funds of their policyholders in good common stocks.

Insurance is the only method yet devised whereby a man can create a

tate and then pay for it if he lives and have his indebtedness on account canceled if he dies. But the preservation of the purchasing power of an estate is scarcely less important than its creation. Striving to create that which in the end proves not to be, is utility.

So long as the purchasing power of money fluctuates, some way must be sought by policyholders whereby they can keep step with what Professor Fisher calls the 'dance of the dollar.'

In the absence of institutional means, resort must be had to individual plans and effort for protecting the purchasing power of the estate created by insurance.

A recognition within the last few years of the fact that a diversified investment in common stocks of sound corporations affords a means of keeping step with the dizzying dollar has led to the establishment of investment trusts. Since an insurance company can create an estate before it is paid for, it cannot preserve its purchasing power, and since a trust or an investment trust can preserve an estate already created and paid for, but cannot create one in advance of payment, he who would both create and preserve must hesitate between two plans and adopt neither. The creation of an estate and the preservation of its purchasing power should go hand in hand, and life insurance companies should operate as to perform both functions. Until such time as they may do both, or until investment trusts expand their activities to include insurance features, he who would both create and preserve his estate must rely upon such means as are available to him as a lone individual. The efforts of two men to meet the situation are responsible for this paper.

They both carry insurance. They have borrowed on their insurance

policies and have used the funds to purchase good stocks on a conservative margin. Having already created an estate of a given number of dollars by means of insurance, they are now predetermining its character. Upon the death of either, his widow can pay his debts and have left unencumbered an estate consisting of stocks, the purchasing power of which has through the years gone up and down as the purchasing power of money has gone down and up. For, generally speaking, periods of rising prices — that is to say, periods of declining purchasing power of money — are periods of increasing profits, and vice versa. And profits accrue to stockholders only.

These men may not have acted wisely. They may fail in their object. But as yet no insurance company, bank, or investment trust furnishes an institutional service through which they can create an estate and preserve its purchasing power while they are paying for it.

III

From the standpoint of the insurance companies themselves, it is highly desirable that an element of elasticity be introduced into their holdings. If permitted to invest in good common stocks, they would become part owners in industry in behalf of all their policyholders, both those who own stock on their own account and those who do not. The companies would share, for their policyholders, in such economic development as might take place. So sharing, additional funds would become available for permitting a reduction in premiums, for the payment of larger dividends, or, what is better still, for additional paid-up insurance, any one of which is of the essence of preserving the purchasing power of the unpaid-for insurance estate.

Many insurance contracts now in

force were entered into at a time when bonds and mortgages eligible for life insurance investment produced a higher rate of return than similar securities do now. The majority opinion among business men and economists is that, barring war or some other capital-wasting catastrophe, the trend of the long-term interest rate is and will be definitely downward for some time to come. The capital-producing capacity of the country is so great — and it is becoming increasingly greater — that the price of capital will decline. Some go so far even as to predict a 3 per cent return in the not distant future on such high-grade bonds as those generally held by insurance companies. The investment of funds now being collected from policyholders, or the reinvesting of those which become available through the maturity or the calling of securities already owned, in low-interest-bearing securities now eligible for insurance-company investment is continually lowering the average yield on all holdings. Yet insurance companies must continue to meet those contracts already entered into which call for the payment of definite sums of money.

Insurance companies, as well as other investment institutions, are now doing business in a falling market. They are meeting with the same difficulties experienced by others similarly situated. They are finding it hard to buy at a fixed price and sell at a profit on a declining market. They cannot go on indefinitely buying income at a fixed price and selling it at a declining one. Should the decline in interest rates continue long enough, it is conceivable that insurance companies might have to raise premium rates in order to secure sufficient money with which to purchase enough income to meet their maturing obligations.

An escape from such a possibility is

to be found in the more lucrative employment of their funds. A more lucrative employment is the investment of a reasonable portion of their resources in high-grade common stocks.

This would involve little or no risk and occasion little, if any, additional expense. No institutions are in a better position than life insurance companies to know or to find out what stocks or what corporations rank as investments. Moreover, the machinery for investigating and passing upon the character of stocks is already set up and has long been in operation in connection with the determination of the character of other securities.

There is considerable irony in the fact that so much machinery has been set up to help the policyholder create an estate through the purchase for him of mortgages and bonds, commonly believed to be the safest securities while he has been left to fend for himself in his attempt to preserve his estate through the purchase of stocks commonly supposed to be less safe than bonds. His point of greatest danger is his point of least protection. The present arrangement reverses the natural order. But it was said long ago that the first shall be last and the last first and that to him that hath shall be given and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.

IV

Industrial, public utility, and railroad corporations would all benefit if their share capital should become generally eligible for life insurance investment. Eligibility for investment does not imply obligation on the part of the insurance company to invest. The possible broadening of the market for corporate stocks would enable successful corporations to raise larger percentages of their necessary capita

ough the sale of stock, and thus to maintain a healthy financial structure. Of the twenty-one and three-quarter millions of dollars of capitalization of Class I, II, and III railroads on January 1, 1927, about twelve and a half billions, or nearly 60 per cent, are represented by bonds of various kinds. Of these bonds, insurance companies own in the neighborhood of two and a half billions. This is a few millions more than the bonded indebtedness of those public utility, industrial, and miscellaneous corporations already referred to as being dominant in industry.

Had insurance companies in the past been free to invest in good railroad stocks, the risk incident to the conduct of railroad business would not be so concentrated as now. Railroad capitalization would not be bond topheavy, and that risk due solely to such a situation would not have developed. Risk averted does not have to be avoided at home.

The capitalization of many industrial and public utility corporations, and possibly one or two railroads, consists entirely of one class of stock. This is undesirable. When such is the case, the security partakes of the character of a bond in the matter of safety and retains the character as stock in that it shares in profits. Had insurance companies been given more latitude in the past, they would undoubtedly now be comparatively heavy stockholders of those industrial and corporations of conservative financial structures. Moreover, the influence of the insurance companies would have made for capitalizations consisting of larger percentages of stock.

V

It may not be susceptible of direct proof, but it seems to be a reasonable assumption that the advent of insur-

ance companies as factors in the stock market would have a stabilizing effect upon the market. The question is immediately raised whether it would not have exactly the opposite effect. Would not the insurance companies buy stock, lock it up, and leave a floating supply so small as to make possible artificial corners, and to be insufficient for the speculative appetite? Those who hold this to be true reason by analogy that insurance companies would pursue the same policy as to their stock holdings as they do now with respect to their bond holdings.

While it is true that insurance companies are interested mainly in income, they are not averse to selling one income and buying another of equal size and certainty at a smaller price. It is generally true that they hold their bonds for comparatively long periods of time, but this is because of the fact that the price varies within small range and slowly, a circumstance due to the gradual change in the interest rate at which bond income is capitalized in determining bond prices.

This policy of insurance companies has resulted partly, no doubt, from the restrictions and conditions under which they have operated. If conditions should be changed so as to permit them to invest in stocks, there is no reason to believe that their action would not be in conformity with the changed circumstances.

As already suggested, it is probable that the total amount of corporate stocks would eventually be increased if insurance companies appeared as buyers in the market. The increase would make for market stability.

There is the possibility that a given amount of stock in the hands of insurance companies, with all their facilities for knowing economic and financial conditions, would be more fluid than an equal amount widely

scattered among many individuals. Viscosity and inertia increase with numbers. Insurance companies, by buying and selling or by standing ready to buy and sell stocks on the basis of conditions, whether present or future, as ascertained or carefully predicted by their highly trained and highly specialized organizations, would aid materially in determining and discounting accurately and conservatively those factors which determine, or are supposed to influence, stock prices.

Where knowledge is, doubt and uncertainty and fear do not abide. Insurance companies doubtless could substitute much market fact for what is now market fiction. To the extent that they did so, factors making for uncertainty, and therefore for speculative activity, would be eliminated and supplanted. There would be more sweep and swell and less splatter and splash in the stock market.

VI

But, however convincing the logic of facts, it is the logic of events which will bring the question of liberalizing investment opportunity for insurance companies to the fore for discussion, decision, and action. Foreign insurance companies doing business within the United States enjoy wider investment opportunities than those enjoyed by the companies holding charters from the various states.

One company writing insurance widely in the United States, but chartered by a foreign country, lays claim to the distinction of being the largest single common stockholder of

the largest single corporation in the world, a corporation whose business is largely within the United States.

This corporation pays the foreign insurance company nine dollars a share dividend on every share held, and every two years or so sells it additional stock on such terms that the rights to subscribe are worth from six dollars to fifteen dollars per share. This is the equivalent of an extra annual cash dividend of from three dollars to seven dollars and a half a share. This together with the regular dividend amounts to an annual income of from twelve to sixteen dollars and a half a share. At a price of one hundred and forty dollars to two hundred dollars a share, this is a yield to the foreign insurance company of about $8\frac{1}{2}$ per cent on its investment. The Massachusetts law designates by name eligible for the investment of the funds of certain types of life insurance companies the bonds of this same corporation and its operating subsidiaries. The bonds of the corporation are now selling at a price which yields only from $4\frac{1}{4}$ to $4\frac{3}{4}$ per cent.

It is no wonder that this foreign insurance company can pay bigger dividends and give more paid-up insurance for the same premiums as those charged by state-chartered companies. Money talks.

State-chartered insurance companies are beginning to demand equality of investment opportunity. And they should have it, not only because they must have it in order to compete on equal terms with foreign companies but also because it is economically sound that they should have it.

FROM KIMONO TO OVERALLS

The Industrial Transition in Japan

BY MAURICE HOLLAND

I

TRANSITION is the dominant fact of life in present-day Japan. Its centre is industry; but its range extends through social and political life, the press, indeed the entire intricate pattern of existence. And behind this transition is the power of applied science, expressed in energetic industrial research.

Practically all fields of science and most of the essential industries of Japan are being served by one or more institutes of research. As in Germany, such institutes are generally endowed by the State. Of the ninety research institutions listed by the Department of Commerce and Industry, only twenty-one are allied with private concerns. The rest are supported by the national treasury, or by prefectures and municipalities. Appropriations for research from both public and private sources total about \$4,000,000 annually.

I visited Japan as an engineer, anxious to study the influence of research upon her industries. I endeavored to trace the development of industrial methods from their sources and to follow them to their ultimate application. I had made similar studies in England, France, Germany, and Czechoslovakia, and used the same method in Japan. I visited the laboratories of pure science, the birthplace of industrial technology; from these I

went to the laboratories of applied science, and then to the research establishments of trade associations. I completed the cycle by studying in some detail the application of technical knowledge in factories themselves.

Thus I became acquainted with the services which research has performed for Japan's industry, and was able to form an estimate of her present position among the industrial nations of the world.

But the purpose of my study was more than this; the future of an industrial nation rests with those who are responsible for carrying through discoveries in pure science to ultimate application in industry. The persistence, the vigor, and the rapidity with which this work is pursued determine whether a given industry in particular or an industrial nation as a whole is to prosper or to fail. There is, in fact, no surer method of forecasting industrial futures than study of the 'time lag' between a discovery in pure science and the application of the discovery industrially. The investor who seeks to place his money in foreign industries, the financier who is considering a foreign loan, can do no better than to study this time lag. It was with this in mind that I undertook my survey of Japanese industry.

I believe that the reader will best be able to form an opinion of Japan's

industrial future if I reverse the order of my own investigations, and speak first of representative industries, later describing representative laboratories and factories. Perhaps it is natural that the Japanese fisheries should have the first word.

II

I had heard much, before my visit to Japan, of the frugality of the Japanese and of their genius for painstaking detail. Frugality has been forced upon them for centuries; the endless hardships of life for the great mass of the people have required careful conservation of nature's gifts; economy and attention to trifles have become part of the national heritage. The effect of these characteristics upon Japanese industries, particularly those concerned with food and natural resources, I found to be astonishing.

Fish is a most important item of the Japanese diet. It is said that the Japanese eat ten pounds of fish for every pound of meat, while Americans eat ten pounds of meat for every pound of fish. Yet Japanese authorities decided that much of the rice, taro, and other starchy foods so common there must be replaced by still more fish, and that each adult needs twenty-two grams of fish each day instead of the seven grams which are now the rule. So Japan set out a few years ago to triple her fish supply within fifteen years. As a result, the fisheries industry to-day presents a picture which may be compared, for careful attention to minute detail, to a great Japanese tapestry.

Japan is applying scientific knowledge to fisheries more intensively than any other nation. The design of fishing vessels, the preservation of nets, the exploitation of all available waters, including the use of rivers and lakes

for fish and shellfish culture, the complete utilization of the catch, and the methods of marketing, are all receiving systematic study. Automatic machinery such as the Pacific canning factories employ is being introduced increasingly. The entire industry is subject to strict government control, which prevents excessive exploitation.

The Imperial Fisheries Institute, an agency of pure science supported by the Government, holds the commanding position in the industry, furnishing fundamental data and improving technical methods. One of its most important functions is educational. At present no less than three hundred and twenty young men are being trained in the Institute. Courses in theory and work in the laboratories are supplemented by practical experience on training ships. Graduates of these courses become captains of fishing vessels, research workers at experimental stations, designers in shipyards, instructors in the Institute, or employees of private companies.

Branches of the Institute, research laboratories, experimental stations, and hatcheries are operated in and supported by each of the forty-five prefectures of the Empire. The Chitose Hatchery, situated in Hokkaido, is one of the largest in Japan. Here, among the great salmon fisheries, fifty million salmon eggs are handled each year. Although I had seen with what care the Japanese work, and had noted with what infinite pains every phase of the hatcheries operations had been studied, I was surprised to learn that 97 per cent of the salmon eggs were successfully hatched — an achievement which no other country has approached.

At the Institute and its branches investigations are continually being made into the zoölogy, life history, and migrations of various species; the

nutrition value of fish, shellfish, and seaweed; the development of by-products; the improvement of every phase of the industry. The thoroughness of these studies may be judged from a single example. A distinguished Japanese scholar, Dr. Kishinouye, spent ten years of concentrated effort studying every detail in the life and habits of the bonito. At the Pan-Pacific Science Congress I was privileged to hear the results of his ten years' labor summed up in a characteristically modest talk lasting but seven minutes. So well had Dr. Kishinouye learned to know the bonito that he could recognize the offspring of the parent fish wherever found; he could tell just where it had come from and under what peculiar conditions it had lived. This might be compared to knowing the life history of the parents of a child picked up on the streets of New York, through examination of the child's physical characteristics!

Soon after my arrival in Japan, I noticed that a small cylindrical loaf was frequently to be found on the dining table of the Japanese, particularly in homes of the poor. This loaf, I later learned, was made from a fish meal or paste, and was one of the most valuable products developed in the effort to utilize the available fish supply to the last degree. Two grades of the loaf are made. The better grade, Kamoboka, comes from a species which has low market value as fresh fish. It is sold in half cylindrical loaves eight inches long and about two inches thick, weighing half a pound, at a price of about fifteen cents. The inferior grade, known as Chicua, is made from a poorer quality of fish and from scrap. It is pressed into hollow cylinders about seven inches long and an inch in diameter, and is sold at about one and one-half cents a loaf. The importance

of this product in the diet of the laboring classes may be estimated from the fact that in one year a single company made and sold ten million sticks of Chicua.

The entire process of grinding, moulding, and cooking these products by automatic machinery and in accordance with the best practices of mass production was developed by the Hayatoma Fisheries Investigation Association, the closest approach to an applied research agency in the Japanese fishing industry.

About 40 per cent of all the fish now caught in Japanese waters is inedible and used as fertilizer, although an attempt is being made to convert from 20 to 30 per cent into food. With this attempt will probably come greater development of by-products—a field comparatively neglected in the past because of the pressing demands for increased fish supply. The College of Fisheries at the University of Hokkaido has made some investigations in by-products and has developed, among other things, a fish sauce, made from cuttlefish liver, which has found a limited market. Another of its projects has been the manufacture of a moisture-proof shoe from porpoise skin.

The Union Fisheries Company (Kyodogyogyo) is the largest of the commercial companies in Japan, and would bear comparison with any of the great packing houses of Chicago. The Government sanctions the operation of only seventy deep-sea trawlers, and of these this company owns twenty-eight directly and eight through subsidiary companies. These vessels, equipped with Diesel engines and with radio, operate in pairs, making from thirty to fifty hauls on each trip of about two weeks.

The whole area of the fishing grounds where the Kyodogyogyo fleet operates

is blocked off in numbered sections, each sixty-four miles square. Every morning the central office at Shimono-seki telephones to the principal markets in representative cities such as Nagoya, Osaka, Kobe, and Tokyo, to determine the selling price of the principal varieties of fish for that day. The selling prices in the different markets are then broadcast by radio to the captains of the vessels, who in the meantime have reported their exact positions, amount of haul, and kinds of fish to the central office. With the data received from the central office, each captain figures the exact market value of his catch, and proceeds to the port and market which the headquarters has determined are the most profitable. This plan of marketing permits uniform distribution of the catch in accordance with demand, and prevents the breaking of the market price through poor distribution.

This company is experimenting, on a small scale, with the production and marketing of frozen fillets, packed in cans. There appears to be no serious obstacle to the expansion of this enterprise, and it now seems likely that oysters, clams, scallops, swordfish, and halibut will be added to the list of canned products for export to Europe and America. One million pounds of Japanese halibut were imported to the United States last year.

The picture of Japan's fisheries would not be complete without a brief description of the Tokyo Fish Market. In this market, one of the largest in Japan, four thousand dealers are regularly engaged, and fifteen thousand mongers come here daily for their stock in trade; two hundred common species of fish are dealt in regularly; five hundred and thirty tons of fish are handled each day. The market is subsidized by the city of Tokyo, which is now planning a new market

to be built at a cost of five million dollars.

I can think of no better way of expressing the degree of refinement to which technical proficiency has attained in the Japanese fisheries than to say that the employees in hatcheries marine biological stations, and experimental laboratories have become virtually 'nursemaids to fish.' The hatchery operations are carried out with as much as or more care than is expended on children in some nations. This care is strikingly illustrated in the conduct of the pearl industry.

III

It was in Japan, a few years ago, that a dream as old as science was realized. Professor Nagaoka found the philosophers' stone: in his laboratory at the National Institute of Physical and Chemical Research he transformed mercury into gold. And another dream which has lived for many thousands of years is finding its fulfillment in Japan: the man-aided production of precious gems indistinguishable from those found in nature.

Pearls are being produced in Japan by the million to-day. Technical skill, developed to its highest degree, is taking a hand in one of nature's oldest games of chance. Not content with securing one pearl from a thousand oysters, Japan's experts are obtaining five to six hundred. And the most scientific and astute of gem experts cannot distinguish these pearls from those produced by nature unaided.

Japanese pearl culture is actually the process of helping the oyster, by a delicate surgical operation, to grow a pearl where none grew before. Long the guarded secret of one family, it has now become a million-dollar industry, employing over a thousand men and women. Only in recent years have a

few foreigners been privileged to see the pearl-culture farms. It was my good fortune to be permitted to visit the Gokasho farm as a guest of the House of Mikimoto, and to receive from the son of the founder a fascinating and detailed explanation of the process.

The operation consists essentially of inserting in the mantle of the oyster, between the stomach and the kidney, a perfect sphere of Missouri River mussel shell or seed pearl about three thirty-seconds of an inch in diameter. Upon the skillful execution of this delicate surgical operation the success of pearl culture depends. After the nucleus is inserted the oysters are set on shelves of an iron cage, each shelf containing twenty oysters, and the cage lowered below the surface of the water. In season, four hundred diving girls are employed to clean the oysters and remove foreign marine growth. Twenty or more are employed the year round to keep the cages clean and allow free entrance for water and food.

Mr. Mikimoto's explanation of the origin of the cage, which was invented by his father and is an improvement over the original methods in pearl culture, was interesting. Formerly, he said, the oysters were spread on the bed of the ocean and women divers brought them to the surface in baskets. But parasites, crabs, and other enemies played such havoc with the oysters that a cage was devised to protect them. A further improvement was made by lifting the cages a few feet off the bottom and suspending them from the surface, and after much experiment it was learned that a staggered arrangement of cages in groups at a mean depth of fifteen feet was ideal for the feeding and growth of the oyster.

The Gokasho Bay Station is the largest and most representative of the

eight pearl-culture stations now operated by the Mikimoto Company. Fifty thousand cages, pearl-oyster incubators, are in continuous operation, with an average of one hundred and forty pearl oysters in a cage, making a total of some seven million oysters under cultivation at one time. About a million would normally reach maturity each year, but the loss of oysters before maturity averages 25 to 30 per cent, so that the net yield is about six to seven hundred thousand mature oysters. The life cycle of the oyster is twelve years, and the nucleus of the culture pearl is not inserted until the oyster is four years old, as the young oysters cannot survive the operation. The five or six years after the operation bring the greatest production of pearl essence.

As a memento of my visit Mr. Mikimoto set before me a tub containing about two dozen oysters of sixth-year cultivation. Requested to open the oysters and try my luck, I was rewarded with five beautiful specimens of culture pearls, all perfectly spherical in shape, and with one exception of good color.

The perfection of the culture pearl is astounding. In spite of the efforts of scientists to devise means of finding the difference between culture and natural pearls, whether by chemical analysis, X-ray examination, or other methods, no process in practical use to-day assures positive detection of the culture pearl.

IV

A consideration of the industries of any modern country would be incomplete without some mention of aviation. Civil aviation in Japan, as in many other countries, has not kept pace with military aviation. Although several influential groups have become intensely interested in the conquest of

the air, the general public has not yet accepted aviation with the enthusiasm which is necessary for its persistent development. There has been no Lindbergh in Japan to dramatize flying for the mass of people, polar flights have been far away, and Japan has had no representative in these hazardous expeditions.

Moreover, the initial attempts to operate commercial lines were made with converted military and naval aircraft wholly unfitted for the purpose. Only during the past few years have manufacturers been enabled, through the assurance of a sufficient sale, to undertake the design and construction of planes intended solely for commercial purposes.

The general topography of the islands, presenting hazards of mountains and rice fields to make landings difficult, has also helped to discourage commercial flying. Again, the distances between important centres of population are short, and competition with the established methods of transportation is consequently difficult. Because of these adverse conditions there were in operation at the time of my visit but four established air lines, of which one is experimental.

Yet I found many indications of a growing consciousness in the public mind of the possibilities of aviation. A conspicuous example is the Imperial Flying Association, which, under the leadership of Lieutenant General Nagaoka, has recruited thirty thousand men from all walks of life for the active and popular support of aviation. Since its establishment ten years ago the Association has received a million yen (\$500,000) in subscriptions and donations. The money is largely expended on propaganda work intended to stimulate public interest. The distribution of literature, the posting of cash prizes for aviation contests, the

staging of aerial shows and demonstrations, and the publishing of a journal devoted to aviation are among its activities.

Realizing the importance of providing the initial impetus for the industry and avoiding the mistakes made in aeronautics abroad, the Imperial Government appropriated twelve thousand yen for a comprehensive survey of the problems of domestic and foreign aviation. The Bureau of Civil Aviation is charged with the task of framing a plan for government subsidy of commercial operating companies, and also with the formulation of a national air policy. To assure an adequate supply of trained pilots, the Bureau placed four young men in the Army Aviation School for a nine months' course in ground and flying instruction, graduating them as qualified pilots. Four other men are similarly trained each year with hydroplanes.

V

The silken kimono symbolizes Japan for most of us. Its startling contrasts might symbolize also the Japanese silk industry, for it is an industry of contrasts. Study of the making of silk in Japan leads us at one moment in directions where progress is so rapid that we follow it with difficulty, and the next moment shows us areas where there has been little development for centuries.

It is well to recognize at once that every advance in the silk industry of Japan is of vital concern to us in this country. Ninety per cent of Japan's entire output of silk is exported to the United States. Japan is virtually the production department and the United States the sales department of a great international enterprise. The interdependence of the two nations resulting from their relations in this industry was

well illustrated by a remark which a leading executive of the industry made to me. 'The price of United States Steel Common on the New York Stock Exchange,' he said, 'is infinitely more important to the economic well-being of Japan than the current quotation of the yen by local banks. In fact, one is cause, the other effect.'

The principal emphasis of research in sericulture is on agricultural and biological studies affecting the silkworm and its feeding. The development of time-saving mechanical processes has been retarded by the abundance of cheap labor. If an automatic machine could be invented to replace hand labor in reeling thread it would be such a great forward step in the economy of silk manufacture that it would materially affect the cost of silk lingerie in America.

The process of making the raw silk itself presents a different picture. The research work of the industry is centralized in the Imperial Japanese Sericulture Experiment Station, which has a total annual budget of \$200,000. Six branch stations operate in various parts of the silk-producing regions of Japan. The Experiment Station endeavors to improve the races of silkworms, to facilitate their distribution, and to promote scientific sericulture among the rural population. Its work begins with the breeding of pure races of silkworms, and its departments carry on studies in the chemical composition of mulberry leaves, the parasites of silkworms, the technology of raw-silk manufacture, and methods of classifying from the cocoon stage to actual manufacture.

By its work in the rural districts the Station is doing much to improve the quality of the nation's silk production. The first generation of hybrid silkworm eggs is distributed to farmers free of charge. Nearly seventy thousand silk-

worm-egg cards are also distributed annually by the Station, and special lectures by experts on the processes of reeling and spinning silk are given from time to time in the centres of the industry.

An important phase of the work is the training of filature instructors. Each year twenty-five male and seventy female attendants are given courses of training lasting five months; over fourteen hundred persons have already completed this course. Short lecture courses on the cultivation of mulberry trees and the rearing of silkworms are also given. The Station is housed in modern laboratory buildings, and an important feature is a museum which contains a detailed record of the development of the raw-silk industry both in Japan and abroad.

In an effort to trace the influence of pure research on the methods employed in a representative silk mill, I visited the plant of the Katakura Silk Thread Company. Almost, if not wholly, alone among the manufacturing companies, the Katakura plant supports a research laboratory. Japanese manufacturers have been in close coöperation with the buyers of raw silk in America. Standards and specifications have been established, frequent visits of exchange committees have taken place, and as a result the processes of raw-silk manufacture in the more progressive companies have reached a fairly high state of development, although most of the methods outside of the experimental section of the Katakura plant are of the conventional silk-thread-mill type. In this experimental section, various types of improved reeling machines imported from Italy and other countries are constantly being tested. But as yet no improvement in the sunken-cocoon method of reeling has been introduced.

This method is a notable example of

the excessive use of hand labor. Girl operators, earning an average daily wage of thirty-eight cents, are employed exclusively. In silk mills, as in other industries in Japan, particularly outside the centres of population, the employees work seven days a week, with two days off each month. In the Katakura plant, seven hundred girls are housed in company dormitories, and extensive welfare facilities are provided.

On the whole, the conventional methods of silk manufacture are so firmly entrenched in Japan that only the most progressive companies are making any effort to improve the processes; and, even in these, cheap labor effectively blocks rapid progress. I have discussed the possibilities of the introduction of automatic machinery with experts both in Japan and in the United States, and they agree that the early development of such machinery is unlikely under present conditions.

VI

Nowhere are the peculiar qualities of Japanese character more in evidence than in the laboratory. Here the thoroughness, the genius for detail, and the impelling curiosity of the Japanese find outlet. In no other country does the research worker live so intensely in his work. Despite the Japanese ability for organization, individual genius finds full expression in the laboratory. The complete organization of the American laboratory, in which a thousand men work under a director to accomplish a common end, has no counterpart in Japan.

The most important, the largest, and the best-equipped research institute in Japan is the National Institute of Physical and Chemical Research, which compares favorably with the foremost organizations in the world, such as the

Bureau of Standards, the National Physical Laboratory in England, and the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute in Germany. The National Institute was founded in 1917. Thirteen laboratory buildings are occupied by departments of chemistry, physics, optics, and electrotechnics. Several other buildings are devoted to industrial research laboratories and shops. With a staff of three hundred, including one hundred and twelve actual research workers, the Institute operates on an annual budget of about a half-million dollars.

Although the Institute is subsidized by the Imperial Government, the industries which submit research projects are required to pay the actual cost of investigation or to support fellowships for the specific work. When a patentable discovery results from a research investigation, 50 per cent of the profits realized by industrial application and sale of the product is returned to the Institute, and of this 25 per cent goes to the inventor.

Some of the most remarkable discoveries of modern science have come out of the Institute. In the laboratory of Professor Nagaoka, one of the most eminent physical chemists in Japan, classical investigations in the structure of matter are always in progress. I have already mentioned one of Professor Nagaoka's most brilliant achievements, the transmutation of mercury into gold on a laboratory scale.

The present keen interest of medical science and even of the general public in vitamins is not by any means confined to the Occident. In the applied industrial research laboratories of the Institute, the manufacture of vitamin A cod-liver-oil capsules has been carried to the point of commercial-scale production. Experiments are in progress also for extracting the valuable item of diet, vitamin C, from Japan green tea.

A synthetic indigo, reported to be as good as dyes produced by similar processes in Germany, is another product of the laboratories. One section of the chemical research laboratory is devoting much attention to the development of pure chemical derivatives from human hair. Of thirty or more derivatives already developed, one offers the possibility of a specific cure for tuberculosis.

One of the most important and extensive of the national laboratories supported by the Government is the Imperial Combustibles Research Laboratory — another result of Japan's determination to utilize to the highest degree her natural resources. As one engineer expressed it, 'Japan's limited coal supply makes it imperative for us to develop scientific methods for obtaining every atom of energy from our available supply.'

This laboratory is divided into several sections, which are specifically charged with the exact determination of the nature and structure of coal, the development of low-temperature carbonizing processes, the development of coal derivatives, the utilization of brown coal, and the extraction of oil from shale. The work of the Institute is important not to Japan alone, but to the entire world. American and European engineers who have followed the laboratory's work agree that Japan is gaining world leadership in the field, and that in the future other countries will look to the East for knowledge of combustibles. While other countries may be more richly endowed with natural resources, nowhere is the supply of such resources infinite; and their conservation is each year becoming a matter of greater importance. I am sure that Japan's attitude toward her natural resources might well be emulated by many other nations.

Research is being applied even to

art in Japan, and an old order, established through thousands of years, is changing. The pottery industry, including the famous Satsuma ware, still largely depends upon trade secrets handed down through families from generation to generation. But the Government, through the Pottery Experimental Station at Kyoto, is introducing scientific study into the industry, and attempting to create a more coöperative spirit.

I was surprised to find that the work of the Experimental Station was being directed largely toward the production of original designs for pottery. To an American, design might seem the proper province of free imagination; yet science is being successfully applied to it. Extensive and minute studies are made of bamboo, cherry, chrysanthemum, to find in them new motifs for design. A table lamp originated in the laboratory is fashioned after a miniature bamboo tree, and the finest details of color, form, and texture are reproduced. The lamp is both artistic and useful, and can be made at reasonable cost.

The laboratory also concerns itself with the improvement of pottery machinery, the reduction of material costs, and the development of new applications for pottery. Its findings are not patentable, and can be used without payment by any concern in the industry. An extensive museum containing pottery from all parts of the world is maintained by the Station.

VII

Among the representative industrial plants which I studied was the Oji Paper Company. Although the principal product of this company is newsprint paper, the Oji Company and its subsidiary plants manufacture practically all types of paper, including

stationery, wall paper, and cigarette paper.

The company's mills operate continuously, seven days a week, the employees, as in the silk mills, receiving two days off each month. The mill operates on two shifts, day and night, one beginning at six in the morning, the other at six in the evening. The average wage for men is \$1.05 a day; for women, \$.75 a day. The company maintains a housing system, supply stores, and free baths for its employees.

The plant itself, following the best American practices of mass production, is well equipped with automatic and semiautomatic machinery; a noticeable feature, however, particularly in the presence of many hazardous operations, is the complete absence of any safety devices. An interesting commentary on the equipment of Japanese industrial plants, which seems to be an indication of the trend of the times, is the gradual replacement of English by American machinery.

The Nippon Electric Company presents many contrasts to the paper mill. I learned from Mr. Ohata, the operating vice president, that 'a gradual displacement of foreign engineers is continually in progress, an increasing number of engineering graduates from the imperial universities stepping into their places, and gradually taking over the technical administration of the basic industries of Japan.' This is happening rapidly in the Nippon Electric Company.

Its employees are, in general, of a much higher type than those in the paper mill, and receive an average wage of from \$2.25 to \$2.50 per day. The wages of toolmakers run as high as \$3.50 per day. Seventy men are employed in engineering design and drafting, and a small section of twenty men engages in experiment, principally

with broadcasting equipment and loud speakers.

VIII

The inherent weakness of the organization of research in Japan is the gap between the agencies of pure research and those of applied science operating in the industries.

One reason for this is that a too generous subsidy has been extended by the Imperial Government to national research institutes, and in some instances to agencies which should manifestly be supported by industry itself. The incentive for the establishment of private agencies, which would have resulted naturally from industrial competition, has suffered from government regulation of industry. Officials seem to realize that the ideal to be attained is a gradual reduction of government subsidies and the establishment of research organizations on a self-sustaining basis, but no concerted effort toward this ideal is in evidence. The Japanese executive does not respond to the idea of research. He is intent upon production and dividends.

Until recently, also, Japan suffered from industrial indigestion, brought about by successive attempts to bolt German, English, French, and American methods, advisors, and products, often wholly unsuited to her own special economic needs. Now Japan has outgrown her dependence on imported technical knowledge, which is rapidly being supplied by her own people. Thirty thousand engineers are enrolled in the national engineering societies of Japan — a fact suggesting in itself the phenomenal industrial growth which has been able to absorb so large a number of technical workers.

It is readily apparent that Japan's universities and technical schools are

far too remote from the interests of her industries. At present there is practically no coöperation between the engineering school and the factory, a situation unfortunate not only because the university laboratory is not rendering to industry the direct assistance which it is capable of giving, but also because the universities are turning over to industry engineering graduates without any grasp of industrial needs or conditions. From a practical point of view, their training is deficient, and industry must take over at its own expense, and with resultant loss of efficiency, the task left uncompleted by the university.

What is especially needed is some national agency to act as a clearing house, a bridge to span the gap between pure science and industry. This seems an obvious function of the National Research Council of Japan. Some discussion of this project during my visit may result in its being undertaken. A national agency to interpret the technical problems of industry to pure research, and to influence the programme of scientific research in such a direction as to be helpful to industry, would be of vital importance.

But whatever the defects in the organization of industry and science in Japan, the advances in recent years have been truly phenomenal. In the last analysis, these advances are due to the native Japanese ability, and to the outstanding characteristic of the intelligent Japanese, which is, if my observation be true, an inquiring mind and a hunger for knowledge. No opportunity is lost by any Japanese in any station of life to come in contact with foreigners and to acquire as much new knowledge as he can. The Japanese take great care to make a detailed record of newly acquired information, and lose little time in its application.

From my own observations and from the comparative data available, I should place Japan fourth among the nations of the world in the organization and scope of her research activities. I should rate Germany first, the United States second, England third, and Japan fourth. I will hazard the prophecy that within ten years two important changes in relative position will take place in this list of the Big Four in the international contest for industrial supremacy.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

MILESTONES

I. The Sculptor

I HAD never before looked upon a dead person's face, and it was certainly not by my own volition that I did so now. Little, wide-eyed, frightened girl that I was, I had been swept out of my seat and down the narrow aisle by a heedless crowd. Begging and pleading with deaf grown-ups, I tried to worm my way to freedom, but the relentless tide swept me on and on. I could see the black, shiny coffin yawning before me, and my sobs became hysterical as we drew nearer and nearer. Only a few more feet to go — I covered my face with my hands lest I should see within before I knew. The heavy sweetness of lilies seemed choking me, and the monotonous grief of the crowd drummed in my ears while their steady, onward shuffle beat about me.

Suddenly there was a quick, restless movement and I felt myself tossed like an unwilling leaf in the current, and then crushed against a hard, smooth surface. For a moment I stood stunned. Then the full horror of the situation came to me — I was standing close against the coffin, with my chin a little above its edge. All my childish fancy seemed to concentrate in one thought: dead eyes were staring at me! — dead eyes boring between my trembling fingers into my very soul!

Finally I could stand it no longer, and, tearing my hands from my face, I gazed full into that of the dead.

For a moment what I saw stupefied me. I could only dumbly stare. Then such a wave of glad relief swept over

me that I began to cry afresh with pure joy. Before me lay the sweetest face that I have ever seen. Wrinkled and ivory-white and framed by silvery hair, it was yet strangely young. There was beauty in every feature of it, but that was not so much what attracted me. It was the look of deep peace and contentment. Small as I was, I felt that, somehow, if death could do that to a face I need have no fear.

II. 'Destroyer and Preserver'

'Beat you to the playhouse!' I called as I swung my loaded bookstrap on to the porch and sped around the house.

'Naw, yuh don't!' cried Sarah, tossing her sweater beside my strap and dashing after me. Because she was older and had longer legs, her yellow braids were soon bobbing far ahead. Seeing that I could not win, I turned to wait for slow little Marie. Hand in hand we ran down the garden path, through the gate and on through the pasture to the oak tree, beneath which our playhouse stood.

It was just an old shed which Father had made waterproof and had papered with odds and ends of pink bedroom paper. Here we carried all our treasures — broken dishes, a faded parlor rug, some torn lace curtains, an old carved clock, and an ancient settee. And here we spent our joyous hours of freedom.

This evening, as we panted up, Sarah met us at the door. She put her finger on her lips. There was news in her very look. 'Marie,' she whispered, 'yer sister's in here.' Marie only

stared. 'Come on in, silly. She's sick. She wants yuh to go tell yer maw.'

Wide-eyed and frightened, Marie tiptoed in. I watched from the door. Her sister Jane, covered with an old shawl, was lying on the settee. Jane was much older than we, but though she never played with us I knew her well. Her pretty face was quite pale now, and there was mingled fear and pain in the dark eyes. 'Marie,' she moaned, 'go tell Mother to come.'

Dumbly, too frightened to stay, I followed my playmate back the way we had come and on down the street to her home.

'Come, Mother, Jane's sick — down in our playhouse,' cried Marie.

'What?' There was a roar from inside the house, and Mr. Allen appeared, brandishing his paper and cursing vilely. 'I told you so. D—— her! She can get out of my house!'

'No, no, John. It is n't so,' sobbed the mother. 'Hush, dear, the neighbors will hear you.' Her nervous hands fumbled as she put on her bonnet and prepared to go to her child.

I fled from the house, too terrified to hear more. In the middle of the street I was stopped by Sarah. 'Ain't it fierce how the old man takes on?' she gossiped. 'Jane's awful sick. Should n't wonder if she'll die.'

'Oh, Sarah, what's the matter with her?' I gasped. 'What makes Mr. Allen carry on so?'

'Cause, silly,' Sarah swelled with superior wisdom, and leaned over to blurt impressively in my ear, 'cause — she's — going — to — have — a — baby!'

'Why, why — that's nice, is n't it?' I faltered.

'Huh? Nice? Well, if you ain't a little innocent!' She stared at me scornfully. 'Of course it ain't. It's awful. I know my maw'll say I can't ever play with Marie again, and I

don't want to, neither!' She tossed her head self-righteously. And then, seeing the perfect bewilderment of my face and being desirous of a more intelligent audience, she gave me a good-natured shove. 'Aw, silly, go ask yer maw,' she said.

But I did not ask my mother. Instead I locked this new secret in my heart and brooded in silence. I saw the neighbors nodding their heads together and casting significant glances. I knew that shamed little Marie no longer played with us. I knew that her father cursed more frequently and that her mother's eyes were always sad. And my only clue to all this misery was that a baby had come to Jane. Babies were awful!

One morning, some time later, I awoke to find my father tickling my ear. He wore his usual workday clothes, but on his face was a broad holiday grin. 'Get up, Big Sister,' he said, as he lifted me in his arms. 'I've got something to show you.' Softly he tiptoed downstairs and into a darkened room. Dimly I could see my mother lying asleep in bed. But Father slipped around to the other side and lifted the covers. 'See, Big Sister,' he whispered, 'Mother has a brand-new baby boy!'

Terror gripped my heart. Desperately I wrenched myself from his arms and fled silently up the stairs. Far, far back in the clothespress I fled with this new terror. 'A baby — in our own home!' I gripped my arms about my knees and sat staring into the darkness for what seemed hours. Then at last came the relief of tears. Finally, spent with the violence of my sobbing, I leaned back dully.

It was almost noon when Sarah finally pulled me from my refuge and marched me down the stairs. 'Ain't y' ashamed?' she scolded. 'Yuh ought to be proud to have a darling new

brother, 'stead of cryin'. Gwan in and make love to him now. Yer maw's worried 'bout yuh.'

Some neighbor women were standing at the foot of the stairs, and as I stole past I heard one say, 'I'm so glad fer Mrs. Huston. Ain't it a fine big baby?'

Why, people were glad about this baby! Sarah did not shun me. The neighbors even came to see us. And I remembered Father's happy smile. Some way this baby was different.

Silently I slipped into Mother's room, and lingered just inside the door. Mother saw and beckoned me to her side. Without a word she lifted the covers — and there lay my tiny red-faced brother. Ugly, wrinkled, but very innocent and harmless he looked. Finally I ventured to touch a wee hand and smiled shyly as his fist caught around my finger. Then I must touch his feet and his fuzzy bit of hair. At last I laid my cheek very softly against his and smiled up at Mother. And Mother smiled very sweetly back at me.

Soon afterward Mother quieted forever the fears that had grown in my heart, and taught me the true beauty of birth and love.

III. *'Canst Thou by Searching Find Out God?'*

Because no breath of air must disturb the fragile, growing threads, every window was closed in the spinning room of the great Woolen Mills. The glare of a midsummer sun filled the dust-laden air with a strange white light. Heated machinery moved with slow, inhuman strokes, and demanded instant attention to its every whim. Somewhere a high shrill scream told that a woman had fainted, but the unheeding wheels ground on and on. A clock in the room struck three — the afternoon was half over.

I paused for a moment in my endless running to untangle a bobbin, and took the opportunity to chat with 'Jude' at the next machine. 'Only two more hours, Jude,' I called, 'then I shall be free, *free*, FREE forever!' I waved the bobbin exultingly, careless of boss and floorwalker.

'Gawd, kid, yer lucky,' shouted Jude huskily above the roar of the room. Jude had 'T.B.' and always spoke with an effort. 'I'm glad fer yuh, though, I swear I am. Wish't it was me, I do!'

'I do too, Jude,' I said, penitent that I had flaunted my joy before one who could not share it. 'This place is terrible, is n't it?'

'It's hell! Gawd, I'd rather die than work like this. Sometimes I used t' pray t' die.' Then she laughed grimly. 'Pray? Ha! kid, I learned long ago there ain't no Gawd t' pray to.'

Then we were back at our machines, working, running, slaving. But Jude's words throbbed in my head, beat to the rhythm of the machines, blazed in the air before me. No God? No God!

Suddenly I knew Jude was right. There was no God.

It was the end of a summer in which burning hands and feet, a throbbing head, and an aching back had taught me the bitterness of man's struggle for bread; a summer in which the empty, degraded lives of my fellow workers had mocked and taunted my finest ideals of life; a summer in which childish faith had struggled with grim reality. Again and again I had asked, 'How can God let the world be like this?'

And now I knew the answer. There was a fierce kind of satisfaction in knowing, a kind of self-sufficient strength. I too laughed harshly as I repeated the words, 'There is no God. There is no God.'

Four years have passed since then, four years of happy college life. I knew as I accepted my pay check on that last afternoon that I had earned my way to the beginning of a college course. I was free!

It would be so easy, now that I myself am happy and time has eased memory's burden, to accept a gracious God who cares for me and to think that all is well. I waver, and almost believe.

And yet — and yet — what of those others? Have their lives changed? No, it was their pain which taught my unbelief, and only through the answer of their lives can I build anew.

But I am not altogether without hope. Life has three great questions which she must answer to her children — Birth, Death, and God. She taught me the truth of the first two and I no longer feared. Some day she will answer this last, the greatest of all. And I know that in the fullness of truth I shall again be joyous and free.

A ROADSIDE STATISTICIAN

THE road wound through a bit of woodland and climbed a steep hill. For some time I had been doubtful as to the result. The road seemed meandering and aimless. It lacked that appearance of sturdy determination which characterizes a road that knows its destiny and proceeds unfalteringly to it.

When we reached the top of the hill I saw a glaring sign which announced in letters a foot high, 'This road does not go to Pottstown.' I stopped and read the sign carefully. There was no mistaking its import. The statement was brief and to the point, and yet I doubted. If it did not go to Pottstown, where could it go? I felt an impulse to push on in the hope that some happy chance would prove the sign wrong and my intuitions correct. The back seat

was frankly skeptical and recommended going ahead on the ground, reasonable enough it seemed to me, that it must go somewhere — if not to Pottstown, then to some other equally attractive spot.

Still hesitating, I looked about me, and saw a tiny cottage by the side of the road. On a shabby little verandah there sat an elderly man who was watching us with evident interest. I determined to overcome my masculine disinclination to ask questions and, extricating myself from the embrace of the steering wheel, approached him. As I mounted the uncertain steps he rose and greeted me politely. He offered me the only other chair and, as I took it, settled himself with the air of a man about to engage in a long and confidential chat with an intimate friend. He quite ignored my impatient companions in the waiting car.

'Permit me to congratulate you,' he said by way of introduction.

'You are very kind, but why am I to be congratulated?' I asked.

'Because you are of the elect. You saw the sign, stopped and read it, and have come to me for information.'

'But what is so remarkable about that?' I inquired.

'That sign has been there for three years. I put it there because there is a troublesome turn in the village below that brings many travelers up here. This road ends in a sand pit a mile from here. It is a difficult place to turn a car, and this bit of open space in front of my house permits mistaken travelers to turn and retrace their steps.'

I noticed his punctilious use of the word 'travelers' and his polite avoidance of the abhorred word 'tourist.' I noticed too his unusual appearance. Clad in the roughest of clothing, he was clean-shaven and his sunburned face had the sensitiveness of the scholar. His hands, worn with labor, were delicately shaped and well cared for.

'I first put the sign up,' he continued, 'as a service to travelers, but it has proved a source of great interest to me as well. I have compiled some rather interesting statistics. I should like to discuss them with you.'

He rose and went into the house, to return shortly with a small leather-bound book. During his absence I called the rest of the party to join us, as I felt sure they would be rewarded.

Giving his chair to the lady of our party, he balanced himself on the verandah rail and opened the book. With the air of a professor of philosophy he resumed his discussion.

'As I said, this sign has been in place for three years. The period covered is from April to November of each year. During the first year I was visited by 290 travelers. Of this number 235 ignored the sign and went on to the sand pit. Of the remaining 55 less than half retraced their steps without inquiry. The second year 360 came and 292 were uncertain as to the meaning of the sign and went ahead. The third year I had 410 visitors and 332 regarded the sign as unimportant and went on to the end of the road. I repaint the sign every year, that it may look precisely the same and so avoid any variation in conditions. If you care to figure it out you will find that almost exactly 81 per cent of my visitors over a period of three years have had precisely the same reactions to the sign. The only variation is seasonable. In August of each year, what I call the "non-responding" reach as high as 87 per cent, and in October the figure has fallen as low as 70 per cent. Now I wonder what it means; the uniformity of the percentages cannot be accidental. Have you a theory?' he asked, turning to me.

I ignored the question. My mind was busy with another inviting line of speculation.

'Have you noticed any difference in the reactions of men and women?' I asked.

'Yes,' he answered, and turned to a table of figures in the back of the book. 'Of the parties composed entirely of women, 93 per cent ignore the sign completely.'

'That,' I commented, 'is the intuitive sense.' He ignored the interruption.

'Of the parties composed entirely of men, 25 per cent turn back. The uncertainty in my mind as I sit here is in regard to the parties composed of both men and women. I can never tell what the result will be. They may follow the feminine percentage and push on, or they may tend to the masculine table and stop, or at least make inquiries. I was speculating on what would happen when I saw you coming.'

The lady in our party was becoming restless.

'But,' she said, 'I do not understand. Men are so stupid, and so reluctant to ask questions.'

'You are quite right,' our host responded. 'Of all questions asked, 97 per cent are asked by the women. I fancy they have more facility with the direct phrase.'

He closed his book. 'It is all very baffling,' he said. 'I shall hope to have more significant figures as the years go by.'

We took our way back to the valley. I was preoccupied. Eighty-one per cent — what did it mean? Had the roadside statistician stumbled upon something that the educational experts are fumbling for? I did not know; I do not know now. We passed many intricate and uncertain corners where, in the fading light, I deciphered the messages on signposts. On two occasions, unprompted, I asked questions, with the most careful attention to the niceties of the direct phrase.

The back seat was strangely silent.

A GEORGIA PEACH

THE Belles of Georgia were *passées*. But there still remained those too ripe for shipment. And if you have never eaten a rejected Belle of Georgia in the orchard, you have never eaten a peach! But we saw that they were picking the Elbertas; so we pushed Sisypheus, our Chinese wheelbarrow, up the mountain, and stopped before the caretaker's cabin to ask for work. Not that we especially desired work; but we desired peaches in such quantity, and for so long a period, that work seemed the best way to acquire them.

The caretaker's dog, disregarding our beloved mongrel's pathetic friendliness, and utterly ignoring the usual sign of amity, growled an insulting remark about our appearance, which John, our dog, resented. The pickers were passing from their day's work, and we were at once divided into conscientious objectors and jingoes. Peter seized John by the tail, the caretaker seized his dog in a like manner, and there was an enforced armistice. It seemed an inauspicious moment in which to ask for work, but we did. The mountaineer grinned, and said: 'The fo'emán, he's gone ter town, but you-all kin move inter the shack next mine, and I reckon he'll take you-all on in the mornin'. Ever pick er pack?'

Peter replied that we were experienced, as indeed we are. For Peter has experienced the orange industry, and I have paid off several installments of my karma owning and operating alone a large commercial apple orchard wished on me in the Middle West.

So we borrowed a broom, put John on his chain, and pushed Sis into the cabin, where in the rock fireplace the kettle boiled cheerfully before nightfall.

The next morning at sunrise we climbed the steep rocky path to the packing shed. The great, clean, open

pavilion sat on the very pinnacle of the mountain, overlooking one hundred acres of peach trees *en talus*, each rocky terrace just wide enough for a footing below its row of trees. On every side the sun glinted on blue billows of distant mountains, their summits gleaming with rainbow mists forever dissolving in the serene air. Spring comes late up this way, and in a few short weeks works, with tremendous fervor, her creative will. And early the drowsy earth croons her summer song of enchantment and tranced calm. We sat before a packing table, and in the brooding quiet listened expectantly for the pipe of a shepherd on a hillside.

Suddenly Peter glared at me with an anxious eye. 'Those Elbertas!' he cried. 'They are not colored. They are picking too green!' And he hurried down to inspect the fruit. I was not moved to vicarious anxiety, and remained to reflect that after all these weeks of idle wandering along the open road, like happy gypsies of an older day, we had deliberately turned aside into this disquieting avenue of trade.

Peter returned with his worst fears confirmed. But I gently reminded him that this orchard was not ours, and invited him to watch the workers who were assembling. For there entered a *grande dame* with a regal air, followed by other grandes dames equally queenly. A bevy of girls in gowns of blue, and gold, and pink, and lavender, with little aprons daintily embroidered, flitted in like butterflies, followed by slim youths in clean blouses, with old-fashioned faces like Civil War daguerreotypes. The grandes dames sat in comfortable corners and opened books or magazines. Someone played a fox trot on a harmonica, and presently the young people were dancing. They danced happily, with grace and decorum, and it was a sweet sight in the summer morning.

'No poor whites here,' said Peter. 'These are the old-time aristocrats, eaten out by the boll weevil. I'm glad I'm not the fo'eman!'

The foreman appeared. He was a plump, blonde, pompous young man, and I fancied these people called him a Yankee. For at once the dancing stopped, and an air almost of sullenness settled upon us. Peter was hired as a picker, but I hesitated and did not apply, though I am rather an expert packer. But without, under the trees, there were too many conferences, with some show of unpleasantness, between the owner and the buyer, and the foreman seemed irritated and confused. At noon Peter told me he had at once discovered the trouble. The brown rot had suddenly developed, and the owner was forcing green peaches on the buyer, in the hope of saving his crop. The poor foreman was at his wit's end, attempting to teach these experienced pickers to pick green, and to force the packers to make a dishonest pack. His attempts at pleasantry, in his crisp Northern voice, were met with respectful silence, and his sharp reprimands with quiet scorn.

I sat near the foreman's desk, and heard him say to a youth who arrived late, 'We're picking as green as we can to-day,' and he gave him a sample peach to carry. It was very green indeed. When this particular youth returned with his basket, the buyer happened in, and both he and the foreman stepped quickly to examine the fruit. Before the buyer could speak, the foreman cried, 'What do you mean by picking green peaches! Ain't you got no sense! Take these out to the culls!' The young man produced his sample peach. 'Your own sample that you gave me to pick by,' he said. 'It's no such thing!' yelled the foreman. 'What are you talking about?' and he seized the peach and threw it outside.

The youth's face turned as white as death, and every woman stopped packing. But he said in a controlled voice, 'My time, if you please.'

'You bet you can have your time and anybody else can that don't pick honest!' And he went to his desk where he was a long time making out the check, for every packer arose and walked to the trembling youth.

'Aunt Louise,' he said firmly, 'take the girls and go back to work. You too, Cousin Carrie — all of you. This is my affair. Just business, you know.' He accepted his check with a bow, and the foreman scrawled on the signboard:—

I am the foreman of this orchard and no back talk aloud—Harry Watson.

The pickers filed by the sign with lowered eyes; only Peter laughed.

That evening, in the village, a young man challenged the foreman to fight. He refused, and was gently spanked before an admiring audience. (No doubt Uncle Jeff or Cousin Lee recommended the fine; for all these people seem related.) The next day there was another foreman. No doubt the Northern foreman returned with vivid tales of the lawless South. The new foreman was a Southerner, less efficient, but with the leisurely executive ability that somehow gets things done. The Southerner knows what to slight — and that's one to slight! Still, with every truckload starting to the railway, there was bickering between the owner and the buyer. I was sorry for the owner, who stood to lose his crop. And, after all, a peach is considered ripe when it splits from the seed, and these did. But flavor comes with color on the tree. The orange grower openly gasses his fruit for color, and the apple orchardist trusts the apples to color in the box or barrel. They may. But the consumer misses the delicate flavor.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

'DURING recent years,' writes **William B. Munro**, professor of government at Harvard, 'I have been a college professor during half the year and a college trustee the other half. In both capacities I hear very little discussion of anything except the urgent need for more money and the ways of getting it.' In other words, when such a man attacks the subject of financing higher education, he knows whereof he speaks. **Robert Dean Frisbie** continues his South Sea Island chronicle, describing his experiences as the only white man on an atoll full of natives. **The Right Reverend Charles Fiske**, whose article in the June *Atlantic*, 'A Bishop Looks at the Church,' aroused widespread interest, follows up his criticism with a constructive defense and frank confession of faith in the Church. The Bishop's book of last year, *The Christ We Know*, is being followed this fall by a collection of essays entitled *The Confessions of a Puzzled Parson*.

Two more sonnets by **R. S.** maintain the same extraordinarily high poetic level that he reached in our last issue. Δ Talented daughter of a distinguished father, **Margaret Munsterberg** works in the editorial room of the Boston Public Library. Δ Our mania for giving prizes receives short shrift from **Miss Repplier**, who buttresses her case with many adroit quotations. Δ It is one of the satisfying ironies of life to find in **Paul Shorey**, first of American humanists, the most effective defender of William Jennings Bryan. Evolution has been enjoying such a consistently good press that it is a pleasure to hear from a gentleman and a scholar who finds Plato more satisfying than Darwin. **Samuel Scoville, Jr.**, lawyer and nature lover, gives a description of his recent adventures in southern Georgia and northern Florida that sends a tickle along the spine. **Robert Hillyer's** seventh book of verse, appropriately entitled *The Seventh Hill*, appeared this spring.

Readers of 'The Sea Boy' will find no difficulty in believing **Captain William Outerson's** statement that his life has been 'varied and intensely interesting.' Born in Edinburgh in 1875, he left school at fourteen and shipped on a four-masted barque from Liverpool to Calcutta and back. Six months in a law office in the Scotch capital were followed by a voyage to San Francisco, round the Horn. Most of the next ten years was spent in the United States, in whose navy the young man enlisted during the Spanish War. Then came more education, a little journalism, and globe-trotting, from Alaska to the Orient. The Great War naturally attracted this adventurous spirit and he received a commission in the Black Watch, with which he served in India until 1920, when he retired with a captain's commission. A young Outerson is already following in his father's footsteps, having entered the Naval Academy at Annapolis. Δ The second and concluding installment of **Hilda Wetherill's** letters from an Indian trading post shows how the redskin meets such great emergencies as war and illness. Δ All the way from Italy come **Bernice Kenyon's** verses on a theme that has always exercised a peculiar fascination over the poetic mind.

As a lecturer in astrophysics at McGill University, **Professor A. Vibert Douglas** is qualified to discuss the energy of starlight and even to draw the surprising conclusion that we are such stuff as stars are made on. **Vincent C. Bonnlander**, a New Jersey clergyman, offers an appealing reconciliation between Nature and Man. Δ As military correspondent of the *London Daily Telegraph*, **Captain B. H. Liddell Hart** enjoys a distinguished reputation as an expert on the science and history of warfare. His studies have ranged from classical times down to the Great War, and several of his books on military subjects have appeared in this country.

After graduating from Vanderbilt University and taking a master's and a doctor's degree at Yale, **Howard Douglas Dozier** became head of the School of Commerce at the University of Georgia and later professor of economics at Dartmouth. He is now serving in an advisory capacity to one of the government departments at Washington. Purists who may take offense at his title of 'Hamstringing Insurance' are referred to a distinguished authority. 'So have they,' wrote John Milton, 'hamstrung the valor of the subject.' **Maurice Holland** is Director of the Division of Engineering and Industrial Research of the National Research Council. His investigations of scientific research methods abroad have taken him to many foreign countries, including Japan, which he visited in 1926 as a delegate to the Pan-Pacific Science Congress. Although some of the material in his present article is drawn from the report he made to the National Research Council and some from a privately printed brochure, *Out of Kimono into Overalls*, most of the substance and all of the form are entirely new.

It had been the *Atlantic's* intention to invite an immediate reply to Mr. Scharff's interesting discussion of public utilities, but, since the Federal Trade Commission is at the moment actively investigating power companies throughout the country, the natural spokesmen for the industry feel that they should not be called on to reply to charges or even comment upon suggestions until the government report is made and published.

We are indebted to Mrs. Marion G. Hartness, of Green Mountain Falls, Colorado, for the following Korean proverbs she assembled on a recent trip to that part of the world and passed on to us apropos of our little papers on Chinese Proverbs:—

Spare the tile and let the main beam rot.

Why put jewels on straw shoes? Straw shoes should have strings of their own kind.

Even three pecks of gems are not gems until strung on a string.

Horseshoes for the feet of a dog!

However pressed you may be for time, you

must thread the needle through the eye, not it round the middle.

Even a tiger, if he is spoken of, appears.

Like putting fresh meat in a tiger's mouth.

Trying to drive an ox through a rat hole.

What you tell a cow is kept a secret; what you tell your wife is published abroad.

A daughter-in-law grows up to be a mother-in-law and acts the mother-in-law in even worse measure.

Even a state cannot relieve its own poor.

Gifts to the king may be strung on a string but the bribes that go with it must be carried by a horse.

Even a sheet of paper is lighter when lifted twice.

A witch cannot do her own exorcising, no sorcerer foretell the day of his own death.

One must go up to Heaven if he would pick stars.

Like a white crane flying across a black cloud.

Water may be known a thousand fathoms deep but a single fathom of a man's heart it is impossible to know.

Christian counsel for campaigners.

BEAUMONT, TEXAS

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In Mr. George Wharton Pepper's fine paper 'From Nadir to Zenith,' in the *Atlantic Monthly* for August 1928, is this admirable statement which should be constantly borne in mind by all men, including us Protestants, and particularly during this Presidential campaign: 'As far as belief is concerned, there are fixed stars in the Christian firmament. . . . Around these clustered many bright but lesser stars by which devout Catholics, Protestants, and Roman Catholics alike steer their course. These are the high lights of the Christian tradition.'

A list, reasonably complete, of those 'fixed stars' was given one hundred years ago by Charles Butler, a devout Roman Catholic, an eminent English lawyer, an author of distinct merit on legal and religious subjects, in his *Reminiscences*, published in 1822.

In that book he says: 'Eleven articles of religious belief, in which all denominations of Christians believe, are:—

'(1) That there is one God.

'(2) That He is a Being of infinite perfection

'(3) That He directs all things by His Providence.

'(4) That it is our duty to love Him with our hearts and our neighbors as ourselves.

'(5) That it is our duty to repent of the sins we commit.

'(6) That He pardons the truly repentant.

'(7) That there is a future state of rewards and

ishment, when all mankind shall be judged according to their works.

(8) That He sent His Son into the world to His Saviour, the author of eternal salvation to who obey Him.

(9) That He is the true Messiah.

(10) That He taught, worked miracles, suffered, died, and rose again, as is related in the Gospels.

(11) That He will hereafter make a second appearance on the earth, raise all mankind from the dead, judge the world in righteousness, bestow eternal life on the virtuous, and punish the workers of iniquity.'

F. D. MINOR

Jewellyn White's remark in these columns that he does not 'relish the Roman Catholic theory that the end justifies the means' brings us this account of two European trials in which the usual indictment leveled against the Jesuits enjoyed its day in court.

Some three years ago in Norway legislation was proposed abolishing the proscriptive laws against the order of the Jesuits. This caused a great deal of an uproar, in the course of which a lady, Mrs. Martha Steinsvik, filled the press with violent denunciations of the order. A certain Father Reisterers, a Catholic parish priest at Christiansand, severely criticized the lady's assertions and published a lengthy confutation thereof, couched in vigorous language. The lady was grievously offended and brought suit against the priest in the civil tribunal. This tribunal held a hearing several days in length on the whole question, and on January 18, last, acquitted the priest, awarding costs against the lady.

The affair took very much the same course at Budapest. Curiously enough the two cases were almost synchronous. One Desiderius Polonyi published in a Budapest journal a series of attacks similar to those published by the Norwegian lady. These were answered by a certain Julius Czapiak, professor of theology and editor in chief of the Catholic review, *Magyar Kultura*. The professor publicly charged Polonyi as a calumniator, whereupon Polonyi brought suit against the professor. The court, recognizing the nature of the case, constituted a special jury of competent persons with instructions to go to the bottom of the charges. Each side appointed two experts to deal with the case. The hearing lasted three weeks, and ended with a verdict in favor of the professor Czapiak, giving him damages of one hundred pengo and, in addition, awarding costs of one thousand pengo against Polonyi.

I have the main portion of the text of the court's decision before me, which is somewhat

too long to quote here. Suffice it to say that it is sweeping in its condemnation of Polonyi. I quote the concluding sentence, which runs:—

'Wherefore the court believes it its duty to declare that the charges brought to proof have been shown not to correspond with the truth; that the above cited maxim is not a doctrine of the Jesuits; that the charge brought against the Society is a calumny and its maker is a calumniator; the plaintiff having been guilty of calumny, the defendant had full right to call him a calumniator.'

Can it be that transfer of the indictment from the Jesuits to the Church as a whole results from a conviction that, as it is no longer possible to sustain it against the former, it might be as well to try it against the latter?

I never cease to marvel at the lack of scholarship, of logic, and, I regret to say, not infrequently of good manners, displayed by interveners in this particular matter. Nor have I the slightest hope that the two judicial decisions to which I have referred will have the least effect upon the minds of Mr. White and those who share his general point of view on these matters.

THOMAS F. WOODLOCK

Mr. Moore Bennett's strictures on certain Protestant missionaries in China, which appeared in our August issue, called forth a number of rejoinders. The following letter expresses a point of view generally held.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Concerning Mr. Bennett's article, 'Christianity in China,' it was my rich fortune to be a guest at one of the Catholic institutions which he praised, or might have praised. My memory of the industrious, sacrificial lives of the Brothers, of the secluded, prayer-pervaded atmosphere of their monastery (fifteenth-century Europe in a roadless nook of fifteenth-century China), constitutes an ever-green oasis in my thoughts. High praise to these Catholics, and also to those other missionaries, both Catholic and Protestant, whose lives for many years have been merged into that of the Chinese community in which they live and work. Having said this, I am not willing to sit silent while Mr. Bennett damns those other Protestant missionaries who conceive it their function to assist the thinking portion of the Chinese people in their troubled transition from the mediæval to the modern world.

One of Mr. Bennett's criticisms, that of luxurious living on the part of Protestant missionaries, deserves comment. Such a criticism holds for America as well as China. The principal reason why missionaries should not live as the Chinese do is that, if they did, they would not,

many of them, live. If these persons would not share the high morbidity and mortality rates prevalent among the Chinese, they must live in houses which can be kept clean and fairly cool, which have means for the proper disposal of sewage, and are screened. White persons must, in addition, have vacations and means of relaxation. This applies to all except the rare individuals who thrive on broken rules of health. If a missionary wishes to keep intellectually fit, he must have furlough periods for study. If economy be Mr. Bennett's plea, he should know that preventable sickness and death among missionaries have constituted a much greater waste of money than has the building of modern-style houses and of cottages at summer resorts.

Because the unit of Chinese society is the family, it is surprising that Mr. Bennett has only criticism for the presence of the Christian family in China. Wives and children are an integral part of the Protestant missionary force. Finally, even with living quarters furnished, can a man with children to educate live luxuriously on a salary of four or five dollars a day? That a few missionaries, living in such an expensive city as Peking, have had to supplement their inadequate salaries by selling Chinese products is unfortunate, because it offers a mark for the arrow of the ever-present critic.

WILLIAM G. LENNOX

A voice from the cellar hole.

REDDING, CONNECTICUT

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Your nameless contributor in the sketch entitled 'Cellar Holes,' in the August issue, gave us a slight start, causing my sister and myself, at sixty plus, to feel for the moment at least a hundred and fifty years old! Cellar holes, as the writer gently intimates, are associated in the mind with crumbling gravestones and by no means with continuing activity in the field of letters (or, indeed, in any other). Nevertheless, while our dear childhood home is now one of New England's sadly beautiful abandoned farms, and the Dutch colonial cottage, with its great central chimney inhabited by mysterious soot-winged chimney swifts, its many fireplaces, all-enveloping Virginia creeper, and sheltering maples (*not* beeches), has become only a memory, even to the shining flight of white marble steps from the 'Goodale quarry' under the mountain, yet the 'Goodale sisters' are still very much alive.

I wish that your contributor had known my sister Dora Read Goodale's recent volume of poems, *The Test of the Sky*, of which the name poem appeared a few years ago in the *Atlantic*. As for me, having brought up my family of six (not seven) children, I am writing and publishing

fiction (or poetry disguised as fiction), and my *Luck of Oldacres* is soon to appear under the Century imprint. So much for the sequel to 'Cellar Holes'!

ELAINE GOODALE EASTMAN

They have no pollywogs in Porto Rico.

SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

On page 284 of the August *Atlantic* I note that Paul Griswold Howes 'discovered a kind of frog that has simplified its existence to such a point that the pollywog stage has been quite eliminated.' I believe that Karl Patterson Schmidt discovered such a frog in Porto Rico in 1919. He was sent here by the American Museum of Natural History to make a herpetological survey of the island.

While he was at his task he found on El Yunque a frog that laid tiny transparent eggs in which could be seen the already developed babies, whom fate had spared the tadpole stage. I well remember how our house fairly crept and crawled with specimens brought in by two greatly interested small sons; and particularly the astonishment of us all when Mr. Schmidt produced his vial of transparent eggs with the midget frogs sitting in state therein.

ANNE H. WALL

The far-flung *Atlantic*.

GREENE, N. Y.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The unique uses to which numerous faded copies of the magazine have been put tempt me to send this letter of appreciation.

Our copies of the *Atlantic* have a quite extended *sub* circulation. For instance, the first six copies of 1928 were read by seven persons having visited four households. When they come back to me, they, with several other magazines will go to a leper hospital in South India, following their predecessors of the last five years. There they will be read by missionaries and other members of the hospital staff, then passed out to those patients who are able to read and understand them. Following this, the magazines are used as textbooks in English classes conducted by leprosy patients who have had advantages of higher education.

Was R. W. E. speaking ironically or prophetically when he wrote in his diary, in 1857, concerning the new magazine, *Atlantic*, 'A journal is an assuming to guide the age — very proper and necessary to be done, and good news that it shall be so — But this journal, is this it? Has Apollo spoken?'

GRACE J. RUSSELL

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

NOVEMBER, 1928

THE GREAT GALILÆAN

I. The Man of History and the God of Legend

BY ROBERT KEABLE

I

No man knows sufficient of the earthly life of Jesus to write a biography of him. For that matter, no one knows enough about him for the normal *Times* obituary notice of a great man. If regard were had to what we should call, in current speech, definitely historical facts, scarcely three lines could be filled.

Moreover, if newspapers had been in existence, and if that obituary notice had had to be written in the year of his death, no editor could have found in the literature of his day so much as his name. Yet few periods of the ancient world were so well documented as the period of Augustus and Tiberius. But no contemporary writer knew of his existence. Even a generation later, a spurious passage in Josephus, a questionable reference in Suetonius, and the mention of a name that may be his by Tacitus — that is all. His first mention, in any surviving document, secular or religious, is twenty years after.

We do not know, with anything approaching historical certainty, of whom he was born, or when, or where; how

long he lived, or how long he labored; and the sayings which are indubitably his are a mere handful. The stories of his reputed resurrection are so contradictory and confused that it is impossible to make more than a guess at their true import. Yet Lives of Christ are poured forth on the world in ever-increasing volume. The most cursory examination of publishers' announcements in Europe and America shows that something calling itself a Life of him is published nearly every month. Hidebound conservatism, blind devotion, and greed combine to produce these. They combine into what thus becomes almost a conspiracy to keep hidden the real truth that there does not exist enough historical evidence to produce a biographical sketch of Christ, let alone a Life.

To our forefathers such statements would have seemed wholly ridiculous, but then our forefathers happily believed that the records of four eyewitnesses existed — eyewitnesses, moreover, who had sat down independently to write four Lives of Christ while the actual facts were fresh in their minds. They believed that the prophet Ezekiel foretold such witnesses, and that the

four Living Creatures of that prophecy were the four Evangelists. The prophetic language was held to be typical of the Gospel contents, and thus mediæval crucifixes had often, in their four corners, the symbols of an ox, a man, a lion, and an eagle. These were regarded as the four independent witnesses who upheld the Story of the Cross. Though forty separate days out of a ministry of at least four hundred are all that the Gospels have stories for, by the greatest stretch of the imagination, and although all Christ's recorded sayings in them might, if read with due gravity and emphasis, take six hours, still these at least constituted a mine of unquestioned value.

But an insidious and vital attack has been made upon the old orthodoxy, an attack made with little waving of banners or beating of drums, which, despite calumny and prejudice, must be admitted to be victorious. The average man, for reasons upon which we shall enter later, is still largely unaware of the grounds for this attack. Setting aside the profoundly religious man who normally approaches the New Testament with the spectacles of tradition and rigidity upon his nose, the average man does not read his Gospels with anything like close attention. He therefore even misses the most obvious fact which gave the early critics their first cause for doubt. He misses the fact that if Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John were not bound up together in one volume, and if we did not read that volume with the story they have to tell already arranged in our minds, it would appear that there were literally two stories rather than one. John's *Life of Jesus Christ*, considered as a biography, is simply a different account from the story of the other three. It is not true to say that it does not set out to be a *Life of him*, comfortable as that assumption would be, for

it begins with his birth, works through his ministry, and ends with his death and resurrection as do the others; but only theological twisting of this wholesale nature can make it the same story.

John has none at all of the other stories connected with the birth; in their place he says: 'In the beginning was the Word,' and 'the Word was made flesh.' Jesus in this biography steps upon the historical stage at his baptism, and moves forward to a ministry which involves personalities and incidents which are not even mentioned by the others. It is scarcely too strong to say, as one turns the pages, that the Jesus of John is moving upon a stage so wholly different from the stage of the others that, without preconceived ideas, we should not think it the same. We should imagine that this account must be written of some other Jesus and some other generation. Thus, Jesus chooses Philip and Nathanael; he makes water wine at Cana of Galilee; he discourses with Nicodemus; he meets the woman of Samaria; he heals the nobleman's son; he cures the infirm man at the Pool of Bethesda; he makes long sermons on himself as the Bread of Life, the Good Shepherd, the Light of the World, and the Predecessor of Abraham; he pardons the woman taken in adultery; and finally he raises Lazarus from the dead — the most important keystone incident, as a result of which the drama draws to its climax, for from that moment the Jews resolve to kill him. All these persons and incidents appear only in connection with John's Jesus. He talks at length in the upper room before his arrest, but does not institute the Holy Communion, and his death occurs on a different day from that of the other Jesus. His main resurrection appearance is in a curiously theological story by the Sea of Galilee, and the conclusion of

this Gospel tells us nothing of the ascension, but has a defiant and apologetic air, as if its author knew it might be called in question.

For all these persons and incidents of the commonly accepted biography of Jesus there is but one authority and not four, and, to put it mildly, if this one authority has read the story correctly, then the others have read it incorrectly. The ingenuous theory that John wrote later what he meant to be a supplementary Gospel, born of the wisdom of old age, will not cover the facts. The main difficulty is a much bigger one. Not only does the whole story, considered as a story, turn on the pivot of the raising of Lazarus, which the others do not relate, — as if one historian of the Great War should make it originate with the incident of Sarajevo and the others should entirely omit that murder, — but the figure of Jesus as seen through the eyes of John is, to an unprejudiced reader, simply not the figure of the other three.

Orthodox theologians have obscured the importance of this issue for the average man. They have fought to conceal it or minimize it. They have said that it was only after a period that the full nature of Jesus was evident to Christian people, and that John wrote in the light of the later vision and not of the earlier. This is too specious to carry much conviction to the modern reader. The fact obviously remains that if Jesus, for example, turned water into wine at Cana of Galilee, there is only one witness in the world who says so, and he a witness who belongs to an age which did not regard the manufacture of such incidents as dishonest, and who had the best of subtle theological reasons for discovering this one.

The biographer of Christ who would thus approach his subject in a perfectly impartial and completely disinterested historical manner must set upon one

side the witness of John. Compare a historian who is trying to write the Life of Alfred the Great. He might relate the story of the burning of the cakes, but he would not put it in the same category as the actual fact of the crowning of Alfred as king. He would say, 'This is a pretty story which has passed into popular legend and may, perhaps, serve to illustrate the character of the man, but it would be unjust to relate it as sober history.' That is the attitude which a sober biographer must take toward the Gospel of John.

II

But if one support to the Story of the Cross is thus withdrawn, what of the three that would appear to remain? It was early observed that practically the whole of Mark was included in Matthew and Luke, so that very shortly the situation had to be faced that Matthew and Luke, or the authors we call by these Gospel names, had undoubtedly sat down to write with this book before them and chose rather to use it than their own recollections of the story. Two of the three witnesses thus become, at least in the main, plagiarists and elaborators of the third, rather than independent witnesses. And the difficulty does not stop there. It is now almost beyond question that the Mark which we have is only a much later edition of the Mark which they copied, and an edition, at that, which has been edited by biased men who were out to prove a case by such editing. It would be enormously valuable if the original Mark could come into our hands, but as the years go by the possibility of this becomes more remote. For example, that the original Mark did not contain the greater part of the last chapter of our present book is vastly more than a guess, and what it did contain must

probably remain forever an insoluble mystery.

The second great difficulty for the searcher after purely historical facts is that Matthew and Luke plainly did not sit down with only an original Mark before them, but that they had also another document, equally hopelessly lost to us, which scholars for convenience have agreed to call 'Q,' from the word *Quelle*, the Spring or Origin. It is all but generally accepted by experts that when Matthew and Luke agree, sometimes even verbally in the very face of Mark, they are quoting from this lost document which may well be the primary source of the world's knowledge of the life of Christ. And although the document is lost, its tentative reconstruction, which is possible from the others, provides us with a picture of fascinating interest.

This document would show that there was not in the original any account whatever of the birth of Christ. It begins with the coming of the Baptist, with the baptism of Jesus, and with the temptation. Its main bulk is made up of what we know as the Sermon on the Mount, and a collection of proverbs and sayings of the fowls of the air, of the lilies of the field, of the city set upon a hill, and of the easy yoke. It contains but two or three miraculous stories, and those of healings which are the most easy for us moderns to understand. Such difficult stories as of the miraculous finding of the exact tribute money in the fish's mouth and of the raising to life of the definitely dead do not appear to have belonged to it. And it concluded curiously summarily with the sayings of the coming of the Kingdom like lightning from the East unto the West, and the enigmatical utterance: 'Behold, there are last which shall be first, and there are first which shall be last.'

The question of these Gospel witnessses has thus become a peculiarly difficult one already. Instead of the picture of some original Matthew who sat down independently of everybody else to write a biography of which he was brimful of information, we have the picture of some theologically-minded Jew who labored before the dawn of what we understand as historical science, sitting down at a littered study table to compile from all available sources a Life which should fit in with his own preconceived prejudices and beliefs. There are a thousand straws floating on the wind to confirm such an impression as this. The original Mark wrote of Jesus on the cross that the Roman soldiers followed the usual custom of Roman execution and gave him to drink, in his agony, of wine mingled with stupefying myrrh. But the Psalmist had foretold of a suffering Messiah that he should be mocked with bitter gall, and Matthew, writing up the story, deliberately crosses out Mark's myrrh and substitutes the prophetic gall. Trifles such as these show the absence of a strict historical sense and must make us more than dubious of much longer stories.

For example, where was Jesus born? There are obvious indications that the crowd of his own day thought that he originated in Nazareth of Galilee, but the Old Testament prophet had said that out of Bethlehem in the Land of Judah should come the Governor who should be Shepherd of his people Israel. To what extent was Matthew influenced by this when he quoted the Old Testament and commented upon it: 'Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judæa'?

One has, of course, to add to all this a circumstance which perhaps weighs more with the layman than with the expert, but the layman has a right to remember that the cleanly printed

and neatly bound little book which he buys for a few pence at the book-seller's does not by any means give a fair impression of the condition of its original sources.

The oldest copies are represented by less than half a dozen manuscripts scattered throughout the world, hardly one of them complete and all of them dating from, roughly, some four hundred years after the time of Christ. They can be read only with extreme difficulty, and from their tattered pages the orderly story which we know can only with extreme patience be deduced. More than this, they are admittedly not in the original language. Even in the state in which we have them, they have not only passed through the hands of innumerable copyists, of whose accuracy, in a modern sense, there is no evidence, but also through the hands of translators, of whose perfect understanding of the finer shades of the language they were translating there is no evidence.

This last is a point of really great interest. Jesus is generally accepted as our instructor in imprecatory prayer, for did he not, in the Lord's Prayer, teach us to say: 'Give us this day our daily bread'? But he probably spoke in Aramaic, and the Aramaic would admit of a version of the Lord's Prayer which contains no definite request to God at all. It might have run: 'Our Father, who art in heaven, Hallowed is thy name. Thy kingdom is coming. Thy will is done on earth as it is in heaven. Thou givest us day by day our daily bread. Thou forgivest us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us. Thou dost not lead us into temptation, but deliverest us from the Evil One. For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.'

Of all these things the average man has no knowledge whatever, and he is

the victim, in point of fact, of a well-intentioned but nevertheless perfectly definite conspiracy. The original discoverers of these difficulties in Gospel translation had no desire whatever to make their knowledge popular. They had, indeed, very strong reasons for the contrary. The more they kept their knowledge confined to the study, the less virulently would the hostility of the orthodox break upon them. They too, in point of fact, were afraid of how the multitude would act if once it came to doubt the story of Jesus.

Thus there is to-day an enormous vested interest concerned with keeping doubts of the historicity of Jesus from the knowledge of men in the street. It ramifies from bishops and archbishops to popular journalists and cinema operators. We have had lately a flood of Lives of Christ, all of which see in him some new and momentarily arresting portrait. Some of them are almost bizarre in their portrayal. Thus one of the most recent finds in Jesus the prototype of the modern American business man, and maintains that an advertising convention might well accept him as the originator of the methods of modern advertisement! Moreover, the curious thing is that the case as set out is not so easily denied. One can read the book soberly and say at the end, 'Well, there is something in that!'

But the only reason why there appears to be something in it is because, as a matter of fact, there is nothing in it. The historical outline is so incredibly vague and sketchy that anything can be made of it. The more sober biographer simply cannot reconcile all the conflicting stories. He is bound to pick and choose. The result is a thousand Lives of Jesus which depict a thousand Christs of a thousand individual preferences.

III

The truth of the shadowy nature of the story of Jesus, considered as a history, has also largely been obscured from us by the fact that there has been born into the world a traditional Jesus who has come almost wholly to obscure, and very largely to displace, the shadowy historical Jesus. In point of fact, the traditional portrait of Jesus was præexistent to the historical and literary portrait of him by many years. The Gospels were not written, as many so often suppose, to convey the details of the life of Jesus to the world, but they were written to provide confirmation of and support to a more or less diffused and vague knowledge of him which Christians already possessed. This point is very well illustrated by the Epistles of Saint Paul. These Epistles were written many years before the Gospels, so that the great Apostle, writing to his converts of the early Gentile churches, was not writing to men who possessed a written and alleged historical biography of Christ. They had no book to which to refer, but nevertheless Paul thinks it quite unnecessary to relate even one of all the miracles Jesus performed and the parables he spoke, and mentions but one of all his disconnected utterances, as recorded in Acts, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive,' which never got into our written Gospels at all. From the Epistles alone we could gather no more of the life of Jesus than the bald statement that he was born of the Virgin Mary, was crucified, rose from the dead, and ascended into Heaven — insufficient enough incidents for a biographer! But the biographer was considered unnecessary. Not only did Paul apparently consider that what Jesus *was* was more important than what Jesus did or said, but also he apparently presumed that

a sufficient biographical knowledge was already possessed by his converts.

It was when the world did not, as the early Christians imagined that it would, come to a speedy and cataclysmic end that the Gospels came to be written. They were written to prevent men from forgetting, rather than to teach them. They were not written by cool historians anxious to preserve facts so much as by ardent theologians anxious to support theories. That in a sense they were inadequately and sketchily written, from an historical point of view, is due to the fact that the theories were so widely accepted. Pauline Christianity, in other words, held the field. The traditional Christ already dominated the Christian world.

It was this traditional Christ that held undisputed sway in the minds of men before the invention of printing and the Protestant Reformation. To us who are inheritors of the tradition of that Reformation, it is difficult to realize to what extent this was so. But a mediæval Christian was just as confident that Anna was the grandmother of Jesus as he was that Mary was his mother, although Anna belongs to the traditional and not to the literary portrait of Jesus at all. He was just as confident that Veronica wiped the face of Christ on the way to the cross as he was that Pontius Pilate sent him there, but Veronica belongs to the traditional and not to the literary portrait of Jesus. And whereas these and many other illustrations may seem trivial, the main details of the life of Christ were also traditional and Pauline rather than historical and literary.

Here, indeed, we enter upon a slightly more controversial field, for fragments of the narrative can be construed into the support of this traditional picture. This is natural, because the delineators of the later literary portrait had the traditional already

forming in their minds. But thus the mediæval Christian thought that the main work of Christ on earth was the formation of an organized visible Church, of which the Apostles and their successors, the bishops, were established as rulers, over whom he had ordained Peter and his successors in Rome, and to which he had personally committed seven sacraments by which the soul of a Christian man could be redeemed from the power of the Devil and conveyed in safety to Paradise. To mediæval men Christ was primarily the Divine Champion in an age-long conflict with Satan, and was chiefly concerned with theological questions of sin and damnation and of grace and salvation.

This traditional Christ was accepted by the Church as, practically, of more authority than the literary, and, when challenged, as of equal authority with him. Thus the Council of Trent—and the Roman Catholic Church ever since—deliberately states that the traditions are of equal authority with the writings of the Church, and thereby establishes an interesting and well-nigh impregnable position. It is, of course, even possible that the Church as a corporate society does remember a great deal that it was neither possible nor convenient to write down, but at any rate this hypothesis shifts the whole field of conflict. For the Catholic believes in the Church on grounds which are outside those of literary and historical study altogether. Thus, when his Church asserts that Jesus was born without human fatherhood, of an immaculate ever-virgin Mary, who had no other children and gave birth to her one child without the usual pains of motherhood, he does not believe it because of fragmentary and disputable texts which may or may not assert it in so many words. He believes it because the Church says it.

IV

Now, while all this is common knowledge to Protestants, we remain extraordinarily blind to its results. Protestantism has increasingly thrown over much of this traditional cargo, but the fact remains that the story of Jesus which the ordinary Protestant man in the street accepts as historical is not historical at all, but traditional. It is a traditional Jesus who has overshadowed the world. It is the traditional Jesus who is carven in our churches and cathedrals, depicted in our masterpieces of painting, sung in our popular hymns, and even shown on our cinema films. It is from his dominion that the modern mind has to some extent revolted, and the fact of paramount and vital importance is this, that the modern mind, as seen in most men in the street, is unaware that in revolting from the traditional Jesus it has not of necessity revolted from the historical Jesus at all.

The portrait of this traditional Jesus is worthy of our best attention. With the reconstructed document, 'Q,' and the original Mark before us, we have seen how extraordinarily little remains of the historical Christ. Speaking historically and authoritatively, we have no more before us than this: that somewhere and at some time and in some manner unknown, but in Palestine before the beginning of our era, there was born a man, Jesus, who was thought to be of distant royal Jewish blood and whose mother was an unknown Mary. This Jesus first steps upon the stage of history as a full-grown man, apparently aroused by the preaching of an historical John the Baptist. A certain number of his sayings have come down to us, although practically none of his doings, and these sayings apparently aroused such hostility that he was crucified. Exactly what led up to this event or why they aroused such hostility

we can only conjecture, but there would have been an end of the matter if it had not been that certain of his zealous followers believed that he rose from the dead and by so doing showed himself to have been by no manner of means merely a man, but the divine, ever-existing Son of God himself. And the Christian world ever since has been rent into factions and schisms attempting to square these theories with reason and logic, and working out corollaries based upon them.

This is the historical Jesus, but how different is the traditional! It is a fuller, richer, detailed picture, which does indeed afford material for innumerable Lives. It is of interest to sketch the traditional portrait in those details which have no historical support whatever.

According to this, there was a blameless Jewish virgin who from her earliest days exhibited an amazing holiness. The names of her father and mother are given, the place of her birth and upbringing, and, in full detail, the story of her unwilling betrothal to an old man called Joseph. Joseph, however, instructed thereto by God, had at no time carnal relationship with her. Eventually, heralded by all kinds of supernatural portents, a child was born to her, who early exhibited an astounding wisdom and beauty of character. This child, after thirty years of a carpenter's life, during which a sense of his divine origin continually grew upon him, entered upon a ministry which was attended by every kind of supernatural power, and which not unnaturally set Palestine in an uproar. Amid this turmoil, the divine man remained indifferent even to the clamor of the populace to make him king. With incredible foresight he wrote no books, and indeed took no steps to ensure a continuation of the knowledge of himself or of his teachings, except that he devoted all his

energies to the calling out and instruction of a certain small band of men who were to be the means of a divine miracle as wonderful as that of himself. These men were to compose a body with functions and a spiritual unity comparable to those of his own body, and possessed of a divine spirit giving it the power of supernatural remembrance, inerrable wisdom, and unquenchable life. Membership in it was to be salvation, the salvation he had come on earth to bring through a death, resurrection, and ascension which he explicitly foretold. With ever-increasing detail these latter events are portrayed. We are shown the traditional Christ in his very words and acts, going up to Jerusalem, himself instituting the last Paschal Feast, and inaugurating a new sacrifice of a new spotless lamb, which was indeed himself. He traverses the way to the cross, falling therein, meeting his mother, being nailed at the place of sacrifice, and dying there at a mystical hour with mystical words. We are told even the name of the centurion who crucified him. We are carried ourselves through the gate of death and are shown the triumphant Christ harrowing Hell and leading a train of exultant Old Testament saints to the Throne of God. Arrived there, we are asked to contemplate the triumphant Son, eternally removing the wrath of a Father angry with sin by the exhibition of his wounds. We are asked to observe a discomfited and chagrined Devil falling back before this spectacle and fleeing in terror before the Church on earth, utilizing his little remaining time in every artifice, to win, if it might be, a few more souls to eternal damnation. We are even exhorted to look into the future and see this triumphant Christ descending with angels to his expectant Church and establishing his reign on earth for a thousand years.

Incredible and amazing as it may

seem, this is the traditional picture, and it has no support whatever — as indeed, of course, in some matters it cannot have — from either history or the Gospels which we possess.

Now the tragic thing is that in many quarters this traditional Jesus is regarded as an imposture, and a substitution for the historic Jesus that involves great loss to us. Protestant Christians have inherited some part of this point of view from the early reformers, and, aided by the ever-increasing resources of modern knowledge, they have gone ever farther and farther in its pursuit. In our day the sense of imposture has left the study and gone to some extent into the street. There it has been popularized, not to say vulgarized. While an attenuated traditional Jesus affords good copy to the cinema producer and the Protestant publisher, — an attenuated Jesus who is neither wholly literary, historical, nor traditional, — a vast number of men have simply set him aside altogether. The law no longer enforces his worship, and we have an increasing population to whom the name of Jesus is no more than an oath, and who have set all religion outside their lives as a thing of no importance. Conscious of this growing population, the Protestant churches are in large measure seized with panic. Their own portrait of him a supreme muddle, their theology and their deductions grow naturally worse and worse. Their logical end, too, will be to give him up altogether.

But the traditional portrait is neither an imposture nor a substitution. In the first place, it is the original portrait, in the sense that it is the portrait which, in embryo, the Christian Church originally accepted. The Christian Church, considered historically, derives from its acceptance of that portrait. There was even a sense in which it was the only portrait it possessed. This traditional

Jesus is the Jesus whom men thought, a generation after his death, they had seen upon earth and touched and handled.

For nineteen centuries the European mind has been elaborating, not to say constructing, the most wonderful and beautiful figure that the world has ever seen. The European mind has made many achievements, achievements in art and science which are stupendous in their magnitude and which well prompted Swinburne to sing: 'Glory to Man in the highest, Man is the Master of things!' And its possible future achievements rightly dazzle us.

But none of its past achievements can vie with this, and confidently we assert that none of its future achievements will surpass it. The Western human mind has given substance to this figure of the traditional Jesus. In so doing, it has, if you like, made a God; but the miracle is that that God, which must in a sense have been made in its own image, should be so surpassingly beautiful. No one of us has done it; a million minds have brought to it every treasure that they possess. The admirable tenderness of a John, the civic sense of an Augustine, the logic of an Athanasius, the humility of a Saint Francis of Assisi, the wide vision of a Loyola, all have gone to the fashioning of that figure. To make it the Jew has given of his mysticism, the Greek of his subtlety, the Roman of his justice, the Anglo-Saxon of his practicality, and the Frank of his sense of beauty. A thousand unknown men and women have added touches here and there, not only of set thought, by their creative ability, but unconsciously, by the beauty and nobility of their lives. Rightly, too, do all these artificers speak of Jesus as their Founder, for he it was who began this thing, however shadowy he may appear when we look back to him, by the unique beauty of his life and sayings.

Christendom has made for itself a God; we call his name Jesus; and truly it was Jesus who began the work. But this God of ours, this traditional Jesus, is not the historic Jesus and is not the literary Jesus of the Gospels.

V

But with that negation we are not now concerned. We are concerned with the much more valuable and definite positive of the existence in the world to-day of this traditional Christian God. The point at issue is that in all the centuries we have needed him, and that we never needed him more than to-day. Our civilization cannot do without him. Without him our civilization will wreck itself in some unimaginably bloody war, or in some hideously materialistic phase of machinery and vulgarity in which life will not be worth living. In him and around him there has been concentrated for so long all that is beautiful and worth while, all that is noble and generous, all that goes to make up the best in man, to such a degree that in losing him we lose it.

It is, however, a very practical problem for us how we can retain him in all his beauty and yet remain free from the many implications and entanglements to progress which have been only too disastrously linked up with his name. We do not mean to relinquish the beautiful fables which are told in the Gospel about him; we are still going to tell our children the lovely stories of his blessing little children, of his feeding the five thousand with five loaves, of his tenderness to the mother of the little maid whom he raised from the dead, and of his inspiring courage and nobility in the Garden of Gethsemane and on the Hill of Calvary. But we cannot abide the hideous implications that there is a God who demanded the price of blood, or

who can remain unmoved while a Devil drags his deluded victims to Hell.

Is there any way in which this can be done? There is, undoubtedly, but it is not the way of modern Protestant thought. You cannot pare the traditional Jesus theologically to suit your convenience. You cannot identify him with an historical Jesus. The two figures are eternally separate and in a sense irreconcilable. And it is well that it is so. The main power and charm of the traditional Jesus lie in the fact that he is not historical, that he is not mummified in any Gospel, and that he can be seen from many angles. He does not belong to the study and he is not the creation of understanding. His ancestry is a far more beautiful one than that.

We can still have faith in the traditional Jesus, but we have gotten into a dreadful muddle in our use of this word 'faith.' Faith is not intellectual proof. I do not require faith in knowing that two and two make four. Once a child has burned his fingers in the fire, he does not require faith in his mother to prevent him from putting his fingers between the bars of the grate. Faith is essentially the mind's acceptance, in a certain degree and in a certain way, of things that are not proved and even of things that are not provable. It does its finest work when it is based upon things of this nature. It often, in point of fact, loses, beyond rhyme or reason, all its potency when its undemonstrable basis is made demonstrable and logical. This is in itself unreasonable, but it happens to belong to the nature and being of that queer animal, man.

This, then, is the real nature of religious faith. It is the spirit in which originally men triumphantly shouted the Apostles' Creed, but it is not the spirit in which well-meaning citizens remain outwardly devout but inaudible in our churches to-day because they feel that they do not believe Jesus Christ

descended into Hell or will visibly come again with glory to judge the quick and the dead. They are confusing faith with an intellectual judgment. We have indeed so far gotten into that habit since the passing of the ages of faith that it is amazingly difficult to get out of it. We must, in fact, invent a new nomenclature if we are ever to see religious faith again strong among us.

In this sense, and in this sense only, we do not ask men to believe in a traditional Jesus. Or, if you like, we will put it another way. We ask men to believe in a traditional Jesus, but we do not mean by 'believe' that we ask them to accept as history his traditional story, or to accept as science his theological sin-bearing. It would be easier, probably, if we asked them instead to glory in the traditional Jesus, or to revere the beauty of the traditional Jesus, or to promise to tell their children with tenderness and love the traditional saga of Jesus. But all these things are to have 'faith' in Jesus. They are to believe that this traditional story, which has been evolved through two thousand years from so small a beginning, is a noble and uplifting ideal; is, among the turmoil and din of life, a white plume of Navarre. It is to ask them to set aside for a time the dreadful logic which rules them in most of their waking hours, and to give free rein to that finer spiritual thing within them which needs for its growth the contemplation of the beautiful, the worship of the unattainable, and the acceptance of the imaginary. In some such way as this we too can enjoy the heritage of the traditional Christ. He will make us finer, nobler men and women, and there is none other who can do so as can he.

The traditional Christ must be the subject of our worship. So he will remain the source of our inspiration. He is not and cannot be, thank God, a subject for the exercise of our historical curiosity or of our scientific vivisection. It is the shadowy historic Jesus, who is so dimly outlined for us in such lost documents as 'Q' and the original Mark, who may be and is a most interesting subject of historical study and scientific investigation. It is not, perhaps, a very wide field, or one in which we are ever likely to arrive at very authoritative results. From the nature of the case, no two men are ever likely to agree upon him. But there is no doubt as to its enormous interest, and no doubt, within limits, as to its profit. If one had to choose, it would probably be better to have the faith of Pasteur's charcoal burner than the wide learning of a Hegel. But there is no need so to choose. It is possible to glory in the traditional Christ and to worship him as the ideal and inspirer of all nobility, while at the same time devoting our best intelligence to a scholarly study of the scant remains of the historic Christ.

One last anticipatory paragraph. The minister of religion has to remember that it is with the worship of the traditional Christ rather than with the study of the historic Christ that he is mainly concerned. We did not set him in the ministry that he should be a professor or a kind of policeman. We set him there that he might be a minister or a servant of men. He can serve us best in our need by holding up before us the traditional Jesus, in all his beauty and nobility, whom we tend to forget.

(A second paper will be entitled 'The Mind of the Master')

DESERT

BY RALPH LINTON

I

EXPLORATION is not an exciting business after the first novelty has worn off, and by the end of my second week in the unknown territory the journey had settled into a dull routine in which all days were alike. I soon gave up trying to sleep in the native huts, for they were verminous and unendurably stuffy, and spread my bed in the open behind a windbreak of baggage. There were no dogs or pigs to disturb me, for both were tabu to these natives, and I slept peacefully until three or four o'clock, when the cold wakened me. I lay dozing, too chilly really to sleep, but too comfortable to get up, until a voice called from one of the huts. Other voices answered in gruff, sleepy tones, and I heard the scrape of doors sliding back and the faint crunching of bare feet on sand. There was no hint of dawn as yet, but an even luminous grayness, a half light that seemed to come as much from the earth as from the sky. Through this grayness white-robed figures drifted silently and, it seemed, aimlessly, appearing and disappearing.

After a time a little flare of red light sprang up, where the cook kindled a fire to boil tea, and the white shapes crowded about it, stretching thin hands to the blaze as though they groped for life. When I shouted they left the fire reluctantly, drifting through the dimness and taking their places about the *filanzana* (sedan chair) without a word. For perhaps an hour we plodded along with no sound except the complaining

creak of leather and the soft scuffing of the bearers' feet. As we marched, the stars, which at first seemed closer and brighter than they do in Northern latitudes, grew fainter and faded out one by one, as though the sky were withdrawing from the earth. The strange colorless light strengthened, and little eddies of wind ran past us, rustling in the dry thorn. They came from the west, hurrying to meet the sunrise, and there was a bitter chill in them. The bearers shivered under their thin *lambas* (mantles), and sometimes I caught the faint click of chattering teeth. Then in the east a glow began, dull at first and overlaid with gray, like a sheet of iron that is beginning to cool. Minute by minute it brightened and mounted until half the sky was the color of thin flame, a smooth sheet of glowing light unbroken by any cloud. For a little while the sand and thorn took on the yellow of gold in dust, and the white *lambas* of my men seemed dyed with saffron. Then the sun came at a bound, the yellow glow faded, and our shadows leaped out before us, long and black. It seemed only a moment before the heat struck us.

The men halted to take off their *lambas*, rolling them about their waists or tying them on the poles of the *filanzana*. They stretched and rubbed their chilled limbs, like lizards thawing out after a frosty night, and their spirits began to revive. The sun was the black man's friend, just as it was the white man's enemy. While they were welcoming it I was adjusting my helmet

and smoked glasses and greasing my face with vaseline to keep the skin from cracking. Sometimes I tied a handkerchief across my mouth to protect my lips. They had become blistered early in the trip, and with repeated burnings the blisters had turned to open sores that made eating difficult.

As the sun mounted, the heat increased momentarily, until by ten o'clock even the wooden poles of the *glanzana* were so hot that the bearers had to pad their shoulders with their *ambas*. I felt as though I were being grilled at a slow fire, but even so I found the heat less troublesome than the light. The glare was indescribable, for the country was a waste of white sand that reflected the sun like a sheet of polished metal. Here and there stunted thorn trees broke the expanse, but they cast no real shadows, only mazes of thin gray lines that writhed in the heat waves like nests of spiders. The light stung my eyes through my dark glasses, and even when I closed them I found little relief, for my whole body was conscious of it. It seemed to come from all directions and to press upon me with a tangible weight, as water presses upon a diver. By the time we came to a village and halted for lunch, I had usually reached the limit of my endurance, and was glad to crawl into the first native hut, welcoming its malodorous darkness. Even this did not bring immediate relief, for I had a curious sensation as though two or three centres deep inside my body had become soaked with light and were radiating it back, like those chemicals which glow for hours after exposure to the sun. The main centre seemed to be in the neighborhood of my solar plexus, and the sensation, although not painful, was decidedly unpleasant. By the end of the noon halt, which was usually about three hours, the feeling would have worn off, and I would be ready to go on.

The afternoon would be a repetition of the morning, and when we reached the night halt I would turn in as soon as possible, almost too tired to eat.

Day after day we plodded westward through the deep sand, following zigzag trails and making long detours to reach villages, so that we rarely made more than five or six miles in an air line. I had planned to travel northwest from Faux Cap until I struck the west coast, then follow it northward to Tulear, visiting a salt lake reported to be somewhere in that region, but I came to believe that this would be impossible. I was following the usual custom of living on the country, and it could not provide food for my *safari* of thirty men. As we went westward the villages dwindled to mere herdsmen's camps, vacant a large part of the year. Even the supply of cactus began to run out, and the natives themselves seemed half starved. The short rations brought the bearers first to noisy protests and then to a sullen apathy which was much more dangerous. I was fairly sure that they lacked the spirit for open mutiny so far from home, but I began to fear a knife while I was asleep, or poison. A supply of the latter was always on hand, for the desert contained a surprising number of deadly plants. An old native at Tsiombé had told me of sixteen different poisons and their effects, ending with an account of a certain root which, if cut and laid on the skin of a sleeping man, would kill him in two or three hours without waking him. It may have been only a story, but during the rest of my stay in the region I was careful to make my own bed.

II

Looking back on that trip, I think that, with luck, I might have won through if it had not been for the appearance of a new and unexpected

enemy in my own mind. I had become quite accustomed to solitude and had learned to erect barriers against loneliness, but I found that my defenses were beginning to break down. I suppose that, although I did not realize it then, they had been undermined by the preceding months of travel when I saw other white men on an average of once a week. Then, too, the terrible sun and shortage of food were bringing out the fever in my blood, so that, although not really delirious, I found myself dwelling more and more in a shadowy half world that was neither altogether real nor altogether imaginary. It was as though the everyday world had retreated to a vast distance, while the half-formed thoughts and impressions that pass almost unnoticed at ordinary times had taken on a terrible strength and importance. There is a solitude of waste places, and a solitude of the crowd, and now I felt both pressing upon me.

The barrier between myself and the bearers could not be relaxed, for they would have taken the least touch of familiarity as a sign of weakness, and that would have meant the end. I lightened their work when I could, doctored them when they were sick, and heard them patiently when they had just complaints, but they had to be made to realize that they were only means to an end, draft animals who had to be kept in good condition if the trip were to succeed. As our hardships increased I could feel their indifference changing to a dull, almost impersonal hatred that dragged at me with a force that was intangible but real, as a current drags at a tired swimmer. I could have endured this, but there was something in the country itself that wore me down. There is a peace and a quiet grave companionship in mountains, and in jungles a press of eager and aspiring life, a battle and striving toward the sun, which make them kin to a man's soul,

but there was neither peace nor aspiration in this waste of thorn and shifting sand. It was a defeated land, a land that lay broken under the lash of the sun, lifting its head to snarl at us, laughing at us because we lived and moved. There was a menace in the crooked, crouching thorn trees that were like men who had outlived battle and planned treachery, and there was a menace in the restless sand, white as dead men's teeth, forever whispering like slaves that plot in corners. It was a bitter, impotent land that dared not fight us openly, but waited to stab us when we fell.

Slowly but surely I exhausted my mental resources one after the other. The few books I had allowed myself I already knew almost by heart, and they were of little real use, for one could not read on the march. Long poems that I had learned as a boy were recited over and over until they lost their meaning. I solved scientific problems, composed stories, laid plans for the future—anything to fill my mind and drown the voices from the outside. Memories of well-loved things fed me for a while, then came memories of other things better forgotten, and at last, just below the threshold of consciousness, I could feel the restless and crowding of those whom Yeats called 'the dark folk who live in souls of passionate men, like bats in the dark trees.' Doubts eager to destroy me had built up, fears of something more terrible than any ill of life or death, a shapeless black things that were present evil. I thought that I had put the dark folk from me years before, in France, and after, when I learned how much easier it was to act than to think, I now they came pressing up, not to be denied. Shape after shape forced me away into the light of the upper mind, each to be grappled with and each to pass, taking something with it. The

more came, and the mind was like a bare room, stripped of all except the bare furniture of daily routine, in which I stood and waited.

The voices from outside, which I had heard so, came quite clearly now, but they meant no more than the sound of rain on a roof. It was a strange mood, much, I fancy, like the mood of the mystic who waits a divine word or sign, but lacking his exaltation and his hope. No sign came, no guest entered the room that had been swept but not furnished, and I began to feel a growing resentment that I should be in a room at all. The walls of the mind seemed no longer a defense, but a barrier that shut me in, cutting me off from some larger fellowship and knowledge. I wanted to be free, but I was too tired to force myself out. I could only wait and watch my mind and body going through their daily round of unimportant things, wondering dully why they did it and when they would break. I felt as though I were being delayed by some visiting visitor when I should be on the way to an important engagement, unable to break away, but too annoyed to pay attention. I was no longer lonely, and when I came among white men once more I felt a strong reluctance to meet them and an inability to talk to them. I understood why the dead return so seldom, and then only speak of trivial matters. There would be no common language in which to discuss the great ones. Everything in the world I had known before seemed somehow small and changed, and I realized with a bleak clarity that hardly one of the things by and for which people multiplied their lives really mattered.

In this mood the trip no longer seemed very important, and my grip weakened. Moreover, toward the last began to be light-headed at times. Even my interpreter seemed unable to help when I was delirious, and, as the

orders I gave then were more forcible and convincing than those I gave when sane, a good deal of confusion resulted. At last I confessed that the desert had beaten me, and turned back, traveling northeastward until I reached one of the French posts. Although I had failed, I could comfort myself with the knowledge that I had gotten considerably farther into the country than any white man who had left a record.

My journal of the return journey is almost a blank, and only one incident remains in my memory. On the afternoon of the last day before we reached the fort a large snake, either a boa or a python, came into the trail ahead of us. It was as thick as a man's upper arm, and must have newly shed, for its colors were brilliant, a delicate cream mottled with reddish brown. Knowing that these Southern natives never injured snakes, I paid no attention to it, but the bearers crowded about me, begging me to kill it. 'But,' I said, 'it is *fady* (tabu).' 'Yes, yes, fady to us, but it is a bad snake. It eats chickens. Please kill it for us.' One of them brought me a stout club, and I went after it. By this time the front half had disappeared into the brush, and I hesitated to strike it, not wishing to injure the skin. My interpreter, gifted with more courage and less intelligence than I had given him credit for, seized it by the middle and dragged it back into the road. It instantly coiled around him, and for a few seconds they gave a lively imitation of the Laocoön. I finally got home with the club, and unwound the snake from the hero, who was violently sick at his stomach. The bearers had kept at a safe distance, but they now came forward, and each man solemnly rubbed the great toe of his right foot in the snake's blood.

When we arrived at the post I paid off my bearers, who could go home from there through territory under

government control, then devoted myself whole-heartedly to an attack of fever, which kept me in bed for a week. Fortunately there was a European in command, a sergeant of Corsican birth, and he tended me like a brother. I can only say of him, as Johnson said of Hervey, 'He was a vicious man, but very kind to me.' His post was so remote that he was rarely visited by any superior, and he had allowed his desire to retire with a fortune to overshadow most other considerations. He was a talkative little man and would chatter away by the hour without expecting a word from me, which fitted well with my mood. He was very homesick for Corsica, and always came back to the home he would buy there when he left the service. He had it all planned, even to the number of olive trees and vines and how many rooms there would be in the low, white house. He was never to see it, except in dreams, for a month after I had left word came that he was dead. I was grieved, but not surprised, for I had heard many tales of his treatment of the natives, and I had seen that he was getting careless. Matters had come to a head when he took an ox from a native without any pretense of payment, and kicked its owner out of the compound. This was the last straw, and a few days later two men came up to him in the street of the village and speared him without preliminaries. They disappeared into the desert and were never taken.

III

After the hardships of the preceding month the peace and plentiful food of the fort seemed very pleasant, and I was loath to move on. Even when the fever had left me I lingered day after day. I found myself regarding the passage of time almost with a native's indifference, and was conscious of a

great reluctance to return to civilization. I knew that three months' mail must be waiting for me at Tulear, but even this did not seem a great incentive. It was so much easier to sit in the shade of the Government House verandah and watch the village. When I first came to Madagascar I should have felt that its possibilities could be exhausted in half a day, but now I wondered whether an ordinary lifetime would be enough. There was something quiet and immemorial about it, comforting as an old garment that has long since shaped itself to the wearer's body. The fort with its whitewashed walls stood up stark and uncompromising, as out of place as the civilization it symbolized, but the village blended into the landscape like a patch of lichen on a rock. Like the lichen, it had its own colors, rich but subdued. The sand of the straggling streets was the color of worn gold, and the little houses had the gray of tarnished silver coins. It was days before I realized that their shadows were really blue. Here and there mango trees rose above the houses in rolls of dark green foliage, like sudden puffs of black smoke from locomotive stacks, while along the edge of the clearing ran a hedge of pale blue-green cactus, starred with yellow and orange flowers. Just beyond the village the gray scrub began, stretching away mile after mile to far-off hills that wavered like smoke in the heat haze.

In the face of that silent immensity human beings were dwarfed to microscopic size, but only we white men seemed out of place. Against that background of silence and space and quiet color the people of the village went their daily round, as much a part of it as the trees and sun. They went silently, on bare feet, walking slowly and luxuriously, with the grace of unhurried animals; tall beautiful men in loin cloths with skins the color of dark

bronze, and shapely women with the superb carriage of those accustomed to bearing burdens on their heads. Naked children played at quiet, decorous games, squatting beside intricate drawings in the sand and moving pebbles deliberately and at long intervals, as though they were playing chess. Old men, their time of work and war long past, sat all day with their backs against some house wall, changing their places only when the sun left them.

These old men fascinated me, for they had about them a stillness that was inhuman. They would sit for hours without moving a muscle, but wide-awake, with quick eyes darting here and there. It was as though, on their road to the grave, they had halted at the very edge of our world, and turned back to watch their descendants distrustfully. Their bodies had been almost laid aside, tools no longer needed, but in their minds I sensed a tense alertness like that of a crouching animal. Everything that happened in the village these watchers saw and recorded and weighed, not against the desires by which younger men measure events, but against one fixed and unalterable standard, the ancient usage of the tribe. In their vigilant immobility I saw a symbol of the *fomba*, the unalterable custom, fixed as the laws of nature, before which every individual in the tribe must bow or break. I knew that these old men were the real rulers of the village, viceroys for the ancestral spirits whom they would soon join. When they gave judgment they spoke with the voice of the ancestors, from whom there could be no appeal. Perhaps they themselves had rebelled in their youth, but if so they held it as no more than a disgraceful episode. In their eyes the old ways were not the best, but the only ones.

Knowing all this, I had expected them to be hostile to me, but they were

not. When I grew strong enough to stroll about the village I found them ready to meet my friendly advances halfway. From the calm security of the unchanging past they regarded me with a fleeting interest, or at least a benevolent indifference. To them the coming of the white men was only an incident, the fort no more than a camping place of a safari moving across the desert. They had known Europeans for, at most, two generations, and believed that in two more they would be gone again.

Like all old men, the watchers loved to talk of the past, and were glad to find someone who did not weary of their reminiscences. Most of their stories grouped themselves about their great king Tsipodra, who had reigned just before the French conquest. His name meant 'No Powder,' and he had earned it by training his warriors to charge home with their heavy stabbing spears, instead of blazing away with muskets from a safe distance. None of the other clans had been able to stand against him, and he had raided far and wide, gathering a huge booty of cattle and slaves. Even his death was notable, for his funeral had been worthy of such a hero. His body had lain in state for a whole month, exposed on a flat stone beside his dwelling, while the whole clan feasted at his family's expense. Rum had flowed like water, and over four hundred cattle had been slaughtered and their fat used to feed the fires which were kept blazing night and day to hide the odor of decaying flesh. When only his bones remained they had been laid in the largest tomb ever built in the Mahafaly country, and the place abandoned, leaving his houses standing with all their furniture. Now and then some native visited the spot to see that nothing had been disturbed; it was tabu to take anything, even a cactus fruit, from it. The houses had long since

disappeared, but the posts which fenced his cattle pen had taken root and grown into an almost impenetrable palisade twenty feet high. Other trees had sprung up and, under the protection of the tabu, had grown into a tall grove which rose above the scrub and was visible for a long distance.

I was anxious to visit the place, and as I was not sure the natives would favor this I decided to go alone, and secretly. I felt sure that, with the grove as a mark, I could find it without a guide. By this time the people were quite used to seeing me strolling about with my camera, and no one paid any attention to me when I set out. The trail was a narrow one through dense thorn that rustled at the slightest touch, and after stopping and listening several times I became convinced that I was not being followed. I found the tomb without difficulty, and settled down to take measurements and photographs. The tomb itself was a huge rectangular block of rough stone masonry with a row of ox skulls along its upper edge. Behind these, forming an oblong, were rows of *aloalo*, slabs of hard wood about eight feet high and eighteen inches wide. The lower part of each slab was carved with a series of crescents and disks which the natives had told me were moon symbols, while on the top were one or more figures. The moon symbols were always the same, but no two groups of figures were alike. Some slabs bore oxen, others birds, either singly or in pairs, and still others human figures, mostly women. Five or six had scenes carved in miniature, men milking cattle, wrestlers, and one a white officer drilling a troop of diminutive native soldiers.

There was no place from which I could get a good photograph of this unless I climbed on the tomb, and, although I had been careful so far not to touch anything, I finally decided to

take a chance. I had slung my camera and was preparing to scramble up when something prompted me to turn around. I found myself facing, literally at arm's length, a huge native armed with a very good modern rifle and the largest stabbing spear I had ever seen. In the instant of encounter it looked as wide as a shovel. He already had it half raised and if I had laid a hand on the tomb I would have been driven through my back. Even when I turned he held me poised, and it was fortunate for me that my first reaction was neither fear nor fight, but a slightly hysterical amusement at the neat way in which I had been trapped. I laughed. The man's scowl gave place to a look of blank amazement, then he also began to laugh. 'May you have health,' I said, giving him the native greeting. 'Will you have some tobacco?' Then, taking care not to make any sudden movements, I drew out my pipe and tobacco pouch with my left hand and offered the pouch to him. Still laughing, he grounded his spear butt and brought out his own pipe from the folds of his loin cloth. I quietly hooked the thumb of my right hand into my belt, where it would be close to my pistol, and began to chat with him about the tomb in a matter-of-fact way.

He soon became quite friendly, pointing out the slab on which the bodies had lain and the sites of the various houses, and ended by selling me his spear and volunteering to show me a shorter way back to the fort. When he started I heard the bushes rustling in several places, and realized that I had been surrounded. The men who trailed me must have been wonderful stalkers for they had come up without making a sound. My new friend led off, but soon distanced me, and when I came to a sudden turn in the path I found that he had disappeared. I went on with the best air of leisurely indifference that I

could muster, but until I was safe out of the brush I had a distinctly cool sensation up and down my spine. When I was back in my quarters I measured the spear and found that it really was the largest I had seen to date. The blade was seventeen inches long and four inches wide, with razor-sharp edges; and, meditating upon the wound that such a weapon would make, I registered a vow to keep the native tabus from that day forth, whether I thought I was being watched or not. I had the added chagrin of knowing that, like most adventures, the incident had been due to my own bad judgment. I could have accomplished quite as much if I had gone to the tomb openly. The story had reached the village by the time I reached the fort, and for the balance of my stay the natives greeted me with broad grins and sly jokes. I laughed with them, and could see that the incident had not lost me their respect or liking, although the owner of the spear found it convenient to go on a journey and remain away until I was gone.

IV

After a rest of over two weeks I mustered up energy to begin my trip northward to Tulear. The sergeant and I had become fast friends and I left him with genuine regret. He not only gave me his own filanzana bearers for the first stage of my trip, but refused all payment for my stay, a depth of devotion that only one who knew him could appreciate. As usual, we set out at gray dawn. In spite of the chill the bearers were in high spirits, for the fort lay near the edge of the military territory, and once I was in a new province I should have to get new men. They would be relieved the next night, and their two days' service would exempt them from further duty for some time to come. They laughed and shouted as they

trotted along, and one of them blew a little shell trumpet.

Just at sunrise we came to a wide river edged by a line of dark trees and beds of tangled cane. The water was low and ran crystal-clear over shoals of yellow sand. Downstream the sky was reflected on it in little gleaming patches of red and gold that scattered and ran like new coins spilled from a sack. The men slid down the bank and splashed through, shuffling to throw up clouds of glittering spray.

As we crossed the river the break in the brush gave me a view of the sky ahead, and I saw a long, low-lying cloud that seemed to be drifting eastward, like the smoke of a forest fire on a lazy wind. I knew that it could not be smoke, for it was pale brown with hints of light in it, like the furtive gleams in a very dull opal. Also, it had a peculiar motion of its own. Long wisps or streamers would break off from its upper edge, travel above and parallel with it for a time, then drop back into it. Our own path and that of the cloud converged, and I watched it through the occasional openings in the tree tops. As we drew nearer I made out a quantity of black specks that swerved around and through it in a crazy dance, like dust motes in a beam of light.

Within an hour we were in the midst of it — an enormous swarm of locusts in flight. There were literally millions of the big insects, filling the air with little points of light where the sun was reflected on their wings. They flew jerkily, beating upward and then coasting down in a series of long swoops. Their wings made a curious dry rustling, like a snake gliding over paper. It did not seem loud, but I found that I had to shout to make the men hear me. The black motes resolved themselves into a multitude of birds, mostly little hawks slightly larger than our own sparrow hawks. These would dash

through the thickest of the flying insects, striking right and left with their talons, and rise with a victim gripped in each foot. They floated above the swarm, devouring their prey at leisure, then plunged down for more. They never seemed to catch the locusts in their beaks, and I saw one foiled in his swoop by striking an insect head-on. The other birds were mostly dark gray buzzards and big black and white crows, but these flapped about clumsily, snapping at their prey and taking a smaller toll.

The locusts themselves were like gigantic grasshoppers about two and a half inches long. Their bodies were olive-green or brown, and their wings, in repose, had the yellowish glitter of thin sheets of mica. Here and there I saw larger individuals which were bright red with fantastic knobs and spines on their bodies and greenish wings. Their colors must have been a danger signal, for I saw a crow that had caught one spit it out and energetically wipe his beak on his wing. The great swarm covered a front of perhaps a mile and a half and was at least five miles deep. It seemed to move in waves, like advancing infantry, those in the van settling to feed while those in the rear flew over them. The feeding insects covered the bushes and trees with a glittering armor that made me think of sleet storms at home. Even the bare ground was almost solidly overspread with them, as though the earth had grown a scaly, reptilian skin. They seemed to love the sun, and I noticed that where a tree cast a heavy shadow they would pile up in seething windrows inches deep along the edges of the shade, but would rarely penetrate any distance into it. They seemed to feed with equal avidity on everything green and on the weak or injured members of the swarm, and left a trail of utter desolation in their wake. I had crossed the

paths of such swarms before, and found the trees stripped bare and the ground covered with a litter of brittle, broken twigs, like the aftermath of a hailstorm.

The harvest was too rich to miss, and the bearers asked leave to halt and gather some of them for food. A few resorted to hand methods, but with little success, for the prey were surprisingly quick and wary. The rest paired off, each couple holding a lamba outspread between them like a sail. With these they charged through the thickest of the insects, which rose in shimmering, rustling clouds. Many of the locusts struck and clung to the cloth, and after each charge it was quickly folded and squeezed to break the insects' wings. In a few minutes the men had gathered several pounds apiece, and we resumed the march with every lamba and rice sack bulging with loot. At the noon halt my cook offered me a dish of them, stripped of their wings and fried in oil, and I found them quite palatable, although they had a peculiar flavor. I only tasted them, for I had been able to gather better food for myself. The brush was becoming less heavy, and in the open glades we surprised many coveys of *krakratra*, dusty-brown ground pigeons as large as grouse, which rose whirring at our approach. I make it a rule never to kill for sport, but these birds were a real delicacy and seemed so numerous that after shooting two for my interpreter and myself I brought down six more, for the bearers of my *filanzana*.

It happened that these men were a mixed lot, six Mahafaly and the same number of Antandroy. When they received the gift the Mahafaly began to laugh and taunt the Antandroy, saying, 'Poor fellows! *Krakratra* are fady to you, and you will have to sit hungry and watch us eat a whole bird apiece.' 'Of course we can't eat them,' the Antandroy answered, 'but we come to one

of your villages this noon and we'll exchange our share for a chicken. Chicken is better than krakratra any day.' Then, turning to me, 'We can't touch krakratra, so make one of these ignorant Mahafaly carry our birds for us.' I agreed that this was just, and everyone thought it a good joke. When we halted for lunch I supervised the exchange myself, and saw to it that the Antandroy got their chicken without having to handle the pigeons. As soon as they had it I retired to the rest house, but presently heard scuffling and laughter and came out to find that two of the Mahafaly were wrestling with an Antandroy and trying to touch him with a handful of pigeon feathers. The other Antandroy stood by grinning, and even the victim took it in good part until they succeeded, when he became angry and struck at one of them with his fist. His tormentors ran away, laughing. Later in the afternoon I saw the same men chatting together amicably, so I judged the offense was not too serious.

V

We halted that night at a Mahafaly village, then pressed on northward. We had been climbing gradually, and now the country began to change. The sand through which I had been traveling for over two months gave place to hard red soil with outcrops of gray rock, and the thorny scrub disappeared. In its place were leafy trees and bushes that grew in clumps, with winding grassy lanes between. There were no flowers, except those of the ever-present cactus, but we began to find wild fruit. One straggling bush, covered with dark green foliage, bore red berries somewhat like large rose haws. These were tasteless but mildly sweet, and whenever the bearers sighted a clump of them there was a general scramble. One of my filanzana bearers had the

trick of taking a handful of these and tossing them high in the air, one after another, catching them in his open mouth as he trotted along. At every catch he brought his teeth together with a click like a steel trap and gave a whoop of delight. There were also low gray trees, nearly always growing alone, which bore translucent yellow fruit, egg-shaped and as large as a big plum. The hardier men ate these and I tasted one, but found it sourer than any lemon. Birds began to appear, big gray parrots which flew high for the most part, small white herons with black beaks and legs, and flocks of guinea fowl which crossed the road marching in single file. They were very wary, and I pursued one flock for nearly a mile until I lost them in an impenetrable cactus thicket, without getting a shot at them. Later in the day my interpreter stalked another flock and got two fine plump birds larger than chickens. I told my cook to prepare one that night, but it did not appear until the next noon. He explained apologetically that he had had to borrow a pot to cook it in, and it was too late to find one when we reached the town. Guinea fowl were his personal fady, imposed long before by an *ombiasy* (medicine man) whom he had consulted as to the best way to get rich. If he had cooked one in my own pots he could never have eaten food from them afterward.

We passed several herds of cattle, each surrounded by a guard of the little white herons, who perched fearlessly on their backs and picked off the ticks and stinging flies. They were watched by boys or tall, lean men who hid their spears hastily at my approach. Although the grass seemed baked dry the animals were sleek and in good condition. One huge bull, with horns at least four feet across and a hump like a camel, seemed inclined to dispute our passage, until a small boy ran up and

drove him away with much shouting and arm waving. Even then he glowered at us from a distance, pawing and bellowing. The bearers were in their element, naming each beast by its particular color and criticizing its points as closely as a group of jockeys around a race horse. Then one of them broached the question whether, all things considered, it was better to have a cow or a second wife. The dispute went on for hours, with a careful weighing of the advantages of each. The Malagasy love such long-drawn-out arguments, and the men became quite rhetorical, quoting proverbs and declaiming in their best style. I ventured a word in favor of the woman, but was ruled out as inexperienced, for I had to admit I had never had either two wives or a cow. Finally the decision went to the cow, on the grounds that she was more profitable and less troublesome.

It was well after dark when we reached the post, but I could see that it was a place of some size. We passed a fort and several whitewashed houses, and the strangers' house was a large, solidly built affair with three rooms. It was filthy and alive with fleas, a sure sign that I was nearing civilization, and I passed a bad night. Daylight showed that the post was even larger than I had thought it — in fact, the first real town I had seen in three months. There were several streets of mud houses and a number of shops, most of which seemed to be closed. The government offices were also closed, and this should have warned me, but I had been in the brush so long that I had lost all count of time and of the days of the week. I merely concluded that the town was having an epidemic of some sort, the usual explanation when a Madagascar town seems half deserted, and went on to the Administrator's residence to pay my official call. I knocked, and after some delay an orderly came to the door and I

sent in my card. A few moments later I was ushered into the presence of a very small and very irate Frenchman attired in straw slippers and pyjamas. I had committed the unpardonable offense of disturbing him on Sunday. He swelled with outraged dignity and drew himself up haughtily to his full five feet, demanding what I wanted and how I had dared to trouble him out of office hours, et cetera. He gave me no chance to reply, so I merely looked down on him benevolently while he buzzed about me like an angry mosquito. When he paused for breath I apologized for disturbing him and presented my credentials, assuring him that I would call again at a more appropriate time. At sight of my letter from the Governor-General he became visibly deflated, but continued to glare at me, even angrier than he had been before. When I inquired whether it was true that there was an American missionary stationed in the town, he said explosively, 'Yes! He has the finest house in the town! He is a millionaire! All Americans are millionaires!' He seemed about to go on on the subject of Americans, but changed his mind and ushered me out with a stiff bow. It was a fitting welcome to civilization.

When I returned next morning, to arrange for new bearers, I found a freshly painted sign in front of his office that Europeans were received only between the hours of 11 and 11.15 A. M. I was foolish enough to regard this, which was an error, for he belonged to the type who take even ordinary courtesy as a sign of fear. During the next few days I was subjected to a series of delays and petty annoyances, culminating in an effort to disarm my interpreter. It was plain that the official wanted a bribe, a small matter to a millionaire American, but I did not feel inclined to give it to him. Instead I had another interview in which I promised to lodge

a complaint against him with his superior. He made a half-hearted apology, and I had no more trouble. I must say to the credit of the French Colonial Service that he was one of the three deliberately troublesome officials I met during my stay in the island, and that all three were of the lowest rank.

VI

After my interview I set out to find the missionary and, following the sound of singing, soon discovered his church. Services were under way, but long experience had taught me what to do. As soon as the hymn was finished I entered and took my place on the foremost bench on the men's side, the proper seat for a European visitor. I could sense great though suppressed excitement in the congregation, and the missionary himself came down and shook hands before going on with the service. When I spoke to him in English he was so startled that he could hardly continue. An old native came sidling up and, with a friendly smile and pat on the shoulder, gave me a hymn book, pointing out the place. Then a wheezy little portable organ began to gasp and rattle, and the congregation droned through verse after verse.

While they were singing I took time to look about me. It was a very simple little church, as plain as the Quaker meetinghouses of my boyhood, and yet it bespoke a wealth of devotion that was almost pitiful. The whitewashed walls of mud brick bulged a little in places, mute evidence of their builders' inexperience, and the tall wooden posts and rudely joined rafters that supported the roof were scored with the shallow chippings of little native axes. I learned afterward that they had been hewn in the forest and carried over thirty miles on men's shoulders. Altar, altar rail, and pulpit were of planed

wood, the work of the missionary himself, and the altar cloth was a strip of cheap white cotton goods edged with native lace. The congregation sat on rough wooden benches, the men on the right and the women on the left. Most of them were dressed in white lambas with more or less complete European clothing underneath. Plainly they were natives from the Plateau, almost as much strangers in this region as I was myself. A few of the local Mahafaly, in loin cloths and striped blankets, occupied the humble benches near the door, but they seemed to be mostly poor old people. From my raised seat the congregation as a whole gave somewhat the effect of a large and lumpy tablecloth set with rows of black heads.

Small children wandered about, and there was a good deal of coming and going, but one felt that there was nothing casual or perfunctory. Everyone wore a serious, preoccupied expression, and when a dog wandered in the man nearest the door kicked him on the nose with extraordinary precision and without even taking his eyes from his hymn book. The dog's frantic yelps and hurried flight did not turn a head or bring a smile. When the hymn ended, a native pastor took the pulpit and began to preach. I could not catch his text, but he spoke first of the love and care of God for His own. The people listened with rapt attention, and it was borne in upon me, as often before, that I was in the presence of the real primitive Christians. These simple, earnest, half-civilized folk differed hardly at all from the shepherds and fishermen and artisans who crowded about the Great Teacher on some Judean hillside two thousand years ago. The message given then came to these latest converts with all its original freshness and force, couched in a language they could understand. The Good Shepherd, the wells of clear water, all the old phrases that have

become only phrases to us, were for them facts of daily life, similes drawn from the things they knew best.

Then the preacher changed to the wars of the Jews and Philistines, pointing out how the Lord had protected His people. The interest of the audience deepened. It was plain that the trials and tribulations of the early Israelites were to them like so much current history, lit by flashes of their own experience. When he came to the combat of David and Goliath he described it in lively detail, adding several features which had been omitted by the original war correspondent, and wound up with: 'So David cut off Goliath's head and hung it up outside his village for the hawks to eat. The family never recovered it, and they had to bury Goliath without a head. Observe, my friends, how God takes away the intelligence of the enemies of His people. Which one of us, armed only with a spear and sword, would attack a man who was at a distance and armed with a sling? Goliath was a great warrior, but he became proud and attacked God's people, and God took away his brains.' Several of the older men nodded, and I knew they were recalling their own experiences with the Mahafaly slingers, who are deadly up to seventy-five yards.

After the service many of the men and a few of the older women crowded about to shake hands and to welcome me to the church. Most of them belonged to types I easily recognized, minor officials in stiff white ducks with rows of brass buttons, prosperous merchants, and middle-aged widows, here as everywhere active in church work. There was one man, however, whom I could not place. He was barefoot and dressed in a single straight white garment and stood apart from the others, waiting patiently for them to finish. His light skin and straight hair showed that he came from the Plateau, but he

was like no Imerina or Betsileo I had ever seen. They are, for the most part, short, with slender bones and small weak hands, but this man was almost a giant in height, with the chest and shoulders of a wrestler. He seemed lean to the point of emaciation, but his bare arms were corded with muscle, and his whole figure told of strength and almost unlimited endurance. When the others had finished their polite greetings he came forward, and they made room for him quickly and a little timidly. He towered above the sleek officials and merchants as gaunt and uncompromising as a dead pine tree, and seized my hand in a grip as strong as my own.

Looking up into his face, I knew the mystery was solved. I had seen the primitive Christians, and now I was meeting an apostle. All the passionate zeal, the half-insane energy, the spirit burning through the flesh, which Rodin has caught in his great head of John the Baptist, were in the man before me. Still clasping my hand, he asked eagerly, 'Are you a missionary? A new missionary?' 'No,' I said, and the light seemed to fade from his face. His hand dropped to his side, and I saw that it was strong and yet sensitive, with long big-knuckled fingers like those of a trained musician. 'But you are a Christian?' he asked doubtfully, and I answered that I was, for it seemed no time for definitions. He brightened again, and would have said more if the missionary had not plucked me by the sleeve and asked me to come to his house. As we strolled toward it he explained that the old man was half mad, a member of a purely native sect of wandering preachers who traveled back and forth among the pagan tribes, spreading the Gospel.

'Of course they do some good by preparing the way for our work,' he said doubtfully, 'but I fear many of them are quite unorthodox.'

THE TRAGIC FALLACY

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

I

THROUGH the legacy of their art the great ages have transmitted to us a dim image of their glorious vitality. When we turn the pages of a Sophoclean or a Shakespearean tragedy we participate faintly in the experience which created it, and we sometimes presumptuously say that we 'understand' the spirit of these works. But the truth is that we see them, even at best and in the moments when our souls expand most nearly to their dimensions, through a glass darkly.

It is so much easier to appreciate than to create that an age too feeble to reach the heights achieved by the members of a preceding one can still see those heights towering above its impotence as we do when we perceive a Sophocles or a Shakespeare soaring in an air which we can never hope to breathe. We say that we can 'appreciate' them, but what we mean is that we are just able to wonder, and we can never hope to participate in the glorious vision of human life out of which they were created — not even to the extent of those humbler persons for whom they were written. To us the triumphant voices come from far away and tell of a heroic world which no longer exists; to them they spoke of immediate realities and revealed the inner meaning of events amid which they still lived.

When the life has entirely gone out of a work of art come down to us from the past, when we read it without any

emotional comprehension whatsoever, and can no longer even imagine why the people for whom it was intended found it absorbing and satisfying, then, of course, it has ceased to be a work of art at all, and has dwindled into one of those deceptive 'documents' from which we get a false sense of comprehending through the intellect things which cannot be comprehended at all except by means of a kinship of feeling. And though all works from a past age have begun in this way to fade, there are some, like the great Greek or Elizabethan tragedies, which are still halfway between the work of art and the document. They no longer can have for us the immediacy which they had for those to whom they originally belonged, but they have not yet eluded us entirely. We no longer live in the world which they represent, but we can half imagine it, and we can measure the distance which we have moved away. Thus we write no tragedies to-day, but we can still talk about the tragic spirit, of which we should, perhaps, have no conception were it not for the works in question.

An age which could really appreciate Shakespeare or Sophocles would have something comparable to put beside them, — something like them, not necessarily in form or in spirit, but at least in magnitude, — some vision of life which would be, however different, equally ample and passionate. But when we move to put a modern masterpiece beside them, when we seek to compare them with, let us say, a *Ghosts*

or a *Weavers*, we shrink as from the impulse to commit some folly, and we feel as though we were about to superimpose Bowling Green upon the Great Prairies in order to ascertain which is the larger.

The question, we see, is not primarily one of art, but of the two worlds which two minds inhabited. No increased powers of expression, no greater gift for words, could have transformed Ibsen into Shakespeare. The materials out of which the latter created his works — his conception of human dignity, his sense of the importance of human passions, his vision of the amplitude of human life — simply did not and could not exist for Ibsen, as they did not and could not exist for his contemporaries. God and Man and Nature had all somehow dwindled in the course of the intervening centuries, not because the realistic creed of modern art led us to seek out mean people, but because this meanness of human life was somehow thrust upon us by the operation of that same process which led to the development of realistic theories of art by which our vision could be justified.

Hence, though we still use, sometimes, the adjective 'tragic' to describe one or another of those modern works of literature which portray human misery and which end more sadly, even, than they begin, the term is a misnomer, since it is obvious that the works in question have nothing in common with the classical examples of the genre, and produce in the reader a sense of depression which is the exact opposite of that elation generated when the spirit of a Shakespeare rises joyously superior to the outward calamities which he recounts, and celebrates the greatness of the human spirit whose travail he describes.

Tragedies, in that only sense of the word which has any distinctive

meaning, are no longer written in either the dramatic or any other form, and the fact is not to be accounted for in any merely literary terms. It is not the result of any fashion in literature or of any deliberate determination to write about human nature or character under different aspects. Neither does it come from any greater sensitiveness of feeling which would make us shrink from the contemplation of the suffering of Medea or Othello, nor from any greater optimism which would make us likely to see life in more cheerful terms. It is, on the contrary, the result of enfeeblement of the human spirit not unlike that described in an earlier essay of mine, and a further illustration of that gradual weakening of man's confidence in his ability to impose upon the phenomenon of life an interpretation acceptable to his desires which is the subject of the whole of the present discussion.

To explain that fact and to make clear how the creation of classical tragedy did consist in the successful effort to impose such a satisfactory interpretation will require, perhaps, the special section which follows, although the truth of the fact that great tragedy does impose such an interpretation must be evident to anyone who has ever risen from the reading of *Ædipus* or *Lea* with that feeling of exultation which comes when we have been able, by rare good fortune, to enter into its spirit as completely as is possible for us of a remoter and emotionally enfeebled age. Meanwhile one anticipatory remark may be ventured. If the plays and the novels of to-day deal with littler people and less mighty emotions, it is not because we have become interested in commonplace souls and their unglamorous adventures, but because we have come, willy-nilly, to see the soul of man as commonplace and its emotion as mean.

II

Tragedy, said Aristotle, is the 'imitation of noble actions,' and though it is some twenty-five hundred years since the dictum was uttered, there is only one respect in which we are inclined to modify it. To us 'imitation' seems a rather naïve word to apply to that process by which observation is turned into art, and we seek for one which would define, or at least imply, the nature of that interposition of the personality of the artist between the object and the beholder which constitutes his function, and by means of which he transmits a modified version rather than a mere imitation of the thing which he has contemplated.

In the search for this word, the æstheticians of romanticism invented the term 'expression' to describe the artistic purpose to which apparent imitation was subservient. Psychologists, on the other hand, feeling that the artistic process was primarily one by which reality is modified in such a way as to render it more acceptable to the desires of the artist, employed various terms in the effort to describe that distortion which the wish may produce in vision. And, though many of the newer critics reject both romanticism and psychology, even they insist upon the fundamental fact that in art we are concerned not with mere imitation, but with the imposition of some form upon the material which it would not have if it were merely copied as a camera copies. Tragedy is not, then, as Aristotle said, the imitation of noble actions, for, indeed, no one knows what a noble action is, or whether or not such a thing as nobility exists in nature apart from the mind of man. Certainly the action of Achilles in dragging the dead body of Hector around the walls of Troy and under the eyes of Andromache, who had begged to be allowed to give it

decent burial, is not to us a noble action, though it was such to Homer, who made it the subject of a noble passage in a noble poem. Certainly, too, the same action might conceivably be made the subject of a tragedy and the subject of a farce, depending upon the way in which it was treated; so that to say that tragedy is the imitation of a noble action is to be guilty of assuming, first, that art and photography are the same end, second, that there may be something inherently noble in an act as distinguished from the motives which prompted it or from the point of view from which it is regarded.

Nevertheless, the idea of nobility is inseparable from the idea of tragedy, which cannot exist without it. If tragedy is not the imitation or even the modified representation of noble actions, it is certainly a representation of actions *considered* noble, and herein lies its essential nature, since no man can conceive it unless he is capable of believing in the greatness and importance of man. Its action is usually, if not always, calamitous, because it is only in calamity that the human spirit has the opportunity to reveal itself triumphant over the outward universe, which fails to conquer it; but this calamity in tragedy is only a means to an end, and the essential thing which distinguishes real tragedy from those distressing modern works sometimes called by its name is the fact that it is in the former alone that the artist has found himself capable of considering and of making us consider that his people and his actions have that amplitude and importance which make them noble.

Tragedy arises, then, when, as in Periclean Greece or Elizabethan England, a people fully aware of the calamities of life is nevertheless serenely confident of the greatness of man, whose mighty passions and supreme

fortitude are revealed when one of these calamities overtakes him.

To those who mistakenly think of tragedy as something gloomy or depressing, who are incapable of recognizing the elation which its celebration of human greatness inspires, and who, therefore, confuse it with things merely miserable or pathetic, it must be a paradox that the happiest, most vigorous, and most confident ages which the world has ever known — the Periclean and the Elizabethan — should be exactly those which created and which most relished the mightiest tragedies; but the paradox is, of course, resolved by the fact that tragedy is essentially an expression, not of despair, but of the triumph over despair and of confidence in the value of human life. If Shakespeare himself ever had that 'dark period' which his critics and biographers have imagined for him, it was at least no darkness like that bleak and arid despair which sometimes settles over modern spirits. In the midst of it he created both the elemental grandeur of *Othello* and the pensive majesty of *Hamlet*, and, holding them up to his contemporaries, he said in the words of his own *Miranda*: 'O brave new world, that has such people in 't!'

All works of art which deserve their name have a happy end. This is indeed the thing which constitutes them art and through which they perform their function. Whatever the character of the events, fortunate or unfortunate, which they recount, they so mould or arrange or interpret them that we accept gladly the conclusion which they reach and would not have it otherwise. They may conduct us into the realm of pure fancy, where wish and fact are identical and the world is remade exactly after the fashion of the heart's desire, or they may yield some greater or less allegiance to fact; but they must always reconcile us in one

way or another to the representation which they make, and the distinctions between the genre are simply the distinctions between the means by which this reconciliation is effected.

Comedy laughs the minor mishaps of its characters away; drama solves the difficulties it allows to arise; a melodrama, separating good from evil by simple lines, distributes its rewards and punishments in accordance with the principles of a naïve justice satisfying the simple souls of its audience which are neither philosophical enough to question its primitive ethics nor critical enough to object to the way in which its neat events violate the laws of probability. Tragedy, the greatest and the most difficult of the arts, does not adopt none of these methods; and yet it must reach its own happy end in its own way. Though its conclusion may be, by its premise, outwardly calamitous, though it must speak to those who know that the good man is cut off and that the fairest things are the first to perish, yet it must leave them, as *Othello* does, content that this is so. We must be and we are glad that *Julius* dies, and glad that *Lear* is turned out into the storm.

Milton set out, he said, to justify the ways of God to man; and his phrase may be interpreted broadly enough, may be taken as describing the function of all art, which must, in some way or other, make the life which it seems to represent satisfactory to those who see its reflection in the magic mirror, and must gratify, or at least reconcile, the desires of the beholder — not necessarily, as the more naïve exponents of Freudian psychology maintain, by gratifying individual and often eccentric wishes, but at least by satisfying the universally human desire to find in the world some justice, some meaning, and at the very least, some recognizable order. Hence it is that every re-

agedy, however tremendous it may be, is an affirmation of faith in life, a declaration that, even if God is not in his Heaven, then at least Man is in his world.

We accept gladly the outward defeats which it describes for the sake of the inward victories which it reveals. Juliet died, but not before she had known how great and resplendent a loving love could be; Othello plunged the dagger into his own breast, but not before he had revealed that greatness of soul which makes his death seem unimportant. Had he died in the instant when he struck the blow, had he perished still believing that the world was as completely black as he saw it before the innocence of Desdemona was revealed to him, then, for him at least, the world would have been merely damnable; but Shakespeare kept him alive long enough to allow him to learn his error and hence to die, not in despair, but in the full acceptance of the tragic reconciliation to life. Perhaps it would be pleasanter if men could believe what the child is taught, — that the good are happy and that things turn out as they should, — but it is far more important to be able to believe, as Shakespeare did, that however much things in the outward world may go awry, man has, nevertheless, the glories of his own, and that, in short, Love and Honor and Glory are not words, but realities.

Thus for the great ages tragedy is not an expression of despair, but the means by which they saved themselves from it. It is a profession of faith, and a sort of religion — a way of looking at life by virtue of which it is robbed of its pain. The sturdy soul of the tragic author seizes upon suffering and uses it as a means by which joy may be wrung out of existence, but it is not to be forgotten that he is enabled to do so only because of his belief in the greatness of

human nature, and because, though he has lost the child's faith in life, he has not lost his far more important faith in human nature. A tragic writer does not have to believe in God, but he must believe in man.

And if, then, the tragic spirit is in reality the product of a religious faith, in which, sometimes at least, faith in the greatness of God is replaced by faith in the greatness of man, it serves, of course, to perform the function of religion, to make life tolerable for those who participate in its beneficent illusion. It purges the souls of those who might otherwise despair, and it makes endurable the realization that the events of the outward world do not correspond with the desires of the heart, and thus in its own particular way it does what all religions do, for it gives a rationality, a meaning, and a justification to the universe. But if it has the strength it has also the weakness of all faiths, since it may — nay, it must — be ultimately lost, as reality, encroaching further and further into the realm of imagination, leaves less and less room in which that imagination can build its refuge.

III

It is, indeed, only at a certain stage in the development of the realistic intelligence of a people that the tragic faith can exist. A naïver people, still possessed of the child's faith that the universe coincides exactly with its desires, has only — and needs only — its happy and childlike mythology, which arrives inevitably at its happy end, where the only ones who suffer 'deserve' to do so, and in which, therefore, life is represented as directly and easily acceptable. A too sophisticated society, on the other hand, — one which, like ours, has outgrown not merely the simple optimism of the

child, but also that vigorous, one might almost say adolescent, faith in the nobility of man which marks a Sophocles or a Shakespeare, — has neither fairy tales to assure it that all is always right in the end nor tragedies to make it believe that it rises superior in soul to the outward calamities which befall it.

Distrusting its thought, despising its passions, realizing its impotent unimportance in the universe, it can tell itself no stories except those which make it still more acutely aware of its trivial miseries. When its heroes — sad misnomer for the pitiful creatures who people contemporary fiction — are struck down it is not, as in the case of *Ædipus*, by the gods that they are struck, but only, as with Oswald Alving, by syphilis, for they know that the gods, even if they existed, would not trouble with them, and they cannot attribute to themselves in art an importance in which they do not believe. Their so-called tragedies do not and cannot end with one of those splendid calamities which in Shakespeare seem to reverberate through the universe, because they cannot believe that the universe trembles when their love is, like Romeo's, cut off, or when the place where they, small as they are, have gathered up their trivial treasure is, like Othello's sanctuary, defiled. Instead, mean misery piles on mean misery, petty misfortune follows petty misfortune, and despair becomes intolerable because it is no longer even significant or important.

Ibsen once made one of his characters say that he did not read much in the classics because he found them 'irrelevant,' and the adjective was brilliantly chosen because it held implication even beyond those of which Ibsen was consciously aware. What is it that made the classics irrelevant to him and to us? Is it not just exactly those to him impossible premises which

make tragedy what it is, those assumptions that the soul of man is great, that the universe, together with whatever gods may be, concerned itself with him, and that he is, in a word, noble? He turned to village politics for exactly the same reason that his contemporaries and his successors have, each in his own way, sought out some aspect of common man and his common life, because, that is to say, here was at least something small enough for him to be able to believe.

Bearing this fact in mind, let us compare a modern 'tragedy' with one of the great works of a happy age, not in order to judge of their relative technical merits, but in order to determine to what extent the former deserves the name by achieving a tragic solution capable of purging the soul or of reconciling the emotions to the life which pictures. And, in order to make this comparison as fruitful as possible, let us choose *Hamlet* on the one hand and on the other a play like *Ghosts*, which was not only written by perhaps the most powerful as well as the most typical of modern writers, but which, in addition, the one of his works which seems most nearly to escape that triviality which cannot be entirely escaped by anyone who feels, as all contemporary minds do, that man is relatively trivial.

In *Hamlet* a prince ('In apprehension how like a god!') has thrust upon him from the unseen world a duty to redress a wrong which concerns not merely him, his mother, and his uncle, but the moral order of the universe. Erasing all trivial fond records from his mind, abandoning at once both his studies and his romance, because it has been his good fortune to be called upon to take part in an action of cosmic importance, he plunges at first, not into action, but into thought, weighing the claims which are made upon him and

contemplating the grandiose complexities of the universe. And when the time comes at last for him to die he dies, not as a failure, but as a success. Not only has the universe regained the balance which had been upset by what remedied the monstrous crime of the guilty pair ('There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so'), but in the process by which that readjustment was made a mighty mind has been given the opportunity, first to contemplate the magnificent scheme of which it was a part, and then to demonstrate the greatness of its spirit by playing a rôle in the grand style which it called for. We do not need to despair in such a world if it has such creatures in it.

Turn now to *Ghosts*. Look upon this picture and upon that. A young man has inherited syphilis from his father. Struck by a to him mysterious malady, he returns to his northern village, learns the hopeless truth about himself, and persuades his mother to poison him. The incidents prove, perhaps, that pastors should not endeavor to keep a husband and wife together unless they know what they are doing. But what a world is this in which a great writer can deduce nothing more than that from his greatest work, and how are we to be purged or reconciled when we see it acted? Not only is the failure utter, but it is trivial and meaningless as well.

Yet the journey from Elsinore to Høien is precisely the journey which the human spirit has made, exchanging in the process princes for invalids and gods for disease. We say, as Ibsen would say, that the problems of Oswald Alving are more 'relevant' to our life than the problems of Hamlet, that the play in which the former appears is more 'real' than the other more glamorous one, but it is exactly because we find it so that we are condemned. We can believe

in Oswald, but we cannot believe in Hamlet, and a light has gone out in the universe. Shakespeare justifies the ways of God to man, but in Ibsen there is no such happy end and with him tragedy, so called, has become an expression of our despair at finding that such justification is no longer possible.

Modern critics have sometimes been puzzled to account for the fact that the concern of ancient tragedy is almost exclusively with kings and courts. They have been tempted to accuse even Aristotle of a certain naïveté in assuming, as he seems to assume, that the nobility of which he speaks as necessary to a tragedy implies a nobility of rank as well as of soul, and they have sometimes regretted that Shakespeare did not devote himself more than he did to the serious consideration of those common woes of the common man which subsequent writers have exploited with increasing pertinacity. Yet the tendency to lay the scene of a tragedy at the court of a king is not the result of any arbitrary convention, but of the fact that the tragic writers believed easily in greatness just as we believe easily in meanness. To Shakespeare, robes and crowns and jewels are the garments most appropriate to man because they are the fitting outward manifestation of his inward majesty, but to us they seem absurd because the man who bears them has, in our estimation, so pitifully shrunk. We do not write about kings because we do not believe that any man is worthy to be one, and we do not write about courts because hovels seem to us to be dwellings more appropriate to the creatures who inhabit them. Any modern attempt to dress characters in robes ends only by making us aware of a comic incongruity, and any modern attempt to furnish them with a language resplendent like Shakespeare's ends only in bombast.

True tragedy, capable of performing its function and of purging the soul by reconciling man to his woes, can exist only by virtue of a certain pathetic fallacy far more inclusive than that to which the name is commonly given. The romantics, feeble descendants of the tragic writers, to whom they are linked by their effort to see life and nature in grandiose terms, loved to imagine that the sea or the sky had a way of according itself with their moods, of storming when they stormed and smiling when they smiled. But the tragic spirit sustains itself by an assumption much more far-reaching and no more justified. Man, as it sees him, lives in a world which he may not dominate, but which is always aware of him. Occupying the exact centre of a universe which would have no meaning except for him, and being so little below the angels that, if he believes in God, he has no hesitation in imagining Him formed as he is formed and crowned with a crown like that which he or one of his fellows wears, he assumes that each of his acts reverberates through the universe. His passions are important to him because he believes them important throughout all time and all space; the very fact that he can sin (no modern can) means that this universe is watching his acts; and, though he may perish, a God leans out from infinity to strike him down.

And it is exactly because an Ibsen cannot think of man in any such terms as these that his persons have so shrunk and that his 'tragedy' has lost that power which real tragedy always has of making that infinitely ambitious creature called man content to accept his misery if only he can be made to feel great enough and important enough. An Oswald is not a Hamlet chiefly because he has lost that tie with the natural and supernatural world which the latter had. No ghost will leave the

other world to warn or encourage him; there is no virtue and no vice which he can possibly have which can be really important; and when he dies neither the death nor the manner of it will be, outside the circle of two or three people, unnecessary as himself, any more important than that of a rat behind arras.

Perhaps we may dub the illusion upon which the tragic spirit is now based the Tragic, as opposed to the Pathetic, Fallacy; but fallacy though it is, upon its existence depends not merely the writing of tragedy, but the existence of that religious feeling which tragedy is an expression, and the means of which a people aware of the dissonances of life manages nevertheless to hear them as harmony. With it neither man nor his passions can seem great enough or important enough to justify the sufferings which they entail; and literature, expressing the mood of a people, begins to despair where once it exulted. Like the belief in magic and like most of the other mighty illusions by means of which human life has been given a value, the Tragic Fallacy depends ultimately upon an assumption which man so readily makes that something outside his own being, some 'spirit not himself,' — be it God, Nature, or that still vaguer thing called a Moral Order, — joins him to the emphasis which he places upon this or that and confirms him in the feeling that his passions and his opinions are important. When his instinctive faith in that correspondence between the outer and the inner world fades, his grasp upon the faith that sustained him fades also; and love, tragedy, or what not, ceases to be a reality which it was because he was never strong enough in his own insignificant self to stand alone in a universe which snubs him with its indifference.

In both the modern and the ancient

worlds tragedy was dead long before writers were aware of the fact. Seneca wrote his frigid melodramas under the impression that he was following in the footsteps of Sophocles, and Dryden probably thought that his *All for Love* was an improvement upon Shakespeare; but in time we came to see that no amount of rhetorical bombast could conceal the fact that grandeur was not to be counterfeited when the belief in its possibility was dead, and, turning from the hero to the common man, we inaugurated the era of realism. For us no choice remains except that between mere rhetoric and the frank consideration of man, who may be the highest of the anthropoids, but who is certainly too far below the angels to imagine either that the latter can concern themselves with him or that he can catch any glimpse of even the soles of their feet. We can no longer tell tales of the fall of noble men, because we do not believe that noble men exist. The best that we can achieve is pathos, and the most that we can do is to feel sorry for ourselves. Man has put off his royal robes, and it is only in accepted pomp that tragedy can come weeping by.

IV

Nietzsche was the last of the great philosophers to attempt a tragic justification of life. His central and famous dogma, 'Life is good because it is painful,' sums up in a few words the desperate and almost meaningless paradox to which he was driven in his effort to reduce to rational terms the far more imaginative conception which is everywhere present but everywhere unanalyzed in a Sophocles and a Shakespeare, and by means of which they rise triumphant over the manifold miseries of life. But the very fact that Nietzsche could not even attempt to state in any exact intellectual terms an attitude

which is primarily unintellectual, and to which, indeed, intellectual analysis is inevitably fatal, is proof of the distance which he had been carried, by the rationalizing tendencies of the human mind, away from the possibility of the tragic solution which he sought; and the confused, half-insane violence of his work will reveal, by the contrast which it affords with the serenity of the tragic writers whom he admired, how great was his failure.

Fundamentally this failure was, moreover, conditioned by exactly the same thing which has conditioned the failure of all modern attempts to achieve what he attempted — by the fact, that is to say, that tragedy must have a hero if it is not to be merely an accusation against, instead of a justification of, the world in which it occurs. It is, as Aristotle said, an imitation of noble actions, and Nietzsche, for all his enthusiasm for the Greek tragic writers, was palsied by the universally modern incapacity to conceive man as noble. Out of this dilemma, out of his need to find a hero who could give to life as he saw it the only possible justification, was born the idea of the Superman; but the Superman is merely a hypothetical creature destined to become what man actually was in the eyes of the great tragic writers — a creature, as Hamlet said, 'how infinite in faculty . . . in apprehension how like a god.' Thus Nietzsche lived half in the past, through his literary enthusiasms, and half in the future, through his grandiose dreams; but, for all his professed determination to justify existence, he was no more able than the rest of us to find the present acceptable. Life, he said in effect, is not a tragedy now, but perhaps it will be when the Ape-man has been transformed into a hero (the *Übermensch*); and, trying to find that sufficient, he went mad.

He failed, as all moderns must fail

when they attempt, like him, to embrace the tragic spirit as a religious faith, because the resurgence of that faith is not an intellectual but a vital phenomenon, something not achieved by taking thought, but born, on the contrary, out of an instinctive confidence in life which is nearer to the animals' unquestioning allegiance to the scheme of nature than it is to that critical intelligence characteristic of a fully developed humanism. And, like other faiths, it is not to be recaptured merely by reaching an intellectual conviction that it would be desirable to do so.

Modern psychology has discovered — or at least strongly emphasized — the fact that under certain conditions desire produces belief; and, having discovered also that the more primitive a given mentality, the more completely are its opinions determined by its wishes, modern psychology has concluded that the best mind is that which most resists the tendency to believe a thing simply because it would be pleasant or advantageous to do so. But, justified as this conclusion may be from the intellectual point of view, it fails to take into account the fact that, in a universe as badly adapted as this one to human as distinguished from animal needs, this ability to will a belief may bestow an enormous vital advantage — as it did, for instance, in the case at present under discussion, where it made possible for Shakespeare the compensation of a tragic faith completely inaccessible to Nietzsche. Pure intelligence, incapable of being influenced by desire, and therefore also incapable of choosing one opinion rather than another simply because the one chosen is the more fruitful or beneficent, is doubtless a relatively perfect instrument for the pursuit of truth; but the question — likely, it would seem, to be answered in the negative —

is simply whether or not the spirit of man can endure the literal and inhuman truth.

Certain ages and most simple people have conceived of the action which passes upon the stage of the universe as of something in the nature of a Divine Comedy — something, that is to say, which will reach its end with the words 'and they lived happily ever after.' Others, less naïve and therefore more aware of those maladjustments whose reality, at least so far as outward events are concerned, they could not escape, have imposed upon it another artistic form and called it a Divine Tragedy, accepting its catastrophe as we accept the catastrophe of an *Othello*, because of its grandeur. But a tragedy, divine or otherwise, must, it may again be repeated, have a hero, and from the universe, as we see it, both the Glory of God and the Glory of Man have departed. Our cosmos may be farcical or it may be pathetic, but it has not the dignity of tragedy and we cannot accept it as such.

Yet our need for the consolations of tragedy has not passed with the passing of our ability to conceive it. Indeed, the dissonances which it was tragedy's function to resolve grow more insistent instead of diminishing. Our passions, our disappointments, and our sufferings remain important to us though important to nothing else, and they thrust themselves upon us with an urgency which makes it impossible for us to dismiss them as the mere trivialities which, so our intellects tell us, they are. And yet, in the absence of tragic faith or the possibility of achieving it, we have no way in which we may succeed in giving them the dignity which would not only render them tolerable, but would transform them, as they were transformed by the great ages, into joys. The death of Tragedy is, like the death of Love, one of those

emotional fatalities as the result of which the human as distinguished from the natural world grows more and more a desert.

Poetry, said Santayana in his famous phrase, is 'religion which is no longer believed,' but it depends, nevertheless, upon its power to revive in us a sort of temporary or provisional credence, and the nearer it can come to producing an illusion of belief, the greater is its power as poetry. Once the tragic spirit was a living faith, and out of it tragedies were written. To-day these great expressions of a great faith have declined, not merely into poetry, but

into a kind of poetry whose premises are so far from any we can really accept that we can only partially and dimly grasp its meaning. We read but we do not write tragedies. The tragic solution of the problem of existence, the reconciliation to life by means of the tragic spirit, is, that is to say, now only a fiction surviving in art. When that art itself has become, as it probably will, completely meaningless, when we have ceased not only to write but to read tragic works, then it will be lost and in all real senses forgotten, since the devolution from Religion to Art to Document will be complete.

MOUNTAINEERS AND MILL FOLKS

BY ELEANOR RISLEY

I

WE camped beside the blanched road near the foot of the hill, where we could lie and look across the shining ford of the little river into the moon-drenched valley below. The mountaineer in the near-by cabin had said, 'Ef you-all won't sleep hyar, you'd best go on half a quarter and sleep in the schoolhouse. The mill folks carries liquor down this road sometimes. They goes up tother way, but sometimes they comes back by hyar — hit's a lonesomer way. And you best tie up you-all's dog. The mill folks jist runs over our houn's lickety-split! They won't mis-putt theyselves ter stop whin they kills one even.'

But vacant schoolhouses were not for us. For there we heard sounds of revelry by night, and the smell of liquor lingered there by day, and the floors

were often deep in dirt and torn textbooks. Once during a drizzling rain we had camped for three days in a schoolhouse where four men kept their tools, which they said were for digging graphite — though we saw no evidence of graphite and much evidence of moonshine. One of these men asked us for our newspapers received at the last mountain post office.

'I'm the onliest one thet kin read in this settlemint, and whin I gits a-holt of a paper I reads hit to all the neighbors. I cain't read writin', though. I wusht I could,' he ended wistfully. Peter asked him if he could not learn to write at the school here. He answered, 'This hyar schoolhouse hes ben built three yars, and thar hain't ben a term o' school in hit. Whut with the boll weevil and the chillern hevin' ter work and all the likely young folks gone down

ter the mill, thar hain't nobody ter go noways.'

But this night there was a full moon, and witchery was in the air. For months we had slept under the stars, seldom putting up our little tent, though always carefully packing Sisyphus, our pushcart, in case of a storm or a sudden alarm. A night under the open sky is a royal adventure; and sleep under a full moon is not an abdication. For sleep means not merely surcease from sorrow while the 'sleave of care' is knitted; the full moon is a silver trumpet calling a challenge from some enchanted world of otherwhereness, which we answer bravely, taking consciousness gladly to new fields of magic where the moon is a monarch. Earth, under the full moon, answers the call with a quickened pulse, and the water's lagging feet obey her lyric summons with a quickened measure. Even John, our beloved dog, who just missed being a setter, gazed at the moon and howled mournfully from the depths of some dread memory in answer to her solemn call. But when a mocking bird, teetering on the very tip of a dogwood bough above him, — a premeditated insult, — burst into a passion of song, John, chained to the wheel of Sisyphus, stiffened in resentment, turned around four times, flung himself to earth, and slept. And after a while there was whispering in the willows by the river, and a little breeze, drugged with the scent of honeysuckle, stole out and softly touched our faces — and we too slept.

In the chill of the night we were awakened by the noise of a motor car clattering down the mountain road. It splashed through the ford and groaned a sudden stop, and a woman's drunken laugh profaned the night. John leaped the length of his chain as two men ran from the car and stood upon our blankets. I looked up into the face of one, who grasped my arm and cried,

'Get up and come on down to the schoolhouse!' But Peter had seized the loaded rifle by his side and, pointing it at the man's head, said icily, in his best chest tones, 'Gentlemen, we are sleeping here by permission of the landowner; and we do not desire to be disturbed.' With the rifle waving before them they backed silently to the car, and presently from the schoolhouse came sounds of drunken revelry.

'Here,' I said, 'is where I take up my bed and walk. They will come back, and we shall be compelled to shoot someone.' And not long after we heard yells and shots at our abandoned camp.

The next morning the mountain woman said, 'Hit wuz some o' thim mill folks. I knows who hit wuz. They hain't bad folks. They wuz drinkin' and they'll be pow'ful 'shamed this mornin'. They ust ter live up hyar. But 'pears like whin they gits down ter the mill they jist goes hawg-wild! You know,' she went on, fixing her great melancholy eyes on the far horizon of the mountains, 'they's ben lonesome so long.'

'Ya-a-s,' said the man, 'my womern's got kin down ter the mill, and onct she went thar ter visit 'em. I had a great chancet o' peaches thet yar, and hit did n't dis-abundance me ter send some, and hit did n't mis-putt Viney ter take 'em. Viney says they did n't can up a one! They jist sets down and et 'em up and give 'em away. They even don't bake they own bread. Jist runs out and buys a loaf, — they's a big store they calls a commissary, — and eats and lights out fur thim picture movies. Hit seems ter make 'em go hawg-wild ter git ter the mill. They forgets Gawddlemighty *en-tire*!'

II

We set out on the road to the mill with reluctance. But at the mill was

the only bridge across the river to Deer Mountain, where we wished to go. So we loitered on the way, and in the afternoon there suddenly appeared on the summit of the mountain, overlooking the valley of the mill, a place that simply demanded a camp. Back from a grassy meadow sprawled an old unpainted house under immense pine trees. At the right was a cuplike dell filled with blossoming altheas. Everywhere we had found altheas in door-yards; for an althea twig makes the best snuff stick, and a snuff stick is a salient feature of a mountain woman's face. But these altheas were almost trees, and trembling above and among the blossoms were hundreds of humming birds, the Western sun glinting their tiny green feathers until they shimmered with myriad iridescent hues. We went through the big gate, and I could scarcely get Peter, John, and Sisyphus past the fascinating open workshop at the left. From the house came a woman in a long brown calico dress. She was so tall and so thin that, as she came rapidly across the grass, she seemed to be walking on stilts. And her great black eyes, glassy with age, burned with unquenched fire as she cried, 'Ef you-all air sellin' medicine, you-all need n't come in! I sells all the medicine this hyar mounting needs. I ben arrested fur hit. But I jist tole 'em to crack they whup! I jist go on sellin'. 'T ain't no ust comin' in hyar!'

We explained meekly that we were only attracted by the beauty of the place, and wanted to camp for the night by the humming birds in the dell. Around the corner of the house, walking softly on the myrtle, solid and thick as a carpet, a small clean-shaven old man drifted toward us. We afterward found that he never approached a destination other than obliquely. John ran forward to meet him and stood statuelike in amazement. For the man had a

Captain Cuttle hook for his left hand, only this was of two iron prongs tied to his wrist by a leather thong.

'James,' said the woman, 'these hyar folks thinks our place is so purty they wants ter stay all night.'

'Hit is a purty place,' said the old man gently. 'Hit ust ter be a great place fur the highrostocracy afore the war atween the States. They ust ter come frum the South with they niggers and they carriages. They's a fine chalybeate spring jist past thim posies down the hill. The chimbleys is thar yit whar they burnt the big hotels in the war. Come round ter the back door and see whar they ust ter dance. Thar's names cyarved on the rock frum way back.'

Worn smooth by the dancing feet of forgotten belles and beaus lay an enormous rock, level as a floor, on the edge of a precipice overlooking a wide valley. An old insecure iron fence protected one who dared look down.

'Be keerful!' warned the old man. 'Ef we hed iny chillern I'd fix thet fence.' I looked eagerly at the names carved there, and exclaimed when I found one I knew. The date was 1824.

'Yas,' said the man, 'my grandpappy knowed thim folks. I ricollect hit, fur the name wuz so quare.'

'De la Vergne,' I said.

'Thet's hit!' he cried. 'They all kim frum the North, and one of 'em painted a picter o' whar my grandpappy's pigpen war. And hit's framed and hangin' in our house hyar. And one like hit sold fur money. And one time my granny said thet Mr. Devilin et at her house, and she hed ter rub his plate with a onion, though he would n't eat no onion. I've heerd her tell hit and laugh!'

'That was my great-grandfather,' I said.

'Think o' thet, Marthy! Ole Mr. Devilin's her great-grandpappy! Come

right in the house 'n' rest! Er maybe you-all'd like ter try some o' my seedlin' peaches? I keeps the finest tree fur my friends. Thar's four props under hit this yar. I never sells a peach frum hit. I calls hit my Friends' Tree.'

'Humph!' said his wife acidly. 'They is all his friends' trees! He won't sell nothin' fur whut hit's wuth!'

'Now, Marthy,' he answered patiently, 'I sells 'em. But to sell too expensive is whut the Bible calls "doublin' and thriblin'," and hit's agin the Book.'

'Oh, thet Bouk! Thet Bouk!' she cried contemptuously. 'I'll bring out some cheers and knives, and you-all jist set under the tree and eat. Thet's whut all his friends does!'

'Don't mind Marthy. Marthy's a good Christian womern, though she don't seem to reelize hit. See this hat? Hit's a good hat,' he said, removing his wide gray felt. 'I hain't hed hit but two yars and hit's all frayed on the aidge. You see, mornin's after chornin's done I th'ows hit in the kitchen door, and ef hit comes rollin' back I lights out fur the work shed and waits around a spell. But ef hit don't come bouncin' back, I jist walks right in ter breakfast.'

III

The Friends' Tree, near the house, stood on a little knoll overlooking the valley, and under the four props was a bower where one could sit and, without rising, pick the rosy peaches. Our host said, 'Don't take iny but the very finest. Thar's more'n we'll eat. I hain't got enough friends! Whin you-all eats all you want, come round ter the back porch. They's some sugar-sweet muskmelons I ben wantin' somebody ter try.'

It was an experience to see the old man wash his iron hand, deftly carve a

melon, and offer a slice politely on a prong. John turned surprised and delighted eyes on me, as if to say, 'Here is a man that is a man!'

'Whut's you-all's name?' called the woman from the kitchen door. We told her, and she said, 'Our name's Brent but iverbody calls us Aunt Marthy and Uncle James. I reckon you-all kin too. Why n't you-all come in the house? I don't like folks ter light on me and stay in the yard!'

'I'll go round and roll you-all's little wagon inter a room,' said Uncle James.

We explained that for our health we preferred to camp outdoors. Aunt Marthy sniffed something about 'pink pills fur pale people,' and we entered the great beamed kitchen with its huge fireplace and polished stove. At the east was an open door with a fence across it, which looked down a sheer drop of hundreds of feet. And as Aunt Marthy bent her tall form and vehemently threw out the dishwater I trembled for fear she would bring up in the valley below.

It rained for the next two days, and we moved into the house, which leaked like a sieve.

'Git yerself cheers and hunt a dry spot and set down,' said Aunt Marthy, who was occupying the most commodious spot, engaged in quilting a wonderful Texas Star quilt. 'James wants ter putt on a new roof. But we're old, and we hain't much comp'ny, and thar's allers spots fur cheers whar hit don't leak — though we cain't allers set in the same room, the leaks not bein' in the right spots. Kin you-all read print?'

Peter answered that we could.

'Wal, I got a book. Hit's titled *Leny Rivers*, by Mary J. Holmes. I've hed hit more'n twenty yars, and whiniver inybody comes as kin read they reads hit ter me. I cain't read, and James won't read nothin' but newspaper lies

and thet Bouk! Lord, I've hed ter nyar so much about thet Bouk thet hit's plumb spiled my natur! I don't hold with cussin', but iver' time James says "the Bouk" I feel like tellin' him who died fur him!

And Aunt Marthy opened a trunk and carefully unwrapped *Lena Rivers* from a blue silk handkerchief.

The pride of a mountain woman's heart is a trunk. Though she has never traveled, nor ever expects to travel, and would be aghast at the thought, her social position is determined by the size and quality of her trunk; and Aunt Marthy smiled appreciatively when Peter cried, 'Some crunk!'

So I followed Lena from childhood in the country to adolescence in the cruel city, when suddenly Aunt Marthy called to Peter, who sat with Uncle James in respective dry spots in the next room.

'Hyar you, Peter! You read a spell. She's tired.'

'Aunt Marthy,' said Peter mendaciously, 'I've read — er — *Lena* — er — *Riverton*. I'll read you a good piece out of my paper.'

'In case o' thet,' said Uncle James, 'I'll bring my harness in ter mend. I've hed ter hyar *Leny* in spots fur more'n twinty yars — though I cain't say I've iver connected hit up.'

Peter hurriedly selected a back-to-the-land article. With fervor it called the weary wayworn city dweller back to the farm, and urged him to relax, relax. Aunt Marthy looked bored. She took snuff, spat, and looked mortified. She said, 'Fur Gawd's sake, Peter, whut is that air ree-lax and how do you do hit?'

Peter gave me an appealing glance, and I said, 'He means "to ease up — not try too hard. Be peaceful." He wants the poor tired city man to go on a farm and — er — relax, you know.'

'Humph!' cried Aunt Marthy, and missed the fireplace again. 'Thet man's got a farm ter sell! Does he think we gits a ree-lax outhen hoein' cawn and choppin' cotton, er raisin' leetle things like chickens and calves jist ter kill 'em er sell 'em? The onliest ree-lax I kin git on a farm is ter kill a rattler in my sang patch, er look down the bar'l o' my gun at a revenue officer! Now, Peter — you jist quit that ree-lax piece and read some in *Leny*.'

Peter, anxious to avoid *Leny* and to cover his lack of literary taste, said, 'I looked down the barrel of my rifle on the road last night.' I told the story, and Aunt Marthy cried, 'Hit wuz thim no-count ornery mill folks! I wusht you-all'd shot 'em whilst you-all hed the chanct!'

'Now, now, Marthy,' said Uncle James, 'they is jist the same folks thet ust ter be our friends — leastways they mammies and pappies wuz. I don't low they would a harmed you-all. But whin they gits ter the mill, civileyezation takes holt and hit ruins thim fur a while — jist like a fever takes holt. They is ust ter still places, and Gawd-dlemighty, and lonesomeness, and they don't know how ter be in the world and out of hit too like the Good Book tells us ter be. You never knows whut civileyezation's a-goin' ter do whin hit fust takes holt. Now you take Willie Lemon — he's jist Hell-bent fur civileyezation. You see, thar is Willie Lemon —'

'Ya-a-a-s,' said Aunt Marthy cynically, 'thar is Willie Lemon! I see him stanterin' thu the huckleberry patch now, comin' down the mounting ter set under yo' Friends' Tree and hyar you norate! Willie Lemon ort ter be shot fur laziness. He don't work a lick!'

'Willie hain't ter say lazy exactly. He claims he's diskivered hit hain't no use ter work, and the Book does say ter take no thought fur the morrer.'

IV

Peter, intrigued by this fascinating doctrine, asked, 'Who is Willie Lemon?' Aunt Marthy answered gladly, 'Willie Lemon's a wood's colt. His mammy war Lily Ann Lemon, and I wuz thar whin he wuz borned. She war a-layin' thar white as death and iverbody thought a-dyin', and the preacher he come and told Lily Ann she'd go to Hell ef she did n't tell who the pappy wuz and confess her sin; and she jist smiled and niver said a word, and got well and met a mill feller and married him and left Willie with his grandpappy and he died too. And Willie he ketches rattlers and sells the ile and the skins thu the mail order. He won't trap, fur he won't kill nothin' but a rattler er a copperhead. I claim Willie Lemon is lackin', myself.'

'No, Willie hain't lackin'. But he war a quare young un. He war four yar old afore he'd speak a word. One day they kitched a big rat, and they war a-showin' hit in a trap, and they all went outen the room, and whin they comes back the rat wuz gone, and they wuz a-marvelin', and Willie Lemon up and says, "I let that rat out, and I'm glad I done hit!" Fust word he iver spoke! And whin he went ter school he jist set thar, and the teacher, thinkin' he wuz lackin', jist let him set. And one day whin thar wuz a sum a big boy could n't do, Willie went ter the blackboard and done the sum right, and set down and never said a word. No, Willie hain't lackin'.'

'Hyar he comes thu the big gate,' said Aunt Marthy.

But Willie Lemon did not come through the big gate. He came over it like a bird, and with one continuous gesture he cart-wheeled across the grass with a bunch of white grapes in his hand, which he presented to Aunt Marthy, apparently without the loss of

a grape. And Willie Lemon was the most perfect specimen of the human race we had ever seen. He was twenty-three, of medium height, broad of shoulder and small of thigh. His jet-black hair might have been permanently waved at a beauty parlor; his skin was milk-white and apparently did not tan. For, unlike the mountaineer, he wore no hat. His features were like chiseled marble, and his soft black eyes under their curling lashes gleamed with veiled fire beneath their gentleness. During the week we spent with Aunt Marthy he came every day, and he never spoke but to answer a question, though he was quick to see when any helpful act could be performed for any of us.

Willie Lemon seemed closer to his hands, his feet, his head, his body, than other human creature ever was. I spoke of this one day, and Uncle James said, 'Willie, show how you kin walk on yer haid.' Obliging Willie bounced away over the grass on his head, gracefully and seemingly without effort. We used to speculate as to whether Willie Lemon *was* his body, or whether he stood outside his body and commanded it. And one day, as we all sat on the gallery, Willie Lemon, as ever silent, and with his eyes fixed on the distant mountains, suddenly arose and ran off in a direction opposite from his home.

'Willie's had a call,' said Aunt Marthy.

'Yes, he has 'em too, like Samuel in the Good Book, and like —'

'Shucks!' cried Aunt Marthy. 'I reckon Samuel did n't smell a rattler whin he had a call! I claim he smells 'em! I low Willie Lemon kin smell a rattler miles away!'

And after a while Willie returned, carrying a huge rattlesnake, with twelve rattles, on a stick.

'Whar'd ye find hit, Willie?' asked Uncle James admiringly.

'Hit war a mile down the road under the stile whar the Reed chillern passes frum school. I jist got thar afore 'em.'

The day before we left he suddenly spoke to me. 'Do you-all know iny-body in Kansas City?' he asked.

I told him I once lived there.

'I wusht I knowed someone thar. I larned about automobiles by mail order frum thar, all about 'em and how ter drive one. I'm a-goin' thar.'

'Oh, Willie Lemon!' I answered, pained. 'Why? Why?'

'I wants ter putt my hand on er wheel and go faster'n iny varmint in these hyar mountings. Sometime I wants er airship.'

So that was why Uncle James knew that 'civileyezation had tuck holt o' Willie Lemon'!

We gave him a letter to someone we knew in Kansas City, and I doubt not that Willie Lemon stood silent for a time before some garage or factory, and suddenly proved his ability to drive in a race!

V

There came a day when for the last time I took the perilous path down through the altheas to the chalybeate spring by the desolate chimneys of the old hotels. And as I climbed back up the rocky way I wondered how those delicate women of America's feudalism, in their hoop skirts and thin slippers, ever managed to reach the dancing rock. I walked for the last time through the grove of altheas, where the humming birds, not at all afraid of me, bobbed about like tiny soap bubbles iridescent in the sunlight; and I walked across the thick, soundless myrtle and sat down on the edge of the gallery to rest. Through the open window came the voice of Uncle James in melancholy groans.

'I tole you, James Brent,' cried Aunt Marthy's voice, 'I tole you whut'd

happen ef you et so many o' thim muskmelons! Now jist groan away!'

'Hit hain't thet, Marthy! Hit hain't muskmelons! Hit's Peter and Eleanor!' He groaned again. 'They is good folks! Fine folks! But they lives down thar in civileyezation, and they hain't obeyed they Book's commands. Good folks! Fine folks! And lost! Lost!'

And he groaned again.

Aunt Marthy hissed one famous Napoleonic word which expressed all her contempt for creeds outworn; and I tiptoed across the myrtle to the Friends' Tree, hardly knowing whether to laugh or to weep.

Peter sat under the tree, and as I saw Uncle James emerge from the house, followed by his hat, and tack toward the workshop, I knew he would come to anchor presently at the peach tree. So I said, 'Here comes Uncle James to speak to us about our souls. Be careful not to hurt him. He is suffering about our souls.'

'Our souls!' cried Peter in a frightened voice, slipping the Little Blue Book of Nietzsche into his pocket.

Uncle James took off his hat, and spoke with grave dignity. 'I don't aim ter be brash ner conceitful, but I feels I jist gotter speak ter you afore you-all leaves. I knows hit's hard ter keep onspotted frum the world, down in civileyezation whar you-all belongs ter go back ter. And now Willie Lemon, he's Hell-bent fur hit too — and I jist can't stand hit, somehow! I've watched civileyezation take holt o' our own mounting folks down at the mill and —'

He turned away his head and wiped his eyes with his red handkerchief.

Peter, nervous about his soul and anxious to confuse the issue, said, 'But, Uncle James, civilization is just an easier way of doing things. Just machinery. Now those mill folks, their

natural needs — things they have always wanted — are for the first time being supplied. It's like food to a starving man. It intoxicates them — makes them hysterical —

'Peter,' said Uncle James, gently but reproachfully, 'hit hain't as ef I could n't read. I kin read the plain commands o' the Good Book, and I takes the *Atlanty Constitution*, and I knows about civileyezation. Thet thar machinery jist kills thousands and thousands jist runnin' over folks, and in mines and factories. And the folks as owns 'em is doublin' and thriblin' and makin' some folks rich and some folks pore, and nobody keers! I wuz in civileyezation a whole yar onct, and I lef' my hand thar twell the Resurrection, whin please Gawd I'll hev hit agin! Fur the Lord is comin' in His power sooner'n you know! And — and — I reckon you-all hain't even ever ben baptized!'

'Uncle James,' I cried desperately, 'whatever God you love, I'm sure I love Him too!'

'Hit hain't enough, honey,' he said, patting my arm with his iron prongs, 'we gotter obey thim plain commands.'

Blessed Aunt Marthy called at this moment, — for I should have committed myself to anything, — 'You-all quit listenin' ter James and come in ter dinner. This is you-all's last day and you-all gotter eat with me. I got fried chicken and chess pie!'

Uncle James smiled in a relieved way, and placed his peace barometer firmly on his head. Peter, in the freemasonry of men, cried, 'Fair weather, and mild, Uncle James.'

'Yes,' he said. 'Now you take Marthy. Once saved, allers saved. Marthy's saved, though she don't know hit. But you see, she's obeyed thim commands — and I'm afeared you-all hain't.'

'Uncle James,' said Peter, 'those

commands have made a mighty good man out of you. And I promise to read them all over again.' And we did.

The next morning, as we looked back at the old house under the pines, and at the althea dell, and at Aunt Marthy and Uncle James waving from the big gate, I brushed the tears from my eyes and said, 'Maybe we'll meet them again under the Friends' Tree in Paradise. But it will not be the same. Aunt Marthy's dear wicked fire will be quenched, and Uncle James will walk directly on those golden streets, and he'll not have the Captain Cuttle hand, and he will have lost that lovely blend of wisdom and superstition!'

'But,' said Peter, 'if Uncle James wants to gain his hand and lose his naïveté we should n't stand in his way!'

'Therein,' I answered, 'is a mystery. The problem of love, and growth, and separation and everything. We'll consider that at the camp fire to-night.'

VI

But there was no camp fire that night or for several nights. For, arriving at the valley of the mill, civilization 'tuck holt,' and we moved into a large vacant hotel where from our deep window ledge we could drop a penny — and I did — into the chuckling water of the river below. Across the road in the great red brick mansion with its white stone pillars and spacious grounds, lived a delightful family, and there was music in the evenings, and much talk of books. For they were lonely folks, burdened with household cares; and, while the mill continued to run, no one could be persuaded to go out to service.

Peter spent much of his time at the woolen mill. But, after once seeing that the piteous bundles of fleeces — shipped in from some place where civilization had 'tuck strong holt' —

were filled with rags, old iron, and old shoes to increase the weight, I wondered, instead, among the shabby, neglected homes of the mill people, where no blooming geraniums in tin cans adorned the windows, as in all mountain homes. For the home is kept by a child too young to work at the mill, or a woman too old.

One morning I stopped at a shackly house where an old woman sat with a child on the little porch. Observing that the boy did not run about, I asked if he were sick. 'No,' she answered, 'he's jist got the rickets. We hes a heap o' lung trouble and rickets hyar. But lawzy, whin we had pellagry up in the mountings we jist up and died without no doctor. We got good doctors hyar.'

'But don't you sometimes wish for the mountains?' I asked.

'Me? I would n't go back to thim mountings fur nothin' in this hyar world! Allers choppin' cotton, and splittin' stove wood, and niver seein' nobody! We-uns is goin' ter hev a dance 'cross the river from the hotel ternight. You-all come over.'

I thanked her and told her we would, and that they were decorating the hotel also for a dance to-night, and many of the guests and the music would come from the state capital. I asked her if she would like to come and watch the dance with us.

'No'm, I don't low as I will. I don't keer fur thet bellerin' music. I've heerd hit. Some o' our mill girls'd like ter dance like thim city folks, but

our men won't dance with 'em like thet. You cain't git 'em ter jiggle round and kick out behind like thet! Cain't even git our manager ter dance like thet, but he goes to 'em — reckon he jist has ter caper to 'em.'

That night the guests arrived in cars and danced to an excellent jazz band. By the window where we sat two old men, mill hands, looked on from outside. The floor manager approached them and said civilly, 'Move on, will you? We need the air. The ladies complain that it is too warm.'

One of the men replied easily, 'Wal, I would n't low as they needs more air. They don't 'pear ter hev on no more clo'es then'd wad a shotgun.' And they walked quietly away.

We followed them across the bridge to the mill dance. A solitary fiddler sat in the fork of a tree, playing 'Money Musk.' Children danced together on the grass, and the grandmother of the child with the rickets swung about the small platform and 'balanced all' with the best of them. I dare say that moonshine as well as moonlight contributed to the joy of the occasion, but there was no rowdyism, and no hint of envy of the hotel dance across the river. For these mill folks are mountaineers or descendants of mountaineers, proud of their heritage and tenacious of their customs. So they danced the summer night happily away, forgetting the day's toil and the threat of to-morrow's drudgery — for they were together.

A REMEMBERED HOUSE

SOMETIMES a house will die as men will die;
And then the pulses of its being fail,
And cold upon the hearth its ashes lie.

Its windows slumber, veiled with blinds that seem
Like eyelids drooping over lifeless eyes
Wherein lies orbed no dear recurrent gleam.

These things befell a house I loved of old,
But I was far away when they befell.
I did not see it darken and grow cold.

Between me and my memory of that place
I must be glad that there will never hang
The pitiful image of a lifeless face.

It was an old house, sober and sedate,
Aloof yet whimsical, austere yet warm;
It had a paved court and a creaking gate.

Some of its walls you could not see for books,
Calf-bound, a tawny bloom upon their leaves;
Its unpolled elms were clamorous with rooks.

There were three dim urns in the dining room,
Vaguely adorned with russet streaks and black
And dug long since from some Etruscan tomb.

Above them hung a parson's painted head,
With grave gray wig and seemly bands of lawn;
He had known Dr. Johnson, it was said.

His wife hung opposite, a resolute dame
More like Queen Charlotte than he might have wished,
With cap too wide to go inside her frame.

He must have been an old philosopher
And a collector in a modest way;
His were the urns, and his the amethysts were;

The amethysts that beneath a glassy dome
Lay shrined, uncut, unpolished, yet beautiful
Like frozen splinters of pale purple foam.

Climbing the shallow stairs you could rescan
The Hogarths, see the bad apprentice haled
Before the good one grown an Alderman.

Now all these things are scattered and forlorn,
And in the echoing rooms that were their own
None who remembers them is left to mourn.

And there no more the long-drawn dusk of Spring
Deepening outside shall give new tongues of light
To the brown logs fresh-stirred and flickering.

Yet, since I did not see their gold turn gray,
For me that house still stands, unchanged and dear,
But in some nameless country far away.

DOROTHY MARGARET STUART

SOME CONSTRUCTIVE PRINCIPLES

BY HERBERT PARRISH

A YEAR or so ago a very wealthy and successful business man told me that as soon as he could secure the time from his other enterprises he would turn his attention to the matter of the reconstruction of religion.

'I shall,' said he, 'employ an efficiency expert and make a thorough survey of the condition of the churches in a given district. We shall find out why a greater proportion of people do not attend church services regularly, how the services can be made more attractive, their proper length, and the times most suitable for holding them. We ought to ascertain what should be scrapped in the way of outworn methods and effete organization and equipment. The churches should be put on a sound economic basis. Religion is a good thing, but something seems to be the matter with the churches.'

'It would be,' I suggested, 'a matter of some difficulty.'

'Not at all,' he replied. 'It is simply a question of the employment of correct business methods.'

I promised him the most hearty coöperation. But he has not yet secured the time from his other enterprises to begin the work. There is no doubt, however, that other business men are giving time and consideration to the problems of religion.

I

The break-up of the old theological systems and the old organizations of

Protestantism, confidently forecast two years ago, has now reached a condition so advanced that men are already beginning to look forward to plans for reconstruction and ways for the salvage of such spiritual values as were held in the outworn institutions. The new form that religion will take in the modern world is already shaping itself. The World Conference in 1927 at Lausanne, the Conference on Comity of the Protestant churches at Cleveland which followed, and the various proposals for unity made by a number of the leading sects, and now under discussion, all indicate that the religious revolution has reached the stage of constructive enterprise.

One thing that threw Protestantism back upon its own resources was the Papal Encyclical of Pius XI. This very able but uncompromising pronouncement blocked the ideal of a complete Christian unity as a *terminus ad quem* that had haunted the imagination of many for the last fifty years. The Pope left no room for hope of concession from Roman Catholicism. 'The whole of a man's life,' said he in effect, 'would not suffice for an individual to investigate and settle for himself the problems of religion. Why throw open the subjects, long since settled by authority, to renewed debate? Let those who sincerely seek unity come unto me. Unity and peace will be found only in the acceptance of the authority of the Vicar of Christ.' And the decided attitude of the British Parliament in rejecting the proposed

revision of the Book of Common Prayer, because it contained provision for the reservation of the Sacrament, made it clear that a large and influential portion of the Protestant world had no mind to revert to anything remotely resembling Roman Catholicism.

The reconstruction of Protestantism, then, must come from within, if it is to survive as an organized institution. New forms must be found for the expression of its spiritual values and ideals. That Protestantism has spiritual values and ideals cannot be doubted. And that these are not adequately expressed by its present systems and organizations is certainly clear. Some analysis of these values and ideals should be made before any programme for reconstruction can be attempted. And it is doubtful even then whether the lines indicated will be the lines followed. In the history of religion, as well as in the history of politics, the logic of events is more likely to supply a statement of principles than a statement of principles is to influence the course of events. Philosophers deal rather with things already accomplished than with things not yet established. Men knew liberty after Salamis and order after the Punic Wars, not before. Still, nothing is ever done until the need of it is felt, and the need cannot be felt until it is expressed and the imagination stirred to stimulate action.

Protestantism was born with the spirit of liberty. It can no more revert to the papal authority than can the modern nations of the world reëstablish the defunct Holy Roman Empire. It grew out of the same causes that at the Renaissance accounted for the rise of nations. It was a creation originally of the modern State. *Cujus regio illius religio*. And the Calvinistic and Lutheran sects still bear the stamp of the governments by which they were

established. At the later period, when the principles of democracy prevailed in governments, the sects which arose, the Congregationalist, Baptist, Methodist, and others, expressed in their systems the principle of democratic organization, which is the principle of individual liberty. It is true enough that the liberty the Protestant sects desired for themselves they readily denied to others, but in this they did little more than follow the political standards of their time.

And with the spirit of liberty and democracy Protestantism stands or falls. It has indeed the spiritual values and ideals of these great modern features of civil life, but it has also their difficulties and problems to solve. No one thinks that these difficulties and problems have yet been solved in the State, except the professional politicians for the occasions of partisan oratory. It is evident that they have not yet been solved in the churches.

But it is at least certain that Protestantism has produced a liberal scholarship which — in spite of a conservative opposition quite as intransigent as the frozen theology of Rome — has in the last half century illuminated the dark places of religion and freed the human mind of vast superstitions and absurd prepositions. The criticism of the Old and New Testaments was the work of Protestant scholars. And this has been accomplished without the sacrifice of moral or spiritual values. On the contrary, the acceptance of the conclusions, now very general, as soon as men's minds were adjusted to them, advanced the cause of religious interest. Protestant scholars have put religion on a new and better basis. They, and they alone, have accepted the assured knowledge acquired by modern science in that spirit of open-mindedness and untrammelled freedom in which lies the hope of modern

thinking. The principles upon which Protestantism rests include the expectation that such knowledge will be open to every individual. It is true, perhaps, that in the process of liberalization too great stress has been laid upon criticism and too little upon the emphasis of a realization of spiritual ideals, but that period is probably now over. The work has been done. Religion cannot go back to the intellectual standards of the thirteenth century and to the dogmatism of the *Summa* of Saint Thomas for all the popes in history. It does not choose to do so. And compulsion in religion is obsolete.

There are perhaps two defects in the spirit of Protestantism that need to be recognized. These result from the conditions under which it struggled in the effort to acquire the qualities that are its chief glory. On the one hand, Protestantism has an overweening and unsophisticated trust in the power of legislation to accomplish spiritual results. This is a heritage of the age of Old Testament idealism, combined with the delight of unaccustomed minds in the making of laws. It is a crude survival. And, on the other hand, Protestantism is lacking in the sense of joy. Its chief emotional intensity is found only in the penitential aspects of religious experience. It delights in conversions, in repentances. It is very serious, very solemn, very gloomy in its religious exercises. It cannot understand humor in the treatment of theology. All gayety has in its eyes the suspicion of sin. Its very festivals are drab affairs. In this respect it contrasts sadly with the joy of the Catholic religion, which is always at its best on festivals, and whose theologians, with some exceptions, can see a joke. Now gayety is one of the four corners of the kingdom of God. But Protestantism, born amid the fires of the Inquisition, has a fear complex

that mars its charm. And this spiritual defect is more serious than might at first be thought, for it means that Protestantism as a religion keeps itself apart from daily life. It becomes a thing for Sundays only and for cavernous gloomy buildings without color and without life. It bores children, and drives the worldly-minded only further away. It cannot appeal to the poetical and the artistic elements in humanity. These two things are spiritual defects that will be found even in the most liberal and the most democratic. There are exceptions, no doubt. Billy Sunday had a sense of humor, though he clung to law as a savage clings to his taboo, while Dean Brown, who presumably sees through the folly of prohibitive legislation, is as solemn as an owl. It is to be hoped that time and experience will cure such spiritual eccentricities.

II

The very real spiritual values of Protestantism, its love of truth and the freedom to assimilate truth, now that the old bondage which the Reformation 'settlements' imposed upon it has been destroyed, should be preserved and made increasingly available. If Protestantism is to accomplish this, it presumably will follow the lead of the State, which also is engaged upon a somewhat similar task. For the State seeks to realize the ideals of liberty and democracy and to encourage advancement in every department of life.

To accomplish this aim in America a greater measure of national unity is essential. At the present time the United States of America is scarcely a nation. It is a congeries of nationalities. The melting pot does its work but slowly, and every statesman feels that anything that can speed the sense of national unity is a gain in the direction

of a national consciousness. But, curiously, the churches are the greatest obstacle to the elimination of divisive racial lines. It is the churches of the various races who have come to these shores that strive to keep alive the habits, customs, forms, systems, traditional prides, and even the languages of the ancient fatherlands from which their adherents came. Every sect harks back to its tradition of racial glory. The pastors use every device of foreign appeal to remind their congregations of remote splendors, real and imagined, by which loyalty to the religion, and consequently to the former region, the home government, can be stimulated. Some of the churches, indeed, maintain 'Americanization' departments and secretaries, but the idea they have of Americanization is too often an idea of conformation to the customs of the particular race to which the department belongs by its church affiliation. And just which race in America has the right to consider itself the hundred-per-cent-American race? The English? The German? One has as good a right as another. Mere length of residence and numerical superiority cannot validate such a claim in the formative period of our national existence. There is something to be said for and against each. And the only way to settle the matter is for each to dismiss its ancient memory and to merge for the accomplishment of a future ideal.

There are some things the mere elimination of which is not destructive, but constructive. To clear away rubbish is a necessary preliminary to building. The abolition of slavery was a constructive piece of statesmanship, if you regard it as the giving of liberty to men and not merely as the taking away of property from individuals. So the first thing the churches should do in America is to eliminate their

peculiar racial traditions. The tercentenaries and sesquicentennials of the Dutch, the English, the Scandinavians, the Poles, the Lithuanians, together with the papal colors and the flag of the Irish Republic, might well be cast to the limbo of forgotten symbolism. Every semipirical adventurer who carried a chaplain on his vessel and held a religious service on these shores in the pre-Colonial days was not necessarily a saint of God. And the pastors of the early days who advocated the extinction of the aborigines because they were heathen and not the chosen and elect people of the Covenant, who thanked the Lord piously on the arrival of slave ships from the African coast, are not deserving of veneration in the religious commemorative services of posterity. Most of the worthies of the past were not worthies at all. Their faults were greater than their virtues, and they would have killed others with cruel tortures as readily as they themselves were sometimes killed. We might well leave them behind in looking forward to better standards in the future of religion in America.

Constructive movements are already started for merging some of the larger denominations. Economically, in every sense of the word, such steps should be encouraged. But the problem of unity in the churches is more difficult even than the problem of unity in the State, inasmuch as the varieties of ideals and aims are more numerous and diversified. Unity can be accomplished only upon the basis of the lowest common denominator of agreement. But religions have flourished chiefly in the belief of their adherents that their peculiar possession of truth was a unique and esoteric thing. Financial pressure, however, may bring about a greater liberality of opinion and a more generous view of the possibility of others attaining to all that is valuable

in religious conviction. The aim of unity is at least an ideal, and already a felt need.

III

What Protestantism needs most, however, is a technique of devotion. It has, in its intellectual aspect, specialized in correct ideas. Correct ideas are all right. They are important. But in religion they are not enough. In religion right feelings are more important than correct ideas. Moreover, the Pope was right: the masses of mankind have not yet arrived, and probably never will arrive, at a complete hold upon correct ideas. 'The whole of a man's life,' as the Pope puts it, 'would not suffice for an individual to investigate and settle for himself the problems of religion.' It cannot be done, and is seldom attempted. It is a work for pale professors in theological seminaries, embittered by indigestion. The man in the street cares nothing for the differentiation between the mythology of Genesis and the philosophy it may enshrine. What he needs is a sense of being 'right with God' and a kindly attitude toward his neighbor. Protestantism has exhausted itself in finding out the errors. Ask the average Protestant what he believes, and he will begin at once a list of the things he does not hold with. His feelings, when he has any, are almost purely negative.

For on the emotional side the old crude methods by which Protestantism sought to sustain religious emotion are worn-out. They belonged to a low state of civilization. It is only in the backwoods that a sensational exhorter can any longer drive crowds of Methodists and Baptists into a condition of excitement so that many of them will wallow on the ground and bark like dogs, go into trances and shout out their sins in public. Civilization, the newspapers and the radio, have given the

mosso back a better idea of values. As a nation we may lack a good deal in the matter of artistic taste and cultural standards, but we have at least refined ourselves out of the Corybantic religious frenzies of the old-fashioned revivalism and the orgiastic savagery of the Elmer Gantry period. There may be something of them left among the queer sects of Protestantism for want of a better method of working up religious excitement. One may still hear groups at prayer meetings singing over and over again: —

'Oh, how I love Jesus!
Oh, how I love Jesus!
Oh, how I love Jesus,
The Saviour of my soul!'

But groups at prayer meetings are small in quality and quantity. Intelligent people keep away from prayer meetings.

The immediate need, then, of Protestantism is a new technique of devotion. It must provide a method that will stimulate and edify, by devices that will not alienate the civilized modern man, right religious feelings. The old methods of arousing religious emotion are played out. It is far more important that a man should be 'moved' to stop beating his wife and to do an honest day's work for an honest day's pay, even on a basis of a very imperfect theology, than that he should continue to be a scoundrel with the most elaborate freedom of scholarly concepts supplied by a learned divine at some service that leaves him cold. Protestantism addresses itself too much to the intellect and too little to the emotions. The sermon does something, but it does not do enough. It does not sufficiently reach the imagination and draw with the charm of beauty. It cannot produce the emotional complexes that an appeal to the senses will provide.

Protestant leaders of the more advanced type, men of some artistic taste

and wider culture, are already beginning to feel the need indicated. For a long time now the so-called High Church Anglican clergy have led the way in a movement to recover some of the devotional technique discarded at the Reformation. They have been met, of course, by opposition and obloquy. Men possessed by a fear complex of Rome, like Bishop Barnes of Birmingham, Dr. Cummins of Poughkeepsie, and the Protestants in Parliament, have raised the 'No Popery' cry and charged the movement with being a return to 'fetishism,' to 'mediæval superstition.' In America the demand for a retention of the Thirty-nine Articles is an effort to stop the movement. Most Protestants see nothing in it but a Jesuit plan to restore Roman Catholicism. Yet in reality the men engaged in the movement are as remote from Roman Catholicism as those who oppose them in this regard. And actually the devotional technique is not particularly Roman. It is not, in fact, even limited to primitive Christianity. Things like incense, holy water, images, ritualistic ceremonial, are as old as religion and the human race. You will find all of them in the ancient religions of the East, in Judaism, or in the mysteries of the pagan Empire. Those who would seek their extirpation in the modern world fail to realize the deep and inherited need of them in human nature. Such men make religion a coldly intellectual attainment, a philosophy barren of warm expression. It is more human even to practise a little idolatry, if you like, and go with those who attend St. Praxed's, where one may

. . . Hear the blessed mutter of the mass,
And see God made and eaten all day long.

The majority of people are not cold philosophers with correct ideas. A lot of them may hate Rome and scorn the instruments of devotion, but very often

hatred and scorn are the only religion these have. In leaving to Rome all the advantages of a method, they cut off their nose to spite their face.

And so, in spite of the braying, the movement to reclaim a Catholic technique of devotion goes right on. You can see it in America chiefly in the architecture of new churches. The Anglican cathedrals in New York and Washington are by no means the only examples. There are a good many Presbyterian churches in various parts of the country which are quite Catholic, at least in exterior effect. These have been erected generally by individuals who have the rare combination of culture and wealth. (No board of lay trustees would be apt to have either the courage or the wit.) The new Baptist building given by Mr. Rockefeller in New York, with its thirteenth-century windows, promises to have at least some devotional values. And the Lutherans and Methodists have appointed commissions on church architecture who will put up structures that do not entirely resemble motion-picture emporiums, it is hoped.

Consider, for example, the new chapel at Princeton University. The architect there, who appears to have had a free hand, has erected a Gothic dream out of the Middle Ages. It has all the atmosphere and symbolism of a structure thoroughly Catholic and designed for the purpose of worship. To be sure, the prejudices of a Presbyterian tradition have spoiled a complete effect by making the building as far as possible a place for the audience of men, rather than a shrine for the worship of God. A dull east window in very bad taste darkens the chancel. There is no rood screen, no reredos. Stodgy seats for the president and faculty occupy the place where the Sacrament should be. Still, in the way of college chapels, this one is a step in

the direction of an ideal of worship and of the use of art to express devotion. Great architecture is perhaps the most compelling factor in the creation of a spirit of worship. From the Parthenon at Athens, the Pyramid of Cheops, and the cathedral at Chartres down, it has symbolized that ideal. And no one can visit the chapel at Princeton without feeling it.

At the same time one finds in the Protestant churches an increase in the use of liturgical services. The long extempore prayers, in which the events of the week were rehearsed for the edification of God and the boredom of the congregation, are giving way to a more dignified, simple, and Catholic manner of approach to the Deity. Vestments also are no longer left solely to symbolize the impartiality of justice in law courts and for the brightening of the meetings of fraternal orders. Robes for the ministers and surplices for the choir, all very Catholic features, are coming into fashion. Protestantism is awakening to a sense of beauty in religion.

With a further reduction of prejudice we shall see restored in the course of time all the ancient features—incense, holy water, lights, colors, form and ceremony, the Sacrifice of the Mass. People may believe what they want to about them, but they cannot escape their restoration if religion is to have an effective and popular expression. Protestants will try every other method than the method of traditional Christianity to create a new expression for religious symbolism, but it is doubtful whether they can find any that will be as effective. These ancient things have stood the test of time.

I suppose that there are few things that Protestants scorn more than the rosary. Yet in principle the rosary differs not at all from the iterated

stanzas of such a hymn as I quoted above, 'Oh, how I love Jesus.' Iteration in devotion has a peculiar psychological value. It impresses upon the subconscious mind a devotional idea. And when the hands are employed, as in the use of the rosary the nervous system is more readily and more effectively impressed. The rosary, therefore, has been used for thousands of years for the purposes of devout meditation. It is probably pre-Buddhist in origin. It was introduced into Christianity by the monks of the Desert, and the subjects to be used in meditation were arranged in the present form by Saint Dominic. Its use is practical, and it has probably been the instrument of bringing very much comfort to countless generations of pious people, giving consolation, courage, hope, and peace in the feeling natures of those who used it. The rosary may not be an essential factor of salvation, but there is no sense in scorning it.

Perhaps of all the Catholic instruments in the technique of devotion the confessional is the one that has been most abhorred by the Protestant world. One used to hear dreadful tales about the confessional. But to-day the Reverend Dr. Fosdick, whose Protestantism nobody could possibly question, boasts openly over the radio Sunday after Sunday of the great value of the confessional in his church. And he is only one of many Protestant ministers who hear confessions. The confessional has come back, no doubt, through the gate of psychoanalysis and psychotherapeutics. But back it has come. And hundreds of perfectly good Protestants are using it to their souls' health. Rome has used it for centuries, and it has been the chief instrument for spiritual vitality in that church. People who want relief from remorse, discontent, sorrow, obsessions,

and the perplexities of spiritual problems will use it more and more. Prejudice against it cannot destroy its evident utility.

Protestant pastors and Protestant congregations will doubtless try every expedient to create devotional fervor except those that Roman Catholicism uses, so long as the fear complex of Rome remains. But the more enlightened will perceive that there are certain tested values which the long experience of the ages has endorsed that cannot be bettered by empiricism. Gradually the Catholic tradition will return.

IV

It is doubtful, however, whether Protestantism, with its love of liberty and its dread of monarchical institutions, will be inclined to accept the Catholic system of episcopacy. A modified episcopacy, such as existed in the days of primitive Christianity, when there was a bishop-pastor over each small town and the adjoining villages, rather Presbyterian than Episcopal in character, might be developed in the consideration of this problem by the various groups now seeking to unite. But the modern monarchical episcopacy of the Roman and Anglican churches, and even that of the Methodist, has two defects that a free Protestantism would feel. It gives the right of an interference in matters parochial to an individual who is remote from the immediate interests of the place, and it admits the possibility of a tyranny over the inferior clergy by the same power. Under ideal conditions no doubt the episcopal system has the fascination that a perfect tyranny combined with a complete liberty, as an ideal form of government, had for Machiavelli. But, human nature being what it is, the ideal is seldom realized. And there are few clergy, Roman or

Anglican, who do not at some time or other complain of the annoyances of the authority under which they work.

Stories illustrative of actual conditions might be multiplied. I recall from my personal knowledge one which it is to be hoped is extreme. A certain poor clergyman out of work, who had by his previous conduct offended his bishop on a point of churchmanship, went to the bishop and appealed for a job. There were plenty of vacant places at the disposal of the bishop, and the clergyman had eight children dependent for support upon his earnings. The bishop was writing, and he continued to write while the man made his appeal. Finally, getting no response, the clergyman exclaimed, 'But I must live!' Whereupon the bishop, looking up long enough to fix him with the cold and fishlike eye for which he was famous, replied in tones of ice, 'I do not see the necessity.' And he resumed his writing. In a more civilized diocese the clergyman would possibly not even have secured an interview. The fact is that many bishops deliberately adopt the principle that the good of the institution — which means their idea of the good of the institution — is more important than the good of the individual, especially of the individual clergyman. They deal with religion, in short, as a business man deals with his factory — when the union cannot help itself.

But, hard as bishops sometimes are, they are not any harder than most lay boards in their dealing with the ministry. Protestantism is seeking some remedy for the present lay control and some amelioration of the cruel conditions under which its clergy work. The average missionary to Pago Pago or to Timbaktu is better off than the home parson in many of our small towns. The missionary has a sense of authority and a feeling of apostolic

mission. He is not paid by those to whom he preaches. The building he uses for a church and the one he lives in are not owned by them. He is independent except for the remote home board and its distant secretaries. But the home man is the paid servant of his group. His church and his house are theirs. And the group, often little more civilized than savages themselves, can drive or starve him out at will. He is obliged to depend upon an oleaginous tact, a boisterous dominance, the cajoling of the rich and aristocratic, or a method so dazzling to the average business man, with all the arts of the advertiser and the 'go-getter' in 'selling' religion, that he holds his job with truly political skill. And old age under such conditions is a tragedy. It is only within the last few years that any efforts have been made to create pensions for the aged and infirm ministers of the Protestant churches. Formerly they were left to shift for themselves, having been paid less than enough to subsist upon, let alone saving for old age. I have known many cases of those who died in poor-houses or were left to the tender mercies of the charity of relatives. Christianity was supposed to have done away with the ancient system of throwing the old who had become an economic burden to the tribe over some cliff, and with the savage custom described by Trader Horn of tossing them to the crocodiles, but in the treatment of undesirable and elderly clergymen it still sacrifices the individual to the institution. It is greatly to the credit of Roman Catholicism that, however much it demands from its clergy in the way of a military discipline, it does at least support them in dignity and honor up to the day of their death.

In the reconstruction, therefore, Protestantism should reconsider the relation of the individual to the institu-

tion. And in the problem of official control there should be some new and decided change. However much one may desire democracy, it cannot be denied that in matters requiring expert knowledge those who have it must direct. In Soviet Russia it was said that after the revolution the miners of certain mines compelled the experts and engineers to leave their offices and go down the shafts, while the day laborers occupied the mahogany chairs in the offices and rested their feet upon the desks. Protestant laymen have never quite taken over the special work of conducting services and preaching sermons, but in all other church matters they have displaced the men who should be the experts in such things as church building, church music, and church administration. The application of the business man's ideas in these particulars has been marked in too many instances by a policy of cheapness, a lack of art, and an ignorance that keep back the work of religion to a great extent.

And on the other hand some degree of centralized authority will be needed to correct the limitations of the thousands of pastors in the smaller places who tend to a condition of petrified village mediocrity and who lack the imagination for great enterprises. Such central organizations, thanks to the late war, have already been started and are functioning. The chief officials of certain of them, with their entourage of secretaries, differ only in title from the Pope and the college of cardinals.

V

It will no doubt be offensive to many Protestants to have it suggested that anything good in the way of constructive principles can be found in the Roman Catholic system. Prejudice in that direction is so indurated, so bitter,

so marked by historic strife, that it is hard for any but minds freed from narrowness by experience and culture to look facts fairly in the face. But there are excellent reasons why Protestantism might learn the value of certain lessons from her old enemy. In the first place, Rome has had the experience of ages in dealing with the practical problems of the relation of Church and State. She has come at times very near to the control of the civil powers of the Western world. Above all, she has generally resisted successfully the encroachment of state authority upon her spiritual claims. And, on the other hand, many of the strongest Protestant churches have been, and are yet, merely the creatures of the States in which they were born. They were made by kings and governments. And the Protestant mind still clings to something of this conception. It cannot, for example, divest itself of the idea that spiritual results can be obtained by the passage of civil legislation. But if Protestantism is to thrive apart from the State, it must employ very much the same methods that Rome has employed during the ages to sustain its independence and authority. And in the matter of the psychology of devotion, of the problems of teaching and of directing the mass emotions, the experience of Rome is well worth careful study. Certainly, except in respect to the highly cultured classes, Rome has been very successful. In this country Roman Catholics attend religious services far more regularly than Protestants do. They are, on the whole, much more loyal and enthusiastic. Their religious devotion is more intense and real. And that must be because the Roman Catholic Church knows how to supply the multitude with the things that the multitude needs. A wise business man studies the methods by which his competitors succeed. It is worse

than folly merely to stand by and find fault with a system and method that evidently have value and power. And no organization can ever prosper merely by denying the virtues of its rival. The thing to do is to find out by what methods the rival carries his work on, to employ the same, and, if possible, to improve them. There is in reality a common Christianity involved, and the same means to establish it. The points of agreement are more numerous and fundamental than the points of divergence. And the mythology that Rome venerates as literal truth Protestantism receives as a philosophy of life. Thus the same expression must be employed to realize both. The intellectual freedom of Protestantism may therefore properly combine with the devotional system of Rome. Protestantism has been too busy with negation and too little employed in construction. Rome advances by a ceaseless affirmation.

In the way of constructive principles, therefore, Protestantism cannot afford to neglect a study of the Roman Catholic system of financing its enterprises. There is no business enterprise better financed in this country than that of the Roman Church. Let any Roman Catholic priest go into any bank in America and ask for a loan for the Church, and I venture to say that he will be received with open arms by the officials and speedily accommodated to the full. But the same cannot be said of the average Protestant divine or even of the lay trustee. The bank presidents do not hand over to them without carefully scrutinized security the wherewithal to build churches and to replace mortgages, as a general rule. The credit of the Roman Church is practically unlimited. And this is not merely because the Roman Catholic Church owns a vast amount of property in real estate. It is for the reason that the money of the Church, handled by

the clerical order, is administered, with rare exceptions, with a skill and integrity that command respect.

Protestantism must reconstruct its present fiscal system. And not only that: it will have to revise its programmes for advance work, for missionary enterprises. At the present time the programmes of the Protestant churches are actually on a dishonest basis. It is for that reason that they are so continually failing, so difficult to keep up. The bishops, boards, executive secretaries, secretaries, archdeacons, presiding elders, and other numerous functionaries conceive of their great and splendid opportunities for advancing what they call 'the kingdom.' They hold mass meetings and wax eloquent. Those who attend the meetings are persuaded by the booming voices, and pledge the money to carry out the enterprises. Dioceses are assessed. Parishes are assigned a quota. The contracts are given for buildings. Property is purchased. Ministers are hired. All this before any money is in hand. A year, perhaps, before. Then comes the strain. The pastors are bedeviled by the bishops and secretaries to raise their assessments from the people. The people — who did not attend the meetings and hear the eloquent divines — are bedeviled by the pastors to give. But they are not disposed to give. They do not choose to give. They are under no obligation to give. Nothing under heaven will compel them to give. And why should they? It is not their enterprise. They have no interest in the matter. Their pastors begin to bore them. And it is quite wonderful, under the circumstances, how much they have given.

Of course a certain reasonable amount of money can be calculated on in advance. But the schemes and programmes go far beyond this. The fact is that giving money in churches

depends in a large measure upon the ability of the preacher to awaken enthusiasm on the part of his hearers. There is little effective system of giving in Protestant churches. Where there is, it is at the expense of continued, renewed, and elaborate efforts. It would be far more honest, and far more an evidence of faith in the power of Providence to manage the affairs of religion, if the amounts voted for programmes were voted only when the money was in hand, and if the underwriting of programmes were done by those who felt the enthusiasm for the programmes and would give the money themselves to carry them out. The work of missions should be left to volunteer societies, at least until some more dependable and systematic method of securing funds is devised.

The continual cry for money is one of the obstacles to religion both in the Roman Catholic Church and in the Protestant churches. For though the money is better handled in Roman Catholic churches than in the others, and though it costs less to be a Roman Catholic than it does to be any sort of Protestant, the ambitious schemes of the bishops of the Roman Church, and the eagerness of the clergy to make a reputation by supplying funds for the bishops, have brought upon that Church also this evil condition. It would be far better if all the churches would return to an emphasis on principles and let programmes take care of themselves for a while. There is too much of the economic spirit and too little of the Spirit of God in them all.

When the Pope was standing with Saint Thomas Aquinas as the sacks of money were being carried into the papal treasury, he said, 'Peter can no longer say, "Silver and gold have I none," Thomas.' 'No,' answered Thomas; 'neither can he say, "Rise up and walk."'

ELEPHANTS AGAIN

BY MAJOR A. W. SMITH

I

IN the February number of the *Atlantic Monthly* there was published an article deploring the cruelty involved in the trapping of small animals for fur. This attitude has elicited some support in the correspondence columns. In the April number appeared an article entitled 'Elephants,' written by a Mr. Defosse, dealing mainly with elephant hunting. It will be interesting to see if this too calls forth any comment, but possibly it will be surprising if it does, for to most Americans the elephant is a strange and dangerous, though sagacious, beast, only to be seen in circuses and zoos, while it is understood that all dangerous animals are fair game in the Orient.

With the trapping of fur-bearing animals most Americans have at least approximate familiarity. They can appreciate the perfect slow cruelty of the snap trap which is a familiar object on sale in every hardware store. They can appreciate, also, the bitter wait for death in the cold and the last few moments of terror when the trapper at length puts in an appearance. Extreme cold is common to most of North America, it all happens near home, and the dressed pelts are to be seen in the shops and on the backs of human beings. This familiarity gives a sympathy which cannot thrive on ignorance.

Mr. Defosse's article describes with frankness the killing of elephants on a fairly considerable scale. Usually the females and young of any game are

considered to be inviolable, except in cases of extremity when the animals are killed for meat. Nothing, however, is safe from Mr. Defosse, to whose rifle immature males, females, and calves are equally welcome. By any standards indiscriminate butchery of this description is inexcusable and brutal, all the more brutal, indeed, because it yields nothing, neither trophy nor meat, neither skin nor sport. It is, in short, the destruction of harmless animals leading for the most part peaceful lives in jungles remote and large enough to hold them. Nor does Mr. Defosse only kill painlessly, for he appears to have used solely weapons quite insufficient in power. He required, as he states in many cases, more than one shot to finish his work, and his percentage of loss of wounded animals is probably high. Admittedly one can kill an elephant with a small-bore rifle, but for the kind of shooting he describes, in thick jungle where many shots must needs be taken without waste of time at imperfectly seen animals, the use of anything less than a double-barreled .450 bore is both rash and unfair to the animals hunted. The question of rashness, however, is Mr. Defosse's affair. As regards the other, if one must go shooting game one should make sure of killing it outright.

Ethically there is possibly no difference between killing an elephant and killing a smaller animal, but it is the motive that justifies to most of us the taking of a life. The fur-bearing animal, although few can

endorse the common methods of his capture, at least has a skin to offer which is useful and generally ornamental. An elephant has his tusks, but beyond that nothing worth taking. There is, of course, the aspect of sport. Of all big-game shooting, elephant hunting is the most dangerous, as it is in this that man is most evenly matched with his quarry. It is done on foot, and beast and man face each other with the trumps more evenly divided than is generally the case. It is the opportunity to indulge a taste for excitement in a test of courage and endurance, of which the trophy is the proof, that induces most men to go hunting dangerous game. There are few men who have not the hunting instinct in one form or another, and it is the cost in energy that makes the hunt worth while. How far indulgence is justified is neither here nor there, but there are certain well-defined conventions involved, most of which aim at the preservation of game by the prevention of killing the young, the female, and the immature. Only those beasts which have reached full development and strength are considered a proper match and shootable.

Mr. Defosse, however, has disregarded these conventions entirely and appears to have entered into a course of wholesale slaughter. And all for what? For little, indeed, apparently; but only those who have seen it can appreciate to the full the appalling waste involved in a putrefying mass of some five tons of elephant tissue.

There are fortunately, however, many men in India, Burma, and Siam who know the elephant, know him and look upon him, in fact, much as a farmer looks upon his horses. These men are mostly in the big timber forests, and it is upon the elephant that they have largely to depend for both transport and draft. They are in close contact with the animals under

them, a contact which, incidentally, has to cover a very considerable veterinary experience. They know elephants individually and generally, and with few exceptions they regard them as kindly and very wise.

II

I am, or rather was, one of those in direct control of elephants, for I belonged to a firm whose main business it is to extract teak from the forests of Burma and Siam. My firm, the biggest engaged in that business, manufactures some sixty-five million board feet of teak annually. To supply the mills and to bring the logs from stump to floating streams, a force of over two thousand five hundred elephants are employed, which represent a value of about three and three-quarter million dollars gold. At a conservative estimate, the elephant power employed in Burma and Siam alone is probably worth fifteen million dollars. It is not surprising that, with capital sunk to this extent, elephant knowledge should have become a fine science.

Timber elephants do not lead captive lives, but lives which are in as many respects as possible similar to those of wild animals.

Normally in wild life an elephant will feed for eighteen to twenty hours out of the twenty-four, this time being required to fill his enormous bulk with green food. Included in his feeding time are his moving and drinking times for he generally will feed as he moves and he seldom moves without plucking at leaves, unless disturbed. He sleeps very little, generally an hour or two at a time.

In the light form of bondage of timber elephants, working hours are three to four hours daily during the early morning and only for four days a week. As he is not worked during the

ot-weather period, an elephant's working year is only about four hundred hours, but even this imposes a strain on his physique which is counteracted as far as possible by daily rations of salt and the fruit of the tamarind, of which he is very fond, while paddy (unhusked rice) is given under certain conditions. He is also taken down to bathe daily and his hide is scrubbed with rough bark and cocoanut husk. During his hours of idleness he is allowed to wander at will in the jungle, prevented from straying only by chain fetters on his forefeet, which allow him to walk with some ease, and also by a long trailing chain which makes an easily recognizable track by which he may be followed. Around his neck he wears a collar, and this in most forests is wooden, but in the rare instance of a dangerous animal a metal one may be substituted whose distinctive note serves as a warning.

The net result of all the care and attention bestowed on him is that the captive beast is generally fatter and better-looking than the wild. At the same time, the knowledge of the elephant in these conditions is not the specialized knowledge of a beast in captivity, but covers the habits of the free animal as well. I have met frequently, and shot occasionally, the wild elephant, and experience of him only goes to confirm experience gained in dealing with our captive herds.

III

Generally speaking, the Indian elephant stands some eight and a half to nine feet at the shoulder for grown males and seven and a half to eight for females. Elephants over ten feet in height are known, but are extremely rare, while the largest recorded is probably that of which the skeleton stands in the Indian Museum in Calcutta, and

which apparently attained the magnificent height of nearly twelve feet.

The age cycle of an elephant's life is very similar to that of humans. A youngster is put to light work at sixteen and gains his full development at twenty-five, and, though females may carry calves at eighteen, this is young. The animals are getting past work at sixty-five, and although there are, I believe, instances of great life in elephants, our experience is that they seldom live beyond seventy-five.

The males are frequently provided with tusks, but this is by no means universal, and the finest physical development is reached in those males that have no tusks at all. These are known in Burma as *hines* and in India as *mukna*. The tuskless males frequently dominate the tuskers, in which connection the Burman and Indian riders have it that a hine can defeat a tusker in a fight by passing the trunk under one of his adversary's tusks and over the other, and, by applying pressure, either throwing him or smashing a tusk. There is, so far as I know, no reliable evidence in favor of this, but it is a fact that tuskless males often rule the herd.

Males frequently grow only one tusk, but these single-tuskers have no outstanding characteristics. Females occasionally have rudimentary tusks which are in reality no more than tushes, and which when removed are found to be practically hollow and of a fibrous substance which is hardly ivory.

Elephants as a rule are kindly disposed, and, although sometimes one may come across a 'rogue,' these are fortunately rare. Rogues become so from various causes. Old wounds, suppurating and maggoty, are frequently the reason, while tusk trouble, which is equivalent to violent toothache, is another common cause. Otherwise they are simply bad-tempered

animals who have become crotchety and sulky. True, on occasion male elephants get into the state called *musth*, the symptoms of which, and possibly the cause, are excessive secretions in certain head glands. Musth has no connection with sex, although this is commonly thought to be the case, nor is it common in wild animals, for the low feeding and steady labor of getting a living are not conducive to the condition. Animals in captivity are generally most liable to it in the hot weather when they are off work, but the symptoms can be detected easily and the condition prevented by low diet and a dose of a pound of Epsom salts. If necessary, opium is also given, which has a sedative effect.

There are, of course, occasions when a captive elephant comes on musth, becomes a nuisance, and has to be tied up and hand fed until the attack is over. If he gets loose he is apt to be very dangerous. On one occasion one of our best workers, a big male with heavy tusks, was allowed to come on musth and, through carelessness, to break away in that condition. Thereafter he eluded all attempts at recapture. We tried to give him opium and ganja (that is, hashish, a hempen narcotic drug) by putting down paddy with balls of the drug mixed in, but he generally sorted out the sedatives and ate the paddy. We tried to noose him without success and finally to lame him by shooting a piece of sharpened bamboo, the size of a candle, into his foreleg from a twelve-bore gun. An elephant's foreleg is full of nerves and small bones, and he is easily lamed there, while the effect of the wound is to bring him off musth. We were, in fact, prepared to do anything, as he was destroying everything within reach. He had practically wrecked one Chin village and had killed two men.

One of our British managers took up

the matter. After trailing the elephant for a fortnight, the manager one evening, at the end of a long day's march, came in sight of his tents, which were pitched in the shade at the end of an open space covered with yellow paddy stubble two square miles in extent. To the left was a river bed, now almost dry, but affording good cover. This, however, was reported empty by a Burman tracker. To the right was open plain for a mile, with only a small patch of bushes two hundred yards away which did not look as if it would harbor a partridge, but it was out of this that the elephant came. The manager was walking fifty yards ahead of his Burman tracker, who was carrying his heavy double-barreled .500 cordite rifle. The sun, which was now on a level with the trees, was behind them, and the trees were throwing long shadows when into the golden light stepped the elephant, his tusks gleaming. He stood for a moment without a sound, as dazzled by the level rays of the sun, and then his head went back, his trunk curled up in a ball, and he started at a pace with which one who does not know elephants could not credit him. The manager had hardly time to shout 'Hsin Bok!' ('The Tusker!') before his rifle was in his hands. Fortunately the rifle was loaded, in expectation of something of the sort, with two solid nickel-jacketed bullets, each weighing 480 grains and each backed with 6 grains of cordite.

But now came the most trying time of that silent charge. To shoot too soon meant the possibility of a miss, for an elephant's brain offers a small target and the brain shot is the only stopper. Further, an elephant with his head up and his precious trunk curled up out of harm's way, presents a nice problem of calculation of angles to one who is used to judging the aiming mark when the head is down in a normal position.

Holding on meant that nerves had to be kept in check and a steady hand meanwhile ensured. On he came, his feet going like the beat of the pistons of a huge machine, and the ground shook.

All this time the manager was wondering what the head office in Rangoon would say to a dead elephant worth eight thousand rupees (three thousand dollars). One may call that silly, but it probably kept his head clear and hand steady. More and more enormous loomed the elephant, clearly outlined against the dark trees. At seventy yards, up went the rifle; at fifty, the first barrel smacked with no apparent effect; at twenty, the second. Down he went, sliding on his forefeet in the dust, his tusks ploughing the earth in a shower. He came to a stop a foot or two short of his objective, his head resting between his legs in a curiously repentant attitude.

The manager looked around — the sun was still above the trees, the Burman tracker was still standing unmoved behind him. It had all taken about twenty-five seconds. The tension was over, and all that remained was a slight feeling of depression. No sense of victory, no sense of elation — only a vast relief and a great regret that the hunt was over.

IV

Elephants are keen neither of sight, of scent, nor of hearing. I realize that in saying this I contradict Mr. Defosse, but the jungle standard of these senses is so high that elephants do not stand comparison with the other inhabitants. Nor, indeed, is there any reason for the elephant to be on the alert, for he has nothing to fear except the occasional killing of a calf by a tiger. The story of Mr. Defosse moving through the jungle and finding himself without warning

within two feet of an elephant's tail illustrates the point. This is, of course, a perfectly possible situation, but it shows no well-developed sense in the elephant. With no other jungle beast could Mr. Defosse have done this. A sambhur stag would have been aware of his presence several hundred yards away in thick jungle, and would have melted into the background without his knowledge. A bison would have been alert, too, but possibly would have waited to catch sight of him.

I can also support my statement from my own experience. One of our elephant camps had lost a young tusker who was suspected of having joined a wild herd known to be in the neighborhood, and we were all eager to get him back. A few days later, when I was out on inspection, one of my Burman followers, an expert tracker, came to me with the news that this herd was feeding within a mile of us, and he proposed seeing whether our tusker was with it. I was doubtful as to how this was to be done, but allowed myself to be posted on a shady rock in the bed of a creek, with my rifle, in case of accidents. I was to leeward of the herd, but I could hear the elephants close to me and could occasionally see them within a hundred yards. My Burman slipped into the herd and examined each one in turn. There were twenty-six elephants, and as he did not know the beast in question he had to manoeuvre to see the rump of each possible one to find the firm's brand. Not content with this, he went to windward and shepherded the whole herd down my creek undisturbed. They passed in a long procession, some within ten feet of me. Some even stopped for a moment to take a shower bath, but not one was aware of what was driving him. At that moment I would as soon have shot a horse or a cow on a farm as any one of them.

V

The sources of supply for timber-working elephants are various, but by far the greatest number are born into the service. The parents of these calves may be two elephants working in the same camp, but it frequently happens that the female is visited by a male from a wild herd. The mating is quite promiscuous, and it would be difficult to arrange for it to be otherwise, for there is no rutting season and neither animal shows any physical change before mating takes place. Whether wild females visit captive males is unknown, though it is possible, for the mating is the result of companionship and a period of quiet courtship, and, as males visit females, the converse is also possible. It is not always known when a wild bull mates with a captive female, but it is always known when mating occurs with a captive male, for his fetters scar the female's shoulders. It is sometimes difficult to tell when two elephants are likely to mate, for there is no previous excitement on their part or on the part of other males. Two animals will form a friendship and this will develop into constant companionship. They will join each other feeding in the jungle, and it may come about that they will not work unless together. After weeks, possibly months, of this, mating will take place. Only then do the animals show any excitement, and both take an equal part in the final stages of the courtship.

The period of gestation is from eighteen to twenty-two months. Both Indians and Burmans claim that the period is longer for a male calf than a female, but we have no evidence to support this. It is difficult sometimes to tell if a cow is in calf, and even the presence of milk at the teats is not satisfactory proof. There have been cases in which an elephant has walked into

camp with a newly born calf happily heel, previous to which no one had suspected her condition. The explanation of this is that elephants are frequent what is called in a horse 'well sprung'—that is to say, the ribs come out well from the spine, and, as she carries her calf forward, it can easily escape detection.

Parturition seems to take place very easily, and a calf can walk almost soon as it is born. The trunk at first rudimentary in the extreme; a good illustration of it is in *Just So Stories*, where a woodcut shows the crocodile of 'the great gray-green, great Limpopo River' stretching the young elephant's nose. The calf sucks with his mouth, with the trunk curled back. Contrary to common belief, the elephant does not drink with his trunk; the use of the trunk in drinking being confined to taking up water, which is then squirted back into the mouth.

Another source of elephant supply is the keddah, a form of stockade with wide mouth narrowing to a bottle neck into which a herd is driven or into which it may wander. A certain number of elephants are caught also by a method known in Assam as *mela Shikar*. The method is simplicity itself, but it is a test of courage, skill, and endurance for the hunter. All that is required is a long rope made of twisted rattan cane, about three to four hundred feet in length, with a noose at one end. The hunter will then go in search of the herd, and from it he will pick the animal he requires, generally a young tusker, who must first be isolated from the rest of the herd. Infinite patience is required until eventually he is found feeding in a favorable position alone. Then the real business begins. The rattan rope is uncoiled and the noose brought to the elephant, who must not become aware of the presence of danger and all that remains to be done is to

make him put a foot into the noose. This can be achieved by tickling him with long pieces of grass, which makes him fidgety, and when he lifts a foot the noose is slipped under it. Once about his leg, the noose is gradually raised until it is a little off the ground. But the capture is not yet complete, for an elephant in full vigor, with a quite insufficient noose around one leg, is by no means overpowered. A noise is made behind him and off he goes with three to four hundred feet of cane rope trailing behind him. The effect of this is to terrify him and set him off at his best speed, with the rope catching in every tree and wearing him down. Here comes the test of endurance for the hunter, for an elephant may go like this for ten or twelve or even twenty hours, traveling at eight or ten miles an hour, and the hunter must keep on his tracks the whole time to secure him as soon as exhaustion overcomes him. Eventually he stops, winded and incapable of movement, and is secured as promptly as may be.

An elephant secured, however, is by no means an elephant in the working camp, no matter how he has been caught. He can be trained in three weeks, but he is not fit for work for a year, and deaths in this period may be as many as 35 per cent, generally from heart trouble due to the strain of being captured.

Training will begin with handling and feeding, to accustom the animals to humans. The handling usually begins with light touches with long pieces of bamboo, until eventually the elephant reaches the stage where he can be put into a sort of cage of stout timber over which there is a horizontal bar some four feet above his back. A man will then lower himself on to the back, moving about until the animal is accustomed to this too. In the meanwhile he is walked out daily, carrying light

loads to which he is gradually accustomed, and with a heavy rope around his neck attached to one or, if necessary, two trained elephants who are known as *koonkies*, or schoolmasters. Any punishment necessary is administered by a *koonkie* and may consist of a beating with the trunk or a butt in the side. *Koonkies* are usually heavy and very steady females who appear to take a satisfaction in their work. One in our service, *Koonkie Rose* by name, was particularly good with calves and would stand no nonsense until she formed a liaison with a newly captured tusker. The calf she bore was wickedly spoiled by her and she could hardly be persuaded to let anyone touch it. Eventually she was induced to take up her duties with the calf at heel.

It sometimes happens, although it is strictly forbidden, that pets are made of calves in elephant camps, and these often develop into dangerous animals. When little they are encouraged to play with the men, but this does not last long, for they soon reach a stage when their play ceases to be a joke. If promptly disciplined, they may even then be made into steady and useful animals, but once allow them to discover their absolute physical power over humans, and their dispositions are permanently ruined. It becomes impossible to eradicate the effects of the discovery — bad temper follows punishment, and the result is an animal whose disposition is a constant danger to those who have to handle him.

VI

The actual work which elephants perform varies widely. Until a few years ago they were employed in the sawmills in Rangoon for bringing logs up to the saws and piling the cut barks, but electric log hauls and winches have driven them out. Nowadays their work

is practically confined to the jungle and most commonly consists in dragging the teak logs from stump to either floating streams or cart roads.

A teak forest is not a forest in the ordinary sense of the word. It has no counterpart in the North, where areas of pine and fir, consisting exclusively of one type of tree, may be clear-felled and mechanical extraction of various types utilized. A teak forest is thick forest with possibly one felleable teak tree to the acre, the remainder being trees of other species, which it does not pay at the moment to extract.

The country in which teak grows is generally so inaccessible, roadless, and mountainous that movement is difficult anywhere without elephant transport for tents and stores. The bottoms of the valleys have creeks which fill in the rainy season, but are dry the rest of the year, and it is on these that the extraction of teak depends. Green teak, however, is too heavy to float, and as the forests are ravaged annually by brush fires, which would consume any log lying on the ground, the method has been adopted of killing the standing trees over an area by girdling the bark at the base. The trees are then allowed to stand for three years, after which, when the sap has drained and dried, work is started in the area. A camp of Burman fellers and some five or six elephants and riders under a headman are sent in, and this becomes their home for the time being.

The trees are felled and logged, and here starts the elephants' job. Each log is 'snubbed' — that is to say, has one end cut away on the under side to make it drag easily without splitting, and a recessed hole at each end is cut, through which a chain may be passed. The drag chains are shackled on, and the drag through thick jungle to the stream begins. On arrival the logs are laid straight along the bottom of the

creek to await the freshet which will carry them out to the main river, where they are collected and rafted for their journey to Rangoon.

But it is not always so simple as that. Sometimes there is no way down to the nearest stream, and in this case a log slide must be made down which the logs are pushed. Elephants learn the mechanics of a slide surprisingly quickly, and it is a pretty sight to see an elephant, after being unshackled from a log at the top of a slide, pick up and hand his drag chain to his rider, and then manœuvre the log square with the end of the slide with both tusks and forefeet. He gathers himself and gives it one push with his tusks and trunk, possibly following it with a kick with his forefoot. He critically watches it on its way down the slide, only to turn to go back for another as soon as it is properly started. Occasionally roads are made in good country and logs are carted to streams by buffaloes, the elephants being used to load the logs into the carts. A good tusker can lift a log on his tusks, and he is quite capable of putting it on a cart single-handed, touching at this end and that to get it square.

The other main duty of elephants is what is called 'ounging,' the movement of logs by the head. When logs jam in a stream bed in the rains, ounging elephants are sent to clear the jam. By pushing with the tusks or foreheads and pulling with the trunk, working shoulder-deep in water, they move the key logs, and then the whole thing is straightened out.

It was in ounging that one of our females was nearly lost, for she slipped and fell into a deep hole in a rock stream bed, where she was caught in a kind of sitting position. A tremendous rush of water was going past her and only a couple of feet of trunk showed above the surface, through which she

could breathe, and with which she snatched at everything within reach. Normally she would have swum, but she was in some way stuck and the question was how to move her. As it happened, the banks were precipitous above her, which enabled us to fell two stout trees across the stream from bank to bank over her head, and to these we attached three chain hoists. Now an elephant weighs about five tons and is no easy matter to shift; also we had to get something around her with which to hoist. Meanwhile it was raining and we had reports of the stream rising, but fortunately it showed no signs of doing so. In that forest we had a squad of expert swimmers whose job it was to deal with logs caught in the booms, and one of these men volunteered to pass a girth under her elbows. This, however, we were not prepared to allow, for if he had come within reach of her trunk he would have been caught and drowned. Instead, we weighted two girths, and after several attempts succeeded in passing them into position under her forelegs. With these, after twenty-six hours' submersion, she was pulled to the surface in a state of collapse. As soon as we got her ashore she fell exhausted on a sand bank, where she lay for an hour or so, in the meantime being massaged with cocoanut and camphor oils. She then got up and tottered off to feed. It was a year before she was fit to work, but she is living and working now.

An elephant is more liable to saddle and collar sores than a horse, and infinite care and attention have to be paid to the fit and condition of saddlery. Normally, with a dragging elephant, saddlery consists of a breast band, known as a *laibut*, on which comes all the weight of the drag. This is made of a nine-inch-wide plait of fibre rope, which has to be dressed continually with pig's fat, imported for the purpose in large quantities from Chicago.

Incidentally, the Burman approves of pig's fat for his cooking, therefore it is rendered impalatable before issue by passing a stick dipped in iodoform into each tin, thus tainting the whole.

The drag chain is connected to a loop in each end of the *laibut*. To prevent the chain dropping, it is passed on each side through the loops of a band, similar to the *laibut*, which is fitted across the back and over a saddle made of wood. Under the saddle is fitted a pad consisting of several thicknesses of an astringent bark which is said to have healing properties. The whole is much like the harness of a horse in a cart, the drag chain representing the traces. Some shapes of back are much more liable to sores than others, and each shape has its name. The best dragging back is the *nepyauthee* or 'banana back,' so called as it comes in a steady and sturdy curve from the shoulder to the hind heels.

Eyes, too, frequently need attention, and it is here that Western skill has improved vastly on native tradition. The old Indian mahout's treatment for cure of cataract, for instance, involved the blowing, through a tube of bamboo, of powdered glass into the eye to break up the film. Eyes also have their technical nomenclature. The most favored is what is called a 'pearl eye,' which is a wide-open and intelligent eye of a bluish tint.

VII

Mr. Defosse's article is animated throughout with that spirit of sport which has denuded the hedgerows of France of its song birds and which brings anything feathered into the game bag. Blackbirds, thrushes, and larks are all game, and here in French Indo-China the trophyless male (as Mr. Defosse remarks, the ivory is light), the female with no tusks at all, and the baby are all welcomed for the

chance of a shot. True, any elephant yields four feet which can be made into various articles, but anyone who has seen a household mausoleum, in which every waste-paper basket and umbrella stand are memorials to the dead, will agree that they do not form a trophy for which alone an elephant should yield his life.

What a slaughter of the innocents! What impulse prompted Mr. Defosse and his Belgian friend, sportsmen both, to kill five cows from a herd consisting of five cows, six immature beasts, and one young bull? They sighted the herd from their tent door, moving to a wood half a mile away, and were able to attack it from the breakfast table at a minimum of exertion to themselves. They did not, apparently, even attempt to shoot the young bull, which of all the herd could have been the only shootable beast.

Mr. Defosse describes the killing of eight bulls, eleven cows, and three calves, of which, in justice, we must assume the eight bulls to have been fair game. No elephant appears to have charged him unprovoked. Three of his elephants had been ravaging fields and were shot from a herd of four. The killing of these three might have been justifiable, but it appears to have been carrying capital punishment a little far.

Mr. Defosse describes the killing of three calves, which is quite inexcusable, judged by any standards. One his motives of humanity prompted him to destroy, as, having killed its mother, he considered it too small to look after itself. In this he displays lamentable ignorance of his game, in that a calf, when left an orphan for any reason, is looked after by the herd and, if a suckling, is taken over by a foster mother. This has happened again and again, and on one occasion in our experience a calf that lost its mother at the stage when it was being weaned was taken over by

a tusker of uncertain temper, to be brought up by him. He allowed it to be suckled by a female until weaned, and so strong did his affection for the calf become that he refused to work except with the calf at heel.

The herd instinct among elephants is so strong that it once was responsible for the destruction of the greater part of a station on the Burma Railways. Some years ago a German firm of dealers in animals purchased from us a baby elephant, and delivery of the animal was accordingly taken at a camp near a railway station in Upper Burma. He was put into a car and the car shunted into the siding for the night. The calf, unused to such treatment, started to trumpet his little heart out. This was disastrous, for it quickly fetched in all the elephants in the vicinity, who began by wrecking the car, which was soon smashed into matchwood, and, having freed the calf, started on the station. Fortunately we were able to leave the German firm to fight out the question of damages with the railway authorities.

Finally, Mr. Defosse writes that 'the extermination of the elephants in Indo-China is not likely to occur for a very long time,' and, 'the big giants are secure for a great number of generations to come.' With men killing indiscriminately at the rate of Mr. Defosse and his sportsmen friends, both these statements are open to doubt. His are the views that were held in regard to an indigenous American pigeon which, from moving in countless millions in its migrations a few years ago, has now become extinct through injudicious destruction. His too are the views that used to be held concerning the South African game lands which are now practically bare. But why enlarge on it? With enemies such as Mr. Defosse and his rifles, the extermination of the elephant in Indo-China is as sure as fate, and a great deal quicker.

THE WORLD OF THE NOVEL

Contrasting Types in the Stream of Fiction

BY EDWIN MUIR

I

THE novel of character is one of the most important divisions in prose fiction. Probably the purest example of it in English literature is *Vanity Fair*. *Vanity Fair* has no 'hero'; no figure who exists to precipitate the action; no very salient plot; no definite action to which everything contributes; no end toward which all things move. The characters are not conceived as parts of the plot; on the contrary, they exist independently, and the action is subservient to them. Whereas in the novel of action particular events have specific consequences, here the situations are typical or general, and designed primarily to tell us more about the characters, or to introduce new characters. As long as this is done, anything within probability may happen. The author may invent his plot as he goes along, as we know Thackeray did. Nor need the action spring from an inner development, from a spiritual change in the characters. It need not show us any new quality in them; all it needs to do is to bring out their various attributes, which were there at the beginning. For these characters are almost always static. They are like a familiar landscape, which now and then surprises us when a particular effect of light or shadow alters it, or we see it from a new respect. Amelia Sedley, George Osborne, Becky Sharp, Rawdon Crawley,

these do not change as Eustacia Vye and Catherine Earnshaw do; the alteration they undergo is less a temporal one than an unfolding in a continuously widening present. Their weaknesses, their vanities, their foibles, they possess from the beginning and never lose to the end; and what actually does change is not these, but our knowledge of them.

The figures in *Vanity Fair* have this unchangeability, this completeness from the beginning, and it is one of the essential marks of the figures in the novel of character. We find those figures in Smollett, Fielding, and Sterne, in Scott, Dickens, and Trollope. Their unchangeability may seem at variance with truth, and it has often been called a fault. It is claimed that they should be more like 'life'; that they should not keep one side always turned toward the reader; that they should revolve, showing us all their facets instead of an unchanging surface. Mr. Forster calls these characters flat, and regrets that they should be so.

But let us accept the unchangeability of flat characters as a quality rather than a fault. Given their flatness, what can the writer do with them? What will the function of his plot be? Obviously not to trace their development, for, being flat, they cannot develop; but to set them in new situations, to change their relations to one another, and in all of these to make them behave typically.

So Becky Sharp must be introduced to Joe Sedley, to Sir Pitt Crawley, to the Marquis of Steyne, to Dobbin, to Lady Sheepshanks. She must be 'subjected' to them, combined with them, colored by them; but at the same time she must show more clearly the characteristics we expect of her, or at any rate must always return to them. The combinations will be as many as the novelist can invent, and if they are to have sufficient variety he must not be trammelled by a rigid plot, or by the need to develop his story dramatically. He must have freedom to invent whatever he requires. So it has been a convention that the plot of a novel of character should be loose and easy.

It is difficult at first sight and formally to place such novels as *Roderick Random*, *Tom Jones*, *Old Mortality*, and *Martin Chuzzlewit*. In all these novels there is something of the novel of action as well as of the novel of character; they strike a gentlemanly compromise which the reader finds it worth his while to accept. In all of them we shall find a great deal of action; one event leads on to another, and a happy solution of the entanglement is sought. We shall find, on the other hand, that the most successful characters are really independent of the main action, and that their responses are typical rather than useful. *Roderick Random* and *Tom Jones* are picaresque novels. This is a very striking class in English fiction; it is unique in certain interesting particulars, and it may be considered separately.

The real aim of this form is obviously to provide a number of situations and a variety of objects for satirical, humorous, or critical delineation. In the eighteenth century the novel had not yet freed itself from the trammels of the story centred on a single figure who had always to be present; and, though characterization was then considered the main thing, the narrator remained

on the centre of the stage. Perhaps doubted the capacity of his character to hold the reader's interest, and that an exciting story, containing adventures, was necessary. In any case, a tale, centred round a hero, had to be kept going, and at the same time a number of characters had to be given an excuse for appearing. So we have the hard-worked traveling hero, passing from inn to inn, now in the country now in London, knocking at the doors of the great, foraging with rogues and thieves, languishing in prison or on board ship, suffering every vicissitude of good and bad; and enduring it all, not because the novelist has any tender regard for his hero's sufferings or fortunes, but because he is determined to get a pass to as great a number of contrasting scenes as he can. We find Roderick Random suffering agonies in school in Dumbartonshire; but we are not interested in his agonies — we have eyes only for the author's immensely effective portrait of the dominie who inflicts them. Roderick suffers agony when he studies medicine; but we are interested only in the quack who guinea him. In London he is taught prudence by a pair of sharpers, and the arts of worldly advancement by a member of Parliament. Even this is not enough. The sea must be put under contrivance, and Roderick enters the navy. At this time he has passed through enough to kill off three vigorous men; and he only make a sort of formal acknowledgment that he is still alive. But this was not of the slightest importance to Smollett, whose object was to give a picture of as many scenes and characters as possible, and in doing so to paint a broad picture of the life of his time.

Tom Jones is a real character; he is the traveling hero; he is Fielding's means of introducing a host of characters, but he is as authentic as they. Y

being a real character, his actions had to be probable; he could not move about with Roderick's lack of responsibility, nor could such an astounding abundance of accidents befall him. He had, in short, to act the part of a natural young man without a knife to grind, while actually carrying on his business as a traveling tout for characters. He does both; and if, as a consequence, *Tom Jones* is less various than *Roderick Random*, it is immensely superior in continuous reality and verisimilitude. The object of these novels was not only to delineate character, but to take the reader on a panoramic tour through society, a tour in which all the features of interest would be unobtrusively indicated. This is generally one of the aims of the novel of character, and in this respect it stands apart from most other forms of the novel. Obviously Thackeray was interested in society, and as obviously Emily Brontë was very little interested in it.

There is an almost exact parallel to this aspect of the picaresque novel in contemporary fiction: the recurring story of the young man who begins in poor circumstances and climbs vertically through all the social classes until he reaches the top. The counterpart of Smollett's traveling hero is Mr. Wells's climbing hero. Travel was the chief means of becoming acquainted with the different manifestations of social life in the eighteenth century; success is the chief means to-day. Travel was difficult then; only a minority could undertake it, and these were then in a position to tell the majority how whole areas of society lived with which it would never come into intimate contact. Success is to-day as difficult as communication was in the eighteenth century, and it possesses the same social advantages. The man who has traveled or succeeded will inevitably want to communicate his specially acquired

knowledge, as well as to portray the characters with whom he has come in contact; and in the picaresque novel, ancient and modern, there is generally an attempt to provide information such as a social student, or a moralist, or an intelligent newspaper would give.

Old Mortality is a novel of a very different type. At first sight we might feel inclined to put it among the novels of action and have done with it. But it is a novel of character as well. Apart from the main action, in a different world, there are a few characters, Cuddie Headrigg and his mother among them, who are not bound by the plot, and act as independently as if they were in a different novel of their own. The hero, Henry Morton, is a typical novel-of-action figure. The story could quite well be carried forward by the chief roughly characterized figures — Morton, Claverhouse, Evandale, Burleigh. The real children of Scott's genius, here, as in the other Waverley Novels, are super-numerary. These two sets of figures come into contact, but on a different plane from that on which the plot moves; and whenever they meet, the surface movement of the story is suspended, and we get comedy which seems to make nonsense of the action and suddenly exhibits it as make-believe. When we think of Scott's great characters, Cuddie Headrigg, Andrew Fairweather, Edie Ochiltree, Caleb Balderstone, we think of them as a chorus or as an audience to the artificially created action, the noise and fury, fundamentally uninteresting, that sink to the foreseen and insipid end. They help on the action by chance, or unwillingly, or with a skeptical detachment. Once, in *Jeanie Deans*, this type of character becomes the chief actor, and Scott writes the greatest of his novels.

The action in Dickens's novels, except in a few late instances, is simple,

melodramatic intrigue. In *Martin Chuzzlewit* we have one great creation, Pecksniff, and a host of delightful figures; but the action belongs to the cruder and more improbable kind of mystery story. The metamorphosis of Montague Tigg, the fascinating sponger, into an opulent company promoter; his machinations against Jonas Chuzzlewit, ending in the murder; the deception practised by old Martin on Pecksniff for the purpose of unmasking him — compared with such things as these, Scott's management of the action is serious and responsible. Dickens's plots, of course, were primarily intended to keep up the reader's interest from installment to installment of a serial. They were plots in Sir W. Joynson-Hicks's, rather than Aristotle's, sense; plots against the public. They had no literary function at all. To bring in his characters and set them going Dickens did not need such artifices; he had an exceptional talent in that direction. The meeting of old Martin Chuzzlewit's relatives in the beginning of the story; the visit of the Pecksniffs to Todgers's; and with some reservations the journeyings of young Martin and Mark Tapley in the United States — these are brilliant strokes of comic invention, and Dickens is full of them.

It was Thackeray who first made a clear break with the plot, both as a literary and as a popular convention; and it was in this more clearly than in any other respect that he showed his superiority to Dickens in critical sense. Like the eighteenth-century novelists whom he admired so much, he set out to portray society; but if I am to do that, one might imagine him saying, why should I not do it directly? Why should I have an ambulating hero to take me from scene to scene? Why should I not be in any place where I want to be? So he starts with a number of characters drawn from various classes of social life.

They meet in different places, move up or down the social scale, quarrel or agree, flatter or condescend; and, as their lives unroll, the complex of relationships and the number of characters expand until they embrace society.

II

In the dramatic novel the hiatus between the characters and the plot disappears. The characters are not a part of the machinery of the plot; nor is the plot merely a rough framework round the characters. On the contrary, both are inseparably knit together. The given qualities of the characters determine the action, and the action in turn progressively changes the characters, and thus everything is borne forward to an end. At its greatest the affinity of the dramatic novel is with poetic tragedy, just as that of the novel of character is with comedy. The dialogue in the most intense scenes in *Wuthering Heights* and *Moby Dick* is hardly distinguishable from poetic utterance; the most memorable figures in *Vanity Fair* and *Tom Jones* are always on the verge of becoming purely comic figures like Falstaff or Sir Toby.

But in all its forms the dramatic novel need not be tragic, and the first novelist who practised it with consummate success in England — Jane Austen — consistently avoided, and probably was quite incapable of sounding, the tragic note. The instance may seem strange, but it is only so in appearance. The art of Jane Austen has a more essential resemblance to that of Hardy than to Fielding's or Thackeray's. There is in her novels, in the first place, a confinement to one circle, one complex of life, producing naturally an intensification of action; and this intensification is one of the essential attributes of the dramatic novel. In the second place, character is to her no longer a thing

merely to delight in, as it was to Fielding, Smollett, and Scott, and as it remained later to Dickens and Thackeray — it has consequences. It influences events; it creates difficulties, and later, in different circumstances, dissolves them. When Elizabeth Bennet and Darcy meet first, the complexion of their next encounter is immediately determined. The action is set going by the changing tension between them, and by a few acts of intervention on the part of the other figures; and the balance of all the forces within the novel creates and moulds the plot. One figure in the pure comedic sense there is in the book — Mr. Collins. Mr. Collins has no great effect on the action; he remains unchanged throughout the story. There are other purely comedic elements; for example, the permanent domestic tension between Mr. and Mrs. Bennet. But in most dramatic novels such figures and combinations are to be found. Hardy has his peasants to give relief and an additional emphasis of proportion to the action. The real power of the Wessex novels lies of course elsewhere, in the development of a changing tension making toward an end.

Where the plot of *Pride and Prejudice* differs from the plot of a novel of action is in its strict interior causation. The first aversion of Elizabeth for Darcy was inevitable because of the circumstances in which they met, because Darcy was proud of his social position and Elizabeth encumbered by her unrepresentable family, and because they were people of such decided character that they were certain to dislike each other at the beginning. Elizabeth is true to the candor of her mind in believing Darcy to be cold, haughty, and vindictive; she is equally true to it later in acknowledging that she is mistaken, and in changing her opinion. The action is created here by those characters who remain true to themselves; it is their

immovability which, like a law of necessity, sets it moving; and through it they gradually and irresistibly manifest themselves.

The dramatic novel stands apart from the novel of action and the novel of character, in both of which there is a hiatus between the plot and the characters; there should be none in the dramatic novel. Its plot is part of its significance. A change in the situation always involves a change in the characters, while every change, dramatic or psychological, external or internal, is either caused or given its form by something in both.

But if a change in the situation involves a change in the characters, the propriety and truth of the progression — in other words, of the plot — are of the first importance. That progression will be inevitable on two planes. It will have an inner truth so far as it traces the unfolding of character, and an external truth inasmuch as it is a just development of the action. Or, rather, the identity of these two aspects of truth will here be complete, as it is in no other kind of novel.

Necessity and freedom, the logical and the spontaneous, are of equal importance in the dramatic plot. The lines of action must be laid down, but life must perpetually flood them, bend them, and produce the 'erosions of contour' which Nietzsche praised. If the situation is worked out logically without any allowance for the free invention of life, the result will be mechanical, even if the characters are true. Some of Hardy's novels have this fault. 'The characters,' Mr. Forster remarks, 'have to suspend their natures at every turn, or else are so swept away by the course of fate that our sense of reality is weakened. . . . Hardy arranges events with emphasis on causality, the ground plan is a plot, and the characters are ordered to acquiesce in its requirements. There

is a ceaseless emphasis on fate, and yet, for all the sacrifices made to it, we never see the action as a living thing as we see it in *Antigone* or *Bérénice* or *The Cherry Orchard*. The fate above us, not the fate working through us — that is what is eminent and memorable in the Westsex novels.'

When freedom is overstressed the effect is equally false. There is a notorious instance of this in *Jane Eyre*, a novel which just misses being truly dramatic. Jane loves Rochester, but she will not live with him while his wife is alive; this is the real dramatic problem. All Jane's character, all that should of necessity decide the direction of the action, is summed up in her refusal to go against her conscience. The story should have been worked out to the end on this assumption. Instead Charlotte Brontë has the insane Mrs. Rochester conveniently burned to death; she defeats fate, she defeats Jane, making her qualities irrelevant and meaningless. In *The Newcomes* Thackeray 'by a most monstrous blunder . . . killed Lady Farintosh's mother at one page and brought her to life at another.' We hardly notice it; we do not care much what becomes of the plot. But Charlotte Brontë could not make a single false move in the plot of *Jane Eyre* without giving a wrong direction to the whole book.

Wuthering Heights is more totally impressive than either *Jane Eyre* or *The Return of the Native*, because the balance between necessity and freedom is held more tautly, and proportion is won through the very intensity of the strain which these two forces impose on each other. Catherine and Heathcliff act of their own will, and their action is perfect freedom; yet at the same time they are figures in a tragedy whose terms and end are ordained from the beginning. The progression in both dimensions is unerring, and it is one progression.

The end of any dramatic novel will be a solution of the problem which sets the events moving; the particular action will have completed itself, bringing about an equilibrium, or issuing in some catastrophe which cannot be pursued further. Equilibrium or death — these are the two ends toward which the dramatic novel moves. The first, for reasons which it would be idle to enter into, generally takes the form of a suitable marriage.

We may mention one other respect in which the dramatic novel diverges from the character novel: its confinement to a narrow scene, and to one complex of life. We find this concentration of the area of action in Hardy, in Emily Brontë, even in *Moby Dick*, where, though the state is vast, it is in a sense unchanged; there is no escape from it. The reason for the isolation of the scene in the dramatic novel is obvious enough. Only in a completely shut-in arena can the conflicts which it portrays arise, develop, and end inevitably. All the exits are closed, and as we watch the action we know this. There is no escape into other scenes; or, if there is, we know that they are false exits, bringing the protagonist back to the main stage again, where he must await his destiny.

III

There are, of course, no novels purely of character or merely of conflict; there are only novels which are predominantly the one or the other. Nobody is likely to dispute this distinction, or to insist that it is absolute; and, trusting to this, I can now go on to my next generalization, which is that the imaginative world of the dramatic novel is in Time, the imaginative world of the character novel in Space. In the one, space is more or less given, and the action is built up in time; in the other, time is assumed, and the action is a

static pattern, continuously redistributed and reshuffled, in space. It is the fixity and the circumference of the character novel that give the parts their proportion and meaning; it is the progression and resolution of the dramatic novel that do the same thing for it. The values of the character novel are social, in other words; the values of the dramatic novel, individual or universal, as we choose to regard them. On the one hand, we see characters living in a society; on the other, figures moving between birth and death. These two types of the novel are neither opposites, then, nor in any important sense complements of each other; they are rather two distinct modes of seeing life: in time, personally, and in space, socially.

A more vivid sense of the meaning of this distinction can be evoked by calling to mind the different feeling of time and space in various novels. In the dramatic novel, in general, the articulation of space is vague and arbitrary. London might be a thousand miles away from *Wuthering Heights* or *Casterbridge*. From the London of *Vanity Fair* and *Tom Jones*, on the other hand, every place has its just geographical distance; and no part of England, no small town, no country estate or remote parsonage, is inaccessible. We are conscious of England in *Tom Jones* and *Vanity Fair*; we are only aware of the Yorkshire Moors and Egdon Heath in *Wuthering Heights* and *The Return of the Native*.

Or consider another difference. By what seems at first a paradox, we shall find in the dramatic novel a far more intense visual realization of the scene than in the novel of character. No doubt this is partly because the scene in the former becomes colored and dyed by the passions of the chief figures; because we always see them against it, and closed in by it. But it is more

essentially because the scene here — the scene in Hardy's novels and in *Wuthering Heights* — is not an ordinary and particular scene at all, like the Sedley's drawing-room, or Sir Pitt Crawley's country estate, but rather an image of humanity's temporal environment. The Yorkshire moors and Wessex are not places differentiated and recognizable like Mr. Bennett's Five Towns or Trollope's Barchester; they are universal scenes where the drama of mankind is played out. When we think of Thackeray's characters we think of them in the costume and against the background of their time; their clothes, the houses they live in, and the fashions they observe are part of their reality; they exist in their period as in a suddenly fixed world. But we recall Hardy's figures as we recall things which are amenable to no fashions save those of nature; as we remember heaths, rocks, and trees. The scene against which he sets his men and women has not essentially changed since the time when figures capable of the few universal emotions with which he endows them might have lived in it. Space here, then, is undifferentiated and universal; though apparently narrow, an image of the world itself; and moreover unchangeable, for, no matter what fashions may alter the surface of human life, thus a mind like Hardy's will always be able to see the world. The scene here, in short, is the earth, as in the novel of character it is civilization. For the character novelist will show us that the human scene, that world in itself, is infinitely various and interesting; that Queen's Crawley is a very different place from Russell Square, and that there is an inexhaustible diversity of places and states of life in the Five Towns. We shall see the universal becoming particularized, humanity in all its varieties of prison house, ornamental or plain; and, if we are no longer conscious of the earth, we become free

citizens of society, with a pass to all sorts of places.

Or take another striking difference, between the feeling of time in the character novel and in the dramatic novel; how it seems to linger in the one and fly in the other. If we open *Vanity Fair* at the first chapter and listen to Becky Sharp, and then take up toward the end, when we know that a great number of things have happened and many years elapsed, we shall have a curious feeling of having marked time, of still being in the same spot; somewhat the same feeling one might have if one were to fall asleep in a room where people were discussing some question, and waken to find the discussion at exactly the same stage. In the last chapters of *Vanity Fair* Becky is still talking very much as she did in the first. Let us turn next to the passage which introduces Catherine Earnshaw, and to her last interview with Heathcliff. There the shock we receive is of a different kind. We know at once that, while we have been sleeping, something extraordinary has happened: time, almost like a physical process, has passed over the figure of Catherine. This test may be applied to any great dramatically conceived figure, except for a few, like Captain Ahab in *Moby Dick*. For Ahab does not change. The action of the whole book, indeed, hardly moves for a while; there is only the long stretch of description, reverie, waiting, and then the fatal combat, described in the last few chapters — a combat which we do not see approaching, which could only come suddenly, absent one moment, unconditionally present the next.

In the novel of character at its best we feel that time is inexhaustible. The great character creations — Uncle Toby, Parson Adams, Lismahago, Mr. Collins, Cuddie Headrigg, Micawber — are beyond time and change, just as the great dramatic figures are completely

enclosed in them and subject to them. In no novel of character, of course, is time quite stationary, though certain of the characters may remain so; but the more time is slowed down or ignored, — the more all urgency is taken from it, — the more favorable does it become for the emergence of characters. There is something humorous, something giving a sense of security, in the very slowing down of time, as may be seen in *Tristram Shandy*, *Ulysses*, and the slow-motion picture.

It is this imperviousness to time, this almost mythical permanence, which deepens our delight in such figures as Falstaff, Uncle Toby, Cuddie Headrigg, and Mr. Micawber. To admit that they were capable of change would be to limit their significance, not to enrich it; changed, they would no longer be universal in their place, which is a stationary spatial world in which time has reached an equilibrium. This is the reason why, when Dickens fits out Micawber with a new existence at the end of *David Copperfield*, the effect is so displeasing. Not only is a term set to a delight which seemed unending, but Micawber himself is at one stroke robbed of his eternal validity. We still think of him as everlastingly 'waiting for something to turn up,' for our imagination ignores the last transformation and gives him back to us as he was.

So much for the temporal vacancy of the novel of character; its spatial vitality, if this analysis should be accepted by anyone, will appear as obvious. There is in the great character novels a feeling of intensely filled space as extraordinary in its way as the feeling of crowded time in the dramatic novel. Witness the almost nightmare luxuriance of life in Dickens's London; the mob of characters which jostle one another in his books, so that the scene seems crammed to bursting point.

When we think of the world of characters the picture that comes before us is something like those crowded frontispieces which used to adorn the collected editions of Dickens's novels, where we see standing side by side and one behind the other the forms of Mr. Pickwick, Pecksniff, Micawber, Dick Swiveller, Uriah Heep, Sam Weller, Sairey Gamp, Montague Tigg, the Artful Dodger, the Fat Boy, and a host of minor figures, until the page seems to be unable to hold any more. This crowded effect, this sense of living and moving space, is produced, once more, by the unchangeability of the characters. None of them ceases to occupy his place when another appears; all existing permanently, all exist contemporaneously; and even if they have their places in separate novels, we think of them together. We think of Dickens's and Thackeray's characters as all living at the same time, and as all living forever, and we think of them therefore as a crowd.

IV

We must needs believe that neither of the two types of novels which we have discussed could give us its characteristic sense of human variety if it

did not observe its limitations. Without its shut-in arena the one could not evoke such a range and absoluteness of experience in its figures. Without the unchangeability of its types the other could not show us such a clear-cut diversity of character and manners. To see sharply the difference between a multitude of living things we must arrest their movement. They must not change while we look, or the change will confuse our sense of distinction; difference will merge at times into identity. If the author tries to overleap natural bounds and, combining the conventions, sharply differentiates his characters like the character novelist, and continuously develops them like the dramatic novelist, he will weaken and confuse the effect of both attempts, will give a sense neither of inevitable development nor of rich and clear-cut diversity, but will be caught into a flux. He will write the kind of novel which Matthew Arnold once called 'a slice of life.' If all this is so, however, the limitations of the dramatic and the character novel, in appearance arbitrary, are in reality reasonable and necessary; for only by observing them can the writer convey the desired effect and externalize his peculiar vision of life.

A FORGOTTEN HERO

BY FREDERICK CHEEVER SHATTUCK

AMONG family papers I find the following letter to my grandfather, evidently from a former patient:—

SHIPPENSBURG, Jan. 6th 1810.

DEAR SIR,

Every thing, says somebody, has a *beginning*, a *middle* and an *end*. I wrote you from Lancaster, where I considered myself as *beginning* my enterprise; I now am I think about the *centre* and should deem myself inexcusable did I not write you something appertaining thereto. I do this the more readily as I am a little down at the heel and in writing to *you*, I shall entertain the comfortable *idea* of a *Doctor*. Besides I have the satisfaction of telling you that I have atoned for all those *small sins* and I could hope some of the big ones. Be patient, and I will answer you that old catechistical query, 'What is atonement?' It consists in doing as follows. The day after I wrote you I started from Lancaster on foot for York, the shire town of the county of that name. I did this because the stage would not go till the next week, which would delay me five days. It is 23 miles to York and half of that way I travelled in a wet snow of four inches deep with thin boots and of course with wet feet. York is in point of wealth and population the third town in the state, about 3400 inhabitants. They have a '*College*' there with small funds. It was said they were in *great want* of an *instructor* and much encouragement was given me by people acquainted with the place. I concluded it was the most favorable place for me in the State. I arrived in due time; and, after waiting three days, met the trustees in solemn conclave; who, I found, amounted to about a dozen, portly *Dutchmen by trade*; and the amount of all this *fuss* was, I might open a school, if I chose. I found they had one *professor*,

who instructed in the A, B, C, and gave lectures on the A, B, ab, with a salary of *three hundred* per An. Were I to engage, I should have the income of seven latin schollars at \$24 each per An.; of perhaps fifteen english schollars at \$8 each and the interest of their funds, which I was informed, consisted of thirteen 'fippenny bits' and a cent and an half. To be serious. As I am a famous pedagogue, I expect, I could earn about \$400 the first year and \$500 or 600 the 2 next. But it is all a matter of *experiment*. Dutchmen do not like to be insulted with Latin and Greek. Their brain is so impregnably fortified with scull, that *surprise* is out of the question; and who, of common mortal composition, would not shrink at undertaking to carry them by a regular siege? I left York, to return if nothing better offered. I was told at that place, that by taking the stage for Hanover, (which, *they said* was only twenty-three miles from Carlisle whither I wished to go) I should find a stage there ready on my arrival to start for Carlisle. Thinking '23 miles such walk as I had was quant. suff. I determined to go the rest of the way by stage via Hanover. I took the stage for that place and arrived in due *order* and *time* viz. very late and body bruised and partly frozen. On my arrival think of my disappointment, when I found I was *two miles farther from Carlisle* than I was at York; with the comfortable prospect of embracing one of three alternatives, *wait seven days for a stage*, hire a man and two horses to carry me, or walk thro' a *muddy road where every step brought* after it a sample of the soil of a pounds weight!! Good God! such a bore! a 'trick upon a traveller!' After mature deliberation I determined to mortify the flesh a little more. I started and tramped seven miles of it. There I would have hired a passage, had not the

price there been the same as at Hanover. After walking 7 miles I swore I would not give so much viz. 5 Dollars and *bear all the expenses!* In short after wading the bigger part of *three days* in mud or clay *nearly over shoes* I arrived in Carlisle, worn quite out. I really fear serious bad consequences from the excessive fatigue. In Carlisle I found no encouragement. I expect some here but it is very uncertain. I shall if nothing better is found here return to Lancaster for my trunk and settle at York. I must settle myself and recruit soon or I shall be settled with by the universal Accountant; be brought to a *balance* and may I not be found wanting! Sixty miles on foot in the very worst of travelling and four hundred and thirty with ninety more to get to York again making of stage riding in dreadful roads 520 plus 60 equal to 580 miles in the very worst season of the year, is enough to wear out all but the *soul*, which God be praised, rises in strength as difficulties increase. I could travel the last inch of skin from my *bones* (I have no *flesh*) and not repine could I but be assured by *so doing* I could *pay my debts*. To do that is the *first wish* of my *heart* and will *draw my last sigh*, should Heaven decree an impossibility of it. But cheerly, Doctor, I am yet two thirds as stout as you last saw me and there is no telling what a little squad of a Dutch girl may do for me in case of necessity. I have been to one ball with them (a very genteel one when I saw *congressmen*) and squeezed the little *cross cut* rogues with a *righte smarte squeeze*. My Dear friend, tho' clouds and darkness rest on my prospects, I have faith well grounded of being bettered by my journey in point of property, if not *health*. Believe me your thankful friend

BACON.

Dr. G. C. Shattuck, Boston.

Don't tell at Rev. Oliver's what I am doing nor where I am. I have no desire, that old ex consul should know of my *travels* or *any* of the *rest* of them. Please to be guarded on this point and oblige

B.

(Addressed)

George C. Shattuck M.D., Boston, Mass.
(Memorandum in writing of G. C. S.)

S. Bacon Jan 10, 1810.

The revelation of character, and also of the conditions of life in Central Pennsylvania little more than a hundred years ago, arrested my interest. The writer is clearly a Yankee, energetic, courageous, diligent in business. As we shall see later, he became a faithful servant of the Lord. Last, but not least, he had a sense of humor, and retained it under circumstances which would have daunted most of us. That part of Pennsylvania had a large German contingent. The state of the roads, the lack of culture or desire thereof, are impressive. York, with 3400 inhabitants, the third centre of population in the State!

The letter excited my curiosity and led to an effort to find out more about the writer. I found that a Samuel Bacon graduated at Harvard in 1808, and Mr. Lane, of the Widener Library, put me on the track of a *Life of Samuel Bacon* by Jehudi Ashmun, 1822, and of a condensation thereof published by the Philadelphia Bible Society. Both draw freely from Bacon's diaries. The story of his life seems worth telling.

Bacon was born in Sturbridge, the youngest of nine children of a farmer, a hard and unsympathetic man. His mother died of consumption, after a long illness, while he was still a mere boy. His schooling was very scant. The father's consent was won to an eight weeks' course of English grammar. The charge for board and tuition with the pastor of the Baptist Church in Sturbridge was \$1.25 a week. The frugal father thought this high, so he betook himself to Leicester, sixteen miles. He found that tuition at the Leicester Academy was one dollar a quarter, and board could be had for one dollar a week. Thus in eight weeks a whole dollar could be saved; and to Leicester Academy he went, with twenty-five cents for spending money. His father's gospel was hard work, and

when Samuel came of age and desired to pursue his studies the father told him to stay on the farm or shift for himself. For two years he studied to fit for college, entering Harvard in 1804 at twenty-three. By waiting on the college commons, bell ringing, and other aids, he finished his course.

He then began the study of law in Worcester, editing, meanwhile, the *National Ægis*, a weekly paper. In 1809 his health, never too good, failed. Doubtless consumption was feared, and, advised to seek a milder climate than that of New England, he went to Philadelphia. Failing here to get employment as a teacher, he went to the interior. The climatic and other advantages of his Southern move are indicated in his letter. He settled in Lancaster, where he taught school with greater public usefulness than financial return. Later he took charge of the 'College' in York. In 1812 he was offered a lieutenancy in the U. S. Marine Corps. This he accepted and was stationed in Washington, where he was wounded in the thigh in a duel with a brother officer who had been a close friend. His biographer says that 'they were alike destitute of the fear of God and strangers to the restraints of His religion.' In May 1814, Bacon married, and in June was promoted to be captain. In spare time he read law again, and was admitted to the Washington bar in 1815. A son was born to him. He was sent to York, Pennsylvania, to recruit for the Marine Corps. His wife died. He opened a law office in York and in 1815 resigned from the Marines, having seen no active service during the war. He was appointed Deputy United States District Attorney for York and Adams counties, and was elected major of a military regiment.

Up to this time he had been devoid of 'religion,' save in spasms usually allied with illness and the fear of death.

For instance, 'In a moment he was seized with a strange bodily affection for which he could not account, and which seemed to threaten an immediate death. He breathed with difficulty — his body was convulsed — his strength was exhausted and he believed himself to be dying. Then fear took hold upon his soul. He had before him an angry God and a dreadful eternity, and he felt how unprepared he was to die. He raised the cry of despair to God. The terrors of Hell seemed to encompass him. He prayed for a single *day* — for a few hours to live that he might escape from the wrath to come.' As danger passed, so did fear, as at various times before for twenty-odd years. Once he was tempted to suicide, at times to drown his sorrows in the flowing bowl. Not long after the above episode he 'got religion,' this time the real thing and for good and all. After getting religion, his sense of humor was less in evidence. He joined the German Lutheran Church, a few months later changing to the Episcopal Church. He was a pioneer in forming Sunday Schools. Starting in York, he organized them in a considerable area. He became interested in the free blacks. Two quotations from his diary throw light on the Sunday School teaching of the period: —

I am grieved to see you so careless of the salvation of your souls. If a happy spirit could come from Heaven and tell you how much it cost to get there; or if a miserable soul could come from Hell and tell you of the unheard of and unexpected torments it found there; you would all fall upon your trembling knees and begin to pray.

L. was a child of ten years old. He seemed to combine in his disposition the cunning of the serpent with the fierceness of the young tiger, and mischievousness of the ape. The first time he attended the Sunday School he stole a testament. He was detected in having it in possession; but persisted with

the most daring effrontery in asserting that he had bought it. The label of 'Sunday School,' which was written in it by the superintendant, was pointed out to him; and that, together with confronting him with the gentleman of whom he said he bought it, and who explicitly declared he had not sold it to him, seemed to have no other effect than to induce him, in defiance of the most positive testimony, to redouble his falsehoods and prevarications. His case was pointed out to all the teachers. We feared to do anything that might drive him from school, or throw him off our hands unreformed. There was danger of exciting the hostility of his friends, as he was a favourite, and a spoiled child. We exhorted, expostulated, and explained on the holy command, — 'Thou shalt not steal'; but without any direct application to him. This course was pursued for one year; about half the Sundays of which he attended school. We had flattered ourselves that he was reformed. But judge of our surprise, when we learnt by information from another scholar, that our books had multiplied on his hands at home, to the number of half a dozen, which he had the hardihood to offer for sale. We then felt him heavy at our skirts. The plan of reformation was soon devised and adopted. L. was taken aside into a vacant room by the superintendant, and his crimes set in full array before him. Warnings, entreaties, life, death, the gallows and the final judgment, were all called up in aid of the cause of reformation; and at last his soul was commended to God in earnest prayer. The superintendant, having exhausted his stock of grace, turned him over to one of the teachers. The same course was gone through. This done, another teacher, and so on, till seven in succession, exhausted all they had to say. — You may judge of his feelings. At the close of the school, he went home. His friends were at first enraged: but on being told his crimes, and warned, themselves, to look to it, that his blood did not lie at their doors; they became quiet. Two Sabbaths intervened, and no L. appeared in school. But on the third, he made his appearance with all the books under his arm. He gave them to the superintendant, took his seat, and soon mani-

festated that he had left behind him, his former uncomfortable passions and dispositions, and had brought in their stead a temper entirely docile and lamb-like.

One might be curious to know how real and lasting was the reformation.

The fullness of his life and his religious fervor brought an unaccustomed happiness, though he still had periods of depression. His diary states, 'Shame, shame is my part! I suffered myself to slumber a few minutes, under both the sermons which I attended today; owing to my fatigue in the Sunday School. But it is a wicked — a very vile thing to sleep in church.' He offered himself as a candidate for orders to Bishop White, practising law, studying divinity, and spreading Sunday Schools. No bread of idleness was on his table. Can we wonder he napped in church during sermon?

In September 1819 he was ordained a deacon, all secular work was laid aside, and he then visited Central Pennsylvania in the interests of the Philadelphia Bible Society for two and a half months.

We now enter upon the final and dramatic act of Bacon's life. In 1817 the American Colonization Society was formed. Its aim was to plant Christianity on the African Coast with a nucleus of free blacks from this country. In 1819 Congress authorized the President to provide care in Africa for rescued slaves, returning such of them to their homes as proved feasible. Two men, Mills and Burgess, were sent out to study the ground. As a result of their report it was decided to found a colony, and Bacon was appointed chief government agent in charge of those rescued from the slavers. The sloop of war Cyane, with twenty-four guns, was detailed, and the Elizabeth, a merchantman of three hundred tons, was chartered by the Society. The Government agreed to transport on the

Elizabeth a group of free blacks selected by the Colonization Society. Thirty families, eighty-nine souls in all, were chosen from a large number of Africans, and the vessels started from New York on January 31, 1820, though the weather was such that a week passed before they could get to sea.

Bacon's colleagues were John P. Bankson for the Government and Dr. Crozer, agent for the Colonization Society. All were full of hope and joy in their high emprise. Storms without and threatened mutiny within the Elizabeth marked the voyage. On March 9 anchor was cast at Freetown, Sierra Leone. Bacon enters in his diary, 'Our sick have all recovered and passengers and crew enjoy perfect health.' Their orders were to settle first on Sherbro Island, one of the native chiefs of which, 'Mr. Kizzel,' as Bacon always calls this naked savage, made a good impression, which later proved unjustified. The site of settlement was ill chosen, the rainy season started, enthusiasm abounded over knowledge. Nemesis delayed not. By April 6 twenty-one were sick of a fever, thirty-five by the eighth. A few days later Bacon writes, 'There are only six or eight of the people in health.' Some of the blacks died, as did Crozer and Midshipman Townsend. Bankson was desperately ill, seemed to be recovering, relapsed, and died. On May 1, Bacon himself, after ten days' illness, also died. Thus the three heads of the expedition were swept away in less than two months after the joyful landing. So were some twenty of the colonists. A tragic story of idealism! The record shows that Bacon was quite prepared to sacrifice his life in the cause.

A final word about Ashmun. As editor of the *Theological Repertory* in Washington, he became interested in the American Colonization Society and

its work, and was thus led to write Bacon's Life, the sale of which was very disappointing. He then accepted the Agency of the Society, religious ardor being reinforced with the hope of becoming able to pay burdensome debts, and in 1822 he sailed for his field of duty. There he labored for nearly six years, suffering from repeated attacks of fever. In the spring of 1828 his physical condition was so bad that he returned home, and died in New Haven in August, thirty-four years old. A Life of him by Ralph Randolph Gurley was published in 1835. Gurley was associated with him and he it was who suggested the name Liberia for the colony which was established on the mainland, the capital of which is Monrovia.

A heavy price has been paid by white men to Christianize and civilize savages. It is probable that malaria in its grave form was a cause of death. That it was so in Ashmun's case seems certain; but there is more than a possibility that yellow fever was responsible for some, if not many, of the deaths.

It appeared later that sickness befell Northern much more than Southern negro colonists, and the Colonization Society was therefore urged to send no negroes from north of the Potomac.

Studies recently made and now in progress warrant a strong suspicion that yellow fever is not primarily a disease of the Americas, as has been believed in the past. The disease is widespread on the Central West African Coast, and is extending into the interior along the lines of river communication. The disease is endemic constant, with frequent epidemics of limited extension. In one of these eight white men died in Monrovia two years ago. The suggestion is plain that the disease is of African origin, of long standing, with large acquired immunity of the natives as a result. Then slave

brought in their blood to America the causative agent of yellow fever. The appropriate mosquitoes were lying in wait, bit the slave disease-carriers and then their owners, who, having no immunity, suffered grievously. 'The wages of sin is death.'

Since the above was written comes the news of the death of Dr. Adrian Stokes, of the great scientist, Noguchi, and of Dr. W. A. Young, all engaged in Rockefeller West African yellow fever study. All were really victims of yellow

fever; whether directly or indirectly seems to be still in some doubt.

We shall have to add a new count to the indictment of slavery among us. Slavery is gone. The Civil War ended sixty years ago. The mastery of yellow fever was won twenty-five years ago, but some eight or ten million colored folk are in our midst and give cause for thought. Man interferes with nature with an eye to the present, not knowing and little realizing the remote consequences of his action.

COMPULSORY CHAPEL

BY WILLARD L. SPERRY

I

A MILLION of the inhabitants of these United States are college students. No one knows what this astounding fact means or is to mean to American life. Plainly, however, it becomes increasingly impossible to describe the undergraduate as a specially privileged person, to revere an arts degree as the sign of peculiar erudition, or to venerate a college campus as the scene of cloistered virtues. Colleges were once places apart, with residual traces of that mediæval monasticism from which they sprang or with which they were identified, busied with intellectual interests which were their own end, their own justification, their own reward. In coming into closer contact with that world which makes their growth possible, and which in turn they must serve more directly, colleges have lost the self-sufficing power of their traditional solitude and have become symp-

tomatic of the whole culture, or want of culture, round about them. What now happens in colleges no longer concerns them alone, but is a matter of general interest and common concern to all the people.

'In certain states of the soul,' says Baudelaire, 'the profound significance of life is revealed completely in the spectacle, however commonplace, that is before one's eyes: it becomes the symbol of that significance.' It is in something of this mood and manner that we find ourselves looking at one or another of the familiar aspects of American college life. They are miniature, manageable transcripts of larger issues and more general situations.

There has been latterly much curious and anxious interest in the religion of the college student. We have circularized him and interviewed him to discover whether he thinks he has any religion, what he thinks religion is, and

what he intends to do about it. We have an uneasy suspicion that he will not always prove a sure buttress for the faith of the fathers which here and there shows in its fabric signs of decay. We are accustomed to take his views on all matters rather seriously, not so much for what they are as for what they portend for the thought of a nation. In this matter we take his views most seriously, since so much is at stake.

We probably overrate the importance of the undergraduate's ideas on religion, and thus do both him and ourselves an injustice. For the moment he does not feel the force of certain of those situations from which a conscious need of religion arises. Religion has always been bound up with the home life of a people; the college student has left behind him the home from which he came, and has not founded the home which normally he intends to found. Religion has always sustained, or sought to sustain, the bread-labor of the world; the college student is as yet a stranger to the full load of the world's bread-labor. Religion must deal with pain, death, sorrow; in the main these more sombre facts do not enter into the life of a college, and its members are not constantly compelled to try their power at transmuting the agonizing ultimate event. In these vital matters the experience of the average college student is too restricted to enable him to understand clearly why men need a religion, what religion is, and what religion does.

On the other hand, there are certain rather obvious problems in religion, particularly as they concern the relation of the individual to the institution, which the college student is peculiarly fitted to understand and to help us solve. For this reason his agitation over the question of compulsory chapel has an off-campus, extramural interest

for us all. He is here playing over again one of the oldest dramas of history and trying to bring it to a clearer solution.

That is an unusually docile student body which has not staged a vigorous revolt against this practice, wherever it still exists. College faculties, to say nothing of college preachers, are familiar with the crude but none the less effective ammunition of rebel undergraduates — the subtle and rapid contagion of an acute bronchitis; the grating protest of heavy boots, preferably such as are used for stiff Alpine work; and the seductive secularity of the illustrated sections of the Sunday paper. These devices are rather like those twenty-nine distinct damnations of the great text in Galatians, invoked by the soliloquist of the *Spanish Cloister* — 'one sure, if another fails.' Their concerted use makes the decorous conduct of a service of worship impossible, and the attempt to preach a sermon under such conditions is the modern genteel equivalent of fighting with the wild beasts at Ephesus. True, the humiliations of this discipline are more considerable than its actual fatalities. But many a man who has faced this situation for years, on the abstract theory that it is for the greater glory of God that he should do so, is beginning to wonder whether religion is really thereby furthered; indeed, whether religion has anything to do with the whole process.

II

There are probably some incurably ecclesiastical persons who still believe that good can be done in this way. They have ample precedent and warrant in the usage of the past, if they choose to invoke the dead hand. Three hundred years ago in Rome the Jews were forced to attend 'compulsory chapel'

on Holy Cross Day, to hear a sermon from a Christian bishop. An entry in the diary of a bishop's chaplain has the true High Church ring: 'It was of old cared for in the merciful bowels of the Church, that, so to speak, a crumb from her conspicuous table should be cast to the famishing dogs. And a moving sight in truth, this, of so many of the restive and ready-to-perish now maternally brought — nay (for He saith "Compel them to come in") haled, as it were, by the head and hair, and against their obstinate hearts, to partake of the heavenly grace.' Persons who deplore the passing of this fine old crusty episcopal arrogance will cherish the compulsory college chapel as one of the few remaining opportunities to display that arrogance. To their minds, that is the way to treat undergraduates. All this, however, comes from a seventeenth-century source. Meanwhile there has been the eighteenth century, and the eighteenth century means the Rights of Man, Republicanism, and Revolution.

Gibbon found, as many other historians have found, that the 'genuine style, the middle tone,' is achieved only when one is dealing with facts which stand somewhere halfway between ancient and modern times. It is now possible to begin to treat the French Revolution in this middle tone. It furnishes a useful objective medium with which to study certain issues that cannot be treated dispassionately in their contemporary form. Curiously enough, the protest of the American college student against compulsory chapel is apparently one of the direct consequences of the French Revolution, by way of St. John's College, Cambridge.

Since the discussion of compulsory chapel, in its present terms, is apt to degenerate into a display of bad temper

and bad manners, it is worth while studying the issue in the 'middle tone' of a document that is nearly a hundred and twenty-five years old. At the risk of being charged with giving aid and comfort to the protestant undergraduate, it may be opportune to inject into our heated academic discussions a passage from Wordsworth's *Prelude*. Wordsworth had some glaring faults, but bad temper and bad manners were not among them. Not only so, but as an indubitably distinguished predecessor of the modern undergraduate he is a double who undoes his successor. He says so much on this matter, and what he says is on the whole so well said, that there is little or nothing more to be said.

Wordsworth finished the first draft of *The Prelude* in 1805. The third book of *The Prelude* is concerned with 'Residence at Cambridge.' Wordsworth went up to St. John's College in 1787. On the whole he seems to have had the perennial undergraduate good time. Only one thing actually irked him — compulsory chapel. His reflections on this subject are characteristic and still pertinent: —

Youth should be awed, religiously possessed
 With a conviction of the power that waits
 On knowledge, when sincerely sought and prized
 For its own sake . . .
 . . . should learn to put aside
 Her trappings here, should strip them off abashed
 Before antiquity and steadfast truth
 And strong book-mindedness. . . .
 Be Folly and False-seeming free to affect
 Whatever formal gait of discipline
 Shall raise them highest in their own esteem —
 Let them parade among the Schools at will,
 But spare the House of God. Was ever known
 The witless shepherd who persists to drive
 A flock that thirsts not to a pool disliked?
 A weight must surely hang on days begun
 And ended with such mockery. Be wise,
 Ye Presidents and Deans, and, till the spirit
 Of ancient times revive, and youth be trained
 At home in pious service, to your bells
 Give seasonable rest, for 't is a sound
 Hollow as ever vexed the tranquil air;

And your officious doings bring disgrace
On the plain steeples of our English Church,
Whose worship, 'mid remotest village trees,
Suffers for this.

William Ernest Henley once said that Wordsworth was 'a kind of inspired clergyman.' The phrase is hardly accurate, since the indubitably inspired periods of Wordsworth's life were anticlerical and unecclesiastical, while the later years of the poet's decorous Anglicanism were almost devoid of any help from the dæmon of verse. This passage from *The Prelude* has ominous foreshadowings of the author of the *Ecclesiastical Sonnets*. These lines will never be lifted out of their context to be given the preferment of an anthology, and as poetry they are a typical example of that punctilious pedestrian versifying which it has been reserved for Wordsworth alone to immortalize. Nevertheless, this labored metrical meditation has 'the middle tone,' and serves as a dispassionate discussion of the highly controversial subject to which it is addressed.

III

Whatever else Wordsworth means, he means that life is something more than discipline. Not that his poetry as a whole is wanting in a recognition of the inevitable disciplinary element in human experience. During his early years, which were the formative and truly productive periods of his life, he was no stranger to hard necessity. This history is reflected in the actual processes of his versifying, which is perhaps the most striking example in English letters of the interdependence of discipline and inspiration.

There are some writers who do not spare their readers an actual share in the ways and means of writing. So, a Parisian painter said of Charles Péguy's prose, "Il nous fera toujours manger à

la cuisine," voulant signifier par là que sa prose donnait à la fois le repas et la préparation du repas.' Much the same might be said of Wordsworth's poetry: its drudgery was the price of its insights, and Wordsworth compels his readers to see the drudgery, even to take a hand in it. *The Prelude* and *The Excursion* are inexplicable on any other theory.

Now the practice of poetry was for Wordsworth the substance of his spiritual life. In telling us what he thinks poetry means, he tells us by implication what he thinks religion means; and they mean 'life and joy.' It may have been so to Wordsworth in his moments of joy as it has been to many another man, a pleasure to remember the disciplines out of which joy issued; but for such men discipline is not an end in itself.

Wordsworth's reflections on his undergraduate days at Cambridge persuaded him that the chapel services of St. John's College were joyless and lifeless because they represented necessity and nothing more. He concedes to other academic concerns their right to impose discipline — indeed, to regard themselves as 'disciplines' pure and simple. He was, first as a student and later as the author of *The Prelude*, unwilling to concede this tacit identification of the spiritual life with discipline alone. He demanded joy and the emancipation which is the state for joy. Was he right?

This simple question plunges us into a discussion of the nature of religion which involves the whole issue between the elder orthodoxies and our rebel liberalism. Paulinism, Augustinianism, Calvinism, all imply that there is an element and energy of compulsion in the universe which we cannot escape. We may describe this compulsion metaphorically, with the patriarch, as the inquisition of the whirlwind, or, with

the theologian, as foreordination, election, irresistible grace. Submission to this coercive principle means discipline. We may not abandon this stern, ancient theory too gayly. Our cavalier capacity for indulging heresies is rebuked by Huxley's measured affirmation that on the whole he thought Calvinism nearer to the truths which science discovers than are the modern liberal substitutes.

It is a debatable, even a defensible, proposition that the whole 'elective' interpretation and conduct of our early life, from the days of the Montessori class to the publication of the Ph.D. thesis, are inaccurate and misleading transcripts of man's place in the universe. If there is anything at all to be said for compulsory chapel, whatever is to be said may be found in Calvin and Huxley. Required chapel, in the name of religion, may be a picturesque vindication of some such universal coercion of the individual. Perhaps life and religion are like that. Certainly the college student who thinks that he has settled his account with religion when he has succeeded in abolishing compulsory chapel has a very imperfect idea of what the life of man in this world is like. The thing has a disconcerting way of coming back and bothering one again in a new form. 'John have I beheaded; but who is this, of whom I hear such things?'

On the other hand, Wordsworth was right when he said that life means something more than discipline, and that more is joy; a joy which cannot be attained without discipline, but a joy which at the last knows discipline only as the pleasurable memory of transmuted pain.

The issue still lies just here, where it lay in Wordsworth's day. The apologists for compulsory chapel defend it mainly on the ground that college discipline requires occasional coercive regimentation of the entire community.

The arguments are familiar. It is a good thing to get the whole college together regularly; proctors and monitors must be given place and time to make sure that delinquents are not week-ending elsewhere; students need to be taught something about religion no matter if the means is distasteful. A compulsory chapel service, conceived and conducted on this disciplinary basis, furnishes the best occasion for the realization of these laudable ends.

Now the weakness of the argument rests upon the assumption that what the student needs and is supposed to get in this connection is discipline, not religion. If we may trust the testimony of man after man, long out of college, who endured this coercion, he got the discipline, but it left him with a rooted antipathy to religion and all its works. Those hours of compulsion were unredeemed by any joy, even prophetic, if not actual. In retrospect many a man admits that on the whole the college was right in teaching him that life means the acceptance of discipline. Meanwhile he goes on into the world laboring under the tragic delusion that religion is discipline and nothing more — a discipline to which he paid the uttermost farthing and of which he is now free.

Anyone who cares about religion must deplore this pathetically meagre and joyless account of religion, with its later and unhappy consequences for the whole religious life of the country. He would not concede that religion is pure antinomianism, void of a constant, mediatorial, disciplinary content, but he devoutly wishes that the duty and odium of discipline might be shared by the other major interests of human life. They are not void of their disciplines, and they should bear their part of the distaste of the natural unregenerate human creature for making his submission to the universe.

If the end of life is discipline, and if the core of every serious concern is its content of discipline, it is fair both to other interests and to religion to suggest that this bittersweet substance, with the antipathies which it engenders, should be divided among all the college departments. Students say that compulsory chapel makes them hate religion. Why should religion be the sole butt of their hatred? The modern Sunday is a fairly free affair; the modern Church no longer refuses to discuss books and politics. Why not divide the responsibility for the conduct of compulsory chapel, in the academic vindication of the universal validity of discipline, among the departments? Thus, on one Sunday morning the students might be required to sing the 'Star-Spangled Banner' and to listen to considerable selections from the Constitution of the United States, with appropriate comments, that they might be helped to hate the United States. Another Sunday could be very fitly devoted to some play of Shakespeare's, that the 'young barbarians all at play'—which is the traditional description of all undergraduates—might perfect themselves in their salutary hatred of English literature. Religion is quite willing to pull its weight in the boat; it objects to doing all the rowing for an eight.

The truth of the matter sometimes looks rather like this: the stoutest de-

fenders of compulsory chapel are not, as one might at first suppose, persons who care very much for religion, but persons who care very little for it. No man who cares for religion can be happy at the travesty of worship which goes on in many if not most compulsory chapel services. A required service is a useful way of getting a necessary and distasteful academic duty done, and many of its defenders incline one to conclude that they are in favor of the system precisely because they do not think that religion matters very much, or that any real harm is done to the world by making religion take the whole odium of this proctorial transaction.

There is some bleak comfort to be had, in this situation, from the grim affirmation of a historic creed that those who thus confound the substance of religion and confuse its persons 'without doubt shall perish everlastingly.' But meanwhile, whatever they may be doing to maintain discipline in a college, they are costing the wider and later religion of America very dear. It is apparently just as true in modern America as in the England of a hundred and twenty-five years ago that the plain steeple of many a village church suffers for this. For that reason compulsory chapel concerns others than college authorities, since it seems to people the land with graduates who are constitutionally unable to believe that a church spire in any way points to joy.

OUTBOUND

THE black sea parts to let us pass,
The harbor lights are gone;
A thousand nameless stars wheel up
Between the dusk and dawn.
We're outbound for England,
Our furrow flinging wide;
A thrusting wind is at our side,
And the long wave lifts us on.

My feet upon the forward deck
Have worn the very seams.
(And shall I know the Devon coast
When some red morning streams?)
All night my watches follow
The bells that break the dark —
(And will the Cornish cliffs stand stark
As they have stood in dreams?)

One star burns on above the mast
While twenty million roam.
A moorland wind will make at last
Across the bitter foam,
An old rack of headland
Come shouldering at the prow. . . .
I know they hear in Surrey now
My heart's blood beating home!

NANCY BYRD TURNER

HUMANIZING THE MISSIONARY

BY LOUISE STRONG HAMMOND

MY sister asks me whether I have read an article in the August *Atlantic* entitled 'Christianity in China,' by Moore Bennett. When I say that I have, she proceeds to ask me what I, being a good missionary, intend to do about it. I reply that I feel disinclined to do anything about it because I quite agree with Mr. Bennett's conclusion.

'But,' she breaks out, 'you can't mean that all those horrid things he says about missionaries are true?'

I explain that Mr. Bennett ends with the suggestion that, if people have any serious doubts about the lives of those they have sent out as their messengers to China, they might well appoint a fair-minded commission to go to China and investigate. Those are not just his words, but that is his idea, I think. And I am sure that I and most of the missionaries whom I have met in China during the last fifteen years would welcome such a commission. He specifies that this commission should consist of 'lay minds unconnected with any mission body.' And that too I accept. He does not, I observe, suggest that the representatives of the different branches of the Christian Church should be judged by those who deny that they themselves are Christians. I therefore stipulate that the majority of our commissioners be composed of avowedly Christian men and women who have no personal advantage to be gained from the missions in China.

Here my sister interposes, 'Are you so sure that Mr. Bennett's commission

will materialize that you are serious waiting for that to uphold you?' And of course I am not sure at all, so I shall try to match Mr. Bennett's inconclusive opinion with my own comments.

I

In the first place, then, I am glad to note that Mr. Bennett has nothing to say against the theory of sending Christian missionaries to China, nor against the zeal and devotion of one type of Christian missionary — the Roman Catholic. He says truly, 'They leave their homes so fired with the courage and conviction of their beliefs that they willingly renounce all thoughts of returning to their people or of ever seeing their countries again.' He beautifully describes their lives of service and renunciation, although I think one can make clear to those who have not seen it the astounding degree of privation which those Catholic missionaries embrace gladly in the service of the Lord. He says, 'The writer has met many priests who for periods of thirty years and more have never left the province to which they were first allocated.' To me such entire, self-majestic, self-giving is a revelation of the power of the Spirit of God working in human life. I think of it with joy and inspiration. It bears witness to a message which even such a critical observer as Mr. Bennett cannot fail to recognize.

Sometimes, in moments such as these, all have of criticizing our own methods

d achievements, I think perhaps it would be better if the mission to which we belong would expect the same standards of personal living demanded by the Roman Catholic orders. (There is, however, certain matters of public policy practised by the Roman Church in China which could never seem to me justifiable.) Then again I come to feel that Protestant missions have also a contribution to make, although their appeal is less easily demonstrable than that of the Roman Catholic societies. Perhaps it is more easily missed by the missionaries themselves. I cannot judge. I can only try to state why it is that even the most sincere of Protestant missionaries seldom tries to copy the admirable self-abnegation of the Roman Catholic monastic orders in China, choosing rather to open himself to the charge, made also against Jesus of Nazareth, of being 'a gluttonous man, and a winebibber.'

We hold that Christianity can best be understood in the terms of life; that it is a solution, the great solution, of the universal problems of living. We believe that a man or woman who judges the matters of every day by eternal values, who is willing to acknowledge his own faults and to forgive others for theirs, who feels that he is never alone in any true thing he undertakes, has broken the back of the troubles which can come to him and has found a source of strength which never fails. We hold that, in spite of the glaring inconsistencies of our European civilization, Christianity has been an effective and beneficent force in building up our national life. Although we are far from being able to claim that we have yet seen a truly Christian democracy or even a truly Christian family, we are gratefully conscious that there is a transforming force working in the midst of our society which has already accomplished much that is

good. We are not afraid that the Chinese will fail to detect this if we dare to open our hearts to them, if we pay them the respect of living our lives among them frankly and naturally. We want them to believe that the blessings of our religion are for normal people under normal circumstances. We present them with a cross section of what Christianity has come to mean to us, men, women, and children, with all our joys and our faults, our affections and disaffections. We trust them to be able to distinguish between what is essential and what is not essential in our way of life, granted only that we are sincerely trying to live up to the precepts of our Christian faith.

I remember years ago hearing of an experiment in missionary method made by an American Protestant missionary in India whose name, I think, was Stokes. This young man, with courageous ardor, started out to live as an Indian holy man, walking from place to place in the dust, under the hot sun, with no provision made for the necessities of life except a wooden begging bowl. He met at first with incredulity and derision at the idea of a Western holy man, a Christian beggar. He suffered with patience a good deal of petty persecution, but won out and came to be held in reverence by many Hindus who might not have been attracted by the ordinary missionary. After a time, however, Mr. Stokes began to feel that he was not inspiring his admirers with the desire to apply his religion to their own lives. They said, 'It is all right for you. You are a holy man. We are ordinary mortals and cannot be expected to live as you live.' Mr. Stokes then gave up his eminent position as holy man, married him a wife, and — well, I don't know the rest. Whether he was able to convey his message better by his second method than his first depends upon the man

and the circumstances. But the principle he followed in reëntering the common paths of human life is the principle on which the policy of most Protestant missions throughout the world is based.

Our aim being, then, a radiant moderation, we are immediately plunged into the difficulty of placing the limits required by that moderation. Aristotle, so many centuries ago, recognized the difficulty and the absence of any rule-of-thumb solution, saying that what he called the 'mean' must be 'determined by wisdom, or as a wise man would determine it.' Unfortunately missionaries have not always been wise.

II

Now it is self-evident that a group of people seriously — perhaps too seriously and unhumorously — endeavoring to establish what are the normal conditions of life among modern Christian people have exposed themselves to a kind of unpopularity entirely avoided by the frankly monastic missionaries of the Roman Catholic Church. Père Robert, in his 'single room not twelve feet on a side, bare-floored, with furniture of the scantiest,' cannot be suspected of implying any criticism of the standards of living adopted by Mr. Moore Bennett and his friends of the commercial or diplomatic circles of Peking. Protestant missionaries, on the contrary, have not only implied but have also shouted their criticisms, with and without reason.

We must not forget that in the early part of the nineteenth century, when the antagonism between Western missionaries and traders began, the merchants took for granted a kind of liberty in the conduct of their own lives and their dealings with the Chinese which would be entirely abhorrent to perhaps the majority of their own successors of a century later. I cannot believe that

Mr. Bennett would sanction or take part in the kind of opium smuggling very generally practised by British business men only a few scores of years ago, quite undisturbed by any consideration of the fact that they were fastening the strangle hold of a new and terrible passion on the necks of many millions of their fellow human beings. These older traders were not without their good points, but they had failed to realize that there was any brotherhood between the peoples of different races and still held the primitive assumption that all codes of ethics were binding only among members of their own group. They cheerfully believed that on the other side of the world 'there ain't no Ten Commandments.' No wonder they felt an unreasoning resentment against those whose greatest distinction was probably their provision of world fellowship and whose favorite pastime was surely the instructing of the merchants' customers in the intricacies of the Ten Commandments.

It is one of the real sorrows of my life that the traditional antipathy between missionaries and 'community people' has outlasted the days of its inevitability, the days when Shanghai, for instance, was really the 'den of vice' still pictured in the movies. There are even yet, of course, in the port cities of China foreigners whose dissolute society and predatory habits are a disgrace not only to the name of Christianity but also to the reputation of the countries from which they come. Adventurers of this type are, however, coming to be more and more in the minority, as sound business principles take the place of exploitation, and the growing smallness of the world brings commercial people with legitimate social standards to take up their residence in the Far East. I am sure I believe, as my missionary predecessors could not have done, in the ultimate benefit to China

of the coming of foreign trade and foreign traders. But the vicious circle of distrust and dislike between missionaries and business people has by now whirled itself into a vortex that will take many years to subside.

A few missionaries of the less tolerant variety still gratuitously condemn the business people they meet for smoking cigarettes or dancing on Sunday. These business people then remember all the ancient stories they have heard regarding the obnoxiousness of such professional Christians, and are not slow to perceive and proclaim any failure on their part to practise what they preach.

And of course the failures are many — is not that our common human heritage? Missionaries are in consequence made to feel, on ships and in other public places, that their presence is deplored and their society offensive. They find themselves outcasts from the company of those who are in almost every respect just like the family and friends whom they have tearfully left behind. They are dismayed and bewildered, and too often take refuge in the thought that these votaries of trade are also the votaries of 'the world, the flesh, and the devil.' They look expectantly for evidence of this, and evidence is not lacking. They publish what they have seen, and so it goes. Isn't it pitiful — and unnecessary? The separation is often so complete that neither side really knows the other except by sight and hearsay.

I think most of the 'community people' in China would be surprised if they knew how many fair-minded, companionable, and entertaining people are made invisible to them because of the one odious word 'missionary.' The case is like that of American travelers in Europe. When they don't chew gum or shout through the picture galleries, as tradition says they should, they merely escape observation.

Fortunately there are many instances where members of the missionary and business groups in China do mix with mutual pleasure and respect. And in the future such cases must surely increase until they become the rule — at just about the time when, as we hope, the presence of foreign missionaries in China shall have become unnecessary because of the growing strength of the Chinese Church, and foreign trade shall have been reëstablished on a firmer foundation.

III

I am offering these somewhat lengthy explanations because Mr. Bennett makes almost the chief object of his commissioners to determine why there is so much opposition to Protestant missionaries among 'residents in China, of whatever nationality.' Recently an economic reason has been added to the personal one. Business people, I believe unjustly, attribute the recent revolution, with its destructive effect upon foreign trade in China, to the teachings of the missionaries. Mr. Bennett specifically charges the missionaries with 'aiding and abetting' their young students 'in their fight against what they conceived to be, in their foolish ignorance, the reactionaries of the North.' An undercurrent of this idea is to be felt throughout the whole article. And yet I think it would be very difficult to find in America or Europe many serious and well-informed students of contemporary history who would not readily grant the word 'reactionary' to the late rulers of the North whom Mr. Bennett seems to uphold, the ex-bandit Chang Tso-lin and his disgraceful lieutenant Chang Chung-chang, who while governor of Shantung collected four years' taxes in advance from the starving peasants, forcing untold numbers of them to abandon their

homes. Whether the Nationalist Government in Nanking will be able to do much better by the country is a matter of opinion. The only thing that is sure is that during the last half century foreign traders in China, by relying on what was called the 'wholesome fear' inspired in the Chinese by foreign guns, enjoyed a kind of prestige and special privilege which there seems very little chance of their recovering in the future. It is not surprising that their sympathies should be entirely conservative.

Now I hold that the Nationalist movement, which has had a strongly antichristian feature and has been only in the rarest instances consciously 'aided and abetted' by Christian missionaries, is an inevitable and irresistible development of history. We may or may not like it, but we must recognize that it had to come, just as it has come in so many other countries since the war. It is not possible in this day and generation to shut any part of the world away from the rest, as Mr. Bennett would so obviously like to do, saying, 'Certainly there are no points of similarity between Chinese conditions and those obtaining in either the United States or Great Britain.' No points of similarity, that is, except the ability of the Chinese people to consume foreign goods and furnish a market for the results of overproduction in England and America, according to Mr. Bennett's philosophy. In other respects let the Chinese remain as they always have been.

Of course Mr. Bennett praises the Roman Catholics for their political lethargy. He does not mention that these have had as much interest as the merchants in preserving the late conservative régime. One of their strongest policies has been their reliance on the peculiar influence of foreigners in the local law courts to obtain official support for their native

Christians, so making membership in the Roman Church very attractive to anyone with a lawsuit on his hands. The extent of this practice is well known. I myself have seen its working at close range and consider them very regrettable — as is all lack of spiritual quality in the Church, including the instances when it appears in the lives of Protestant missionaries. Since certain of these suffer from undue strictness in fitting the conditions of modern life to their ideals, so it is inevitable that others should suffer from undue laxity. The point I wish to make, however, is that Christian missionaries outside the Roman communion recognize that political and economic and social upheavals are sure to come in the Orient during this century, and make it one of their greatest aims to contribute what they can so that the reconstruction, when it is finally accomplished, shall be according to the principles of Christ. We strive not only for personal salvation but for national and international salvation as well.

Mr. Bennett criticizes mission schools for their emphasis on the teaching of English and Western science. He does not realize that mission schools are forced to concentrate on English by the demand of their Chinese students. I knew a mission in a large city in the interior which on principle refrained from teaching any English in its schools. The result was that the schools had no pupils, and English was eventually introduced. And the demand for English on the part of the pupils comes from the fact that without it they cannot receive a good salary in the business world established by Mr. Bennett and his friends. In the same way, since the great majority of the most intelligent and energetic of the educated young men of China are entering into mass production and

distribution of goods, it is only right that mission schools should give them a grounding in the principles of economics, that they may have the theory as well as the practice of the thing. Their ancient doctrines have failed to meet the present situation. They cannot remain without any philosophy.

Yet the missionaries recognize the value of ancient Chinese culture often more keenly than the Chinese of this generation. Southeastern University in Nanking, a Chinese government institution, erects large and rather ugly buildings on the Western plan, while Ginling College, a missionary institution for girls a couple of miles away, puts up buildings of exquisite Chinese design and workmanship, like beautiful temples, yet practically and conveniently arranged to suit the needs of the college. It is true that graduates of mission schools are often unfortunately weak in Chinese literature and the command of their own language. It is a fault which we are always trying to remedy. Yet the blame cannot be placed entirely upon the foreign educators, for the Chinese students do not avail themselves of the opportunities for the study of the Chinese language provided by the missionary institutions. St. John's University in Shanghai, for instance, which has been for years perhaps the foremost foreign university in China, has an excellent Chinese department conducted by eminent Chinese scholars of the old school. A few of the graduates of the university are found to have gained an admirable mastery of their own culture through this department. Most of the students, however, do not care to indulge in what they consider the pastime of a gentleman. Perhaps they have been too much commercialized.

Mr. Bennett objects to the entire educational system of Protestant missions. He says we are 'forever seeking

to make of the farmer or his son a foreign-educated doctor, lawyer, or engineer.' It is true that all but a very small per cent of 'China's millions' are farmers and in all probability will very properly always remain so. We wish it were possible for the Church to establish a simple, helpful primary school in every smallest hamlet of the eighteen provinces. Many such schools do exist, but they are only a drop in the bucket — or more like a drop in the Yangtze River. We see that foreigners must leave the establishment of a nation-wide system of education to the Chinese themselves. The foreign missionaries, having only a limited amount of time and strength, have deliberately concentrated on teaching the teachers — and especially along those lines where the experience of the West is eagerly sought, including agriculture. The Christian University of Nanking has already achieved notable work in its department of agriculture.

It is curious to me that in the same article we should be blamed for being ourselves 'Jacks-of-all-trades' with 'no pretense to the higher education' and for paying too much attention to schools of what is generally called higher education. Anyone who is interested can easily obtain catalogues of the various missionary institutions and satisfy himself as to the number of members of the faculty possessing various degrees from the universities of their homelands. The lists, I think, are more impressive than any words of mine can be. If one still insists that missionaries are uneducated, one must carry the quarrel back to those who are responsible for the modern theories of education throughout the world. We can give only what we have received — and are constantly receiving by the taking of advanced courses in various universities when we return

home on those furloughs Mr. Bennett deploras so much. Laudable as may be an unbroken residence of thirty years in China from the point of view of devotion, it does not further familiarity with the continuous improvements in the 'arts and crafts' of our 'particular civilizations.' There are also, it is true, many Protestant missionaries in China who have received a very limited amount of schooling—as there are 'lay brothers' and 'sisters' in the Roman Catholic orders. I myself should be unwilling, out of respect for the Chinese people, to support any mission which would put uneducated persons in positions of authority. I do not hold a brief for every missionary institution and individual. One is free to choose. God, however, has a disconcerting habit of choosing sometimes what has been rejected of men.

IV

With regard to the difficulty I mentioned just now of reaching the four hundred million people of China, I am not much impressed with the figures brought forward by either Mr. Bennett or the author of the paper called 'A Missionary Audit,' in an earlier number of the *Atlantic*, which Mr. Bennett undertook to supplement. In that paper it was shown conclusively that if eight hundred thousand Chinese have become Christians during the last twenty years, at the same rate it will take foreign missions twenty-five hundred years to make Christians of one fourth of the Chinese population. It is a matter of arithmetic. But arithmetic can sometimes fail. Suppose we illustrate, reverently, by considering the number of 'converts' made by the Founder of our religion. On the day of Pentecost there were assembled in an upper room in Jerusalem all the 'brethren' who had frankly identified

themselves with the cause of Christ—namely, one hundred and twenty people, the entire result, one might say, of the two or three years' ministry of Jesus of Nazareth. To be safe, let us say it was two years. Even then we must see ('I speak as a fool') that it took Him more than six days to make one convert. But on the day of Pentecost three thousand people were baptized in one day through the testimony of the one hundred and twenty—an average, clearly, of twenty-five converts per speaker in one day. Can we therefore conclude that the preaching of each of these brethren was one hundred and fifty times as effective as the preaching of Christ Himself? The absurdity is apparent, and we are forced to consider that Pentecost also was a result of Christ's ministry of preparation. The rate of outward success was only speeded up with varying conditions.

Now if we could believe that all of our eight hundred thousand Christians would be as faithful as the first one hundred and twenty, China's four hundred millions could be reached in short order. Of course that is not probable. But there are many indications that the Chinese Christians themselves will soon be able to build, upon the foundation laid by the foreign missionaries, such a structure as would have been impossible to outsiders. To say that, since the foreign societies have been paying so many dollars per year for the support of missions for such and such a length of time, they can therefore tell how much money will be needed in the future is like a father who should say, 'My son is now in medical school. Since I have been paying one thousand dollars a year for his education for the last ten years, I shall still have to pay fifty thousand dollars if he lives fifty years more.'

The question of money is, of course, one of the most difficult, and it is on this that Mr. Bennett bases most of his charges against Protestant missionaries, saying that they live in reckless splendor in the midst of the bitter poverty of the average Chinese family. I think the impartial commission he has advocated would not find his charges substantiated. I do not say that we make no mistakes in determining what is moderation 'as a wise man would determine it,' but the standard usually sought for is the minimum which will preserve the missionary family in physical, mental, and spiritual health, not forgetting such things as phonographs and gardens, according to temperament. The majority of missionaries whom I know well live about as luxuriously as the majority of college professors in the United States. It is, naturally, magnificence to the coolie, but simplicity to the wealthy merchant, foreign or Chinese. The fact that foreign teachers usually require a much higher salary than do their Chinese colleagues of the teacher class is of course one of the real barriers to perfect fellowship. I wish it did not exist. But where true Christian understanding is found this fact is accepted almost like the difference in the cut of their clothes. Monasticism seems to me a very beautiful way of begging the question. Our method states it without arrogance or condescension, trusting to the good sense of the Chinese people. Probably both ways are needed.

The accusations with regard to the missionaries' profiteering by their jobs seem so entirely unfounded as to be hardly worth answering. It is true that some missionaries have handsome houses which could not be bought out of their salaries. These houses are paid for from their private incomes. As missionaries come from all walks of life, the wealthiest as well as the poorest, it is

no wonder that you occasionally find one who brings a small fortune with him. I believe that at least half of the missionaries whom I know have inherited some little money from their families, yet, for the sake of the other half, one cannot reduce the salary. It is even conceivable that there may be as many as one hundred missionaries in North China, as Mr. Bennett says, who own, in various summer resorts, houses which rent for six hundred taels apiece for the season. The gentleman's figures, however, do not inspire confidence when one reads his statement that 'the average Chinese family's total earnings do not exceed five gold dollars per annum.' Now the price of rice in China is such nowadays that the cost of the mere rice required to keep one person alive for a month is approximately one gold dollar, exclusive of the cost of the fuel, oil, salt, cabbage, and beans demanded even by the poor, to say nothing of their clothes. Perhaps some estimates might be lower, but I think any Chinese you ask will probably agree that this is about normal. It seems, then, that a family could live hardly more than a month on the sum of money allotted them by Mr. Bennett for a year. If he thus overstates tenfold the poverty of the Chinese, does it not seem probable that he is overstating also the luxury of the missionaries?

As for the commercial enterprises sometimes undertaken by the missionaries, whether selling milk, Christmas cards, or embroidery, these, like the Roman Catholic industrial work, are not private money-making schemes, but are carried on almost invariably for the benefit of the Chinese employees, the profits (if any) seldom being used even for the support of the mission, but generally being turned back into some sort of social-service work. Often such undertakings, run on a small scale by a busy person in his free moments, are

not self-supporting, but are a drain on the missionary's private income, like a woodpile kept to avoid pauperizing American tramps by too many free breakfasts. Perhaps this is not economically sound. I think it is probably pardonable. Our own mission has a strict rule that any money made by a missionary by occasional secular employment must be turned in to the bishop — so that if, by any chance, the *Atlantic* considers my words worth buying I shall have to ask permission of the Bishop of Shanghai to turn the *Atlantic's* check over to famine relief. I don't know anything about the Peking Language School's taking boarders. It may be justified or it may not. I entirely agree with Mr. Bennett that Mr. Rockefeller spent too much money on the outer trimmings of an excellent work in the Peking Union Medical School, but that is scarcely a typical missionary institution.

V

Mr. Bennett has much to say about the troubles of last year and how the 'Protestant missionaries marched with most undignified haste to the coast ports . . . regardless of the welfare of any but themselves.' He fails to realize that, since the revolution was more antforeign than antichristian, it could only harm the native Christians and increase confusion to have their foreign friends disobey the orders of their various consuls by remaining at their posts. I don't know what the Roman Catholics are doing in China just now, because I myself was a refugee from

Nanking and came to America immediately. I have just received permission to return to China next month. But I do know that it is quite in accordance with the general policy of the Roman Church to withdraw its people temporarily from a given place in time of persecution. In 1925 I saw many Roman Catholic missionaries from near Canton refugeeing in the Philippines. The present forced absence of so many Protestant missionaries from the interior has, I will say, given an opportunity to the Chinese Christians to demonstrate their strength, which they have done with such courage, faithfulness, and ability as to be very encouraging.

The point on which I feel the deepest agreement with Mr. Bennett is that no one — neither the missionaries themselves nor their misguided friends — should ask the rest of the world to give 'reverence' to the very normal, active, and happy members of our missions in China. If we are looking for glory, we certainly don't deserve it. Most of us, I think, are merely trying to do our duty like other folks. And we are fortunate in being able to be busy about those things which interest us the most. Why, then, antagonize all sane-minded laymen by claiming that we are more than a company of natural men and women attempting a big work, often making mistakes, but using what wits we have to carry out the plan of the home Church and relying on God to supply our deficiencies? If fewer claims to superiority are made for us, perhaps ordinary fair play will be more readily given.

DEATH OF RED PERIL

A Tragic Melodrama

BY WALTER D. EDMONDS

I

JOHN brought his off eye to bear on me: —

What do them old coots down to the store do? Why, one of 'em will think up a horse that's been dead forty year and then they'll set around remembering this and that about that horse until they've made a resurrection of him. You'd think he was a regular Grattan Bars, the way they talk, telling one thing and another, when a man knows if that horse had n't 've had a breeching to keep his tail end off the ground he could hardly have walked from here to Boonville.

A horse race is a handsome thing to watch if a man has his money on a sure proposition. My pa was always a great hand at a horse race. But when he took to a boat and my mother he did n't have no more time for it. So he got interested in another sport.

Did you ever hear of racing caterpillars? No? Well, it used to be a great thing on the canawl. My pa used to have a lot of them insects on hand every fall, and the way he could get them to run would make a man have his eyes examined.

The way we raced caterpillars was to set them in a napkin ring on a table, one facing one way and one the other. Outside the napkin ring was drawed a circle in chalk three feet acrost. Then a man lifted the ring and

the handlers was allowed one jab with a darning needle to get their caterpillars started. The one that got outside the chalk circle the first was the one that won the race.

I remember my pa tried out a lot of breeds, and he got hold of some pretty fast steppers. But there was n't one of them could equal Red Peril. To see him you would n't believe he could run. He was all red and kind of stubby, and he had a sort of a wart behind that you'd think would get in his way. There was n't anything fancy in his looks. He'd just set still studying the ground and make you think he was dreaming about last year's oats; but when you set him in the starting ring he'd hitch himself up behind like a man lifting on his galluses, and then he'd light out for glory.

Pa come acrost Red Peril down in Westernville. Ma's relatives resided there, and it being Sunday we'd all gone in to church. We was riding back in a hired rig with a dandy trotter, and Pa was pushing her right along and Ma was talking sermon and clothes, and me and my sister was setting on the back seat playing poke your nose, when all of a sudden Pa hollers, 'Whoa!' and set the horse right down on the breeching. Ma let out a holler and come to rest on the dashboard with her head under the horse. 'My gracious land!' she says. 'What's happened?' Pa was out on the other side of the road right down in the

mud in his Sunday pants, a-wropping up something in his yellor handkerchief. Ma begun to get riled. 'What you doing, Pa?' she says. 'What you got there?' Pa was putting his handkerchief back into his inside pocket. Then he come back over the wheel and got him a chew. 'Leeza,' he says, 'I got the fastest caterpillar in seven counties. It's an act of Providence I seen him, the way he jumped the ruts.' 'It's an act of God I ain't laying dead under the back end of that horse,' says Ma. 'I've gone and spoilt my Sunday hat.' 'Never mind,' says Pa; 'Red Peril will earn you a new one.' Just like that he named him. He was the fastest caterpillar in seven counties.

When we got back onto the boat, while Ma was turning up the supper, Pa set him down to the table under the lamp and pulled out the handkerchief. 'You two devils stand there and there,' he says to me and my sister, 'and if you let him get by I'll leather the soap out of you.'

So we stood there and he undid the handkerchief, and out walked one of them red, long-haired caterpillars. He walked right to the middle of the table, and then he took a short turn and put his nose in his tail and went to sleep.

'Who'd think that insect could make such a break for freedom as I seen him make?' says Pa, and he got out a empty Brandreth box and filled it up with some towel and put the caterpillar inside. 'He needs a rest,' says Pa. 'He needs to get used to his stall. When he limbers up I'll commence training him. Now then,' he says, putting the box on the shelf back of the stove, 'don't none of you say a word about him.'

He got out a pipe and set there smoking and figuring, and we could see he was studying out just how he'd make a world-beater out of that bug. 'What

you going to feed him?' asks Ma. 'If I was n't afraid of constipating him,' Pa says, 'I'd try him out with milkweed.'

Next day we hauled up the Lansing Kill Gorge. Ned Kilbourne, Pa's driver, come aboard in the morning, and he took a look at that caterpillar. He took him out of the box and felt his legs and laid him down on the table and went clean over him. 'Well,' he says, 'he don't look like a great lot, but I've knowed some of that red variety could chug along pretty smart.' Then he touched him with a pin. It was a sudden sight.

It looked like the rear end of that caterpillar was racing the front end, but it could n't never quite get by. Afore either Ned or Pa could get a move Red Peril had made a turn around the sugar bowl and run solid aground in the butter dish.

Pa let out a loud swear. 'Look out he don't pull a tendon,' he says. 'Butter's a bad thing. A man has to be careful. Jeepers,' he says, picking him up and taking him over to the stove to dry, 'I'll handle him myself. I don't want no rum-soaked bezabors dishing my beans.'

'I did n't mean harm, Will,' says Ned. 'I was just curious.'

There was something extraordinary about that caterpillar. He was intelligent. It seemed he just could n't abide the feel of sharp iron. It got so that if Pa reached for the lapel of his coat Red Peril would light out. It must have been he was tender. I said he had a sort of a wart behind, and I guess he liked to find it a place of safety.

We was all terrible proud of that bird. Pa took to timing him on the track. He beat all known time holler. He got to know that as soon as he crossed the chalk he would get back safe in his quarters. Only when we

tried sprinting him across the supper table, if he saw a piece of butter he'd pull up short and bolt back where he come from. He had a mortal fear of butter.

Well, Pa trained him three nights. It was a sight to see him there at the table, a big man with a needle in his hand, moving the lamp around and studying out the identical spot that caterpillar wanted most to get out of the needle's way. Pretty soon he found it, and then he says to Ned, 'I'll race him agin all comers at all odds.' 'Well, Will,' says Ned, 'I guess it's a safe proposition.'

II

We hauled up the feeder to Forestport and got us a load of potatoes. We raced him there against Charley Mack, the bank-walker's, Leopard Pillar, one of them tufted breeds with a row of black buttons down the back. The Leopard was well liked and had won several races that season, and there was quite a few boaters around that fancied him. Pa argued for favorable odds, saying he was racing a maiden caterpillar; and there was a lot of money laid out, and Pa and Ned managed to cover the most of it. As for the race, there was n't anything to it. While we was putting him in the ring—one of them birchbark and sweet grass ones Indians make — Red Peril did n't act very good. I guess the smell and the crowd kind of upset him. He was nervous and kept fidgeting with his front feet; but they had n't more'n lifted the ring than he lit out under the edge as tight as he could make it, and Pa touched him with the needle just as he lepped the line. Me and my sister was supposed to be in bed, but Ma had gone visiting in Forestport and we'd snuck in and was under the table, which had a red cloth onto it, and I can tell

you there was some shouting. There was some could n't believe that insect had been inside the ring at all; and there was some said he must be a cross with a dragon fly or a side-hill gouger; but old Charley Mack, that'd worked in the camps, said he guessed Red Peril must be descended from the caterpillars Paul Bunyan used to race. He said you could tell by the bump on his tail, which Paul used to put on all his caterpillars, seeing as how the smallest pointed object he could hold in his hand was a peavy.

Well, Pa raced him a couple of more times and he won just as easy, and Pa cleared up close to a hundred dollars in three races. That caterpillar was a mammoth wonder, and word of him got going and people commenced talking him up everywhere, so it was hard to race him around these parts.

But about that time the lock keeper of Number One on the feeder come across a pretty swift article that the people round Rome thought high of. And as our boat was headed down the gorge, word got ahead about Red Peril, and people began to look out for the race.

We come into Number One about four o'clock, and Pa tied up right there and went on shore with his box in his pocket and Red Peril inside the box. There must have been ten men crowded into the shanty, and as many more again outside looking in the windows and door. The lock tender was a skinny bezabor from Stittville, who thought he knew a lot about racing caterpillars; and, come to think of it, maybe he did. His name was Henry Buscerck, and he had a bad tooth in front he used to suck at a lot.

Well, him and Pa set their caterpillars on the table for the crowd to see, and I must say Buscerck's caterpillar was as handsome a brute as you could

wish to look at, bright bay with black points and a short fine coat. He had a way of looking right and left, too, that made him handsome. But Pa did n't bother to look at him. Red Peril was a natural marvel, and he knew it.

Buscerck was a sly, twirpish man, and he must've heard about Red Peril — right from the beginning, as it turned out; for he laid out the course in yeller chalk. They used Pa's ring, a big silver one he'd bought secondhand just for Red Peril. They laid out a lot of money, and Dennison Smith lifted the ring. The way Red Peril histed himself out from under would raise a man's blood pressure twenty notches. I swear you could see the hair lay down on his back. Why, that black-pointed bay was left nowhere! It did n't seem like he moved. But Red Peril was just gathering himself for a fast finish over the line when he seen it was yeller. He reared right up; he must've thought it was butter, by Jeepers, the way he whirled on his hind legs and went the way he'd come. Pa begun to get scared, and he shook his needle behind Red Peril, but that caterpillar was more scared of butter than he ever was of cold steel. He passed the other insect afore he'd got halfway to the line. By Cripus, you'd ought to've heard the cheering from the Forestport crews. The Rome men was green. But when he got to the line, danged if that caterpillar did n't shy agin and run around the circle twicet, and then it seemed like his heart had gone in on him, and he crept right back to the middle of the circle and lay there hiding his head. It was the pitifullest sight a man ever looked at. You could almost hear him moaning, and he shook all over.

I've never seen a man so riled as Pa was. The water was running right out of his eyes. He picked up Red Peril

and he says, 'This here's no race.' He picked up his money and he says, 'The course was illegal, with that yeller chalk.' Then he squashed the other caterpillar, which was just getting ready to cross the line, and he looks at Buscerck and says, 'What're you going to do about that?'

Buscerck says, 'I'm going to collect my money. My caterpillar would have beat.'

'If you want to call that a finish you can,' says Pa, pointing to the squashed bay one, 'but a baby could see he's still got to reach the line. Red Peril got to wire and come back and got to it again afore your hayseed worn got half his feet on the ground. If it was any other man owned him,' Pa says, 'I'd feel sorry I squashed him.'

He stepped out of the house, but Buscerck laid a-hold of his pants and says, 'You got to pay, Hemstreet. A man can't get away with no such excuses in the city of Rome.'

Pa did n't say nothing. He just hauled off and sunk his fist, and Buscerck come to inside the lock, which was at low level right then. He waded out the lower end and he says, 'I'll have you arrested for this.' Pa says 'All right; but if I ever catch you around this lock again I'll let you have a feel with your other eye.'

Nobody else wanted to collect money from Pa, on account of his build, mostly so we went back to the boat. Pa put Red Peril to bed for two days. It took him all of that to get over his fright at the yeller circle. Pa even made us go without butter for a spell, thinking Red Peril might know the smell of it. He was such an intelligent, thinking animal, a man could n't tell nothing about him.

III

But next morning the sheriff come aboard and arrests Pa with a warrant

and takes him afore a justice of the peace. That was old Oscar Snipe. He'd heard all about the race, and I think he was feeling pleasant with Pa, because right off they commenced talking breeds. It would have gone off good only Pa'd been having a round with the sheriff. They come in arm in arm, singing a Hallelujah meeting song; but Pa was polite, and when Oscar says, 'What's this?' he only says, 'Well, well.'

'I hear you've got a good caterpillar,' says the judge.

'Well, well,' says Pa. It was all he could think of to say.

'What breed is he?' says Oscar, taking a chew.

'Well,' says Pa, 'well, well.'

Ned Kilbourne says he was a red one.

'That's a good breed,' says Oscar, folding his hands on his stummick and spitting over his thumbs and between his knees and into the sandbox all in one spit. 'I kind of fancy the yellor ones myself. You're a connesewer,' he says to Pa, 'and so'm I, and between connesewers I'd like to show you one. He's as neat a stepper as there is in this county.'

'Well, well,' says Pa, kind of cold around the eyes and looking at the lithograph of Mrs. Snipe done in a hair frame over the sink.

Oscar slews around and fetches a box out of his back pocket and shows us a sweet little yellor one.

'There she is,' he says, and waits for praise.

'She was a good woman,' Pa said after a while, looking at the picture, 'if any woman that's four times a widow can be called such.'

'Not her,' says Oscar. 'It's this yellor caterpillar.'

Pa slung his eyes on the insect which Oscar was holding, and it seemed like he'd just got an idee.

'Fast?' he says, deep down. 'That thing run! Why, a snail with the stringhalt could spit in his eye.'

Old Oscar come to a boil quick.

'Evidence. Bring me the evidence.'

He spit, and he was that mad he let his whole chew get away from him without noticing. Buscerek says, 'Here,' and takes his hand off'n his right eye.

Pa never took no notice of nothing after that but the eye. It was the shiniest black onion I ever see on a man. Oscar says, 'Forty dollars!' And Pa pays and says, 'It's worth it.'

But it don't never pay to make an enemy in horse racing or caterpillars, as you will see, after I've got around to telling you.

Well, we raced Red Peril nine times after that, all along the Big Ditch, and you can hear to this day — yes, sir — that there never was a caterpillar alive could run like Red Peril. Pa got rich onto him. He allowed to buy a new team in the spring. If he could only've started a breed from that bug, his fortune would've been made and Henry Ford would've looked like a bent nickel alongside of me to-day. But caterpillars are n't built like Ford cars. We beat all the great caterpillars of the year, and it being a time for a late winter, there was some fast running. We raced the Buffalo Big Blue and Fenwick's Night Mail and Wilson's Joe of Barneveld. There was n't one could touch Red Peril. It was close into October when a crowd got together and brought up the Black Arrer of Ava to race us, but Red Peril beat him by an inch. And after that there was n't a caterpillar in the state would race Pa's.

He was mighty chesty them days and had come to be quite a figger down the canawl. People come aboard to talk with him and admire Red Peril; and Pa got the idea of charging five cents

a sight, and that made for more money even if there was n't no more running for the animile. He commenced to get fat.

And then come the time that comes to all caterpillars. And it goes to show that a man ought to be as careful of his enemies as he is lending money to friends.

IV

We was hauling down the Lansing Kill again and we'd just crossed the aqueduct over Stringer Brook when the lock keeper, that minded it and the lock just below, come out and says there was quite a lot of money being put up on a caterpillar they'd collected down in Rome.

Well, Pa went in and he got out Red Peril and tried him out. He was fat and his stifles acted kind of stiff, but you could see with half an eye he was still fast. His start was a mite slower, but he made great speed once he got going.

'He's not in the best shape in the world,' Pa says, 'and if it was any other bug I would n't want to run him. But I'll trust the old brute,' and he commenced brushing him up with a toothbrush he'd bought a-purpose.

'Yeanh,' says Ned. 'It may not be right, but we've got to consider the public.'

By what happened after, we might have known that we'd meet up with that caterpillar at Number One Lock; but there was n't no sign of Buscerck, and Pa was so excited at racing Red Peril again that I doubt if he noticed where he was at all. He was all rigged out for the occasion. He had on a black hat and a new red boating waistcoat, and when he busted loose with his horn for the lock you'd have thought he wanted to wake up all the deaf-and-dumbers in seven counties. We tied by the upper gates and left the

team to graze; and there was quite a crowd on hand. About nine morning boats was tied along the towpath, and all the afternoon boats waited. People was hanging around, and when they heard Pa whanging his horn they let out a great cheer. He took off his hat to some of the ladies, and then he took Red Peril out of his pocket and everybody cheered some more.

'Who owns this here caterpillar I've been hearing about?' Pa asks. 'Where is he? Why don't he bring out his pore contraption?'

A feller says he's in the shanty.

'What's his name?' says Pa.

'Martin Henry's running him. He's called the Horned Demon of Rome.'

'Dinged if I ever thought to see him at my time of life,' says Pa. And he goes in. Inside there was a lot of men talking and smoking and drinking and laying money faster than leghorns can lay eggs, and when Pa comes in they let out a great howdy, and when Pa put down the Brandreth box on the table they crowded round; and you'd ought to've heard the mammoth shout they give when Red Peril climbed out of his box. And well they might. Yes, sir!

You can tell that caterpillar's a thoroughbred. He's shining right down to the root of each hair. He's round, but he ain't too fat. He don't look as supple as he used to, but the folks can't tell that. He's got the winner's look, and he prances into the centre of the ring with a kind of delicate canter that was as near single footing as I ever see a caterpillar get to. By Jeepers Cripus! I felt proud to be in the same family as him, and I was n't only a little lad.

Pa waits for the admiration to die down, and he lays out his money, and he says to Martin Henry, 'Let's see your ring-boned swivel-hocked imitation of a bug.'

Martin answers, 'Well, he ain't much to look at, maybe, but you'll be surprised to see how he can push along.'

And he lays down the dangedest lump of worm you ever set your eyes on. It's the kind of insect a man might expect to see in France or one of them furrin lands. It's about two and a half inches long and stands only half a thumbnail at the shoulder. It's green and as hairless as a newborn egg, and it crouches down squinting around at Red Peril like a man with sweat in his eye. It ain't natural nor refined to look at such a bug, let alone race it.

When Pa seen it, he let out a shout and laughed. He could n't talk from laughing.

But the crowd did n't say a lot, having more money on the race than ever was before or since on a similar occasion. It was so much that even Pa commenced to be serious. Well, they put 'em in the ring together and Red Peril kept over on his side with a sort of intelligent dislike. He was the brainiest article in the caterpillar line I ever knowed. The other one just hunkered down with a mean look in his eye.

Millard Thompson held the ring. He counted, 'One — two — three — and off.' Some folks said it was the highest he knew how to count, but he always got that far anyhow, even if it took quite a while for him to remember what figger to commence with.

The ring come off and Pa and Martin Henry sunk their needles — at least they almost sunk them, for just then them standing close to the course seen that Horned Demon sink his horns into the back end of Red Peril. He was always a sensitive animal, Red Peril was, and if a needle made him start you can think for yourself what them two horns did for him. He cleared twelve inches

in one jump — but then he sot right down on his belly, trembling.

'Foul!' bellers Pa. 'My 'pillar's fouled.'

'It ain't in the rule book,' Millard says.

'It's a foul!' yells Pa; and all the Forestport men yell, 'Foul! Foul!'

But it was n't allowed. The Horned Demon commenced walking to the circle — he could n't move much faster than a barrel can roll uphill, but he was getting there. We all seen two things, then. Red Peril was dying, and we was losing the race. Pa stood there kind of foamy in his beard, and the water running right out of both eyes. It's an awful thing to see a big man cry in public. But Ned saved us. He seen Red Peril was dying, the way he wiggled, and he figgered, with the money he had on him, he'd make him win if he could.

He leans over and puts his nose into Red Peril's ear, and he shouts, 'My Cripus, you've gone and dropped the butter!'

Something got into that caterpillar's brain, dying as he was, and he let out the smallest squeak of a hollering fright I ever listened to a caterpillar make. There was a convulsion got into him. He looked like a three-dollar mule with the wind colic, and then he gave a bound. My holy! How that caterpillar did rise up. When he come down again, he was stone dead, but he lay with his chin across the line. He'd won the race. The Horned Demon was blowing bad and only halfway to the line. . . .

Well, we won. But I think Pa's heart was busted by the squeal he heard Red Peril make when he died. He could n't abide Ned's face after that, though he knowed Ned had saved the day for him. But he put Red Peril's carcase in his pocket with the money and walks out.

And there he seen Buscercck standing

at the sluices. Pa stood looking at him. The sheriff was alongside Buscerck and Oscar Snipe on the other side, and Buscerck guessed he had the law behind him.

'Who owns that Horned Demon?' says Pa.

'Me,' says Buscerck with a sneer. 'He may have lost, but he done a good job doing it.'

Pa walks right up to him.

'I've got another forty dollars in my pocket,' he says, and he connected sizably.

Buscerck's boots showed a minute. Pretty soon they let down the water

and pulled him out. They had to roll a couple of gallons out of him afore they got a grunt. It served him right. He'd played foul. But the sheriff was worried, and he says to Oscar, 'Had I ought to arrest Will?' (Meaning Pa.)

Oscar was a sporting man. He could n't abide low dealing. He looks at Buscerck there, shaping his belly over the barrel, and he says, 'Water never hurt a man. It keeps his hide from cracking.' So they let Pa alone. I guess they did n't think it was safe to have a man in jail that would cry about a caterpillar. But then they had n't lived alongside of Red Peril like us.

SHIRAHAMA

BY GUSTAV ECKSTEIN

I

FOR an instant he studies his face in the pool, then lets himself slip quickly between the great lumps of lava that make the back wall of the garden, darts in and out among the pines, and at last, with a spring that leaves his sandals behind him, mounts to where we kneel on the polished teak that runs round three sides of this quiet room. His dark eyes move from one to the other of us, move slowly and questioningly, as did they know something they would not reveal. Then he laughs loud, pushes his head between our two heads, speaks banteringly in Japanese, words I do not understand, words that send some swift doubt into his beautiful sister's face. Like a sprite then, once more among the pines and once more above the pool.

His beautiful sister turns again to the old print. His beautiful sister might have stepped from an old print. Lightly she passes her fingers over the paper, as the blind would do. There is something she is trying to recall. She narrows her narrow eyes, and presses her thumb to her lips. 'Ah — wis — wis — wisteria? Yes? Wisteria?' These English words are very, very hard to find. She shapes certain Japanese ideographs in large strokes upon the air. 'Purple flower? Summer time?' Three years' English in the middle school do not reach far if one is to speak the language with the foreigner. Nevertheless she is anxious to speak the language with the foreigner. And the foreigner would be anxious for ever and ever. Nothing living has come so straight out of the regions of poetry and fairy tale.

It grows dark. Only the dim end of twilight still lingers over the earth, and behind us in the room are the first stirrings of night. The servant is placing the lacquered tables. The children are thinking of bowls of rice. Too late to look at the old prints now, and we turn, she and I, toward the garden.

A little garden, but one that all this sunny afternoon has given me the feeling of spaces immense, and that with the dwindling light gives me the feeling more and more. My eyes by one uninterrupted sweep move from where I kneel out to where they rest at last on the distant mountains, whose rim is even sharper now that day is blotted from the sky. What nonsense to speak of these gardens as gardens in miniature. The illusion is the very reverse, and illusion, in the art of gardens as in all art, is truth. Whatever the learned tomes in the Imperial Library say to the contrary, these trees were dwarfed exactly that they might seem miles and miles away. And these stone pagodas that are but toys, when set there where their spires rise above the pines, do of themselves push the imagination into the remote. 'Lovely? Old picture? Evening time?' I should need not one word of her inimitable English to grasp every inimitable meaning. I tell her this garden is much, much more than lovely. It is majestic. It is poetical. It is — she smiles, and I think how the learned tomes will say I am only in the midst of a vast symbolism, a symbolism touching earth and Buddha and man, a symbolism so inextricably Oriental that no Occidental can ever hope to understand.

And now a yellow moon rises over the mountain and the wall. It rises precisely over the middle of the wall. Here indeed the learned tomes speak true. The August moon must rise over the middle of the wall. So did he see it, he who planned it — the August moon

at its full precisely over the middle. He saw too this lava in the pale light. He saw too every slender shadow, every grotesque shadow, every strange shadow. 'Tsuki,' whispers the soft voice near me. Tsuki. The moon's name is gentle in all languages, but never gentler than in the mouths of these little children as, one after another, they come to where we are sitting, and discover, each with a tiny burst of happiness, that *she* is there.

Eight children, and not but one a boy. Girls break the house, says the proverb, and it is therefore, the master assures me, that this house shall have more and more and more children, till the strain runs pure boys. The master chuckles at his words. The master grows shy. Then he repeats that there must be more and more and more children, up to twelve, even if all twelve come girls. Someone must have children nowadays! Someone must make up for the families where there are but six and seven! Hard by there lives a man who, when he had three, and all three boys, complained that three were too many. Then came a fourth, a girl, but soon after she came she died. 'Many a bad half hour has that poor man had from then to this,' says the master, as he slips into his kimono of the night, a fresh one, a plain one, of common *kyarako*.

II

The children begin their game. It is the same they played last night and the night before. Children of the West play it too, except that for the fan they drop a handkerchief as they run round the ring. Only Kuni does not play. Kuni never begins a game when the others begin. Some queer shyness intervenes. Kuni is like her father in that. Kuni is like her father in features too, — the mouth, the eyes, — I see it now as she leans against his knee.

Lazily she climbs over that knee, drops with a bump between the legs.

And, as she drops, that is the moment the dusky stately lady enters from the dark — one of those entrances that transform a place. I have seen the dusky stately lady before, marked her especially a little while ago as dreamily she watched the moon. Her long silver pipe she empties into the tobacco *bon*. Then she refills the pipe. Then she lights it on the charcoal. Then she draws a languid breath. The smoke idles from her nostrils. She draws another languid breath. Everyone in the room, I think, must be sensible of every move she makes, and at least everyone is sensible of what happens next. An insect, made dizzy by the smoke, circles slowly from the ceiling on to the dusky lady's sleeve. The dusky lady watches the squirmings, watches them dreamily as she watched the moon, presently takes the bit of life between her two thin fingers and, quietly and leisurely, feeds it into the glowing charcoal. I shall remember till I die. The act rouses the stately lady. Tranquilly she looks about her, deftly finds the giddy creatures where they float in the air, and presses them, creature after creature, into the heat. Abruptly the master turns from her, and I join the master, and together we study the contours of the moon. He knows of what I am thinking. He speaks of his own accord. 'We do not kill, do we, you and I?' But immediately he has spoken he is visited by one of his fits of shyness and tersely concludes: 'Perhaps only we are afraid we may not go to Buddha when we die.'

Kuni has deserted father's leg. Kuni has let herself be drawn step by step toward the whirl of the ring, and now she breaks through the ring, drives out Massa, sober Massa who kneels in the middle. All eyes have

left the stately lady. Kuni has gone with such a feminine directness at what she wanted that all laugh. Kuni does not know why they laugh. But they laugh. And it is enough that they laugh. She laughs too. She squats like an image of the mild and smiling Jizo. Soon, however, she is weary of the middle; flings herself in the path of her who flees with the fan. Again it is Massa. Massa yields the fan as had she known she would from the day she was born, and Kuni skips off helter skelter as a butterfly, opens the fan, closes it, opens it, closes it, tosses it with abandon into the air. Her own movements make her wild. She dashes through the ring. She dashes round the ring. She snatches the fan a second time, hides it in her kimono, runs with it, a quick short run, like the advance of a prima donna toward the centre of a stage, and, like the prima donna, terminates that run in a deep, deep bow. Art could not invent so exquisite a thing.

But to her sisters this charm has not the freshness that it has to me. Kuni has spoiled their game. Kuni spoils it every night, and one of them pushes her, gently, off to one side. It would take an older philosophy to suffer it — thus in the middle of her pride, — and a small penetrating wail goes into the air. Quickly from the other room mother. Kuni throws her arms round mother's leg, as were that leg a post. *Hara-hara-hara*. Mother makes a noise like the rasping of some gigantic beetle. Kuni only wails the louder and falls despairingly on her back. Mother lightly taps the baby thigh. Taps and taps. Kuni wails and wails. *Kora-kora-kora*. Kuni's wail thins to a shriek, but in the very quality of the shriek it is plain Kuni is fighting something invisible stealing on her from inside. *Hara-hara-hara, kora-kora-kora*. Mother taps and taps. Kuni wails

and wails. The taps grow lighter and lighter. The taps cease. Mother throws a netting over the sleeping Kuni's head.

Now the game might go on, but does not. Every evening it is the same. Every evening the children turn instead to dance and song. The little voices are tight at first, but they loosen, and the little bodies loosen too, begin to move, back and forth and in and out, and while the arms go one way the legs go another. My body does not work like these bodies. My body feels queer even to look at these bodies. I think of what I thought as a boy, of Chinamen — and all Japanese were Chinamen then — walking on the bottom of the earth with their heads into a sky that is underneath. A topsyturvy feeling. The tininess of the kimonos adds to the feeling, as the sky color adds to the tininess. Only Yone's kimono is no sky color. Yone's kimono is orange with a pattern of blood-red parasols.

And now Yone joins Massa and Iku, and together the three break into a fresh song: —

*'Kyoto no Godyo no hashi no uye
Dai no otoko no Benkei wa
Nagai naginata furiagete
Ushiwaka megakete kirikakaru*

*'Ushiwaka maru wa tobinoite
Motta ogi wo nagetsukete
Koi-koi-koi to rankan no
Uyeye agatte tewo tatakuru*

*'Mayeya ushiroya migi hidari
Kokoto omoeyeba mata achira
Tsubame no yona hayawazani
Oni no Benkei ayamatta'*

(In Kyoto on the bridge of Godyo,
Benkei, the huge,
Brandishing his sword,
Thrusting and slashing at little Ushiwaka.

Backward Ushiwaka Maru,
Backward cautiously to the end of the bridge,
Then claps his hands,
'Come, come, come!'

Quick as the swallow,
Seems here, is there —
Before, behind, to right, to left —
Benkei, the demon, yields.)

On a hard high note the song breaks off and the stillness is over us again. The singers settle to their knees. A pause, then Massa rises and sings alone. She sings all for the song's sake. The other children love the song too, and their lips follow the words. Only Iku continues stroking her doll, a doll like the women of the streets, deathly pale with the pallor of powder, a white so white that to our Western sense it wants all nuance.

*'Dokokara kitanoka tondekita konoha
Kuru-kuru mawatte kumonosue kakari
Kazenifukarete hira-hira sureba
Kumowa mushikato yottekuru*

*'Dokokara kitanoka tondenkita konoha
Kira-kira mawatte kite ikenouyeni ochite
Naminuyurarete yura-yura sureba
Koiva ye ka to witekuru'*

(From where comes the leaf
That totters, that reels, settles on the web,
Shimmers in the wind,
Till the spider creeps as on the living insect?)

From where comes the leaf
That flutters, that dances, settles on the pond,
Is rocked by the ripples,
Till the carp approaches as on the living bait?)

A tender, moaning melody. Massa repeats the words a second time, and from all over the room float wisps of voice. Through the frail purity of the children I hear the falsetto of the mother.

Silently and adoringly Iku and Yone move up to Massa, take her hands, and begin another song: —

*'Soramo minatomo yogaharete
Tsukini kasumazu funenokage
Hashikeno kayo nigiyakani
Yosekuru namino koganenaru
Hayashi nashitaru hobashirani
Anato-funato no funezirushi
Tsumini utamo nigiyakani
Minato wa itsumo harunareya'*

(Sky and port and blue clear night,
Moon without mist and shadows of ships,
Edges of waves like edges of coin,
Sailors,
Life!
The brisk singing of the stevedore —
Oh, in the port it is always spring.)

The servant has been listening. Now, however, she catches herself, takes up her work where she left it, hoists the huge tent of netting, — *kaya* they call it, — suspends it from the four corners of the ceiling, at last slips noiselessly under to make preparations for the night. Iku is watching the servant. Iku is watching from a point as far as possible from me, and, when she thinks the servant ready, still keeping as far as possible from me, lifts a fold of netting over the doll's head, then over her own head, then, there where she enters the *kaya*, slips.

I am fond of little Iku, but I am not sure she is fond of me. This morning there came a wind, scattered my papers, and she, before she had had time to consider, hastened to fetch them. I thanked her in a few words of easiest Japanese. But she had not heard me speak Japanese before. She stood stock-still in the middle of her gracious act — that her very own tongue should issue from such lips as mine! Explosively she emitted a gush of words, then, as explosively, was mum again. Very seriously she handed me the papers. Very seriously she moved away. Vaguely she realized I had not understood, and was vaguely perplexed. Dear little Iku, her sleeping face is as placid as the Buddha's.

Then a new song, a vigorous song that goes to the accompaniment of a pitter-patter, and not an ordinary pitter-patter, but a really marvelous crisscross weaving of the four flying hands. Massa and Iku sing alone. I think first I recognize the melody, but soon know it is only the rhythm. And

strange too when in the song of the child one feels the rhythm of the geisha — a provoking rhythm that runs through the whole of these child bodies. Presently the two lay themselves end to end, continue the pitter-patter with their feet, the performance so mad it lures a smile even from the quiet mother's face. The children are inside the *kaya*. The elders are round the edge. The mosquitoes are gathered too. Japanese science tells us that the mosquito is a being infinitely sensitive to song.

The servant may be thinking of that for she brings fresh sheaves of incense and moves the censers nearer in. This done, she quietly approaches the master, takes the fan from his hands and fans him. It is with a big free motion of both her arms, and, though a little act, it strikes me as one of the least Occidental that I know. The servant looks as if she had been servant in a thousand incarnations. The master looks as if he had been master in a thousand incarnations. There is something old, deep, unalterable — oh, would that it were unalterable!

III

The bodies lie pell-mell in the green dark. All are asleep. Mother slips from one to the other, tucks the kimonos round the legs, gives the *kaya* an occasional shake to shoo away any lingering mosquito, then herself disappears for the night. The master watches her, decides he will disappear too. Without a word, without a nod, he draws off from the servant, draws off as impersonally as a leviathan from a dock. For a time the fan continues its big free movements. Only gradually, like some mechanic thing, it comes to rest. Already the master's heavier breathings are mingled with the children's.

The hot night is indeed full of noises. Far away, the guttural rumble of masculine talk. Nearer by, a snatch of song, and on the road beyond the fields the scrape of *geta*. Once the masseur with his horn. The masseur is later than usual to-night. Once the fish boy with his whistle. Very like the trade, that whistle. I think almost I must see the bamboo tubs bobbing at the ends of the bending bamboo pole. Once the roll of the drum, like thunder in summer dying slowly away. Then a last call at the barracks, and, after the call, the hum of the crickets in the rice, a hum that swells and thins, has patches of silence in which I hear the wind in the pines on the other side of the river.

The servant is eyeing me. All this day the servant has been eyeing me. When I look up, instantly she slides off into the dark of the verandah, settles on her haunches, bends her dim body, bends it slowly, slowly, till her forehead touches her knees, then, in that extraordinary posture, rests.

I am alone at last. The moon is high. The shadows in the garden are short and black and of forms unearthly. Unearthly, but human too. Heads. Many, many heads. Numberless heads. Two ghouls sedately bow. A Buddha

frowns. A Buddha smiles. How wondrous strange this lava is. Yet it needs moonlight and moon shadow to make it fully live. Fit it should but lately have come from the belly of the earth. What a place that belly must be. What forms undreamed of await us yet in heaven and hell.

But I am not alone. I have forgotten the stately lady. And never have I seen anyone in that paper-windowed space before. The stately lady too might have stepped from an old print. The old prints are strictest realism. Foolish of us always to be talking of the conventions of Japanese art. As if that art were further from life than our own. The stately lady's fingers are swift over something in her lap, but nothing ever struck me more for its stillness.

I wish I might speak with the stately lady. I wish I might slide up close beside her. No Japanese gentleman would. I wish I might take the stately lady's hand in mine. I wish I might, quietly and leisurely, press the thin fingers, press them till she screamed. And why, I hardly know. And I shall not, of course. I shall go simply and solemnly out of the room, and the stately lady will not so much as lift her head.

ETHICS AND POLITICS

The Public and Their Utilities

BY PHILIP CABOT

AN investigation of the electric power companies of the United States was begun in April before the Federal Trade Commission at the initiative of several eminent popular leaders who had for some time been firing broadsides at the 'Power Trust' without any very noticeable effect, and who were apparently running short of ammunition. The investigation opened with an inquiry into the activities of the National Electric Light Association in its campaign to improve the public relations of the operating companies belonging to the Association, and from the very outset the word 'propaganda' was applied to all of them. It was a skillful move. All men who have had experience with casuistry know that if you allow your opponent to use his own terms, and to define them, he will run you up a tree and out on a limb. The term 'propaganda' has come to have an ominous sound to us because of the methods used by the Government in selling its political programme to the voters and to investors during the late war, so that now the use of it always implies some concealed and improper motive. When you disagree with a man, or disapprove of his activities, to call them propaganda is a knock-down argument. Thus we have lost a useful term, for, if properly used, it should mean merely a campaign to make public the ideas in which you believe. Every religious revival has made use of

propaganda as its best weapon, and if propaganda were prohibited all human communication would have to stop because of our inability to draw a dead line. But now, when used in a political campaign such as that at present in progress before the Federal Trade Commission against the electric power companies, it raises in the public mind a vision of the methods used by an organized minority to put the Prohibition Amendment on the statute books, and goes far to decide the issue against the companies in advance.

No official report on this phase of the proceeding has yet been made public but the scarcity of ammunition already referred to was so acute that its promoters demanded from the Commission weekly reports of the evidence with which to serve their guns, and these reports have provided them with many useful arguments to discredit the management of the privately owned power companies and to facilitate a movement toward government ownership. This is an issue in which the nation is deeply interested, and it will be prudent to await the publication of the full report before passing judgment. But this can now be safely said. The American people are overwhelmingly opposed to government interference in business. We are whole-hearted individualists, and we have had experience with government operation in the case of railroads and ships. The

promoters of the investigation appear to assume, however, that the report will be so unfavorable to the companies that the public will clamor for more rigid control of them or even for a great extension of government ownership. In this they may be disappointed. Many politicians, and a few private managers who have mismanaged their companies, would profit by government ownership, but the nation would not; and if the Government enters the electric power business, as advocated by Governor Smith in his Acceptance Speech, this extension of its functions will have to be forced upon a reluctant majority by tactics similar to those which saddled us with the Eighteenth Amendment. Surely the genial Governor is getting into strange company.

Though the first stage of the Federal Trade Commission investigation is not yet complete, it has started upon the second — a study of the mechanism and methods of the holding companies by which many of the electric power companies are controlled. This is probably the part of the proceeding from which the politicians hope to gain the most, and perhaps they may; but before they build their hopes too high they will do well to consider whether it is the electric power companies and the men who manage them or the Federal Trade Commission and those who have set this piece of machinery in motion who are really on trial. When this Commission was first created, we had high hopes of what it might accomplish in establishing new and better standards of business ethics; but we have been sorely disillusioned, for as yet we have little or nothing of this sort to show for it. We may even find that we have less than nothing; harm may prove to have been done, for the most obvious result of its labors to date has been to create suspicion in the public mind. Few poisons are more deadly to

a highly integrated industrial civilization like ours. Confidence is the foundation upon which it rests, and a court of inquisition, which is what the Federal Trade Commission has proved to be, is a menacing instrument of government, to which the temper of this people is strongly opposed. Sooner or later, and perhaps as a result of the present investigation, the public will see this, and it may be that the engineers who have loaded it will be hoist with their own petard. This aspect of the problem of the electric power companies, however, is mainly political and temporary, and is important only as an example of the confusion which seems inevitable in a democracy when economic problems get into politics.

I

There are really two separate problems connected with these holding companies which are in urgent need of intelligent consideration, but which have become so deeply entangled in politics that there is small hope of their getting it. They are, first, the danger that monopoly in electric power supply will enable the producers to earn an excessive profit; and second, the danger that profits legitimately earned may be diverted into the wrong hands by manipulation within the holding companies themselves. In current political discussion it is fashionable to mix the two so that neither can be clearly seen.

The first problem — namely, the danger of monopoly of the electric power supply — has been for years a target for political marksmen, and although there is really no cause for alarm the public has been told so often that the danger is serious that many are beginning to believe it. The war cry of the politicians is the 'Power Trust,' adopted apparently for the purpose of foreclosing the issue by

deciding it in advance. Perhaps it is from the lack of any other that this issue has claimed so much attention. Certainly it is a very poor one, for, to anyone familiar with the principles of public utility regulation in the United States, it is obviously a jack-o'-lantern useful to frighten the children on Halloween but not to be taken seriously by grown-ups. However, as the man in the street seems to have been misled, it is time that the hoax was exposed.

The operating companies which produce electric power are required by law to be local monopolies under the control of a state regulating commission. Their status as monopolies has been fixed by law, because we have found after years of experience that through the method of regulated monopoly the customers get a better service at a lower price than direct competition can provide. The standard method is to place each local monopoly under the regulation of a state commission charged with the duty of seeing that the service is adequate and that the prices are just and reasonable, so that, unless the state commissions fail in their duty, it is utterly impossible for these operating units to demand, or receive, an excessive price or to earn a monopoly profit. The function of the holding companies is to group these local operating companies and direct their management through stock control, and if they were managed by Machiavelli himself it would be impossible for the holding companies to oppress the customers of the local companies, because they have no contact with them. They are powerless to do them harm, but they can do them much good by creating administrative units of sufficient size to command the services of men able to operate them, and to raise in an efficient manner the capital which must flow into them in a continuous stream. These are not ideals, but conditions

actually achieved; the splendid development of electric power production and use, in which we lead the world, being due in no small degree to the grouping of operating companies under holding-company control. It would be impossible to charge the purchase of electric light and power more than the prices fixed by the state regulating commissions as just and reasonable, even if all the operating units in the country were controlled by one holding company; and therefore from the customer's point of view a Power Trust, instead of being a menace, would be a benefit, provided the size of it did not exceed the capacity of our able administrators. It is devoutly to be wished that the present movement toward enlarging the size of the holding companies and reducing their number will go considerably further. The customers have everything to gain and nothing to lose, provided that the state regulating commissions are honest and competent. This is the point on which attention should be concentrated.

It may seem that I have put the case too strongly in claiming that a Power Trust, if one existed, would not be an injury to the customer, but a blessing. The Power Trust has been held up before the public for years as a menace. Where there is so much smoke, there should be some fire. There is fire if you search, you will find it. But those who are berating the holding companies are leading the public away from the fire. The fire is not in the corporate offices in Wall Street, but in the offices of the state regulating commissions. The problem which really needs searching investigation is whether the regulation of rates by the state commissions is being intelligently and skillfully done. This is a dark corner into which I shall try to throw some light.

Just at the moment the public seems more interested in the second prob-

—namely, whether these holding companies are engaged in extracting improper, because unearned, profits for their stockholders from the operating companies; profits which either should be cut off at the source by lowering rates to customers or should go to stockholders of the operating companies or into a reserve account for their protection. This is the tangle which the Federal Trade Commission has been set to unravel, and there appears to be a very general belief that when the job is done it will appear that there is 'something rotten in the State of Denmark.' As evidence of the suspicions which are burrowing in the public mind, there is an interesting paper by Maurice R. Scharff in the September *Atlantic Monthly*. He is described as 'a consulting engineer with a long experience in the very business he discusses' — namely, 'the finance, engineering, and management of public utility corporations,' and the picture which he draws is dismal enough. After opening with an imaginary example showing that it is clearly within the power of these holding-company managers to pay their stockholders enormous profits on a trivial capital investment, and that, as things now stand, the regulating commissions are helpless to prevent it because the financial structures are of so labyrinthine a character that only the insiders can find their way through them, he proceeds to show that because strong temptation exists it is to be presumed that many, if not most, of those tempted will fall. This point of view shows a surprising family likeness to Calvinism, with its doctrine of original sin and the fall of man.

Now I should be the last to deny that Calvinism has been a powerful, perhaps a controlling, economic force among Western nations during the last two or three centuries. The doctrine of

original sin and the doctrine of election by the Almighty have done yeoman service in the economic as well as in the theological field; but, like all human inventions, they have outgrown their usefulness, and although they are still used as a pious gesture by many worthy people no one now thinks of applying them to himself, and the time has come when they should be given a decent Christian burial. But with Mr. Scharff and many other earnest men they seem to have undergone a sort of transmigration and now inhabit those useful, but artificial, bodies which we call corporations. Their life in this body, however, if they ever have any, will be short, for corporations are nothing but the groups of men who work through them, and what has been found untrue for men is untrue, and therefore misleading, when applied to corporations also.

At the moment these dogmas display a somewhat artificial vitality under the stimulation of frequent investigations by the Federal Trade Commission, by committees of Congress and committees of state legislatures. These are sowing suspicion broadcast with both hands, and a man — even a trained engineer like Mr. Scharff — may well be pardoned if he despairs of finding an honest corporation manager. But, if he will look behind the scenes, he may find that the politicians who get up and use these investigations are not quite so disinterested as they appear. The doctrine of salvation for the elect, — that is, for the elected, for those chosen by votes which can sometimes be hired, in a pinch, like a taxicab, — if used to sweep the country into an experiment with government ownership of public utilities, or, failing that, into the creation of new administrative commissions for their rigid control, will provide a great number of well-paid sinecures for the faithful.

The danger is serious, but we need

not despair. The doctrine of the fall of man is false; most men are honest, and small harm would result if all men were presumed to be so. Experience has shown us that all men are as honest as they can afford to be; they sin because they are tempted beyond their strength and many men who have done dishonest things become trustworthy when they are trusted. Before condemning men, we do well to consider whether we have not ourselves led them into temptation and whether the sin is not more ours than theirs. Before concluding that public utility managers are dishonest men, ask yourself how they have been tempted and whether they have been fairly treated. In my judgment, to say that these men are more often dishonest than men in other industries is a lie, and to follow the track of this lie is well worth the effort.

Mr. Scharff, and others of his ilk, assume that there is widespread dishonesty among the managers of public utility holding companies; that the Federal Trade Commission will show them up, and that they had better make haste to put their places of business in order before they are raided by the police. He is trying, as it were, to give the owners of the 'speak-easies' a friendly tip in advance.

As a method of putting things in order and keeping them so he recommends a dictator for the whole public utility industry, who would have full inquisitorial powers and, by means of the weapon of publicity, could compel wrongdoers to mend their ways or suffer public execution. But the wisdom of such a course may well be doubted. Its purpose is to reestablish public confidence in an industry already accused of seeking illegal monopoly, and it is highly improbable that confidence would be restored by making it a monopoly in fact under the rule of a beneficent tyrant. This is

what the proposition means, for a dictator who had the power and the means to investigate and divulge the inner workings of every operating utility and every holding company in the electric industry would hold them all in the hollow of his hand.

This seems to me an important practical objection to the remedy which Mr. Scharff puts forward. But what is more important is that in basing upon an outworn religious dogma he has committed himself to a principle which is false. He assumes that all men who act dishonestly are dishonest, but as a matter of fact many honest men will act dishonestly under compulsion, and especially when they feel that they have been unfairly treated. In the last twenty years I have known many of the men who manage these holding companies. As a class they are far above the average of intelligence and integrity, and yet I do not doubt that some have been driven into deviant courses by the methods of regulation used by state regulating commissions.

Practically all the states have statutes establishing commissions for the purpose of regulating rates and the quality of the service of all public utilities doing business within their jurisdiction. Their most important task is to determine whether the rates charged are just and reasonable. So far as rates are concerned, this is their whole duty. No commission in the land is directed to regulate profit; rates and rates alone are to be regulated. The statutes creating the commissions do not aim to declare any new principle of law, but merely to set up new machinery for administering principles which are older than the common law. The principle that prices shall be just and reasonable is very ancient, and it was for the purpose of establishing such rates that the price-fixing powers of the state commissions were given them.

But the commissions have gradually slipped away from this position, and instead of regulating prices so that they shall be just and reasonable they now more commonly regulate profits. Although this deviation from their true course has already done great damage and will do more, it has passed almost unnoticed because it is assumed that the only way to regulate prices is by regulating profits, although in all competitive markets profits are regulated in the most satisfactory manner through the regulation of price. Because monopoly has been established in the field of local electric supply, it is assumed that competitive prices cannot be found and that there is therefore no way to establish just and reasonable prices except by regulating the profits of the operating companies. This assumption is false, and to it can be traced the major ills of this industry.

Those who are interested in the origin of this principle of rate regulation should consult the famous case of *Smyth v. Ames*, decided in 1898, in which a rule was laid down by which a court could determine whether a rate, or price, fixed by a state commission was so unjust and unreasonable as to constitute a taking of property without due process of law. This rule followed the ancient economic doctrine that price is determined by the cost of production, and indicated a method for valuing the property of the railroads involved in the case and for estimating a fair rate of return on the value thus found; by adding this sum to the operating expenses, a figure for the gross income which the railroads should be allowed to earn was built up. Just and reasonable rates were defined to be such rates as would produce this gross income.

Although this rule was never intended as a formula for rate-making by a regulating commission, it has been

remodeled into a dogma which is almost universally used for this purpose. The underlying assumptions are, first, that public utilities are monopolies, and that therefore price cannot be fixed by competition; second, that, price being determined by cost, the cost (usually called the value) of the property of the public utility used in producing the service is the predominating element of cost which requires determination. This is the dogma on which modern rate regulation rests. Now I approve of dogmatism, provided I am allowed to select the dog; but as I regard this as a dog of uncertain parentage, long since dead, and urgently in need of burial, I decline to choose him.

The dogma on which I pin my faith would read somewhat as follows:—

First, public utilities are not monopolies so far as the price of their service is concerned. When the case of *Smyth v. Ames* was decided the railroads affected were monopolies, but to-day the utilities with which we are concerned have little more monopoly control of price than the manufacturers of shoes. Each power company has a monopoly of the sale of its product in its local field, but, with the exception of the trivial part of it used for lighting, the product must be sold in competition not only with other power produced by the potential customers for their own use, but also with an almost infinite variety of substitutes. In former times we were accustomed to think of competition as the rivalry of like with like, but nowadays every merchant has learned that his real rivals are substitutes which satisfy other wants of his customers and thus deprive them of the wherewithal to buy his goods. This is often called the new competition, although it is by no means new. I repeat that electric power companies have very little monopoly power over price, and that price can and should

be determined by the competitive method of price comparison. This can be done without direct competition.

Second, cost does not determine price except under static conditions such as do not now exist in the electric power industry in America. On the contrary, price determines cost, and therefore no amount of information as to the cost of production will enable a regulating commission to determine the just and reasonable price for any specific kind of service.

Third, profit is the spur to private initiative; without it ambition and progress are destroyed, and therefore profit regulation as a method of price regulation is vicious. The present tendency of regulating commissions to determine net income, or profit, and to regulate *that* is wholly opposed to the best interests of the customers. They are interested only in the prices they have to pay, the aggregate of which is the gross income; and the method of profit regulation is defective because it deals directly with only about a quarter of the gross income, the other three quarters consisting mainly of operating expenses over which the control of regulating commissions is now very feeble. As a result the investor is pampered, while the consumer, whose interest should be paramount, is neglected. It is entirely possible to regulate gross income — that is, prices — directly, and if this is skillfully done profit will be effectively and justly regulated. To-day this is not done. Profits are not regulated — they are confiscated. This is unjust and shortsighted. For profits are the source of all our wealth. When they are confiscated, property is confiscated, because in the last analysis the value of industrial property is mainly the capitalized expectation of profit, and to protect property you must protect profit. To tamper with a profit justly earned — that is, a com-

petitive profit — is to apply the axe to the tree of wealth. If the competitive method of price regulation were substituted for the present method of profit regulation, this grave danger would be avoided. In my opinion it can be done.

I am aware that to assert these propositions without proof is rank dogmatism, but the reasoning by which they can be sustained is technical and would lead me far away from my present subject, which is to indicate some of the grave evils resulting from the methods of regulation now in use. At another time and place I shall be glad to break a lance with any man in their defense, but I hope he will not choose the select and cultured readers of the *Atlantic Monthly* as the jury. They might simply regard the combat as an unseemly brawl and call in the police.

II

Returning now to the managers of the holding companies whose methods are under investigation, it is quite generally believed, and often said, that their standards of business ethics are low. But let us call a spade a spade. What the promoters of the investigation really believe is that these men are guilty of theft, and they expect to prove it. Perhaps they may; but if by theft we mean taking property which belongs to someone else, I make bold to assert that the Government has forced them into it by the methods of profit regulation now in use. If stealing is going on, the Government began it. Even honest men will rebel against unjust treatment. When profits are regulated instead of prices, the temptation to carelessness, or even crookedness, in the handling of operating expenses and capital charges is very great. A man who has worked hard to earn a profit in a competitive field like the

electric power business may be pardoned if he uses every weapon within his reach when he sees that profit threatened. This is the position into which the regulating commissions have driven the public utility managers by applying old economic theories to new conditions. The old dogma that the value of the use — that is, the price — can be determined from the cost of the tool has resulted in practice in the regulation of net income and the neglect of the other elements which really determine price. In consequence we have developed a highly complicated game of hide and seek in which the managers try to conceal or divert the real profits so that they shall not appear in the net income, which is the figure most closely scrutinized. Some attention is given by regulating commissions to operating expenses, but it cannot be searching, because under private ownership it is the right of the managers to control these items. These are the major items of cost, and when the price schedules have been approved by the regulating commissions it is the business of the managers to select and bring into existence those costs which they think will benefit them most. This is the true function of all management. But when, as now, the profits resulting from this selection are subject to regulation, the managers are tempted to devise some way of manipulating these operating costs so as to get a profit out of *them*. This is the charge now brought against the holding companies, and there is no denying that there are many ways of doing it which are quite impossible for regulation to detect.

Here, for example, is a situation which often occurs. After years of work and anxiety the managers of a holding company may have worked out for one of their operating units a schedule of prices which suit the customers so well

that they will buy the service in such quantity as to show a handsome profit, and to this schedule of prices the managers have obtained the approval of the regulating commission. But, as things are now, their profit may be taken away from them if it happens to exceed what the commission regards as fair. Confronted with this dilemma, can you blame a manager if he seeks some way to camouflage the position by introducing some intercompany profit into the operating expenses which, while increasing *them* and reducing the *apparent* profit, will in fact keep the profit of the holding company intact? No one can justify such a proceeding by any ethical standard, but before we condemn those who resort to it we should consider who led them into temptation. 'Call a dog a bad name and he will bite you.' Tamper with a man's hard-won profits and you may drive him into sin. If it is shown that some of the managers of these holding companies have been driven into devious courses, it is the Government which should hang its head. It has led them into temptation. Whatever the outcome of the present investigation, this thing should be stopped, because, if it goes on, we shall have a fine crop of sinners. Honest and able men will be driven from the field, and only those who are willing to resort to the use of devious methods will remain.

If prices have been properly determined by the competitive method, the profits, *whatever they may be*, belong to the owners — that is, to the stockholders. Under extraordinarily able management profits will be above the average; under a stupid or incompetent one they may approach the vanishing point. But the customers need not worry in either case, because they may be sure that a business which has shown such stability will always be carried on. An incompetent management may not

be able to earn a profit at competitive — that is, reasonable — prices and the company may temporarily require the protecting hand of a receiver. This is bad for the stockholders, but that is their lookout. The customers need not worry; a more capable management can easily be found, and the business will surely go on without interruption.

There are many cases on record where the customers have allowed themselves to be stampeded, by threats of the impairment or interruption of the service, into rescuing the stockholders from the fate which they have brought upon themselves, and in so doing the customers have imposed upon themselves a needless burden. The Boston Elevated Railway Company Control Act is an example. Such weak-mindedness is damaging to all concerned in the long run. If stockholders are allowed to reap what they have sown, they will learn wisdom by experience, and the industry will be kept in healthy condition.

There seem to be many persons who believe that it is the duty of the State in its regulation of public utilities to protect not only the customers but the stockholders against their own managements. Under the present methods of profit regulation, where minute supervision of security issues by regulating commissions is the common practice, this may be true. It is another of the unfortunate results of the erroneous theory that cost determines price. When the type of securities to be sold to the public and the price of issue are fixed by commissions, they can hardly shirk some responsibility for the consequences, although investors in the securities of the New England railroads have reason to know that they do. But if price instead of profit were regulated the State need not concern itself with what becomes of the profits

of public utility companies any more than of other corporations. The stockholders are the owners; they elect the directors who supervise the management, and, so far as most stockholders are concerned, it is a sheer impertinence to put them under the guardianship of public officials who commonly know less about how the business should be carried on than they do.

We have a right to expect our Government to protect us against fraud in the purchase of a bond or a share of stock as well as in the purchase of a horse, and in exactly the same manner. But beyond this protection should not go. We demand the right to make our own mistakes; they are commonly better teachers than success. The right to lose is as sacred as the right to win; in fact, it is the bottom of it, and you cannot slice off the right to win so thin as to leave it bottomless. Cut off the right to lose, and the right to win is gone. This is a fact of nature which our lawmakers will do well to heed.

Those who exhibit so much apprehension at the possible misdeeds of the managers, engineers, and financiers of the public utility holding companies may find their fears somewhat allayed and may see their course more clearly if they will ponder upon these three propositions: —

1. 'Don't try to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.' The material of which rate regulation is now fashioned is old and so full of holes that it does not protect the customer from the east wind. Try a new piece, and most of the evils which now plague us will disappear. Those that remain can then be clearly seen and can be dealt with.

2. Don't expect more of public utility managers than you expect of yourself. They also are men.

3. Don't overprotect the stockholder. You may injure him, and he will not thank you.

FROM CHICAGO TO THE SEA

(By Canadian Consent)

BY BERNARD K. SANDWELL

THE current discussions of the proposed St. Lawrence route from the Great Lakes to the sea make it imperative for Americans to take account of the Canadian attitude toward this problem. Of that attitude this paper aims to give an unbiased expression.

I

The construction of a twenty-seven-foot waterway from the harbor of Montreal, the present head of ocean navigation in the St. Lawrence, to the great inland water system of Lakes Superior, Michigan, and Huron is an undertaking which seems to offer a prospect of reduced shipping costs between the Atlantic Ocean and a very large area of inland North America, and which therefore is of the greatest interest both to the United States and to Canada. For certain sufficiently obvious reasons, its immediate interest is much greater to the United States than to Canada. The population, wealth, and commerce of the territory which would be affected are much greater in the United States; the existing railways which might, for a time at least, be detrimentally affected by water competition are much less able to stand that competition (being much more dependent on a large volume of through traffic) in Canada, and one of them is actually owned by the Canadian people, who have to make up its

deficits out of taxation; and among the people of Western Canada at least there is a belief that the Dominion possesses an alternative outlet to the Atlantic in the shape of the Hudson Bay route which would perform for the West the same service as the St. Lawrence waterway, almost as efficiently, and at a vastly lower capital cost.

The West is determined to have the Hudson Bay route tried out, and progress in that direction is going on, slowly but steadily. Until it has proved a failure (if such it is destined to be), it will be difficult to get the West profoundly interested in the St. Lawrence proposals. The East does not believe in the Hudson Bay route, on climatic grounds, and is therefore more open to consider the St. Lawrence proposals with a friendly eye; but the question in both Ontario and Quebec is complicated by hydroelectric power developments which, on a vast scale, are an inevitable part of the navigation improvement scheme.

The cheapest part of the available power is in that portion of the river which lies between Ontario and the State of New York, each of which would be entitled to one half of the power produced. New York could easily absorb this power as soon as the turbines are installed; Ontario could probably absorb her share with a little manipulation. But the more expensive

part of the available power belongs wholly to the Province of Quebec, and there is no desire for its early development, there being no serious shortage of power in the province at present and several other and cheaper sources being still unutilized, while power is actually being exported on a considerable scale to Ontario. Add to this that a large number of lake harbors in Ontario cherish the dream of becoming ocean ports like those of Quebec as soon as the waterway improvements are completed, and it is not surprising that there is much more favorable opinion about the proposals in the inland province than in the one which is already situated on a great ocean highway. In both provinces there is some apprehension lest, as a result of the constitutional situation later to be described, the control of these immense quantities of power should be exercised by the Dominion Government, instead of the provincial governments to which they would unquestionably belong if they were not mixed up with a navigation enterprise.

There is thus in Canada very little that could be described as an actual demand for the early construction of the proposed deep waterway from Montreal to the Upper Lakes. There is, on the other hand, no desire to place unreasonable obstructions in the way of the United States if it desires to effect this improvement, which one of its political parties holds out as an important means of remedying the position of the American agriculturist, and on which the candidate of the other political party professes an open mind. The improvement cannot be effected without Canada's consent, for part of the channel to be improved is international between the countries and part is wholly Canadian. The prevalent Canadian attitude may be quite accurately described as a willingness to coöperate in the

work, provided that the terms agreed upon are satisfactory. There is, however, among thinking Canadians a distinct apprehension lest, when the actual terms come to be discussed, Canada may find herself regarded in the United States as being simply obstructionist, when in her own opinion she is doing no more than insisting upon points which she considers essential to her national interests. Up to the present time there has been no discussion of terms, except that the International Joint Commission has adumbrated certain principles as to the distribution of costs; but the distribution of costs is not the subject upon which difficulty is likely to arise.

II

The first of the possible subjects of difficulty is as to the nature and tenure of the rights which the United States is to enjoy in those portions of the waterway which are purely Canadian. For while politically the waterway consists of two entirely separate portions, one international and one Canadian, it is impossible to regard it economically as anything but a single unit. From Montreal to the vicinity of Cornwall (Canadian side) and St. Regis (American side), the river is in Canadian territory; from St. Regis to Lake Ontario it runs between Canada and the United States. A deep waterway from Lake Ontario to St. Regis is a physical and political possibility, but economically it is meaningless. To have any economic value it must continue from St. Regis to Montreal; and the ships of both the nations which use it from Lake Ontario to St. Regis must have the right to use it from St. Regis to Montreal, or it will have no economic value to the nation whose ships are stopped at St. Regis. Now the St. Lawrence River is by treaty open for

commerce to the shipping and citizens of the United States in perpetuity; and many people appear to believe that this ancient treaty (of Washington, 1871) is all that is needed for the situation that will arise in connection with a joint canalization of the river.

But this is not quite so clear. The St. Lawrence cannot be navigated in an upward direction without the aid of canals, in both the Canadian and the international portions. The perpetual rights of the United States do not extend to these canals in Canadian territory, which are dealt with by a separate clause of the Washington Treaty, and are subject merely to an agreement by the British Government to 'urge' upon the Canadian Government the admission of American shipping and citizens on equal terms with those of Canada. This admission on equal terms has been, in fact, granted ever since the Washington Treaty was signed, and one regulation imposed by the Canadian Government was withdrawn (under some pressure) because the United States Government represented that it was contrary to this equality, although the Canadian Government maintained that it was not. But at no time has it ever been suggested that this admission of American shipping to Canadian canals was obligatory upon Canada; and in the controversy over the regulation just mentioned it was explicitly claimed by Canada and admitted by the United States that it was not. The United States therefore enjoys no perpetual right of access except to the St. Lawrence itself, excluding its canals, without which it is not navigable except in a downward direction and at some risk. The present admission of American shipping to the Canadian canals is dependent on the good pleasure of Canada, and could be suspended with-

out any other consequence than the suspension by the United States of Canadian access to the canals owned by the various states adjacent to the river and the Great Lakes.

Any treaty, therefore, which, in consideration of American participation in the task of improving the waterway, should grant to American shipping and citizens any right to navigate the newly canalized main channel and the new and deeper side canals of the St. Lawrence under Canadian sovereignty would be establishing a new and most important servitude over a portion of Canada's territory. The feeling of the Canadian people upon this subject is forcibly expressed in both the majority and the minority reports of the Canadian National Advisory Committee, issued in January of this year. The former declares in set terms that 'in the event of a new treaty being negotiated, the United States should not be given any greater rights than obtain in existing treaties'; while the latter, assuming that a treaty will be necessary, says that 'this treaty, as regards the international navigation features of this project, should extend no further or greater rights than those now assured to the United States under existing treaties.'

Yet it is somewhat difficult to see how the United States can be expected to spend a large sum on the improvement of the waterway, and to build up a system of deep harbors and the equipment for a huge commerce in its Lake ports, with no guaranty that the essential link between this inland system and the ocean will be left open to it in perpetuity.

The Canadian people are undoubtedly reluctant to accept the establishment of this new servitude over their own national waterway between St. Regis and Montreal. But, despite the protests of their National Advisory

Committee, they would probably be willing to accept it if they could obtain in return certain equally perpetual or durable guaranties from the United States on certain other heads. Unfortunately the subject upon which they most need guaranties is one which it is beyond the constitutional power of the United States to deal with. Unlike the central government of the Dominion of Canada, which is vested with special power to legislate for the implementing of any treaty, whether the subject matter of the legislation be otherwise within the competence of the Dominion or not, the Government of the United States cannot override the sovereign powers of the individual states even for the purposes of implementing a treaty. The United States can make a treaty, but unless the subject matter of that treaty be within the scope of the federal power, it cannot legislate to carry it out. Canada can make a treaty, and the legislation necessary to carry it out becomes within the scope of the federal power because it is a treaty.

The country which negotiates a treaty with the United States is somewhat in the position of a man who, as the stock market puts it, buys into a lawsuit. It does not know what its rights are going to be until the Supreme Court of the United States has told it. There is, for instance, a strong body of legal opinion which holds that some of the powers conferred on the International Joint Commission by the United States Government under the Treaty of 1909 are in violation of the rights of the sovereign states, and therefore invalid; in other words, that in making that treaty the United States bit off more than it was constitutionally empowered to chew. The question has not yet been officially raised; but it is an open question, which may be raised at any time in the shape of a refusal by some

state to obey the orders of the Commission; and until it is raised and settled, the value to the other contracting party (Canada) of the obligations undertaken by the United States necessarily remains somewhat uncertain.

III

The points upon which Canada most urgently needs guaranties from the United States are those which relate to the more extreme forms of exercise of the sovereign power by states adjoining the international boundary. The diversion of water from the Great Lakes watershed, while it may or may not have been a serious detriment to Canadian navigation, is obviously capable of becoming so. But it is practised by the sovereign State of Illinois, with which Canada can have no diplomatic relations; and the power of the United States Government to control it (if any) rests entirely upon the accidental circumstance that it affects American navigation.

There is grave fear in Canada that this principle of state sovereignty will be found to prevent the effective fulfillment by the United States of some of the obligations which it may undertake under the proposed new St. Lawrence Treaty. The power plants in connection with the waterway, for instance, will be some of them in Canada and some in the State of New York. If they are in Canada, there is no question of the authority of the Dominion Government to do with them whatever it has undertaken to do by its treaty with the United States. If they are in the State of New York, it is highly doubtful whether the United States Government can do anything about them whatever; for they have nothing to do with navigation, and water power is a state subject. It is perhaps not even certain whether the

United States can guarantee to Canada the enjoyment of her half of the electric power developed in the International Section; for if the turbines producing the power are mainly in the State of New York, and more than one half of the power is thus produced in that state's territory, it is readily conceivable that the state might forbid its export and the United States be unable to override the prohibition.

The situation of the Canadian provinces toward their central government and any power with which it may make a treaty is the precise opposite of this. The American states run no risks in any treaty negotiations by their central government; if that government goes beyond its rights and promises what it cannot deliver, it is not they, but the foreign power, which loses. The Canadian provinces, on the other hand, may in the making of a treaty find themselves deprived of large areas of authority which under any other circumstances would be definitely theirs under the constitution. The Province of Ontario is strongly committed to public ownership in the development of water powers; the Province of Quebec is equally strongly committed to private ownership. Both provinces are determined to maintain their control of water-power development in their own territories and to exercise that control after their own fashion; and both would bitterly resent any assumption by the Dominion Government of authority to determine when and how the St. Lawrence power shall be developed. Yet because of its close association with navigation problems, and because of the essentially international character of those problems, it will be necessary for the Dominion Government to exercise some authority in this sphere. It will have no difficulty in obtaining that authority,

but it will obtain it at the expense of the provinces, and a certain amount of friction is practically inevitable. The two provinces, it must be remembered, contain between them nearly two thirds of the population of the Dominion.

If the United States finds it necessary to ask that Canada shall concede any new rights concerning navigation in the canals of the Canadian portion of the St. Lawrence, it would help materially in winning over Canadian opinion if this concession could be represented in any other light than as being purchased for cash — that is, as a consideration for American expenditure on the improvement of the route. There is something particularly undignified about the sale of portions of the national sovereignty for a mess of pottage.

There is talk of the United States constructing a navigable channel from the Gulf of Mexico to the Upper Lakes by way of the Mississippi and the Chicago Drainage Canal. In its international political character, this canal would not differ from the improved St. Lawrence.

The St. Lawrence is an essentially artificial waterway from the ocean to an inland international water system, through a stretch of purely national water — the St. Lawrence and its canals between Montreal and St. Regis. The Mississippi-Great Lakes route would be an artificial waterway from the ocean to the same inland international water system through a stretch of purely national water — the Mississippi and the Chicago Canal. The only difference between the two is that in the St. Lawrence the national stretch is shorter (which is obviously of no importance) and the task of artificial improvement is not confined to the national stretch, but extends to part of the international water. In

international law the two situations are identical. If a formula could be devised by which the admission of American commerce to the national Canadian canals would appear as being due, not to the cash expended by the United States on certain stretches of navigation which are also open to Canadians, but rather to a general principle which would admit Canadian commerce to the Mississippi-Great Lakes route if and when it is opened (on terms of a reasonable and proportional contribution for the use of it), the cash-and-carry aspect of the transaction would be much modified. This would be no more than the mutual acceptance

by the United States and Canada of the principle of freedom of navigation of international waterways laid down by the Congress of Vienna, as expounded by an American authority.¹ Canada would certainly be willing to accept this principle if the United States would do the same.

¹ P. M. Ogilvie, *International Waterways*, New York, 1920, page 156: 'Improvements which extend the navigable course of a river, wholly within the jurisdiction of one state, into the domain of an adjacent state will warrant the establishment of international rights, notwithstanding the indisputable national character of the river before the improvements were completed. The claim of international rights on an inland waterway may arise or lapse at any time.'

PLANKS WITHOUT PLATFORMS

BY WILLIAM TRUFANT FOSTER AND WADDILL CATCHINGS

I

THE products of the Kansas City and the Houston conventions, apart from their accessories, look as much alike as the output of two Ford assembling plants. Mass production.

The Kansas City resolutions solemnly declare that the Republican Party is unalterably opposed to monopolies, excessive taxes, extravagance, abuse of injunctions, and the buying of votes. On the positive side, the resolutions are equally startling. They have a good word to say for honesty. They even go so far as to favor prosperity. They warmly endorse world peace, high wages, reduced taxes, foreign trade, efficient transportation, an American Merchant Marine, the Federal Reserve System, the protec-

tive tariff, flood control, States' rights, and restricted immigration. Even that is not all. The resolutions go on to pledge the Republican Party to the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment, the care of disabled veterans, the protection of American citizens abroad, the creation of a Federal Farm Board, and the conservation of national resources.

Consider, next, the Houston resolutions. They solemnly declare that the Democratic Party is unalterably opposed to monopolies, excessive taxes, extravagance — but there is no need of going the whole length of this platitudinous list again. For the word 'Republican' in the preceding paragraph substitute the word 'Democratic,' and there you are!

Yet beneath this apparent agree-

ment upon everything under the sun there is a real conflict. Each party insists that under its administration the country is most likely to enjoy the steady maintenance of well-distributed prosperity. Which party is right? That is the main issue of this campaign. It touches the lives of more human beings, more hours of every day, than all other issues combined. The 'Full Dinner Pail' is just as alluring a symbol as it ever was. That is why both platforms are made up largely of economic planks.

The voters are well aware that neither party has possession of Aladdin's lamp: there is no political magic whereby the country can enjoy more wealth than it produces. Most of the voters know, moreover, that the country now falls far short of using its powers to create wealth. At the same time—and here is the most patent truth of all—there are millions of people, now in want and anxiety, who are eager to have a share in this unborn wealth, this wealth which is potentially within their grasp.

Most of the voters, therefore, would like to know precisely what each political party proposes to do to prevent the recurrent tragedy of closed factories, surplus materials, unused inventions, wasted energy, and idle funds. Especially they would like to know why, in the midst of prosperity so rampant and unprecedented as to astound the whole world, there are times—last winter, for example—when several million willing workers can find no work to do. Why, in short, do our productive powers grow so much faster than our ability to use them? Is this the only kind of prosperity that any political party knows how to achieve?

Rephrased in the light of these questions, the main issue becomes a practical, political problem: What measures

can be taken to enable us to use, and use continuously, for the benefit of all our people, the nation's great resources of men, money, machines, and materials? That is *the* economic problem. If either party offered a definite, comprehensive solution, it would deserve to carry the country. And probably would. But both parties offer little more than suggestions of a solution and vague promises.

When a solution is found, it will be based on definite answers to these two questions: First, what are the causes of our prosperity? Second, which of these causes can be, and should be, subjected to political control?

For it is plain, first of all, that there are many causes of prosperity. It is equally plain that some of these causes—monetary systems, for example—are, and ought to be, under political control; that is, under management by all the people in the interest of all the people. There are other causes, such as the climate, which are not subject to such control.

Still other causes of prosperity, such as investments in new enterprises, can be politically controlled, but cannot be so controlled with any benefit to the people. In this group belong those forces which function, when they function at all, almost exclusively through individual initiative, prompted by self-interest. As a rule, the best we can do with such influences is to leave them alone. Indeed, if nothing more were needed to sustain prosperity and distribute its blessings,—if, in other words, the *laissez faire* economists had told us the whole truth,—it would be well for all political parties to make rhetoric the be-all and the end-all of their efforts. In that case, politicians could do their full duty by passing resolutions in favor of prosperity, as solemnly and emphatically as usual.

But the suffering of the unemployed

last winter — to go no farther back — is enough to prove that private enterprise, unless supplemented by the right public policy, will neither use our productive powers at any approach to capacity, nor give sufficiently wide distribution to the wealth which it succeeds in producing. Evidently we must make more effective use of those forces which are subject to political control.

This is the point of view from which we shall now consider, necessarily in a cursory way, the major causes of our prosperity.

II

We may as well begin with the most widely touted of these causes — namely, mass production, lower unit costs, and high wages, the policy which is known all over Europe as the 'Fordizing of Industry.' No wonder it is widely known, for it has been broadcast dramatically by one of the most skillful advertisers of this advertising age; by a man who — most potent of all arguments — has made more money through adherence to that policy than any other man has ever made out of any one industry. That policy, we are told again and again, is *the* secret of American prosperity. Indeed, two investigators from England who joined the procession from abroad in search of our secret reported their findings in a book on mass production and high wages which 'has created more excitement in England than any other economic treatise.'

On one point, at least, all these investigators are right: Mass production, with resultant lower unit costs, has done much to increase the real wages of American workers; and real wages (that is to say, the goods which wages will buy) speak so loud that wage earners cannot hear what

politicians say. It is doubtless true that real wages are higher in the United States than in any other country, partly because the United States has made the widest use of the principles of mass production. Which is merely a different way of saying what various writers — notably Edward A. Filene in *The Way Out* — have said in a fascinating way.

There are, however, two things about mass production, both essential from the political point of view, which are often overlooked. The first is that without any aid from the Government private enterprise, under the powerful spur of the profit motive, to say nothing of the somewhat potent spur of self-preservation, will push mass production as far as it can be pushed. Just how far it can be pushed depends largely upon the growth of the consumer market, and that in turn depends largely upon the growth of incomes of the people who are not wealthy.

The second essential point is this: There is nothing in mass production *per se*, which increases the income of these people as rapidly as it increases the output of goods. For, contrary to traditional economic theory, production does *not* automatically finance consumption. On that point the most influential of the classical economists were wrong. Now we know that the financial process — payment of wages, interest, rent, and the rest — whereby in any given year, a given volume of goods is made ready for consumers to buy does not yield consumers enough money to buy those goods. Consequently, contrary to the enthusiastic reports of some of the secret-searchers from abroad, mass methods of turning out goods cannot sustain prosperity, cannot prevent overproduction and unemployment. Witness the experience of last winter.

III

The forbearance of some of our readers, no doubt, is about at an end. 'Of course,' they are impatient to point out, 'we all know that mass production in itself is not enough. It is mass production combined with low prices and high wages that does the trick. The proof is rolling along on every highway: mile after mile of Ford cars which have been sold — yes, and paid for. And millions more could be sold if the Ford factories were more thoroughly Fordized. Evidently, all we need to do in order to sell the ever-increasing output of mass methods is to keep wages high enough and prices low enough.' And do not all political parties wash eloquent in praise of high wages and low prices?

Here we digress long enough to commend all those who have insisted on keeping wages as high as possible, thus helping to prevent general underconsumption and consequent unemployment. Mr. Ford himself has helped at times both by startling example and by sound precept. In fact, no remedy for business depression is so worthy of a quack doctor as the general deflation of wages. On this point the American Federation of Labor has always been right, and various associations of employers have sometimes been wrong. In the year 1921, for example.

But high wages and low prices cannot solve the economic problem; for no producer can make his wages high enough to cover the prices of his product, unless he operates at a loss. And he cannot long operate at a loss. In other words, no producer can long provide a full dinner pail for his workers, or even a half-full pail, unless there is a margin between the wages he pays, directly and indirectly, in the process of creating a given volume of goods, and the prices he receives for

those goods. Wages and prices are like the floor and the ceiling of an elevator — when one goes up, the other goes up, too.

Even the best-known champion of high wages has not paid enough wages, directly or indirectly, to enable consumers to buy his cars. Somebody had to keep on making up the deficit in consumer purchasing power caused by the growth of Mr. Ford's uninvested and undistributed profits, or he could not have kept on selling his cars. That is why the Ford policy is not *the* secret of American prosperity.

On the contrary, if everyone had tried to follow that policy, there would have been no prosperity. Fortunately, many other men, aided by the private bankers whom Mr. Ford has denounced, have followed radically different policies.

No, the combination of mass production, low prices, and high wages is not enough to keep a country prosperous; not enough, therefore, to form the foundation of a party platform.

In any event, it is useless to look to public policy for help in this direction, for wages and prices cannot be subjected to political control, except through government control of industry. By means of such control, it is true, dollar wages could be increased indefinitely. But no matter how large the wages became on paper, they would buy less in the markets, because government control would remove what are now the chief incentives to individual initiative and productive effort. Thus the process of raising the wages would defeat the purpose of raising them. If, therefore, the mass-production, low-price, high-wage policy were the only secret of prosperity, nothing could be gained by political control. Party platforms would properly say nothing on the subject, because there would be nothing to say. *Laissez faire* would be the right

policy. But in that case, evidently, there would be no escape from the curse of unemployment.

IV

There are, however, other secrets of prosperity. If Mr. Ford's policies, or any other policies, bring forth goods faster than home markets can get rid of them, the obvious thing to do, we are told, is to ship the surplus to foreign markets.

But at once we strike a snag. Virtually every other country is also producing more than its own people are able to buy; is looking around the world, therefore, in search of unsuspecting countries upon which to dump its surplus. Every country wants a favorable balance of trade: every country — true to Christian precept, if not to Christian spirit — is eager to give more than it receives. The game might be called 'puss in the corner.' It is no game at all unless somebody is left out.

That is not the only snag. And here we come to a difficulty which all the tariff planks of all parties, the world over, blithely ignore.

This is the dilemma: Any country which seeks to make up a shortage of buyers at home by finding buyers abroad must either import the full equivalent of what it exports, in which case the net surplus in home markets is just as large as ever, or else it must refuse to accept an equivalent return for its goods, in which case the people abroad may have a very nice time consuming the goods, but the people at home get nothing in return for their work but the joy of working.

There are, to be sure, the so-called 'invisible items' in the foreign-trade balance, — though it is not clear to anyone who travels why American

tourists should be called 'invisible,' — and all these items must be taken into account. In the main, however, the only way we can get much material benefit from sending goods abroad is by accepting goods in return.

Well, why not accept them? Wealth is wealth: gloves from France, watches from Switzerland, cutlery from England. Could we not enjoy all the goods that debtor nations are willing to send?

Enjoy them we certainly could, if we were able to buy them. But on the part of home producers there is the ever-present fear that the people will not have enough money to buy even the home products, to say nothing of foreign products. Overproduction — underconsumption — business without a buyer! That is the fear which drives every nation to try to get rid of its own real wealth while erecting tariff barriers against the real wealth of other countries.

How, then, can we make full use of foreign trade in sustaining prosperity? Only by seeing to it that the people at home receive enough money, week in and week out, to buy all they produce. Then they are able to buy all that is retained for home consumption, as well as the full equivalent in imported goods of the goods which are shipped abroad.

So here again we come to consumer purchasing power as the limiting factor in economic progress. Consequently no political party can lay down a sound foreign-trade plank, or a sound tariff plank, except on a structure which provides for adequate consumer income. But neither the Democratic nor the Republican Party has any such foundation. Indeed, with an exception to be mentioned presently, the pronouncements of neither party reveal even a hint of the fact that any such foundation is needed.

V

Both parties, on the contrary, appear to regard the Federal Reserve System as the complete solution of our monetary problems. Yet that system, avowedly, is a system for financing producers; it is not directly concerned with the problem of financing consumers. Like most monetary systems, it assumes that there is no such problem; for it is based on the traditional economic theory that production automatically finances consumption, from which it follows that the people are sure to obtain enough money to buy goods as long as business obtains enough money to make goods.

For proof of the falsity of that theory we need look no farther back than the last four years. During that period the Federal Reserve System has well served the purpose for which it was founded. It has provided ample funds at low rates for all legitimate business. There is no need for the Democratic Party to urge that the Reserve System 'be administered for the benefit of farmers, wage earners, merchants, manufacturers, and others engaged in constructive business.' That is precisely how the System *has* been administered. In fact, there has been available so much more money than constructive business could be induced to use at home that billions have been lent abroad; more every year; most of all during the past year, when unemployment at home reached a new crisis. What we have done, in effect, is to import a part of Europe's unemployment in exchange for exports of capital. The chief reason why more of this capital has not been used to create wealth at home, thus raising standards of living and keeping more workers employed, is that at times the buying power of consumers has not grown as rapidly as the productive power of industry. It is not true

that business has suffered for need of capital. What it has needed is a means of financing consumers as efficiently as the Federal Reserve System has financed producers.

Partly because we have had no such system, we have resorted to the device of turning over to consumers on installments more than three billion dollars' worth of goods for which they have not yet paid. In consequence there have been fewer idle plants and fewer idle men than otherwise there would have been. But it is the *growth* of installment selling which has helped, and the growth cannot long continue at the rate of the past decade. If we are to make that progress which all parties really desire, we must see to it that people who want to buy goods have the means of paying for the full equivalent of what the country produces, rather than conveniences for getting deeper into debt.

In any event, installment selling is not one of those causes of prosperity which need to be subjected to political control. Private enterprise has demonstrated its ability to use that device for all it is worth.

VI

Restricted immigration, still another cause of prosperity which both parties favor, undoubtedly does help to keep up the wage rates of common labor; but it does not help to sustain employment. On the contrary, restricted immigration forces employers to adopt various means of increasing the output per man, so that they can get along with fewer men. Statistics tell the story. Moreover, merely reducing the flow of foreign workers into the labor market does not increase the total flow of money into consumers' markets. In any event, since the present law permits an annual increase in the population through immigration of less than

one quarter of one per cent, the United States has gone about as far as it can go in this direction. Evidently, we cannot create adequate demand in home markets merely by keeping out foreign goods and foreign laborers.

So it is with various other causes of prosperity — industrial research, invention, discovery of new resources, utilization of water power, improved labor relations, scientific management, reduction of wastes. All these factors help to increase our potential productive powers, but they do not in themselves proportionately increase our buying powers. Here again we run counter to the stubborn fact that we can use our knowledge of the means of producing goods only to the extent that we can sell the goods. Consumption regulates production.

In order to visualize what happens, we need only imagine that producers have no way of distributing their products except through a monster penny-in-the-slot machine. Under such conditions, producers cannot long continue to employ workers and turn out goods at any faster rate than consumers receive pennies. And if producers do not return to consumers all the pennies which are collected from the machine, consumers must receive and spend pennies from other sources, or else producers must discharge workers and reduce output. There is no point in cramming the machine with goods for which there is no outlet. That is essentially the case in the actual world of business. And that is why consumption regulates production.

VII

But have the activities of the Federal Government anything to do with the right flow of consumer income? One would think not, to read the party plat-

forms. Yet it is a fact that every economic section of both platforms has a bearing on this problem. Both platforms favor reduction of taxes, reduction of public debts, protective tariffs, reclamation of arid lands, flood control, aids to shipbuilding, and construction of naval armaments, inland waterways, and national highways. Every one of these policies, to go no further, affects the income of consumers; every one helps or hinders the maintenance of stable prices, stable markets, and employment. No one of these policies is necessarily good or bad in itself; everything depends, as a rule, on the state of business. When inflation begins, and business starts riding to a fall, the Government, as far as feasible, should cease competing with private business for men and materials. When, on the other hand, business is headed toward a depression, and more men are being thrown out of employment, the Government should promptly increase its expenditures for public works, in order to prevent waste of man power and at the same time provide private business with the needed stimulus of increased consumer buying. Yet, with a single exception, there is no evidence that either party is aware of this fact; no indication that either party has any idea that the very act which under certain conditions helps to sustain prosperity, under other conditions has the opposite effect.

Consider, as one example among many, the proposed measures for flood prevention. Now nobody objects to flood prevention. The question is when such projects should be pushed forward, and when they should be held back; how much now, how much at some later time; for they directly affect income and employment.

Even the reduction of the national debt is not a good policy, regardless of time and circumstances. Last winter,

for example, when jobs were getting scarcer and scarcer, it would have been sounder public policy to increase expenditures on public works than to use the same funds to decrease public debts. Thus it is clear that all federal fiscal policies may help or hinder economic progress at any given time. Everything depends on the volume of consumer buying and the waste of man power at the time.

This being the indisputable fact, it is almost incredible that neither party, in laying down its numerous economic planks, gives the slightest consideration to business conditions. Both parties favor this, that, and the other thing, as though government activities had nothing to do with the ebb and flow of prosperity; as though the Government could go ahead prescribing tariffs, collecting taxes, paying debts, borrowing money, and spending money, without any effect on the buying power of consumers; as though the questions of *how much* and *under what business conditions* were mere details.

That explains why it was possible for the resolutions committees at Kansas City and at Houston to busy themselves, day after day and night after night, laying innumerable planks end on end, without discovering any issues. There *are* no issues involved in most of the matters with which these committees so solemnly deal, except in connection with the questions of *how much* and *under what conditions*. Nobody cares a hoot about most of the party resolutions unless they propose that the Government spend money. Then everybody asks: When? And how much? Those questions were carefully avoided in both platforms.

But evidently 'platform' is hardly the word. For, though there are plenty of planks lying around loose, neither party has any framework — any principle — upon which to lay the planks.

Nor has it any means of knowing how the various planks fit into the whole design, for there is no design. In other words, neither party has an economic programme. And without such a programme, built around a unifying principle, there is no way whatever of answering the question, How much? That there is, in this respect, any choice between the resolutions of the two parties, only the blindest partisan would maintain.

Such consistent ignoring of the problem of adequate consumer income is, as we have said, fully supported by the traditional automatic-production-consumption theory. Why should the Government take any account of the financing of consumers, when production automatically does the trick? Why worry about anything which takes care of itself?

Nevertheless, the Democratic Party, after ignoring that problem through nine tenths of its pronouncements, suddenly takes a squint at the matter in the following resolution on unemployment: —

We favor the adoption by the Government, after a study of this subject, of a scientific plan whereby, during periods of unemployment, appropriations shall be made available for the construction of necessary public works, and the lessening, as far as consistent with public interests, of government construction work when labor is generally and satisfactorily employed in private enterprise.

This resolution is the exception to which we referred at the outset. It is the only indication in the resolutions of either party that the right flow of money to consumers, without which sustained prosperity is absolutely impossible, is any concern of the Government.

At this point, the framers of the resolutions were in sight of a principle upon which they might have built a platform.

But in their view, evidently, it was nothing but another loose plank, for they threw it down without regard to any of the other planks.

Further evidence that the framers of this resolution had no conception of its far-reaching possibilities is their refusal to call, at the same time, for a national system of employment exchanges, equipped to furnish complete, analyzed, up-to-date information concerning the unemployed. Yet, without such information, a scientific plan of government appropriations is impossible. As a matter of fact, no scientific plan was contemplated, since the resolution calls only for appropriations 'during periods of unemployment,' whereas the primary object of any scientific plan would be to *prevent* the recurrence of such periods.

This lame and halting resolution is the nearest that either party comes to facing the fact that prosperity depends on the right rate of consumption; the further fact that there is a problem of getting goods consumed, separate and distinct from the problem of getting goods produced; and, finally, the fact that this problem is one with which the Federal Government, in all its fiscal affairs, is properly concerned.

The Republican resolutions do not reveal even an inkling of these ideas; not the slightest suggestion that sustained and well-distributed prosperity requires a new federal policy. They declare, on the contrary, that no better guaranty of prosperity can be given than the pledge to continue the policies of the past five years. They insist that the tariff 'provides continuity of employment for our workmen'! Nowhere in the resolutions does it appear that anything more is needed. Nowhere does it appear that the fiscal operations of the Government have anything to do with employment. But, for that matter, nowhere does it appear that there

is any such thing, or under the wisdom of Republican rule ever can be any such thing, as a problem of unemployment.

The Democratic resolutions declare that 'no government programme is anticipated to prevent the awful suffering and economic losses of unemployment.' That is literally true. But it is just as true of the Democratic as it is of the Republican pronouncements. And no collection of planks of which that is true can properly be called a platform.

Neither party has ever presented to Congress any plan for the *prevention* of unemployment through the proper regulation of government expenditures and other fiscal measures. The nearest approach to such a plan is the Jones Bill, which will come before the next session. This bill authorizes the expenditure of about one hundred and fifty million dollars on certain public works, *after* there has been a decline of 20 per cent in contracts awarded for three consecutive months. This bill, far from providing for the *prevention* of unemployment, does not even provide for initiating remedial measures until there has been at least three months of suffering. How much could such a plan have accomplished in the year 1921, when wages declined over seven billion dollars? It might have relieved 1 per cent of the suffering.

Another objection to the bill is that it does not provide adequate means of telling when there is need of action. A single index — the volume of building contracts awarded — is not a sufficient guide. Indexes of retail prices, money rates, projected capital development, and unemployment, to mention only a few, must all be taken into account.

Still another defect in the bill is that it has to do with only one comparatively small appropriation; whereas, if the principle is sound, it should be

applied, as far as feasible, to all appropriations. Why should the principle be utterly ignored in the rest of the four billions of government expenditures? Finally, the bill is concerned solely with periods of depression; but if it is sound public policy to alleviate depressions by regulation of government expenditures, it is equally sound policy to seek to prevent depressions by preventing inflation.

This shows how far the Jones Bill comes from laying down an economic programme based on the right flow of money to consumers as the essential condition of sustained production and employment. Yet this bill is the nearest thing to such a programme that Congress has even considered. And it is fully as much as appears to-day in the resolutions of either party.

Nevertheless, the flow of money to consumers is one of the causes of prosperity which is absolutely subject to political control. Indeed, the Government plays a part in this control whether or not it wishes to do so. Inevitably. The only question is whether it plays that part intelligently.

The Government cannot play its part intelligently without uprooting and casting aside the fallacious automatic-production-consumption theory; the theory under which it has always confused the forces which are, and the forces which are not, subject to political control; under which, naturally enough, the Government has done those things which it ought not to have done, and

left undone those things which it ought to have done; first helping along the vicious spiral of inflation, and then doing little or nothing to prevent the even more vicious spiral of deflation.

Once the Government had rejected that paralyzing theory, it could proceed to gather information, more promptly, more accurately, more comprehensively, than ever before, — especially indexes of unemployment and retail prices and projected capital expenditures, — upon which to determine whether, at any given time, the influence of the Government should be brought to bear toward increasing or decreasing the flow of money to consumers. For all its economic activities the Government would then have a unifying principle. It is now the largest consumer — the greatest spender — in the world, and doubtless will continue to be, whether or not it spends with a view to keeping the country prosperous. Its expenditures are always in addition to the total of private expenditures. Now there are times when private expenditures are too great, other times when they are too small. The Government might regulate its own spending accordingly, thus making the balance right, without exercising any control over private spending.

Meantime, any political party, using such a principle and all that it involves as the underlying structure of its policy, could make a miscellaneous collection of planks into a platform.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

INSOUCIANCE

MY balcony is on the east side of the hotel, and my neighbors on the right are a Frenchman, white-haired, and his white-haired wife; my neighbors on the left are two little white-haired English ladies. And we are all mortally shy of one another. When I peep out of my room in the morning and see the matronly French lady in a purple silk wrapper standing like the captain on the bridge surveying the morning, I pop in again before she can see me. And whenever I emerge during the day I am aware of the two little white-haired ladies popping back like two white rabbits, so that literally I see only the whisk of their skirt hems.

This afternoon being hot and thundery, I woke up suddenly and went out on the balcony barefoot. There I sat serenely contemplating the world, and ignoring the two bundles of feet of the two little ladies which protruded from their open doorways, upon the end of the two chaises longues. A hot, still afternoon — the lake shining rather glassy away below, the mountains rather sulky, the greenness very green, all a little silent and lurid, and two mowers mowing with scythes downhill just near. *Slush! slush!* sound the scythe strokes.

The two little ladies become aware of my presence. I become aware of a certain agitation in the two bundles of feet wrapped in two discreet steamer rugs and protruding on the end of two chaises longues from the pair of doorways upon the balcony next me. One bundle of feet suddenly disappears; so does the other. Silence!

Then lo! with odd, sliding suddenness a little white-haired lady in gray silk with round blue eyes, emerges and looks straight at me, and remarks that it is pleasant now. A little cooler, say I, with false amiability. She quite agrees, and we speak of the men mowing: how plainly one hears the long breaths of the scythes! By now, we are *tête-à-tête*. We speak of cherries, strawberries, and the promise of the vine crop. This somehow leads to Italy, and the Signor Mussolini. Before I know where I am, the little white-haired lady has swept me off my balcony, away from the glassy lake, the veiled mountains, the men mowing, and the cherry trees, away into the troubled ether of international politics.

I am not allowed to sit like a dandelion on my own stem. The little lady in a breath blows me abroad. And I was so pleasantly musing over the two men mowing: the young one, with long legs in bright blue cotton trousers and with bare black head, swinging so lightly downhill, and the other, in black trousers, rather stout in front, and wearing a new straw hat of the boater variety, coming rather stiffly after, crunching the end of his stroke with a certain violent effort. I was watching the curiously different motions of the two men, the young thin one in bright blue trousers, the elderly fat one in shabby black trousers that stick out in front, the different amount of effort in their mowing, the lack of grace in the elderly one, his jerky advance, the unpleasant effect of the new boater on his head — and I tried to interest the little lady.

But it meant nothing to her. The

mowers, the mountains, the cherry trees, the lake, all the things that were *actually* there, she did n't care about. They even seemed to scare her off the balcony. But she held her ground, and, instead of herself being scared away, she snatched me up like some ogress, and swept me off into the empty desert spaces of right and wrong, politics, Fascism, and the rest.

The worst ogress could n't have treated me more villainously. I don't care about right and wrong, politics, Fascism, abstract liberty, or anything else of the sort. I want to look at the mowers, and wonder why fatness, elderliness, and black trousers should inevitably wear a new straw hat of the boater variety, move in stiff jerks, shove the end of the scythe stroke with a certain violence, and win my hearty disapproval, as contrasted with young long thinness, bright blue cotton trousers, a bare black head, and a pretty, lifting movement at the end of the scythe stroke.

Why do modern people almost invariably ignore the things that are actually present to them? Why, having come out from England to find mountains, lakes, scythe mowers, and cherry trees, does the little blue-eyed lady resolutely close her blue eyes to them all, now she's got them, and gaze away to Signor Mussolini, whom she has n't got, and to Fascism, which is invisible anyhow? Why is n't she content to be where she is? Why can't she be happy with what she's got? Why must she *care*?

I see now why her round blue eyes are so round, so noticeably round. It is because she cares. She is haunted by that mysterious bugbear of caring. For everything on earth that does n't concern her she cares. She cares terribly because far-off, invisible hypothetical Italians wear black shirts, but she does n't care a rap that one

elderly mower whose stroke she can hear wears black trousers, instead of bright blue cotton ones. Now if she would descend from the balcony and climb the grassy slope and say to the fat mower, *Cher monsieur, pourquoi portez-vous les pantalons noirs?* Why, oh why, do you wear black trousers? then I should say, What an on-the-spot little lady! But since she only torments me with international politics, I can only remark, What a tiresome, off-the-spot old woman!

They care! They simply are eaten up with caring. They are so busy caring about Fascism, or Leagues of Nations, or whether France is right, or whether marriage is threatened, that they never know where they are. They certainly never live on the spot where they are. They inhabit abstract space, the desert void of politics, principles, right and wrong, and so forth. They are doomed to be abstract. Talking to them is like trying to have a human relationship with the letter *x* in algebra.

There simply is a deadly breach between actual living and this abstract caring. What is actual living? It is a question mostly of direct contact. There was a direct sensuous contact between me, the lake, mountains, cherry trees, mowers, and a certain invisible but noisy chaffinch in a clipped lime tree. All this was cut off by the fatal shears of that abstract word, 'Fascism,' and the little old lady next door was the Atropos who cut the thread of my actual life this afternoon.

She beheaded me, and flung my head into abstract space. Then we are supposed to love our neighbors!

When it comes to living, we live through our instincts and our intuitions. Instinct makes me run from little overearnest ladies, instinct makes me sniff the lime blossom and reach for the darkest cherry. But it is

intuition which makes me feel the uncanny glassiness of the lake this afternoon, the sulkiness of the mountains, the vividness of near green in thunder sun, the young man in bright blue trousers lightly tossing the grass from the scythe, the elderly man in a boater stiffly shoving his scythe strokes, both of them sweating in the silence of the intense light.

HOSTS

HAVING retired from active business with something considerably less than a competence, and having purchased a small place in the country in which to pass the sunset years of my life, I turned my jaded mind from the contemplation of the eccentricities of the stock market to the equally mysterious processes of nature.

One of my silent aspirations when I took up my abode on my Sabine Farm was that it might become the Mecca of city friends, who would be tempted by its peace and quiet to visit me, and if possible to break bread with me and pass a night under the protection of my many-gabled roof.

So, when some minor repairs had been completed, I issued a somewhat general invitation to my more intimate friends to drop in when motoring by. It was my practice to engage in the less exacting agricultural duties in the morning; then lunch and a brief siesta, and I was ready for company. While waiting for their enthusiastic arrival I contrived to add picturesque bucolic touches to my environment. I made my toilet with nice attention to the requirements of my new character, and arranged to have the quarters of the pigs, the poultry, and my other humble possessions worthy of minute inspection.

I followed this line of procedure for several weeks, but it was totally lacking

in results. I spent long afternoons with ears attentive to the sound of an approaching motor, but they whirled by my gateway with arrogant disdain. I decided that there was something wrong with my invitations. A general invitation is, after all, no invitation. After careful thought I selected friends who, I decided, were most in need of the recuperative effect of country quiet, and issued to them definite invitations for specific days and hours. The result of this was a long series of telephone calls, at inconvenient hours, expressing regret that exacting social duties elsewhere prevented their coming, much as they desired to do so. It seemed indelicate to press the matter, so I selected another group of less intimate friends and tried again. For some reason this group was less responsive than the first. From some of them I never heard at all. Then I saw my mistake. This sort of thing must grow naturally. My rural retreat must acquire a reputation for charming and unostentatious hospitality. Little by little its fame would spread, and then the tide would turn toward me. When this comforting reflection came to me I could hear the enraptured comments of friends. 'Have you, by any chance,' they would say, 'been out to Jackson's little place in the country? No? Oh, you must go. Just drop in at any time. He will be delighted to see you. Don't wait for a formal invitation. He does not do things that way. That's the charm of it.'

With these comforting words ringing in my ears, I settled myself to await developments. Meanwhile I was not bereft of all visitors. I was called upon by a taciturn gentleman who wished to sell me brushes, a pensive youth who offered me a correspondence course in the raising of poultry, and a young woman whose educational future seemed to depend upon my subscribing

to a number of multicolored magazines.

The visitor, however, who really stirred me was a young man who descended upon me and threatened to change the whole face of nature. He came with awe-inspiring credentials from the State Bureau of Agriculture. His mission seemed to be to discover just how far I was disregarding the agricultural ethics of the community. He desired to make a minute inspection of all growing things on the place. In half an hour he had reduced me to a state of groveling humiliation.

His discoveries were appalling. I had every sort of growing thing which no right-minded man would have. His face blanched when he beheld my gooseberry bed, and, pointing a trembling finger at the fruit-laden bushes, he uttered one word in a sepulchral whisper: 'Hosts!'

My currant bushes filled him with anguish, and even my beloved lilacs were pronounced to be 'hosts,' and he urged their immediate destruction. He then inspected my ancient fruit trees, and his mood became more and more tragic. He would lay his hand upon trunk after trunk as we made our rounds and, looking mournfully at me, would whisper, 'Doomed.' In vain I tried to explain to him that I was not a fruit farmer, that these ancient trees were kept for their beauty and the shade they afforded. He shook his head sadly. Such things could not be. I took him to the garden and tried the effect of a cool drink and a cigar. Nothing could assuage his grief, and his conviction that I was either a knave or a fool was strengthened as I talked.

He then explained with great care — quite simply, as he would to an erring child — that all the things that I loved most must be cut down. They were themselves in perfect health, but harbored the possibilities of disease

and destruction to others. I pointed out that none of the things affected by these parasites grew on my place, and, what was more, I did not care if they did. Very kindly but firmly he would reply, 'But they are hosts.' We had a long and melancholy interview. He evidently had no intention of leaving until he had wrung from me a promise to denude my entire estate. I finally said I would follow his advice as far as possible, for I did not know with what authority the young man was invested, and I had visions of an army of axemen appearing and, under the proud ægis of the Commonwealth, stripping my few acres, while I languished behind prison bars.

After he left me my mood changed to one of exaltation. My trees and shrubs took on a new and beautiful significance. They were not merely dumb growing things. They were 'hosts,' for 'he himself had said it.' Amid their leaves and branches myriad living things find asylum, and there enjoy the charming and unostentatious hospitality for which my country retreat is justly famous.

As I spend long, languorous afternoons listening to the hum of passing motors, I am no longer vexed that none pause at my gate. The callous inattention of erstwhile friends does not pain me. The world may pass me by, for I know that my currants, my gooseberries, my lilacs, in fact everything growing on my place is dispensing prodigal hospitality to millions of tiny and appreciative guests, who, though they may be so minute as to be well-nigh invisible, are after all brothers of mine in the great scheme of things.

But if ever again a blue convertible coupé with the arms of the Commonwealth on the door stops at my gate, I shall retire to my root cellar and remain there until it has departed to visit other hosts elsewhere.

FOR THE BOOK PAGE

The Life and Times of Somebody or Other. By Nicholson Pennys.

THERE is no particular reason why I should review this book. I know absolutely nothing about the fellow or his life and times, if he had any. I never even heard of him. Mr. Pennys and I have a bowing acquaintance. That is, I bow to Mr. Pennys and he pretends he does n't see me. But some of Mr. Pennys's friends told some of my friends that they thought it would be a good thing for me if I could review Mr. Pennys's new book in one of the papers, and I was taken to lunch with that in mind. I had something in mind also; that was that I should not review this book of Mr. Pennys. But it was a very good lunch, with strawberry ice cream, and here I am writing the review.

I should say in the beginning that I consider Pennys an ass, and that he writes very badly. I should never read anything of his for pleasure, much less for profit, so that it is doubtful if I shall find myself praising *The Life and Times* of this man, I forget his name. Perhaps Mr. Pennys's friends failed to think of that. Perhaps they thought I had an admiration for Mr. Pennys. If they did, they were wrong. They would have done better to have taken me to lunch with this *Life and Times* man, what's his name? But of course that was impossible, for he was dead.

I had intended to read some of the book before I reviewed it, but it looked so dull that I could n't begin. The friends of Mr. Pennys, particularly the one who is his publisher, seemed rather anxious that I should realize that this was the definitive biography of Mr. — er — of the subject. He left the impression that the man had led only one life and that it was all in this book. If that is so, I am surprised that he endured so long. He might have died reasonably

at chapter two. Mr. Pennys's publisher said also that he hoped that should notice Mr. Pennys's style. Unfortunately he did n't tell me in which chapter this appeared, and in my haste to survey I was unable to find it.

Mr. Pennys, I know, is considerably erudite. He has drawn attention to this fact in several hundred footnotes, but I have never gone in for footnotes, especially those in small type. I think people who write such things should be abolished. When Mr. Pennys dies, I can have a footnote on his gravestone.

HERE LIES THE BODY
OF NICHOLSON PENNYS¹

¹ This is a conventional phrase stating that these premises Mr. Nicholson Pennys is buried in. As a matter of fact, he was buried at sea, so the words 'here lies' must be construed to mean 'here is commemorated.' Mr. Pennys was a good author, and a bad one.

But we were talking about this new book. In addition to being dull, it is very thin. A better title would have been 'The Life and Spare Time of Somebody or Other.' Mr. Pennys wrote it to oblige his publisher. I am writing this to oblige his publisher. I hope the publisher is satisfied. I am only sorry that this man who is the subject of the book had to be dragged into it. He was probably very upright and kind to his children. I am sure he did n't want his life written any more than I want to review it. I wish he were alive, so that I could tell him so.

Perhaps the book will sell. The review contains a quotable passage, 'the definitive biography,' which, I dare say, will be worked up into bold type. Several critics will find it a great book by a charming writer. And if they don't, the publisher can quote those words from here. I understand Mr. Pennys is abroad. Nothing can stop him. He is writing the 'Life and Times' of somebody else.

Order your copy now.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

WHEN **Robert Keable** died on the island of Tahiti less than a year ago, he had just finished a book about Jesus which all his life long he had wished to write. We are printing this month the opening chapters of this volume, which will appear as an Atlantic Monthly Press Publication early in 1929. **Ralph Linton**, of the Field Museum in Chicago, describes a recent expedition through wildest Madagascar. Δ The world of **Joseph Wood Krutch** has become a sadder place now that the sprightly tradition of tragedy has followed its cheerful counterpart, romantic love, into the limbo of dead values. Δ Certain Alabaman defenders of the States' Rights principle have been calling **Eleanor Risley** a modern 'Arkansas Traveler' on the strength of her 'Alabama, Here We Rest' story that we printed last July. If our indignant Southern friends had only followed Vermont precedent and kept cool until 'Mountaineers and Mill Folks' appeared, they would have discovered that the lady was playing no State favorites. **Dorothy Margaret Stuart** is an Englishwoman and an associate of A. P. Herbert on the staff of *Punch*. Her flair for poetry is easily accounted for, since a sense of humor and a sense of proportion are generally acknowledged to be one and the same thing. Δ Although **Herbert Harrish** prefers not to have the title 'Reverend' tacked on in front of his name, he confesses that he is now entitled to write D.D. after it. **Major A. W. Smith**, who is connected with a trading company in Rangoon, has this to say about his hunting experiences on two continents:—

I have been interested in the subject of game and game preservation for a good many years, and my own observation has always received confirmation from the writings of those who now very much more about it than I. There is no mystery about the preservation of wild life of any kind, and given reasonable treatment it will thrive in most extraordinary conditions. The Downs of the Somme behind the British lines

during the height of the battle in 1916 probably carried a bigger head of the common partridge than they have done for many years. In peace time they are harried unmercifully, but during the war they were only disturbed by the passage of men and transports, by an occasional long-distance shelling, or by the bombing of aircraft. They appeared to have realized that these inconveniences were not directed at them, and to have ordered their lives accordingly.

In France, too, anyone in a quiet part of the line must have been struck with the richness of all kinds of wild life, in marked contrast to the deserted fields and woods farther from the war.

My six years' service as an officer in the British Army sent me traveling widely. I served in France and Belgium, and later as a Major on the British General Staff with Denikin's army in South Russia. Then India and Burma for the past nine years, during which time I have had the chance to hunt and study game birds and animals from Kashmir to the Nilgiris, and from Bombay to Burma and the Chinese border. During that time all I have seen has shown me that in these days of cheap high-powered rifles areas can far more easily be denuded of wild life than they can be repopulated, but give it a chance and it will thrive.

Although he has also distinguished himself as a poet, novelist, and translator, **Edwin Muir** is too good a Scotsman not to share with Hume and Kant the national propensity for philosophizing. His piece on the novel states a thesis and proves it. **Frederick Cheever Shattuck**, physician to two generations of Bostonians, is a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Δ As Dean of the Theological School at Harvard, **Willard L. Sperry** may appear to be identified with an institution renowned for religious tolerance—not to say indifference. But, to lapse into Scripture, 'by their fruits ye shall know them.' The fact that compulsory chapel has gone the way of freshman hazing in Cambridge does not mean that the subject is closed there. Δ Both Indian and English blood flow in the veins of **Nancy Byrd Turner**—

a descendant of Pocahontas and of the Virginia Randolphs. Her homesickness for England, however, indicates the dominance of the Anglo-Saxon strain. Δ Among the many replies that Moore Bennett's article on 'Christianity in China' called forth none seemed to us more sweetly reasonable than that of **Louise Strong Hammond**. She confesses that 'we missionaries are a determined and verbose lot,' and describes herself as a Vassar graduate who has written extensively for the newspapers and translated Chinese poems into the vulgate. **Walter D. Edmonds's** powerful melodrama of the race track belongs to that grand tradition in American humor that Mark Twain followed in 'The Jumping Frog.' Δ Originating in Ohio, **Dr. Gustav Eckstein** has found a spiritual home for himself in Japan.

As professor of Public Utilities in the Harvard Business School, **Philip Cabot** is in a position to deal impartially with a number of the points raised in Maurice Scharff's recent criticism of the industry. **Bernard K. Sandwell** is a British-born Canadian with an American wife. He has divided his energies between journalism and the teaching of economics at McGill, and is now contributing editor to the *Montreal Financial Times*. **William Trufant Foster** and **Waddill Catchings** are connected with the Pollak Foundation for Economic Research.

Friend Hoover is conscientious.

August 28, 1928

FRIEND ATLANTIC, —

Apropos of Friend John W. Gummere's fears of Quaker pacifism of Herbert Hoover.

It is quite true that many Friends have suffered rather than give any countenance to the views of the world's people about war. It is also true that others have obeyed a higher voice than that of Friends' discipline. Notably in the Civil War, young Quakers shouldered their guns and marched to battle at Lincoln's call. They merely left word, 'We are sorry that the call of the Spirit goes against the discipline of our Meeting.'

The essential element of the Friendly faith is the belief that the individual conscience is the supreme guide of man. The Friends hold it

superior to church or creed or book. While Herbert Hoover's Quakerism may indicate what he is likely to do, the real menace will lie in the conscience that determines what he actually will do.

If one happens to disagree with him, Mr. Hoover will appear to be a very dangerous man. If one chances to be on the same side, Friend Herbert will appear a very safe one.

EUNICE STEBBINS

But on the other hand —

September 15, 1928

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

That my letter should have been viewed as an attack on Quakerism is a cause of chagrin, for nothing was further from my intent.

Roman Catholicism and Quakerism have both produced lives of the sweetest sanctity. Both have given the world a definite ethical teaching and from its origin the latter has protested against bearing arms, judicial oaths, and formalism. If it has not done this, it has done nothing.

If quoting from an authoritative Quaker source a positive teaching on bearing arms constitutes an attack on Quakerism, then I am guilty.

Aside from its plea for fair play, my letter should rather be interpreted as an attack on Mr. Hoover's mode of thought, which makes Quakerism to appear as that zenith of formalism which teaches definitely and acts differently, and which is thus portrayed not as the abode of the mystic but of the misty.

JOHN W. GUMMERE

The following stanzas sent us by Reverend W. A. Williams, 'Publisher of Prohibition Songs,' can be sung to the tune of 'Beulah Land' with intoxicating effect: —

'I NEVER YET HAVE VOTED WET'

'I never yet have voted wet.' — Placard on stores in the South

'I do not choose to vote for booze.' — Convention slogan

'I never yet have voted wet';

'I do not choose to vote for booze';

I'll never vote so bum or bloot

May 'blow off foam,' and wreck his home.

Chorus:

I never yet have voted wet;

I do not choose to vote for booze.

'Keep Hoover out!' the rummies shout;

But what a sin to let Smith in!

A hundred years of prayers and tears

Would all be lost. Oh! what a cost!

The Tiger's claws would scrap dry laws;
Then — same decoys for girls and boys,
Their hearts to break, their lives to wreck;
Their souls they'll lose — and all for booze!

I never can vote for a man
Whose whole career has favored beer,
Whose greatest claim to deathless fame
Is — no regret for voting wet!

Mrs. Risley and the folks of Posey Holler
could be pretty sure to disagree with this
gentleman from Oklahoma, who offers a
very matter-of-fact explanation of snakes
and snake nights.

PONCA CITY, OKLAHOMA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

As to 'Snake Night up Posey Holler,' there are
very few persons who will believe the story true,
but a few who are well acquainted with the habits
of rattlesnakes will believe it.

I was raised in the Appalachian Mountains in
Virginia where rattlers and copperheads were
very numerous. The copperhead, though not so
badly, was far more apt to strike. But how
could the preacher handle the rattler with im-
munity?

It was not because the preacher had been en-
dowed with supernatural power, but because the
snake had been deprived of his natural power. If
you pull the fangs of a rattlesnake there is no
more tractable snake; he seems to like to be
handled by man until another set of fangs
become hard, when he immediately becomes
dangerous as ever.

All rattlesnakes and copperheads have three
pairs of fangs. Some have more. But only one
pair are hard; the other two are soft. But when
the pair is pulled the next two begin to harden
and in a short time are as dangerous as the first
two. But in the meantime the serpent may be
handled as was the one in Posey Holler.

My brother once caught a very large rattler
early in the summer and kept him until fall. His
appearance showed he had just had a heavy meal,
maybe two or three squirrels or rabbits. He
never ate anything more. A month or so later a
toad was put in the cage with him. The toad was
greatly excited and tried to get away, but in a
few days he learned that there was no danger, and
in the fall, when the nights were cool, the snake
could be coiled up and the toad sitting on top
of him.

My brother in the fall gave the snake to his
cousin and told him to pull the snake fangs and
sell people in the town where he lived that he was
a snake charmer.

This he did. But my brother had not thought
to tell him to look out for the other two pairs of
fangs.

His cousin played with the snake for a while
and astonished his neighbors by his power to
charm the great rattler and handle him. But
one day he put his hand into the cage. The
second pair of fangs had hardened. The
snake struck the boy on the hand and almost
killed him.

Rattlesnakes and copperheads hibernate to-
gether in the same den. I hope this may save
someone from great suffering and maybe death.

Respectfully,

M. A. DUNLAP

And now for the love letters, many of
which were written in a much more serious
vein than these below. Here, for instance,
is disturbing evidence that the value whose
death Joseph Wood Krutch has been cele-
brating still thrives dangerously in our
great cities, not even sparing *Atlantic*
readers.

'The public,' writes one of our fair New
York correspondents, 'is being deluged
of late with articles on love, marriage,
divorce, and sex. Most of these are simply
the voicing of fears that all is not as it
should be in the love life of the present
generation.' After praising Dr. Krutch for
his courage and skill, she goes on, however,
to point out that the words 'affection'
and 'friendship' are conspicuously absent
from his essay, and that deep affections
between men and women have existed and
can exist — 'irrespective of whether or not
a sexual relationship exists.' But it was her
closing paragraph that really held us spell-
bound: —

I drove last night with an intelligent young
playwright. It was the third time I had met him.
After a short ride he matter-of-factly stopped the
car and proceeded to become amorous. I pro-
tested that I did not relish being petted by some-
one for whom I had no affection. Whereupon he
remarked, 'Oh, petting has no significance; it's
simply pleasant.' This is doubtless typical of our
new attitude toward sex — of the gradual freeing
of ourselves from romantic values. Perhaps
romanticism is dying, but surely it is a little
early to announce the obsequies of Love!

FLORA M. RHIND

447 EAST 65TH STREET
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Professor Warren S. Gordis, Head of the English Department, Stetson University, De Land, Florida, sends this reply to Dr. Krutch:—

Last Monday evening an audience that packed the opera house was profoundly moved. Kreisler, as few can, interpreted on a rare old violin some of Chopin's most exquisite music, and when at the close of the performance two prominent and beautiful young women presented the artist with baskets of lilies and roses respectively, such an ovation followed as has seldom been seen in our city.

The following evening, however, at a session of the Modern Truth Association, now meeting in this city, the celebrated Dr. Bunk presented considerations which among thinking people have created a decided stir.

The learned man called attention to the fact that the sounds which had so moved the audience arose simply from the vibrations of catgut, that the cat is a relatively inconsequential animal, that a dead cat is even less significant than a living one, and finally that the gut of the cat is the most unromantic portion of the feline anatomy; even the nocturnal vibrations of the vocal cords of the living cat have not usually awakened rapturous emotions on the part of the listeners. In view of these undoubted truths, the emotional reaction of the audience Monday evening was shown to be highly irrational.

Nor was this all. Investigations showed that the lilies and roses, the offering of which occasioned the climax of enthusiasm, had come from a florist who had produced them from the unmentionable by-product of his neighbor's cow stable; they were, therefore, merely sublimated—supply whatever disgusting word you find appropriate. Here we have the pitiable and humiliating spectacle of a presumably intelligent and cultivated audience going into raptures over sublimated catgut and sublimated—fertilizer. What the lecturer said about the charm of the young ladies who presented the flowers we have not space to report.

True, there were some who modestly took issue with Dr. Bunk. They did not deny that the catgut was an element, and perhaps a necessary element, in Kreisler's performance, but they urged the presence of other and more significant elements—elements of an entirely different nature. They spoke of the artistic inspiration of Chopin, of the succession of skillful artisans that had made the violin possible, and finally of the musical genius of Kreisler, which they thought was something more than sublimated beefsteak. They considered the lilies and roses in a somewhat similar light, saying something about their essen-

tial beauty as a mysterious gift of nature, not yet exhaustively explained, and about the human patience and skill devoted to the improvement of varieties and the production of the given specimens. Some even ventured to suggest that Dr. Bunk's analysis was sublimated nonsense.

Discerning ones, however, had a definite suspicion that these protestants were Victorian—perhaps even Mid-Victorians in spirit—a suspicion that became almost a certainty when on several occasions the words 'spiritual' and 'divine' inadvertently were allowed to escape. They evidently were suffering from those strange 'taboos' and 'inhibitions' which are known to infest Mid-Victorians, and to which they sometimes give the absurd and high-sounding name of aesthetic, moral, and religious principles. Of course there were anticipations of Victorianism before the reign of the 'smug' and 'stuffy' queen, from whose name and age the movement is labeled; Socrates, Plato, Kant, and even Jesus belonged essentially to the tribe—a tribe that, as everyone now realizes, is rapidly on the way to extinction, thanks to the victorious principle of Modern Disillusionment.

As Dr. Bunk's analysis of the situation has been telegraphed throughout the country, and even throughout the civilized world, musicians and florists, and the lovers of music and flowers have been filled with consternation and distress. Disillusionment has shown them that they were really devotees to catgut and stable manure. Many suicides have already been announced, but it is to be hoped that the survivors will, in general, try to reconcile themselves to the gloomy days stretching out before them, realizing that nothing is quite so precious as truth and star reality.

Some there are, to be sure, who may admit the intellectual effectiveness of Dr. Krutch's attack on the emotion that makes the movies what they are to-day, but who feel that love still fills a by no means negligible function in the Great Scheme of Things. Witness, for example, the effect of love's fulfillment on one of our readers.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Partly, perhaps, because my wife has just presented me with a son, I must refuse to be upset by Mr. Krutch's recent article. May I, nevertheless, present this.

With Compliments to Joseph Wood Krutch

Hence, my dear! 'T was all delusion;

Lift yourself from off my knee:

What we thought was love was only

'Sublimated sex,' you see.

Love's an artificial 'value'

Savage hearts have ever scorned;

Now it's dead, so don't go howling:

Trivial things are best unmourned.

All the sad young men are waiting

For the flower they helped to smutch;

Never mind the fibs I told you:

Love is left without a Krutch.

'Come and see the moon a moment?'

Nonsense, woman; I'll not stir!

As for you — go get my supper:

I'm a savage now, by *G-r-r*!

Yours most humbly,

GEORGE BRANDON SAUL

Robert Lynd explained in our September number why literature declines. His reflections have led at least one sympathetic reader to offer us these grounds for hope.

MADISON, WISCONSIN

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Mr. Lynd's article, 'Why Literature Declines,' in your September number, touched a vibrant chord. It is sad but true that in this world of stark realism and materialism — the world which has discarded Heaven, Hell, Purity, Sanctity, Ideals, even clothes — there remain, despite its efforts at the extinction of such, some few old fogies who still cling lovingly, in memory at least, to the literature of bygone days; and who still cherish a secret hope that some day men will again write of the things which stir their souls instead of searching for methods of suppressing them or explaining them away in terms of complexes and phobias.

But this age is the avowed enemy alike of him who would read or him who would write any but the literature of its kind. We used to find keen joy in taking flights out of the material world with Dante and Goethe and Shakespeare; but who can crowd one of those flights in, now, between the directors' meeting and the foursome? We used to delight in standing 'mid the eternal ways' with Burroughs; but now those ways are overrun by the jostling mobs who know that Heaven is right here on earth and that each must hurry if he wishes to seize a piece for himself. We used to pluck a flower from the 'crannied wall' and thrill, with Tennyson, to hold it in hand, 'root, stem and all'; but now the signs ead, 'Do not touch flowers or shrubs.'

And who cares to write what will not be read?

There is but one hope! Cæsar did not write is will the day Mark Antony read it to the opulace. Our hope must rest in the closets!

Perhaps somewhere, even now, there are some few fine spirits — rarely has an age produced them in numbers — who understand that some day this era of sophistication and arrogant rationalism will have passed, that there will come a time when the flight of a spirit into the world of imagery will no longer be cause for an anxious visit to the family psychoanalyst, and who even now are writing truly great literature against that hour.

Would it not be a happy moment in Heaven (though, of course, that is merely a puerile concept) if one might look down (how absolutely absurd!) and hear a critic say, upon bringing to light a beautiful work for the sake of which some genius 'suffered the slings and arrows' of this generation, 'I found it in his closet'? But, of course, apartments and family hotels do not have closets. He will probably merely announce, 'It was in his safe-deposit box.'

Very truly,

E. MARGARET PARKER

Turning back to the eighteenth century, here is the kind of letter a long-lost husband of that period used to send to his wife. The author, a native of Charlestown, Massachusetts, never reached home, as his ship was wrecked. Molly lived to be ninety.

LONDON, June 23, 1766

DEAR MOLLY, —

This will inform you that I am still in the world. I have been so long counted among the Dead that I suppose all the remembrance of me is this — viz., that I was a bad husband because I left no Money. I suppose my Character has been canvassed as customary. Some have imputed my Poverty to Extravagance, others to Unskillfulness, and others to Carelessness in business — very few to the True Cause, the Will of God. You (who knew me best) I hope have done me justice in your Thoughts, in the midst of all your difficulties. I think I was not an Unkind Husband or Father, nor disagreeable Friend and Acquaintance. I do assure you when I expected momentarily to perish I had that consolation that I had endeavored to make you and my children happy. I remembered that I had some oddities in my Behaviour which might not have been always agreeable to you but which I hoped your Goodnature would forgive. I believe I may say the greatest Trouble I had at that Time (for I trusted God would forgive my sins) was the circumstances I should leave you and my children in — but notwithstanding those things and that I have been so long imagined dead that your Grief for the loss of my Person may possibly be

at an End, yet I hope that my Resurrection to you and Life again if it Please God may not be disagreeable to you. I think you loved me and cannot have forgot me so soon.

As you may want to know what has befallen me (for you formerly had curiosity to know things) I will acquaint you. On the 10th of January last in a hard gale of wind a very bad sea struck my vessel and occasioned her to leak very much. We kept continually pumping Night and Day till the 13th, and then the Water had increased so much that the Vessel was just upon sinking when we hoisted our boat out and got into it hardly in expectation of saving our lives but in the Hopes of living a little longer to repent of our Sins and ask Forgiveness, but it pleased God, after we had been 8 days in the boat in very stormy weather, and suffering a great deal for want of Victuals and Drink, to carry us to the Island of Flores inhabited by Portugese and who were exceedingly kind, especially to me. I having by being constantly wet, got the Gout in both Legs and Feet and left Hand so that I was unable to help myself, was taken from the Boat by two of them and carried about a mile, where I had an House and Bed provided for me and where I lay 17 days in great misery. After continuing in that Island (where I was obliged to sell my Hat, Buckles, and Buttons to subsist me) four months, I was carried to Dover in England and thence I came by land to this city, where I cant find that kindness that I have exercised upon many — I mean to let me have a passage without paying for it. I hope under these Frowns of providence that we shall behave suitably with a Religious Resignation, and not one murmuring thought arise. If it be best for us we shall yet meet with prosperity, but let us endeavor to act our part well upon this stage of the World, having this to comfort us — that when the Curtain is drawn, he that acts well the part of a beggar will have as much applause as he that acts the part of a King — or as Christians let us run with Patience the Race set before us — not despising the Chastisement of the Lord, but by patient continuance in well doing, let us seek Glory, Honor, and Immortality and in the end we shall undoubtedly obtain Everlasting Life. Then we shall look back upon what we called Troubles and Adversities in this world and wonder we gave them so hard a name. We shall then know that they were only the kind Chastisements of a Beneficent Father, for our Good, to wean us from a Fondness for this World and its Vanities. We shall then glory in the Tribulations we met with seeing they were necessary for us in the Road to Happiness.

I hope you and my children have health. I long most heartily to see you. If God continues my health I shall come home in Captain Howard who sails in about a week.

I do not know what to say more. Pray give my duty to your Mother; tell her I am sorry I am the cause of so much uneasiness to her as I must necessarily have been. My love to your brother Nathaniel. I wish him happiness. To my Father and Mother give my dutiful regards; my love to all you think will be glad to hear I am alive. Give my blessing to my Children and accept the Love and Esteem of one whose greatest satisfaction that he was beloved by you, and who is in Life Death

My Dearest,

Your Constant Affectionate Husband,
E — K —

Here's a pedagogue who up and revolts and even thinks it's great. We only hope the example will not spread too widely, for the time may come when others of us will find ourselves as bored with our labors as our preceptors seem to be with theirs. And when that happens who will run our trains, mine our coal, wash our dishes, and write our Contributors' Columns for us?

August 29, 1928

DEAR PEDAGOGUE IN REVOLT, —

Yes, resign! Better yet, retire. Retire alone with me, the best is yet to be. This is not an invitation — simply a misquotation.

I have just read your article in the September *Atlantic* and my thoughts flew back to more than thirty years ago when, with all the glories of undiscovered Paris beckoning to me, I forced myself to toil in ill-ventilated libraries. When instead of joyously following adventure into unknown paths I doggedly pursued the fate of Latin o in the poems of Gonzalo de Berceo. I could not enjoy the quaint charm of his verse lest I miss one of those pesky little letters. No one could tell what disguise they might have assumed since first they wandered from the Roman moorings, and it was up to me to track them to their Spanish lairs. Six long months I was a Romance sleuth, and when I finally rounded up all my captives my only reward was an enigmatical combination of letters to be suffixed to my name. And in my soul was born a distrust of the value of a certain kind of scholarship. I had sinned against that sweet old poet beyond forgiveness, and my punishment was that I never could read him again.

So your article struck an answering chord in my own experience. I stuck to my job of interpreting (?) literature for over thirty years, but finally gave it up a year ago. I am free! Free to say what I think and do what I want. It's great!

Sympathetically yours,

E. W.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

DECEMBER, 1928

THIS IS THE LIFE!

BY ARCHER B. GILFILLAN

AFTER graduating from the University of Pennsylvania, Mr. Gilfillan began studying for a professional career, but circumstances put him to practical work. He has spent the past dozen years as a sheep herder. — THE EDITOR]

I

ON fairness to the reader it should be stated at the outset that there are two general theories about herding. Some hold that no man can herd for six months straight without going crazy, while others maintain that a man must have been mentally unbalanced for at least six months before he is in fit condition to entertain the thought of herding. Since these theories, taken together, hold out little hope for the ready herder, I ask the reader, in case he should notice any irrationality in the following pages, to impute it to environment rather than to heredity. It is easier on the family.

To a mind uncontaminated by the Higher Criticism, the herding profession, as personified in the second son of Adam, holds a very high and honorable rank in point of antiquity. It is significant that the first herder was killed by his brother. The prejudice against sheep is evidently as old as the profession itself.

And yet the herder, even to-day, has distant relatives — ninety-third cousins, as it were — in the higher ranks of life, for every pastor of a church is by his very name and profession a shepherd or herder. But, if it would not be presumptuous, it might be pointed out that the sheep herder has some advantages over even his wealthy and aristocratic kinsman. In the first place the herder can tell his black sheep at a glance, which is something no pastor can do. Furthermore the herder does n't lie awake nights wondering how he can turn his black sheep white. He has sense enough to know that they will remain black to the end of the chapter. Nor does he worry for fear that his black sheep will smudge up some of the white ones, turning them a rich mulatto. Besides all this, the herder's black sheep will average only about one to the hundred. Where is the pastor who can boast a score like that? Lastly, when the whole flock shows a tendency to go wrong, as it frequently does, the herder does n't tearfully beg it to go right, and get in another herder to work over it a week or two. No, he addresses his flock in short, concise phrases. He alludes in passing to certain interesting facts about their ancestry, touches briefly on the present

state of their morals, winds up with a reference to their hoped-for destination, and then sets the dog on them. The pastor has certain inhibitions of speech; the herder has none, unless he is tongue-tied, and few are. But after all the herder and the pastor speak much the same language, only differently arranged.

It is necessary, however, to differentiate between the sheep herder of fact and the shepherd of romance. The latter is a gay and poetic figure, the former anything but. The shepherd leads his flock with a song, the herder follows his with profanity. The shepherd reclines on a mossy bank beneath a green tree and carols a roundelay. The herder looks carefully about to make sure that he won't sit on a cactus, eases his wearied limbs to the unshaded hillside, and gives his vocal organs a well-earned rest.

But, to descend from the shepherd of romance to the shepherd of fact, there is yet a great difference between him and the sheep herder — roughly speaking, about a thousand dollars a year. The shepherd, in modern life, is the man who has charge of a comparatively small band of pure-bred sheep. He tells the hired man what to give them and he tells the boss what to give him. The sheep herder is in charge of a large band of sheep, but he does n't tell anybody anything. If he has anything to say, he tells it to the sheep.

There is another marked difference between the shepherd and the sheep herder. It is best told in the words of an old Scotch herder in Montana. He said that in the old country, when he drove his band of sheep down to the lower pastures at the approach of winter, people would exclaim, 'Here comes the noble shepherd and his flock!' Out here, on the other hand, when they saw him coming they would

say, 'Here comes that low-lived herder and his bunch of woolies!'

In Biblical times the owner of flocks was a nomad. He had herdsmen, but he moved with them from place to place as the need for fresh grass dictated, taking with him his family and all he possessed. To-day the sheep owner is as stationary as an Corn Belt farmer, but the herder is still a nomad. A band of sheep will take all the feed within a reasonable distance in about a month or six weeks. Then the sheep must be moved to fresh pastures. Since the ranch buildings are usually situated near the centre of the sheepman's range, and since the sheep swing around the edges of the range in the course of a year, the herder may be likened to a planet swinging around its central sun. All this necessitates a high degree of mobility for the herder and his belongings, and the answer to this is the sheep wagon, the most comfortable home a bachelor could desire.

But before describing this it ought to be said that not all herders have a wagon. In fact, there are many different kinds of herding. There is herding from the ranch, which means that the herder lives in the ranch buildings, takes the sheep out to graze during the day, and returns them to the corral at night. Most herders have a taste of this sometime during the year, usually during the winter. Some herders are on government reserves and have to bed their sheep in a different spot every night, and have a pack horse with which to carry their bed and provisions from place to place. In some parts of the country the herder has a team hobbled out near the wagon and does his own camp tending — that is, gets his own provisions, by the novel method of propping up the front end of his wagon and detaching the front half of the running

years, and jogging away comfortably to where his provisions await him. But in most places a herder caught trying to take the front wheels off his wagon would quickly receive free transportation to some state institution where he would be assigned to a small but well-upholstered room and given a toy wagon to take apart to his heart's content.

Again, there is a great difference in the kind of country herded over. There is mountain herding and there is plains herding, and there is herding on wooded slopes. But to herders who cannot keep track of all their sheep on the open prairie it must ever remain a mystery how a herder can keep track of any of them in the woods, where he will not see the whole bunch together from one day's end to the other.

But sheep nature is doubtless sheep nature the world over, and herders all over the West have much the same problems to solve, much the same life to live, whether they herd on the mountains or on the plains, or in the depths of the forest. And, wherever he is, the herder is the foundation stone of the sheep business or the bottom rung of the social ladder. It all depends on the point of view.

II

It has always been hard for me to understand why the big city newspapers publish daily weather reports and forecasts, for the city dweller can have only an academic interest in the weather at best. In the morning he leaves a warm, comfortable house, walks a block or two in whatever weather happens to exist, enters a street car or 'L,' and is driven to the door of his place of business. In the evening he reverses the process, braving the weather for perhaps ten minutes

before reaching the shelter of home. It may well be that the paper publishes an account of the weather simply as news, because the city man might never notice what the weather was unless it were called to his attention in this way.

The country dweller, however, being more a child of Nature, is more attentive to her moods. The farmer's interest in the weather is proverbial; that of the farm hand is still more intense and personal; but the sheep herder's interest in it eclipses them all. For him the weather is not an academic subject, but the most practical subject there is. It governs the actions of the sheep and his own comfort. It dictates his food and his clothing. In the mid-summer he may go modestly clad in shoes, shirt, and overalls. In the winter he is still more modestly clad in two pairs of trousers and a heavy sweater, to say nothing of a sheep coat. From sunrise to sunset, every day in the year, he must take the weather, whatever it may be.

In fact the weather is such an all-important factor in a herder's life that herding through the four seasons of the year is almost like holding four different jobs in succession. Of course they shade into each other by imperceptible gradations, as day passes into night, but in their essence they differ almost as much as day and night. Some herders prefer one season, some another; but by unanimous consent the worst season of all is the verdant springtime.

Countless poets have expressed the emotions aroused in them by the sight of Nature putting on her mantle of green again. Countless herders have done the same, but here the resemblance ceases. From a herder's standpoint the green grass is the villain of the piece. Imagine a child particularly fond of candy, who has been deprived of it for six months or so, and then

picture him turned loose in a candy shop and told to help himself. You can easily figure out how much control you would have over him for the next half hour. After he had had his fill, he would be amenable to reason again. This is precisely what happens to the sheep. They have been on dry feed all winter, whether hay or grass cured on the ground, and then, with the coming of spring, they get the chance to eat tender green grass once more. No wonder they go wild. But the trouble is that the grass comes gradually, its growth still further retarded by cold spells and late frosts. The sheep, however, smell the green before it is fairly above the ground, and they run everywhere searching for a place where it is plentiful, naturally without finding it. Even when the grass is an inch or two high it seems impossible for them to get their fill of it. They crop a mouthful here, run a few steps, grab another mouthful, and run a few steps more. They always seem to think that the grass is plentiful just beyond them, and they lose no time in getting there. Ordinarily a ewe will graze first on one side of her, then on the other, and then move forward a step; but when hunger for green grass drives her on she will take four or five steps between each two bites. That carries the bunch forward at an unusual rate. The period of running lasts until green grass is so plentiful that the sheep can get their fill of it every day, the length of the period depending on how fast the grass grows and how many setbacks it has, which in turn depend wholly and exclusively on the weather.

If anyone thinks that a sheep can't run, just let him try to head one off. When 'running' in spring, the entire bunch moves faster than the herder can walk. One herder told me of an experience he said he had with a bunch of antelope. His sheep passed them on

the run, so just for an experiment he threw the antelope into the bunch as they loped past. The antelope kept up for a while, but the pace told on them and soon they were in distress. Their sides were heaving, their flanks dripped with sweat, and their tongues lolled out till they were in danger of being stepped on. Finally, the herder said, he was unable to stand the sight of their suffering any longer, so he cut them back and left them to throw themselves on the ground and recuperate. Like the rest of us, he had always believed that the antelope were the fastest things on the plains, but now he said, he knew better. A footsore herder would listen to a story like this and it is not necessary to vouch for its truth. But there can be little doubt that many a jack rabbit has been trampled to death through sheer inability to keep ahead of some old ewe looking for green grass.

It is not only the running, however, that makes sheep difficult to handle in the spring, but the fact that they spread out so quickly. At ordinary times, sheep have a very strong herd instinct. A small boy was asked by his teacher how many, out of five sheep in a field, would be left if one jumped over the fence. He answered correctly 'None.' 'Why, Johnny,' remonstrated the teacher, 'one from five leaves four.' 'Well,' replied Johnny, 'you may know arithmetic, but you don't know sheep.' Of course it is only this strong herd instinct that makes it possible for two or three thousand sheep to be handled by one man. In fact, certain breeds of sheep that do not have this instinct so strongly cannot be run on the open range at all, but must be kept in woven-wire pastures. However, when the green grass is coming, even the close-herding sheep seem to throw off their inhibitions temporarily, and it seems as if every ewe

forgetting the rest of the bunch, grazes straight out in front of her. The sheep spread out much faster than the herder can throw them together. Of course the dog can turn them, but even he has his limits and can be used only so much. It usually takes the assistance of a saddle horse in addition to keep the whole bunch in one county.

III

Besides the running, splitting, and spreading in spring, there are other factors that induce in the herder the belief that he has mistaken his vocation. The frost has come out of the ground, creek bottoms are soft, every low place is muddy, and some are boggy. The sheep are in the poorest physical condition of the entire year. They have stood the strain of the winter's cold, the green grass has weakened them temporarily, they are heavy with lamb, and the muddy going is the proverbial last straw. Sheep get bogged down in muddy spots and wait patiently for death or the herder. They try to cross streams in deep places, their wool takes up water like a sponge, and they are unable to climb out on the other side. The really weak sheep will run themselves ragged when headed away from the wagon, and then, when they are turned toward it, they simply drop from exhaustion. It is no uncommon thing to find the weakest ewe in the bunch at the very tip of the lead, and quite often she finds that she has lost her return ticket.

One of the peculiar things about sheep is the extraordinary facility with which they take leave of life, and the great variety of ways in which they make their exits. You might almost accuse them of having a morbid strain.

It so happens that several methods of dying are in vogue during the

spring months, and often the heaviest loss of the year occurs at this time. When the snow first softens, the draws or swales are filled with slush, which may have the appearance of snow; but when a ewe tries to cross, she finds herself in a medium where she can neither swim nor struggle through. I have seen four sheep drowned in slush within twenty feet of each other. They also get stuck in soft creek bottoms and either drown or chill to death. A weak ewe may be unable to make it back to the wagon, and the herder will throw the sheep that way next day to pick her up, only to find her missing or killed by coyotes. With the sheep running as they do at this time, a small bunch may cut off unseen by the herder and lose some of its number by coyotes before the remainder are picked up. At any time a coyote may sneak up a draw and kill a ewe before his presence is discovered. In addition there are certain weeds that are deadly poison to sheep, and even wet grass after a rain may occasionally bloat one. Sometimes a number may be killed by licking too much alkali along the creeks. Besides this they are subject to all the diseases of the organs, as other creatures are, with a few peculiar to themselves thrown in for good measure. There are so many ways in which sheep can and do die that it is a wonder any of them are left alive.

The most peculiar method of all is that called 'dying on their backs.' When horses or dogs roll, they either roll all the way over or roll back to the position from which they started; they are unable to balance themselves on their spine, as it were. But when a sheep rolls and reaches a position with its legs pointing upward, it is often unable to complete the turn, especially if it has a heavy coat of wool, as is the case in spring. The reason for this is

that a sheep's legs, being very thin, are not able to exert any pull to one side or the other and thus aid the sheep in righting itself. A horse's legs, being long and heavy, can exert a powerful leverage on his body and turn it, but when a sheep is on its back its centre of gravity lies wholly within it, and there is no leverage it can bring to bear. Its only chance is to twist itself violently, in the hope that some movement may turn it on its side. If unsuccessful in this, the unnatural position for some reason causes gas to collect in its body and it begins to bloat. Finally the pressure of this gas on its heart and lungs becomes so terrific that these organs cease to function. If the ewe is found at any time before life is extinct and is turned over on her stomach, she will get up, stagger off, and deflate, looking meanwhile like a misshapen balloon.

There is a great variation in the time it takes a sheep to die on her back. She may be dead in fifteen minutes, then again she may be alive at the end of an hour or more; it all depends on how full her stomach was to start with. But die she will, unless discovered and turned right side up. Sheep are especially apt to roll when the sun comes out warm after a rain. The herder may turn over half a dozen sheep in a day, when conditions are such as to make them roll, and he has to be eternally on the lookout for them. The price of their lives is his vigilance.

Finally, to fill the herder's cup of woe to overflowing, the days in spring are interminably long. They approach in length the farmer's eight-hour day — eight hours before dinner and eight hours after. This has one single advantage. It gives the herder time mentally to reshape his future life, so that he will never under any circumstances herd through another spring.

IV

At the latter end of spring comes lambing, and after that shearing. Continuing now with the herding year, we come to summer, a season differing radically from the other three as regards herding. All the rest of the year the herder leaves the wagon in the morning, carrying a lunch, and does not return to it until evening. His evening meal is apt to be the principal one of the day, and he does most of his cooking then. But in summer every day is really broken into two working days. The reason for this is that the sheep will not graze during the intense heat of a summer's midday, but will run to the nearest water and lie beside it till late in the afternoon. Consequently in summer the wagon is placed beside a stream or water hole, and the day's schedule is somewhat as follows:—

The sheep leave the bed ground about five o'clock, or shortly after sunrise, and go out to graze, usually working against the wind. The herder snatches a hasty breakfast and overtakes them with the aid of his saddle horse. The band grazes until the sun gets uncomfortably hot, and then some of them start for water. They do not all go at once, but fall gradually into long lines. Usually they follow deep dusty paths already made by thirsty stock, and the long lines of sheep smoking down to water on a hot summer's day are as characteristic of a sheep country as the sheep themselves.

When the sheep reach water, they drink and then huddle together in large groups, usually with their heads beneath one another's sides. That is, as you look at the bunch you can see only their backs, their heads being down near the cool wet sand, where there is protection also from the mosquitoes and flies. A few may lie down,

but most of them stand huddled together right at the water's edge. Occasionally a lamb or so may stand in the water for the sake of coolness, but a grown sheep almost never. If there are any banks close by to cast a shadow, this patch of shade will be packed as full of sheep as it can hold.

The sheep will probably all be on water by eleven o'clock, and from then on till three or four in the afternoon the herder is free to do as he pleases. This does not mean that he can make a practice of visiting away from the wagon, because there is always the chance that a stray coyote may drop in for dinner. But since the wagon overlooks the sheep as they lie on water, the herder has four or five hours in which to cook, eat dinner, read, write, or otherwise recreate himself.

About three or four o'clock the sheep begin to leave water. They straggle off one by one, grazing into the wind, and it will perhaps be an hour before the last one leaves. The herder does not have to follow until they are pretty well out, and occasionally he does not have to leave the wagon in the afternoon at all. The sheep do not travel as fast or as far as they do in the morning, and their grazing time is shorter. They reach the bed ground about dark, the herder going in ahead of them to prepare his evening meal.

The result of this schedule is that the noon meal becomes the principal one of the day, because there is then plenty of time to cook, while there is little time to spare for either of the other meals. This is a pity, because it forces the herder to hover over his stove during the hottest part of the day and to convert his wagon into a little inferno. But even at that the heat of a Dakota sun at noon is such as to tempt the herder to crawl into his oven to cool off. It reminds you of the Arizona man

being cremated in Chicago, who, after spending an hour in the furnace, sat up in his coffin and cursed the attendant for opening the door and letting in a draft. It takes an inland country like the Great Northwest or Siberia to produce extremes of heat and cold.

As stated before, the wagon without a fire in it is very comfortable even on a hot day, since it is open at both ends. It does not take a wood fire long to die down, and as soon as the stove cools off the herder is as comfortable as may be. Since he does not have to leave the wagon till the cool of the day approaches, he really does not suffer with the heat, and does not have to stand nearly so much of it as the farm hand does. Often he prepares a cold supper to avoid heating up the wagon again before he goes to bed. Summer herding, then, means early rising and consequently early retiring, but it provides several hours of freedom in the middle of the day.

There are times in the year, notably in spring, when the herder may envy the ranch hand, but as the herder lies on his bed through the heat of a summer's day and through the door of the wagon watches the distant ranch hand sweating up and down the corn rows, or pitching hay or doing some such other work requiring a strong back and a weak mind, then the herder is apt to be pharisaically thankful that he is not as one of these.

One real drawback to summer is the flies. They are not bad at first, but from the beginning of August they become a pest and a torment. Since the door and the window of the wagon both open out, it is impossible to screen against the flies. The only way is to fight them as they come in. I have killed, by actual count, six hundred flies with a swatter in one afternoon. I might add that I did little else during that time. The best way

seems to be to let them accumulate for a day or two and then shut the wagon up and give them a dose of some good insecticide. That wipes the slate clean and gives a chance for a fresh start.

V

Time and tide, they say, wait for no man. Gradually the days become shorter, the heat moderates, and the sheep lie on water a shorter time each day. The first really cool day they do not stop on water at all, but merely drink and go on, or perhaps they do not go down to water at all. And about this time, as summer is slipping into fall, comes 'shipping.' The bunch is taken in to the ranch. The wether lambs — that is, the males — are first cut out and penned by themselves. Then all the ewes that show signs of age are cut out and put in a separate pen. The sheepman then examines the mouths of these old ones to see which have teeth enough to carry them through another winter. The 'gummers' — that is, those that have lost all their teeth — and the 'broken mouths,' those that have some teeth missing, are cut out and put in with the wethers, and the rest are returned to the bunch. A sheep's age can be accurately told by the number and state of its teeth. A yearling has two teeth, a two-year-old four, a three-year-old six, and a four-year-old eight, or a full mouth, as it is called. At five a ewe's teeth are apt to begin to spread and to be worn down. From then on individuals differ somewhat, some losing their teeth quickly and some keeping them for a year or two longer. Ordinarily it does not pay a man who runs sheep on the range to keep his ewes after their mouths begin to break. They will be all right for a year or two, where they have plenty of hay and some grain, but range conditions are too hard

for them. Consequently the sheepman culls out his gummers and broken mouths each fall at the time he markets his lambs, and thus gets his bunch in shape for the coming winter.

Then begins the journey to the railroad with the lambs, and often the regular herder makes the trip for the sake of a change. From the region where we are it is fifty-five miles to the railroad on the north and seventy-five miles if we go south. This trip takes from six to eight days. It is always an interesting event, even though it is harder than the herder's regular work. Often two or three sheepmen throw in together; and, as the lambs are all freshly branded when they start, they can be easily sorted out at the shipping point.

If there are even a few old ewes in the bunch, it is not difficult to get the band 'trail-broke'; but if it is a straight bunch of lambs the first few days are lively ones. Someone has said that 'a ewe has just sense enough to be ornery.' But a lamb does n't know even that much. A band of ewes will keep a certain direction without much bother, but direction means less than nothing to a lamb. A rabbit, a Russian thistle, or any little thing at all is sufficient to change his previous intentions, if any. He is afraid of running water and of everything else but a fence. He is always glad to see a fence and always suspects that there is a ripe grain field on the other side of it, and he is a great one to act on his suspicions. But by degrees he steadies down, learns to keep direction fairly well, and by the time he reaches the railroad he is as easy to handle as a ewe would be at the start.

Two men go with each bunch of lambs on the trail. One drives the lambs, and the other the wagon or truck that carries the camp outfit.

The second man also makes and breaks camp, does the cooking and dishwashing, and helps the other fellow at a pinch. It is right here that the chance for trouble comes in. It is natural for the one driving the sheep to want all the help he can get, and it is just as natural for the other to fail to recognize the pinch when it arrives. Each is apt to think that the other is putting the burden on him, and it is a tradition that, of the dozens of pairs of men who start with the lambs, few arrive at the railroad on the same cordial terms with which they started.

But with good weather the trip can be a very pleasant one. Old friendships are renewed along the road and new ones made. There are sheep ahead and behind, and there is visiting back and forth among the trailmen. There is always the discussion of what happened at this or that point last year. There is news of the progress of the other bands in line, news spread by trucks or cars that traverse the whole route every day on their way to and from the railroad. Finally there is the sight of a real town and of the railroad once more, the crowded stock pens, the dusty job of cutting the bunch again and again as each man's sheep are sorted from the rest, the crowding of the sheep on to the scales, the cutting into carload lots, and the prodding of the sheep up the runways into the double-decked cars. Then comes the ride up to the hotel, the removal of at least a portion of the corral dust, the good dinner on clean tables served by pretty waitresses (they all look pretty after a summer spent in the exclusive society of the sheep), and the hours spent lounging around town afterward. Last of all there is the trip home, covering in hours the route that took days on the up trip; then back to the wagon and the sheep again.

VI

There was a young man of Quebec,
Who was buried in snow to the neck;
When they asked, 'Are you friz?'
He replied, 'Yes, I is;
But they don't call this cold in Quebec.'

It is n't cold for South Dakota, either. But when the mercury sinks until it drops out of the bottom of the thermometer and rolls around on the floor, and then freezes up so that the baby can play marbles with it, that's cold!

There is locally, however, a difference of opinion regarding South Dakota climate. Some claim that it is nine months winter, three months wind, and the rest summer. Others maintain that it is nine months winter and three months late in the fall. Both sides agree on the length of the winter and both probably would on the quality of the cold. No less an authority than Stefansson has made the statement that it gets colder in the State of Montana than it does within the Arctic Circle. Our region lies just east of the Montana border, and there is evidence to show that temperature is no respecter of state lines.

Some years ago a member of the fraternity of 'sob-brothers,' writing about a certain class of workers, asked our tears for them because they worked in a room so chilly that they had to exercise to keep warm. What would he have said had he known that hundreds of herders regularly get wringing wet with sweat legging out bucks and then immediately go out and herd all day in sub-zero weather? If the sob-brother had known that, he would have had the floors of Congress awash with tears, and the senators would have had to go out to the cloakrooms in boats.

There is a difference of opinion among herders as to whether winter or summer herding is preferable. The

majority of them seem to favor winter on account of its shorter days; but personally I take the other side. Many a December 21 has seemed longer to me than the longest day summer ever saw. As I pointed out before, it is possible for a herder to keep reasonably cool through even the hottest summer, but there is many a winter day when it is impossible for him to keep warm.

The great problem for the herder is to wear clothes enough to keep him fairly warm during long periods of inactivity and at the same time to dress lightly enough not to perspire too much when he walks. But, as in the case of the man who aimed so as to hit it if it was a deer and miss it if it was a cow, this can't be done. The herder must choose one or the other, and his choice will depend on his temperament. Although I choose the heavy dressing for myself, I must admit that one of the most disagreeable of sensations is to have your face fairly stinging with cold and your body bathed in perspiration. It seems as if Nature were attacking you two ways at once.

The sheep do not travel nearly so far in winter as in summer. The deeper the snow, the less inclined they are to ramble. But if a thaw happens to clear the snow off they make up for lost time and run as they always do in spring. It seems as if they were rejoicing at getting the free use of their legs again. Thaws, and even total disappearance of snow, are not uncommon in winter. In fact, South Dakota weather is as much of a gamble as the radio is. You set the dial and you hear some world-famous pianist in New York thundering out a masterpiece, and then another touch of the knob and your ears are soothed with the refined strains of the 'Jackass Blues.'

Sheep, like horses, paw snow to graze beneath it. Cattle do not; they eat only what sticks above the snow

or what they can nuzzle down to when the snow is soft. Sheep go to work systematically and methodically. They paw four or five times with one front foot, getting down to the grass, and then paw somewhat crosswise to this with the other front foot. Where the two lines cross there is quite a bit of grass exposed, and after cleaning this up they move a step or two and paw again. They are seemingly tireless and bottomless. When the snow is slightly crusted, sheep are still able to paw through it, but when the crust is hard, or when, as often happens, there are two or three crusts, the band must be fed. They do not need water as long as they can get snow. It is all the better if they have access to open water, but when snow is on the ground they can get along without it. This enables the sheepman to get the grass on the high and dry ridges during the winter. On the other hand, in summer the sheep must be where they can water every day; while in spring and fall if they have water every other day they can get along.

VII

One product of this region has gained nation-wide if not world-wide fame—the Dakota blizzard. Whatever the weather does in this part of the country, it does with intense and single-minded earnestness. The force, not to say violence, of the wind may be judged by the fact that when it is due east or west the transcontinental trains often blow through our railroad towns as much as a day and a half ahead of schedule. When the country decides to go dry and stay dry—that is, in a strictly aqueous sense—the fishes have their choice of migrating downstream in their native element or of sticking by the country and playing around in the dust for a while. When it decides to rain, the culverts come up out of the

road for a look around and the bridges play tag with one another down the streams. When the weather decides to be hot, the natives fry their eggs on their doorsteps; and when it decides to be as ornery as it can be, it produces its masterpiece, the blizzard.

Seven years ago there occurred a blizzard which is still referred to as 'the March storm.' While it was a storm of unusual violence, it was the same sort of storm that occurs every winter, and usually several times a winter. This particular storm began on a Sunday evening with a light snow and some wind. By daylight the blizzard was in full blast. It raged all that day with unabated fury, and all that night and until about ten o'clock Tuesday morning — thirty-six hours in all. During that time the wagon, although in a comparatively sheltered spot, rocked back and forth like a boat on a rough sea. The air was so full of wet snow that it was almost impossible to face the wind and draw a breath. The weather was not cold, and this is characteristic of blizzards, but the violence of the wind was such that the sting of the wet snow and sleet on the face and hands was unbearable. No beast would face it, and no human being did who could possibly avoid it.

The sheep were in a winter bed ground — that is, where the lie of the land afforded some shelter; but from such a storm as this there was really no protection. Although we went around the sheep, huddled under the bank, every fifteen or twenty minutes during the day, and even up to midnight, yet sometimes during the storm the wind whipped two or three hundred head out of the top of the draw and drove them before it into other shelters. We found them after the storm, a few here and a few there, gathered under banks and in low places. The rest were huddled behind the wagon, beside a large drift

that had formed during the storm, some of them half buried in it. When we began to pull these out, we noticed steam rising from little holes in the snow near them, and as we dug we found a ewe at the bottom of each of these holes, the steam having been made by her warm breath striking the upper air.

Then we set out to dig the snow bank systematically. All that day and parts of the next two we dug sheep out of that bank, some alive and some dead. The third day we dug out a ewe that was so much alive that it took a saddle horse to run her down, when she found she was at liberty once more. Each ewe as we found her was lying in a hollow place about twice her size, where the warmth of her body had melted the surrounding snow. There were many sheep that we missed on account of their being in unexplored parts of the drift; but altogether that snow bank yielded up thirty-four dead sheep and probably as many live ones. They had huddled close under the bank to be out of the wind; the outside ones had refused to move, and the inner ones had been gradually drifted under.

But our loss, heavy as it was, was surpassed by that of others. One sheepman lost nine hundred head out of twelve hundred. The wind had driven them into a swampy place, where they bogged down and chilled to death. Another man, a small farmer, owned twenty-seven head of cattle and a water hole; but when the storm was over he had neither water hole nor cattle. The water hole had happened to be in the southeast corner of his pasture, and the storm had piled the cattle into it and drowned them. In some places the barbs of the wire fences were matted with the bloody hair and flesh of horses, where a bunch of them had been ground along the wires by the force of the wind, the outside horses

pressing those inside against the barbs.

In counting up the loss from such a storm as this, you must include not only those that die during the storm, but the many others who are so weakened by it that they succumb later. Storms like this, however, are simply one of the factors that must be reckoned with by the inhabitants of this region. All sections of the country have their drawbacks, with the exception of California. Poets have written voluminously about the beauties of winter,

but occasionally the thought will obtrude that the bathing beauties of Southern California have a slight edge on the somewhat more frigid beauties of ice and snow. Still, we cannot all lie on the sand and lie about the climate, and dwellers in our region simply accept snow, cold, and blizzards as inescapable accompaniments of winter in the Great Northwest, where for weeks on end the hired man has to thaw out the cow's bag with a blowtorch and milk with his mittens on.

(The story of the author's dozen years as a sheep herder will be continued in a second paper, 'The Herding Day')

OUR LAWLESS HERITAGE

BY JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

I

THE question is frequently asked, 'Is the Eighteenth Amendment making us a nation of lawbreakers?' There are two answers, depending upon the meaning of the question. If it is intended to ask whether many people are disobeying the law and whether the Amendment is helping to break down respect for law itself, the answer is emphatically, yes. If, on the other hand, the question is intended to imply that we were a law-abiding nation before we went dry, the answer is as emphatically, no. Any law that goes counter to the strong feeling of a large part of the population is bound to be disobeyed in America. Any law that is disobeyed necessarily results in lawbreaking and in lowering respect for law as law. The Eighteenth Amendment is doing that

on a gigantic scale, but it is operating upon a population already the most lawless in spirit of any in the great modern civilized countries. Lawlessness has been and is one of the most distinctive American traits. It is obvious that a nation does not become lawless or law-abiding overnight. The United States is English in origin, and, even making allowance for the hordes of 'foreigners' who have come here, there must be some reason why to-day England is the most law-abiding of nations and ourselves the least so. It is impossible to blame the situation on the 'foreigners.' The overwhelming mass of them were law-abiding in their native lands. If they become lawless here it must be largely due to the American atmosphere and conditions. There seems to me to be plenty of evidence to prove that the immigrants are

made lawless by America rather than that America is made lawless by them. If the general attitude toward law, if the laws themselves and their administration, were all as sound here as in the native lands of the immigrants, those newcomers would give no more trouble here than they did at home. This is not the case, and Americans themselves are, and always have been, less law-abiding than the more civilized European nations.

Living much in England, I have already had frequent occasion to comment, in the *Atlantic* and elsewhere, on the startling difference which one feels with respect to the public attitude toward law in that country and in our own. No one can be there without feeling this difference, but, lest my own insistence upon it be set down to prejudice, let me quote the opinion of Dr. Kirchwey, head of the Department of Criminology in the New York School of Social Work, formerly Dean of the Columbia Law School, and one-time Warden of Sing Sing Prison. 'Our visitor to London,' he writes in a recent article, 'will have heard much of the low crime rate of that great city, of the efficiency of the unarmed police, of the swift and sure administration of criminal laws. Let him look further and note the ingrained habit of law observance of every class of the population from the man in the street to the judge on the bench. He will find no attempt made to violate the restrictive laws governing the sale of liquor, whether by licensed vendor or by the customer; rarely a violation of traffic regulations by cabmen or private driver . . . he will not discover a trace of the sporting spirit which leads his fellow citizens of the American commonwealth to laugh at the escape of a daring criminal from the legal consequences of his guilt. And, if he cares to pursue his studies further, he will

find on the other side of the English Channel still other communities where, as in England, a low crime rate is set against a background of an all but universal sentiment of respect for law and order.' How is it that we in America to-day are without the pale of this respect for law which is one of the fundamentals of civilization? In seeking an answer we obviously cannot confine ourselves to the present decade, but must dig deep into the past. Only parts of the appalling record that we shall find, if we do so, can be touched upon in a brief article.

Respect for law is a plant of slow growth. If, for centuries, laws have been reasonably sound, and impartially and surely enforced by the lawful authorities, respect for law as law will increase. If, on the other hand, laws are unreasonable or go counter to the habits and desires of large parts of the population, and are not enforced equitably or surely, respect for law will decrease. On the whole, the first supposition applies to the history of England for three hundred years and the second to our own.

II

Let us consider our colonial period first; and it must be remembered that we were a part of the British Empire for a longer period than we have been independent. The way in which those supposedly godly persons, the leaders of the Massachusetts theocracy, began at once by breaking the law of England will help us to an understanding of the whole colonial situation. The Massachusetts Company, a business corporation in the eyes of the English Government, applied for a charter of incorporation and received it. It provided for what we should call voting stockholders and a board of directors to be elected by them. Nothing more was

intended in the grant by the Government. Some of the leaders in the company conceived the brilliant idea of secretly carrying the actual charter to America and using it as though it were the constitution of a practically self-governing State. This was done, but the foundation of the strongest of the Puritan colonies was thus tainted with illegality from the start. Not only that, but in the beginning even the terms of the charter were not complied with and the government was usurped by the leaders, the government thus being made doubly illegal. The reasons for these acts included the distance of America from England and the desire of the leading colonists to govern themselves without interference from the home country.

With local variations the story of the colonial struggle for administrative (rather than political) independence explains much of our later legal history. Speaking generally, we may say that the standard form of colonial governments came to be that of a governor appointed by the Crown, of an upper house appointed by the governor or elected subject to his veto power, and a lower, popularly elected assembly. In some cases the upper house had judicial functions, and many judges, such as those in the admiralty courts, were appointed by the Crown. The colonists were settled on the edge of a vastly rich virgin continent which fairly cried aloud to be profitably exploited. Imperial legislation was considered to be, and frequently was, a hampering influence. In this complex we may find the beginning of the disease of lawlessness.

Law must have some sanction. There can be only three. It may be considered either as the dictum of some supernatural being, or as the command of an earthly sovereign, — not, of course, necessarily an individual, — or

as receiving its sanctity from the consent of the governed. The supernatural was tried only in New England theocracies, and soon abandoned as unworkable. The sovereignty of the empire obviously resided in 'the King in Parliament,' but that, for practical purposes, the colonists usually denied or strove against. The consent of the governed, in a strictly local sense, was all that remained, and it has continued, also in a local or partial sense, to control American obedience to law. Even if local law was fairly well obeyed when passed by the colonists themselves, respect for law as law could not fail to be lessened by their constant breaking or ignoring of the imperial laws. Without attempting to go into detail or to adopt a chronological arrangement, we may note some of the ways in which this was brought about.

A constant source of lawbreaking, particularly in the North, was the legislation by Parliament with regard to what were called 'the King's Woods.' In that day of sailing ships, trees suitable for masts were in great demand. England preferred to depend upon the forests of America rather than upon the foreign ones of the Baltic Provinces, and laws were made to save for the use of the Royal Navy all trees above a certain size upon lands not specifically granted to individuals. The colonists on the spot felt this to be an abridgment of their right to exploit the continent and use all its resources themselves. Not only were the laws disobeyed and the authority of the officially and legally appointed 'Surveyors of the Woods' flouted, but force was used to oppose authority, and rioting not seldom was employed against law. Again, according to the generally accepted economic theory of the day, colonies were supposed not to manufacture in competition with the home country, but to supply her with

the raw materials. Laws against manufacturing worked, as a rule, but little hardship on the colonies, owing to high wages, scarcity of skilled labor, and other reasons, but they did in a few instances, as in the case of wool and smaller hardware such as nails. These were mostly household manufactures, but they were carried on by nearly every household in conscious defiance of imperial laws.

After the French and Indian War and the acquisition from France of Canada and the West, the British Government by proclamation in 1763 forbade any settlement in the new regions, the intent being to consider the problem deliberately in the light of Indian and other relations which the colonists had never been able to agree upon among themselves. Owing to procrastination, this temporary, and to the colonists most galling, restriction was not removed. Settlers and traders ignored the proclamation and poured into the new territory, all against the law. In fact, whenever there was profit to be made, the colonists ignored even their own laws. Most colonies had legislated against selling firearms or spirits to the Indians because of the obvious dangers involved, but these laws were constantly transgressed. In New York it was made illegal to trade with the French in Canada by way of Albany because by so doing the French were enabled to strengthen their Indian alliances at the expense of the colonists, but the temptation to profit was too great, and the merchants not only broke the law, but likewise the governor whose farsighted policy had insisted upon its passage.

Of even more pernicious effect were the laws of trade. For example, in 1733, owing to the insistence of the West Indian sugar planters, Parliament passed an act placing a prohibitive duty upon the importation into

the continental colonies of any molasses from foreign islands. For reasons which we need not go into, had this law been obeyed, the commerce of New England, including its profitable slave trade, would have been ruined. The law was never obeyed, the New Englanders became a race of smugglers, and the most reputable merchants became lawbreakers. In this case, smuggling and lawbreaking were forced upon them, but, having become used to them, they passed on to smuggling when there was no reason but increased profit. In the French and Indian War, twenty years later, we find the merchants trading with the enemy on a scale which certainly prolonged the war, and in the decade before the Revolution men like John Hancock did not hesitate to smuggle wines on which there was only a moderate duty, and even forcibly to resist the authorities in doing so. As the Revolution drew nearer, the radicals made it a point of patriotic duty to break the English laws, and force and mob violence became more and more common. The Boston Tea Party is a case in point. That wanton destruction of fifty thousand dollars' worth of private property was in no way essential to the patriotic cause and was condemned by many of the patriot party.

As a result of the imperial-colonial situation through a century and a half, only some of the aspects of which have we touched upon, there steadily developed a disrespect for law as law and a habit of lawbreaking. The colonists made up their minds not to obey law, but merely to obey such laws as they individually approved of or such as did not interfere with their own convenience or profit. We are not arguing the ethics or rights of the cases, but merely stating facts and results. Moreover, in every colony there was constant conflict

with the royal governors, so that the executive power came to be considered as inherently something to be distrusted and limited as far as possible, a feeling existing to-day. The executive, represented to the colonists as a hostile and outside power in their 'constitutions,' came to appear a power to be disobeyed and thwarted whenever feasible. In a similar way did the judicial. The people stood together to defeat the courts and to protect friends and neighbors. This was particularly notable in the admiralty courts and all cases prosecuted under the laws of trade. Juries would not convict no matter how flagrant the smuggling or other lawbreaking. Thwarting courts and officials became as much a game as fooling prohibition officers to-day.

In the South another element was introduced into the complex situation by slavery. There were slaves in the North also, but for the most part in too small numbers to affect the matter greatly. In the South the large numbers of blacks, many of them recently imported from the jungle, and their peculiar status as personal property, resulted in legislation and judicial administration which tended to some extent to break down respect for law. In Maryland and many other colonies, for example, a negro was not allowed to testify against a white man. Moreover, the court in which the slave was most likely to be tried was that presided over by a single local magistrate, a slave owner himself. In Virginia until 1723, if a master killed his slave in consequence of 'lawful correction,' it was viewed merely as 'accidental homicide.' The raping of a female slave was 'trespass upon property'! If we consider the laws relating to the negro, and the relations between him and the whites, it is evident, even admitting that the great majority of slave owners may have been kindly, that in the two cen-

turies of the existence of the institution among us an immense amount of crime must have gone not only unpunished but without fear of punishment.

One other element may be taken into consideration, the effect of the frontier. Until thirty years ago, America has always had a frontier, and that fact has been of prime importance in many respects for the national outlook. For our purpose we may merely note that in the rough life of the border there is scant recognition for law as law. Frequently remote from the courts and authority of the established communities left behind, the frontiersman not only has to enforce his own law, but he elects what laws he shall enforce and what he shall cease to observe. Payment of debt, especially to the older settlements, may come to be looked upon lightly, whereas horse stealing may be punishable with shooting at sight.

III

When the colonies united and won their independence and the United States was formed, there had thus already developed a fairly definite attitude toward law and authority. In many respects, owing mainly to their economic prosperity, the colonies were more law-abiding than Europe. In all my research, for example, I have found only one case of a traveler being robbed on the highways. Moreover, the colonists came to be a kindly and hospitable folk, and crimes involving brutality were proportionately less common than in the Europe of that day or the United States of this. But the Americans had developed a marked tendency to obey only such laws as they chose to obey, and a disregard of law as law. Laws which did not suit the people, or even certain classes, were disobeyed constantly, with impunity and without thought. A habit had grown up of

attempting to thwart the courts and judges, of distrusting the executive, and of relying solely upon the legislatures. Juries had got into the way of not considering the law, but merely their own or their neighbor's interests. When cases became desperate or law officers made some show of real enforcement, as did occasionally a rare Surveyor of the Woods or a custom-house officer, they were taken care of by mobs, and as a rule the absence of any real force behind the show of royal authority made the officials powerless. In the national period we shall see the fruits of this long training in disrespect for law.

We need not linger over Shays's Rebellion in Massachusetts in 1787, when mobs of malcontents with genuine grievances forced the closing of courts and brought the state to the verge of civil war; or the Whiskey Insurrection in 1794 in Pennsylvania, when attempts to enforce an excise tax required the use of fifteen thousand Federal troops. Nor need we go into the practical nullification of Federal laws and authority by some of the New England states in the War of 1812, or the smuggling and trading with the enemy during that ill-advised conflict; or into the threatened nullification of the Federal tariff by South Carolina some years later. The ripest fruits of disregard for law are found mainly when passions are aroused, as they were for several decades from 1830 onward. We will briefly touch first upon the persecution of the Irish and Catholics, in which law and order were abandoned from 1833 to 1853. The building of the Baltimore Railroad was punctuated by race riots. Even the militia failed to quell a similar one on the Chesapeake and Ohio, and a 'treaty' had to be drawn up. In 1834 the Ursuline Convent near Boston was burned to the ground and sacked by

anti-Catholics. The next night a race riot, this time directed against negroes, broke out in Philadelphia in the course of which thirty houses were sacked or destroyed, a church pulled down, and several persons killed. Similar riots occurred within a few weeks at other places, and in a few years the militia had to disperse a mob of two thousand marching on the house of the Papal Nuncio at Cincinnati. The Irish quarter in Chelsea, Massachusetts, was attacked; the chapel at Coburg was burned, that at Dorchester blown up, and that at Manchester, New Hampshire, wrecked; at Ellsworth, Maine, the priest was tarred and feathered; the convent at Providence was attacked; and at St. Louis a riot resulted in ten deaths. But it is unnecessary to detail more, such incidents being all too common throughout the country.

Similar violence was used against the Mormons, mainly while they were resident in Missouri and before they had adopted the doctrine of plural wives. The feeling against them first manifested itself in tarring and feathering, but by the autumn of 1833 a veritable reign of terror had begun. Houses were destroyed, men were beaten, and even a battle took place. By November mobs had forced about twelve hundred Mormons to leave their homes, pursuing them across the Missouri River and burning over two hundred of their forcibly abandoned houses. The governor was unable to afford them protection, although admitting that they were entitled to it. Law having completely broken down, a military order was given either to drive them all from the state or to 'exterminate' them. They had broken no laws, but in another battle in defense of their legal rights seventeen were killed and some of their bodies horribly mutilated after death.

We find the same disregard of law

when we come to the Abolitionists and the antislavery agitation. The episodes in connection with this, such as the murder of Lovejoy in Illinois, the mobs threatening Garrison at Utica, Boston, and elsewhere, the destruction of printing plants and newspaper offices, are almost too well known to call for repetition. Even Connecticut, 'the land of steady habits,' was not immune. In Philadelphia a pro-slavery mob burned Pennsylvania Hall, dedicated to Free Speech. We could multiply instances indefinitely, but need only say that violence was the order of the day. Lincoln complained that law and order had broken down, that 'wild and furious passions' were substituted for 'the sober judgments of the courts,' that 'outrages committed by mobs form the everyday news of the times' and that they were 'common to the whole country.'

The passage of the new Fugitive Slave law brought more lawlessness. Calhoun had rightly stated in the Senate that it was 'impossible to execute any law of Congress until the people of the States shall coöperate'—a clear statement that Prohibitionists would have done well to have remembered. Everywhere in the North the law was not merely disobeyed but bloodily denounced. In New York, for example, it was declared that 'instant death . . . without judge or jury' should await anyone who attempted to enforce it. The *New York Tribune* declared that it would be better to blow up the Capitol at Washington than to allow the law to be passed in it. Throughout the states, in the decade preceding the Civil War, there was an utter disregard of law in the sense that people obeyed such national laws as they chose to and used violence to defeat those they were opposed to. In the North the Fugitive Slave law was the one specially attacked. In the South

the mails were interfered with and free speech was suppressed. A Northern antislavery man could not enter the Southern states without danger to his life. Sums of five thousand dollars and upward were offered for the kidnapping of prominent speakers on the subject of slavery. In Kansas the struggle between those who wished to have the state enter the Union as free and those who wished it slave resulted in such constant violence as to give the state the name of 'the dark and bloody ground,' though Professor Channing finds that probably only two hundred people were killed—killed, it must be remembered, however, in time of peace. To detail all the acts of violence throughout the country in the decades before the war would be impossible here. The total effect, however, would be to picture a nation in which passion had usurped the place of law. The riots which occurred after war was declared may be partially discarded for our purpose, though they probably would not have occurred in a country in which the people had an ingrained sense of law. The worst one in New York, in 1863, lasted four days and resulted in the destruction of \$1,500,000 worth of property and the loss of one thousand killed and wounded. It was followed by lesser riots at Detroit, Kingston, Elmira, Newark, and elsewhere. In the country districts threats of arson and murder were openly made.

The war over, we found ourselves with the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution, giving the negro the right of suffrage. However it may or may not have been observed in the North, it is obvious that it could not be and never has been in the South. In some states, such as Alabama, where the negroes outnumbered the whites, it meant that the whites might be ruled by the blacks, and in any case it meant serious trouble, racial feeling being

what it was then and is now. The complete nullification of such a law, having all the sanction of being a part of the Constitution, could not fail to reduce respect for law. Again, Americans obeyed such laws as they chose, and disregarded or opposed by force such as they did not choose.

IV

We may now come to another phase of our national lawlessness. There is a good deal of popular misunderstanding with regard to lynching. It is generally regarded as rather peculiarly a Southern institution, and the consequence of attempts at rape on whites by negroes. The term 'lynch law' appears to have been first used in 1834, and it is from that time that the practice of lynching became common in the United States. At first the most notorious cases were those of gamblers, such as occurred in Vicksburg, Mississippi, and in Virginia. It was, however, also practised in the North, and spread to California and the West after the discovery of gold. In California, in 1855, out of five hundred and thirty-five homicides committed there were but seven legal executions. The celebrated Vigilance Committees were formed in San Francisco, each of which hanged four men and banished about thirty. These 'popular tribunals' were also formed in Utah, Nevada, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, Arizona, New Mexico, and Colorado during their early periods of settlement.

That lynching was not confined to negroes, the South, or the crime of rape is easily proved by such statistics as we have. I have no recent figures, but as this article is concerned with our 'heritage,' and not our present lawlessness, this is not of account. In 1900 over 52 per cent of the persons lynched in Illinois were white, over 78 per cent

in Indiana, over 54 per cent in Missouri, over 38 per cent in Kentucky, and over 35 per cent in Texas. Tables prepared by the United States Government failed to show any relation between the distribution of lynchings and the proportions of blacks to the total state populations. Nor did they show any correlation between the numbers of lynchings and the percentages of illiterates or foreigners. The responsibility therefore must rest on the literate native element.

In the period from 1882 to 1903 there were 2585 persons lynched in the Southern states, of whom 567 were whites, 1985 negroes, and 33 'others'; in the Western states the figures were, respectively, 523, 34, and 75; in the Eastern states, 79, 41, and no 'others.' In the country as a whole there were thus lynched in the twenty years 3337 persons, of whom 1169, or over one third, were white, and 2060 negroes. In all three sections the crime for which the greatest number of lynchings occurred was murder. Rape comes next, with 'minor offenses,' arson, theft, assault, following in much smaller proportions. In our country in a time of perfect peace there were thus an average of between three and four lynchings every week in the year for the twenty-year period chosen by hazard for examination. Allowing for the difference of population, is it possible to conceive of two persons being murdered by individual citizens, instead of allowing justice to take its course, every week in England for a generation?

In the above rapid and wholly inadequate survey no attention has been paid to the problem or statistics of ordinary crime. The United States has no adequate criminal statistics even at the present day. Such a survey projected into the past would be impossible. I have not been concerned with,

so to say, 'crimes under law,' but with opposition to or disrespect for law itself as law. Even thus I have neglected much which would properly be included in a full treatment of the subject.

It is needless to say that we are not going to be able to shed this heritage quickly or easily. In fact we have gone so far on the wrong road that it is by no means certain that we can ever get back on the right one even with the best of intentions. Inbred respect for law, as I said in the beginning, is a plant of slow growth. For three centuries we have been developing disrespect. Our heritage has made recovery more difficult for us by bringing about conditions that themselves help to increase our disrespect and lawlessness, aside from the feeling of the individual citizen. This portion of our heritage is in large part from New England. The Puritans insisted that their own ideals of life and manners should be forced on the community at large, and they also believed that any desirable change could be brought about by legislation. Partly from our Puritan ancestry and partly from the exaggerated influence attributed to the legislatures in colonial days for the reasons I have noted above, Americans have believed that their ideals should be expressed in the form of law, regardless of the practical

question of whether such laws could be enforced. They have apparently considered that the mere presence of such laws will help *respect* for the *ideal*, regardless of the fact that the presence of such unenforceable laws will bring about *disrespect* for *law* itself. Every minority which has had a bee in its bonnet has attempted to make that bee 'home' into a law, and to a remarkable extent the majorities have not cared, partly because they take little interest in public affairs, but mainly because they imagine that even if some 'fool law' is passed they can disobey it if they choose, as they have others. Because we have ceased to have any respect for law we allow any sort of laws to be passed, and then — the vicious circle continuing — our disrespect increases yet more because of the nature of such laws. When Americans talk about their glorious past, it may be well for them to remember that we have one of the most sinister inheritances in this matter of law from which any civilized nation could suffer, a heritage that we are apparently passing down to our children in a still worse form. For this reason, if for no other, I believe that the unenforced and unenforceable Eighteenth Amendment was one of the heaviest blows ever directed against the moral life of any nation.

'CUNJUR'

BY PERNET PATTERSON

I

'BUZZARD 'ginst a bloody sun . . .'
softly breathed Aunt Runa, stopping
short at the back gate.

Resting a wrinkled black hand against
the cool brick wall of the smokehouse,
she stood motionless, gazing through
half-closed eyes, with a mystical, rapt
expression, at the hazy red afternoon
sun. A buzzard, circling slowly, rose
again in the very face of the cloud-
screened disk—and hovered there.
'Trouble sign!' she mumbled. 'I
knowed it!'

Sighing deeply, she bowed her head
as if under the load of inevitable fate,
and passed slowly through the gate
into the hot, dusty lane.

Her finely shaped old head, bound
tight in a snow-white cloth that
showed but a fringe of gray frizzled
hair below, had the high forehead of
the thinker. Her straight nose was
thin and high-bridged, in striking con-
trast with the blue-black skin and thick
lips—firm, in spite of their negroid
fullness.

Deliberately, but with a lurking
suggestion of vigor, her bowed figure,
in its stiffly starched full-skirted gray
calico and wide white apron, followed
the dusty path beside the garden fence.
Her drooping reddish-yellow eyes, keen
in spite of the untold years behind
them, were fixed dreamily on the path
ahead.

As if subconsciously voicing her
mood, she softly crooned in tremulous
minors:—

'Chil-ly wat-er, chil-ly wat-er,
I feel it creepin' higher over me;
Satan jes' like snake in de gra-ss,
Waitin' to git you as you pa-ss.
Lord, I feel dat chilly wat-er over me.'

At the sound of the low droning, a
little white boy, half hidden in the
foliage of a June-apple tree, abruptly
broke off his forbidden feast. Listen-
ing a moment, he hissed warningly,
'Joseph!' From a far limb a small
black face, crowned by a close-clipped
bullet head, looked up questioningly.
Suddenly its owner swung from the
limb and dropped flat into the high
growth of crimson clover below. The
white boy was but a second behind
him. As the words of the hymn came
quavering to their ears, they looked
hard at each other. The small negro
shivered, and tunneled deeper into the
clover.

With the passage of Aunt Runa, two
heads rose cautiously out of the green
tangle. Mumbling a word, the white
boy slunk into the lane, and, trotting
up softly in his bare feet behind the old
woman, casually fell into step beside
her. Not so much as a glance did she
give him. Without a break in her
humming, she kept her deliberate pace.
He cut an appraising eye at her, but
did not speak.

Around the corner of the garden, in a
thick cloud of dust behind his dragging
plough, drowsily shuffled the gardener.
Abruptly he jerked the mule to one side
of the lane, and waited. Hat in hand,
he made a low bow. 'Evenin', Sis'
Runa! Sorry I stirred de dus,' he

apologized in a low voice, not raising his eyes.

With but a flashing glance and an aloof 'Evenin', Br'er Tom,' she passed him. Dignity and the very essence of tolerant condescension emanated from her.

Without warning, without a look at the little boy who trudged beside her, she asked belligerently, 'Who dat narrer-eyed yaller nigger I see talkin' to yo' ma dis mornin'?''

'He's the new butler, Mammy,' he answered glibly, consciously proud to furnish information to one who was supposed to know of every happening on Kennon Hills plantation — sometimes, strangely, even before the occurrence itself. 'And he's a tony butler, Mammy,' he continued impressively. 'He learned butlerin' at a college!' And he watched expectantly for the results of this bombshell.

'Un-hun-h?' she drawled with rising inflection. 'Eddicated nigger! I knowed it! Three time I dream 'bout yaller snake las' night' — and she relapsed into silence.

Her reception of his news was disappointing. He looked at her closely, appraising her abstracted silence and far-away expression. Sensing the possible approach of one of her 'spells,' he mutely gave deference to her mood.

Presently he sidled closer and, gently clasping her thin, high-veined hand, held it, in silent sympathy of understanding. The black hand closed tightly over the small chubby one.

'You got a feelin' comin', ain't you, Mammy?' he asked softly, pressing her hand. 'Black sheep crossin' your path . . . ' he mused regretfully, as if visualizing the omen.

'Yes, son,' she answered, looking at him with a sad half-smile, her old eyes lighting with patient, indulgent love. 'Yes, Neal, son, but hit's better to be

sot to tromp a snake den to come smack on him unbeknowns'.' Pausing, she continued resignedly, but not without pride, 'I was born fo' it. Born to see ol' trouble comin'! Born at fo' . . . ' she chanted pensively, 'Wid a coffin on de flo' . . . '

'On de moon's first quarter . . . Yo'ma'ssebenth daughter. . . . ' Neal took up the chant in unconscious imitative rhythm. 'Born foot-first, you free to reign . . . Nothin' hold you, rope or chain. . . . '

'Yes, baby,' she nodded, her eyes resting on him pridefully. 'You got it all, straight as a bee to de gum.'

Slowly they walked, hand in hand, in closer harmony of spirit than is often given to mother and son. Reaching the picket fence surrounding Runa's little yard and garden, Neal opened the gate, with a clanking of old cowbells, attached to warn her of infrequent visitors. 'Lisha, Mammy's beloved cat, had come to meet her. Neal stooped to stroke his wide yellow back. 'I won't go up, Mammy. You'll be wantin' to wrestle and pray,' he said deferentially. 'I'll see you in the mornin'.'

'All right, son,' she acknowledged, resting her hand for a moment on his curly head. 'Tell Lila to come home early,' she added.

'I reckon she'll be late,' he suggested, 'havin' to show Charlie everything.'

'Is dat his name — Cha'lie?' she asked intently.

'Yes, Mammy,' softly answered the boy, his big eyes fixed on her uplifted head and far-flung gaze. Gathering courage, he whispered in suppressed excitement, 'Is your feelin' about *him*, Mammy?'

She glanced at him slantwise. 'Owl all time axin' "Who?" but I ain' hear nobody answer him,' she replied significantly.

Abashed, he looked down at his

wiggling toes for a second, then hopelessly persisted, 'Is it a *strong* feelin', Mammy, or just a little weak one?'

Dropping her head, she pressed her hand over her eyes, as if to shut out the sight of some impending tragedy. With the quavering, sighing moan that always sent chills up his back, she breathed, 'Strong! Strong as pizen!' And without raising her head she walked wearily up the rise to the drab little cabin, perched atop the remnant of an old Confederate battery station.

The boy stood gazing toward the cabin, snugly tucked away under the low-drooping cedars and sycamores. From its porch, closely screened with evening-glory vines, his eyes drifted down the colorful path bordered with larkspur and sweet William, to the row of tall sunflowers along the garden fence. Slowly he turned, and dejectedly shuffled his bare feet back down the soft, dusty lane.

At supper Neal ate spasmodically. From sudden plunges with knife and fork he would subside into periods of intense fascinated gazing at the tradeschool butler. Like the eyes of an animal, his squint followed every deft movement of the slender quadron, meticulously groomed in the summer garb of spotless white jacket and apron. Occasionally the boy's eyes would flicker to Runa's niece, the trim, brown-skinned Lila, assisting Charlie; but they would quickly flash back to the yellow man, with his almost straight hair brushed low over the small black eyes, close-set like big shoe buttons in the waxen, dirty-chalk skin. The man's color reminded him of the coffee-in-cream his mother allowed him on Sunday mornings. Funny-lookin', indeed, was this pale nigger — besides, Mammy had a feelin'. . . .

Soon after supper, Neal vanished. Lying close where the hens dusted

themselves under the big boxwood by the low windows of the servants' cellar dining room, he could safely watch every move, hear every word, of the new butler. So enthralled was the boy by Charlie's bumptious manners that he nearly exclaimed aloud. Then he smiled at his thoughts.

II

When Neal entered the garden next morning, the negro children were already dotted about the raspberry patch, silently picking under Runa's chilly eye. For an instant her clouded face lightened, but her 'Mornin', son!' was a lifeless monotone. Eying her for a moment, he took a small basket, and joined the pickers. Since his friend Joseph had been drafted into service, the sooner the big baskets were filled and carried to the area-way under the long back porch, the sooner would his henchman be released for the more important work of goat training and cave building.

Nimble, almost magically, Mammy Runa's slender fingers flew, filling nearly two baskets to one of the little negroes'. There were no signs of jollity, no half-hidden pranks, among the children, as was the wont of all harvests under the white overseer. Only a mumbled word was heard now and then. Occasionally a pair of eyes rolled furtively toward Aunt Runa, but instantly flickered away upon meeting her cold, incisive yellow ones, which seemed, strangely, always looking at that particular child. The bare calling of a picker's name would galvanize the little body into redoubled efforts. Picking under 'An' Runa' was a thing to be finished with the utmost dispatch.

When the baskets, crowned high with their dull garnet caps, were lined up on the bench beside the glowing

charcoal furnaces, she dismissed the waiting children by a mere flick of the hand.

Impassively, austere, Aunt Runa watched the big simmering kettles, moving silently from one to another, stirring and tasting. In the dim, shadowy coolness of the brick area, she herself might have been but a shadow, here and there clouding the dull glow of the fires. Presently she began softly crooning. The kettles simmered with a low hum, as if in melancholy accompaniment. No servant dropped by for a light word. Alone she worked, secure of her privacy.

Neal did sidle in for a saucer of 'drippings' when the aroma of cooking preserves found its way into the far reaches of the back yard. Joseph's bullet head peered cautiously around the arched opening after Neal, but disappeared like a flash when Runa glanced up. Jenny, the chambermaid, stumbled to a halt as she came through the basement door suddenly upon the old woman. With an apology, she circled wide of the line of kettles and almost tiptoed down the area.

Without warning, a low, silken voice spoke suddenly almost in Runa's ear: 'Mornin', lady!'

She did not start. Not so much as a muscle quivered. Deliberately she turned, and with aloof coolness looked into the confident pale-yellow face of the new butler.

'Miss Runa, I take you to be, lady,' he smirked ingratiatingly. 'I have n't been comp'imented with a int'oduction, but p'esume to name myself Mr. Charles C. Carter, the new help, to Miss Runa Randal,' and he extended his hand.

Ignoring the hand, but with the quick-witted savoir-faire of a grand dame, she dipped him a low curtsy and mockingly matched his elegance

with 'Sir, your lestimation to my lystimaticus!'

He was taken aback by such high-flown phrasing; but, presuming the impressive words to carry a complimentary intent, he bowed low.

Entirely with cool self-possession, she gazed into his eyes with a faint, sarcastic twinkle in her own, and a grim half-smile on her lips. Unblinkingly she stared, until his small black eyes wavered and fell. Her mocking smile widened slightly.

Shrugging, he assumed a businesslike air: 'The Madam wants the sugar bowls filled. Let me have the store-room keys, please.'

She drew a bunch of keys from her deep dress pocket, and walked serenely past him through the door. 'Dat ol' lock mighty cranky fo' a new hand,' she spoke over her shoulder — sarcastically, he thought. Opening the door, she pointed to the sugar barrel.

Casually he spoke from out of the barrel: 'You always car' the keys?'

'Naw,' she replied, smiling broadly at his back. 'Miss Betty tote 'em when I ain' roun'.'

'Miss Betty?' he almost sneered. 'Ah, you mean the Madam?'

'Hit's all de same,' said Runa indifferently. 'She de mistiss, anyway.'

'Mistress!' he exclaimed, his thin lips setting. 'I never had a mistress. This ain't slavery time . . .' But, catching himself, he assumed a suave, wheedling tone: 'You sure must stand in, for her to give you the run of things. Pretty soft — for you, ain't it?' he insinuated, looking up with a twisted grin.

Resentfully the bent figure straightened, proudly the old head went back; the drooping eyes flashed open, in a stony glare that wiped the smirk from his face. 'Git out wid yo' sugar,' she coldly ordered.

Turning her back on him, she locked

the door, and marched, head up, down the hall.

With a disparaging sniff, he glided away.

III

This was Saturday, ration day. At the noon-hour clang of the big bell at the overseer's house, Aunt Runa slipped on a high-bibbed checkered apron and started slowly toward the smokehouse. Pausing before inserting the nine-inch key into the massive lock, she turned and allowed her eyes to roam dreamily over the old back yard, perennially shaded in summer by giant elms and poplars. From the whitewashed, low-gabled servants' house, almost smothered in an ancient scuppernong vine, her gaze wandered deliberately over the narrow brick walks, so worn, so colored by years of shadow, that their dull-green brownness all but merged into the mouldy loam enfolding them.

The old latticed well house with its mossy-stoned base and its shallow brick gutter winding irregularly across the yard, dipping under a great low-spreading boxwood, and finally disappearing through a hedge, to the duck pond beyond; the wide, gabled back porch, with its round white pillars and rail, holding in its arms for so many years the green slat benches, the shelf, and the cedar bucket, that they seemed to have grown a part of it — at these she pensively gazed, as if dreaming over beloved memories, one by one.

Sighing, she inserted the big key and swung open the thick iron-bound door. With the rush of the familiar tang of smoked meat, she inhaled deeply. Then she opened the door of the adjoining storeroom. From its meal-splashed interior came the sweetly pungent smell of blackstrap molasses and salt herring. She drew a long

breath. 'I likes de smell — er hit all,' she murmured.

Soon, busy with her scales and measures, she became absorbed in the problems of rations for the farm hands. Deftly she sliced and weighed and measured. Surely she packed the bags and baskets and filled the jugs that had been set early in the morning in a double row beside the smokehouse wall. This important duty, usually an overseer's responsibility on Virginia plantations, had been temporarily delegated to Runa at the death of the former overseer several years before; but, like most of her temporary investitures of authority at Kennon Hills, it too had smoothly flowed into permanency.

She showed no conceit over this unusual confidence and responsibility. She seemed to take it in a matter-of-fact way, as she did the many other trusts falling upon her with the passing years. Quite naturally, as if by obvious right, and with dignity itself, she wore the toga of her position. One instinctively knew, however, that she had intense pride of caste — that nebulous caste, uniquely her own. And one sensed that a blow aimed to dislodge her from her niche would strike at her very life's blood. The master and mistress — whether mostly through indulgence or through sober earnest they themselves could not have told you — scrupulously respected the privileges of her station.

The negroes, by the years of established custom, — than which, to them, there is no more immutable law, — accepted Runa's superior status as they did the Bible: as a fact demanding no analysis, a thing to be swallowed whole.

Soon after the toll of the one-o'clock bell, the hands began straggling down the lane in laughing, bantering groups; but the nearer they drew to the smoke-

house, the quieter they became. Collected outside the gate, they bore an air of sombre dignity, as in church. The few low words spoken were sober ones. There was no shoving or pressing about the narrow gate while they waited for their names to be called.

'Mammy,' cried a young voice from inside, 'le' me call 'em?'

'In a minute, son.' Then she said, 'Call Big John.' . . .

'What's going on out there?' queried Charlie, looking out of the kitchen window.

'Jes' givin' out rations,' replied the cook, sticking the comb in one side of her bushy head while proceeding to pull and plait three strands into a pigtail.

'Who bossin' the job?' he asked, still peering out. 'I hear 'at white boy callin' 'em.'

She looked up at him inquisitively. 'An' Runa givin' 'em out. Huccome you got so much cur'os'ty 'bout rations?'

'Oh, I jus' want to know 'bout things.' Then he continued casually, 'At old woman must be big dog round here. How 'at old ape get such a swing?'

The plaiting stopped suddenly. Round-eyed, she looked at him. Then a look of fear, as at a blasphemy, came over her. With a furtive glance toward the door, she half whispered, 'You better hesh,' and, mumbling some excuse, hurried from the room. Charlie looked after her with a puzzled frown. Shrugging, he began softly to whistle a popular air.

IV

Seated for dinner in the servants' cellar room, Charlie made smooth conversation, speaking sophisticatedly of the City and 'college.' Most of his smiling remarks were addressed to Lila. Presently he asked with a touch

of impatience, 'Why n't we eat, Mrs. Cook? What we waitin' for?'

'Jinny gone to call An' Runa now,' the cook replied, matter-of-fact.

He stared at her unbelievably. 'You don't mean you all waitin' for 'at old woman?'

'Well, we jes' sorta waits fo' An' Runa,' acknowledged the cook, somewhat abashed. The others cut stealthy looks at him.

'What!' he exclaimed, and went off into a derisive cackle. Ladies and gentlemen waiting on that old hag! They certainly made him laugh! With commanding sang-froid he ordered the dishes passed to him. Yes, it was bad enough to have to knuckle to white folks, but to an old blue-gummed crow — bah!

Incredulous eyes were focused on him. Hesitantly, all but Lila began toying with the dishes.

After the first shock of amazement at his temerity, Lila's brown face hardened, her eyes snapped resentfully. 'Free-runnin' mouf cover too much groun',' she offered laconically.

'Now, Miss Lila, Miss Lila!' Charlie said placatingly, breaking into his twisted smile. 'Pretty girl like you don't want to get mad. Poutin' spoils your looks,' and he stared at her so pointedly that her eyes grew softer and fell.

'An' Runa my kinfolks,' she defended, half-heartedly. Pausing, as if weighing a problem, she continued, 'Anyhow — you'll walk safer wid a tighter tongue — roun' dese parts,' and her eyes gave a flicker of warning.

'What you mean?' he bridled. 'You ain't talkin' 'bout 'at old woman — 'at old black crow?' He began to chuckle.

'“Ol' — black — crow,”' echoed a cold, flat voice from the doorway.

With a start, Charlie turned. Runa's bleak stare met him. His lips hardened,

but he kept silent. Stealthy, questioning looks were exchanged about the table, but no word was spoken. The cook set a platter beside Runa. Charlie looked up sharply: ‘Ah, cake and jelly? Seems I ’member the Madam saying it was not to come downstairs.’

‘De baby sont hit to ’er,’ the cook explained, under his accusing stare. ‘He al’ays sen’ ’er jelly when dey have it.’

‘Baby!’ he exclaimed contemptuously. ‘Callin’ at white brat “baby”!’ ‘Stop!’ commanded Runa, throwing up her hand, her old eyes flashing, her lips drawn back till the edge of her blue gums showed against her white teeth. ‘You des’ dare call ’im names! ef Doctor Prescott hear dat —’

‘You jus’ tell him!’ he threatened viciously, half starting from his chair, his finger pointing rigidly at her. ‘I ain’t lookin’ for trouble, but jus’ ne little tale — and I’ll — I’ll wring your old —’

‘Don’ wor’y,’ she interrupted in a voice like flint, her face settling starkly. ‘I ain’t a teller,’ and her reddish-yellow eyes opened round in the fixed vitreous glare of a coiled snake. ‘I on’ have to tell — nobody — nothin’,’ and, as at the thought of some grim, hidden jest, her set lips broke into a faint hard smile.

‘’T is a good thing for you —’ he began, but reluctantly subsided at a seething shake of Lila’s head.

The other negroes sat as if petrified. Diffidently the girl laid her hand on the old woman’s shoulder and whispered, ‘Please, An’ Runa!’ But Runa seemed unaware of the pacifying hand. Rigid, expressionless, she sat, staring glassily into the wavering black eyes of the yellow man. As implacably as if pronouncing sentence, she began, ‘He layin’ his cross — layin’ his cross —’

‘Aw, shut up!’ he exploded, fidgeting in his chair.

But she gave no heed to his interruption. She seemed unaware of it, even insensible to his presence. Slowly her eyes set in a trancelike stare, gently her body began to rock; the very flesh of her face seemed to wilt before Charlie’s eyes, the black skin to tighten like a death’s-head. Swaying, she commenced to chant in a low monotone: ‘Black shadder . . . a soul on de edge . . . buzzard fannin’ grave dus’ . . . in a yaller man’s face . . .’ The door slammed! She barely paused: ‘An’ lizards . . . in red blood . . .’

The jangle of a wall bell startled Charlie — out of all proportion to the noise. It was his upstairs call. Eagerly he hurried to answer it.

Late afternoon found Charlie alone in the pantry, sitting astride a low bench, holding the big silver coffee urn loosely against his aproned knee. Abstractedly he polished and repolished the same spot, his eyes squinting dreamily at a crack in the floor. Jenny came in with an armful of larkspur and poppies. ‘Come over here,’ she said, reaching for an old blue willow bowl. ‘I show you how to fix table flowers.’

Slowly Charlie’s strokes died to quiescence; his hand rested limply on the urn. His eyes did not lift from the floor. In a meditative tone, partly relapsing into his boyhood dialect, he queried, ‘What all ’at jumbo ’at ol’ devil talkin’ at me?’

Jenny’s body tautened — poised: ‘What — you mean?’

‘At ol’ Runa,’ he replied, raising his gaze to her side face. ‘What she think she doin’? Sorta crazy, ain’t she?’

Flashing him a look of utter amazement, she answered tensely, ‘She crazy? She got all kinda sense — more ’n anybody,’ and, giving a little

shiver, went futilely at her flowers again.

'What all 'at mess she talkin' then? 'Bout buzzard wing an' grave dus' — an' lizards?' he asked, his eyes searching.

Jenny appeared not to hear. She fiddled with the flowers, keeping her face averted.

'Soun' like ol' crazy cunjur talk to me,' he mused. Pausing, he startled her with an incisive question:—

'Jinny! Do she call herse'f a cunjur 'oman?'

This time he saw the flinching shivers run up her back. 'I hear Miss Betty callin'!' she exclaimed, starting to the door.

For several minutes Charlie gazed after her. 'She sho' do act funny,' he mumbled, his hand automatically resuming the slow polishing strokes. 'I believe they skeered — o' 'at ol' devil.'

Presently he threw back his shoulders suddenly, and began a brisk rubbing. 'Hunh!' he grunted. 'Old ignorant black nigger!'

The flowers lay wilting on the shelf. Jenny did not return till she saw Charlie crossing the yard to his room.

V

Runa felt 'pohly' Sunday — not up to the two-mile walk to Zion Town Church. She sat staring at Lila while the girl primped with more than ordinary care.

From a long silence Runa admonished her: 'Stay 'way f'om dat yaller nigger — you hear? He's pizenous as a copperhead!'

Lila, glancing from under her lids, acquiesced a meek and ready 'Yes, ma'am.'

But on the way home that night she somehow found herself straggling behind the rest, alone with Charlie.

VI

Charlie soon decided he liked Kenon Hills and his job. He liked the negroes, too, pretty well, for what they were; but consciously he looked down upon them from his height. He liked the slender-figured Lila best — she was really worth giving time to. Yes, there was a pretty soft nest — but in its lining was an insignificant burr that pricked him. Too often he caught himself thinking of old Runa — silly, childish thoughts, he felt, that made him petulant. And she irritated him with her everlasting 'old crazy smile'.

He could find out little definite about her; and he swore inwardly at the fools niggers who seemed afraid to tell him anything. He had tried the women first, then the coachman and gardener, and finally had gone up to the farm hands' quarters at night to sing with them; but his most guarded touch upon Runa — her history, her status — was met by vagueness or silence. The fools drew into their shells quicker than old terrapins when touched with a stick.

The few bits of information he was able to extract from one source and another could be patched together into but a dim, meaningless pattern. The few material threads he fancied he could discern in the nebulous warp were in themselves but half-formulated, whispered innuendoes; misty, inferred legends of queer happenings, of Black Sukey, of Big Mose and others, with Runa's figure seen wavering in the background through a haze of suggestion. Damn their ignorant souls — they *were* afraid! There was one other possible source. . . .

One morning, while Neal and Joseph were sweating at the new cave in the bank of the old battery behind Mammy's house, they were startled by a growl from Budger, their shepherd

puppy. On the high bank stood Charlie, smiling ingratiatingly.

'Hello, boys! Diggin' a cave?' And he slid down the bank in front of them.

Joseph rolled his eyes from Charlie to Neal. Neither boy spoke.

This was an irritating and almost unprecedented situation. A grown person deliberately trespassing on their secret ground! Neither knew just what to say. But the new butler was not abashed. With one hand held behind him, he looked quizzically at Neal, and asked, 'You like windmills?'

Windmills! Both boys straightened and looked at him hungrily. Deliberately he disclosed a small wind wheel, beautifully whittled out of soft pine, and stained red with blackberry juice.

The entente cordiale had been masterfully established. Yes, he could make weather vanes too, and water mills, and kites. Maybe he'd make them some by and by. Anyway, he'd nail the windmill on the ridge of the henhouse for them to-day, sure.

Then he shifted the conversation: 'That your Mammy's house up there, ain't it? You sure got a fine Mammy. How long she been here?'

'Oh, years and years,' Neal answered indifferently.

'Sence 'fo' de stars fell,' augmented Joseph, eager to jolt the city man with a real date — the date from which all great events were reckoned.

Charlie smiled. 'Oh, she's not that old,' he protested tolerantly.

'Ma say she mos' a hund'ed,' insisted Joseph.

'She was *real* old when she came to nurse Bro' Ran, and he's married,' bridled Neal, as if one of Mammy's virtues were threatened. 'Then,' he continued, 'she nursed 'Lisbeth, and then me — and I'm goin' on ten.'

'Your father and mother think a lot of her, don't they?' Charlie insinuated. 'She kinda runs things, don't she?'

'Sure,' said Neal, matter-of-course.

Pausing thoughtfully, Charlie asked, 'The colored people act like they're sorta scared of her — why's that?'

Joseph's big eyes opened in round unbelief; he sucked in his breath audibly. Neal gazed intently at the pale-yellow man. Was n't he a funny man, asking that question? No negro had ever asked any question about Mammy's life — much less such a one. Why, they would almost as soon have asked an impertinent question about God! He guessed that maybe a college nigger was n't afraid. He'd see. 'Cause she can *conjure!*' he spat forth in a stage whisper.

Charlie did not flinch as Neal had expected, but stood looking gravely at him, a slight frown wrinkling his forehead. 'You don't believe that —' he began, but was interrupted by a scrambling noise on the bank. Joseph was just reaching the top. With a desperate bound he gained the level and dashed for home.

'What's the matter with *him*?' Charlie asked curiously.

Neal smiled, but, sobering quickly, looked more closely at this queer nigger. 'He thinks it's bad luck to talk about conjure — don't you?' he taunted.

'Pshaw!' smiled Charlie. 'There's no such thing.'

'Ain't there!' bristled Neal. 'Why, Mammy can conjure anybody, jus' give her time. She can work love and hate tricks, and pain tricks, and mind tricks. And,' he dropped his voice to an intense whisper, 'she can put — lizards — in you.'

Warming to her defense, he continued, 'Look what happened to Big Mose! Look at Black Sukey! She's still in the 'sylum. Look at Jake Lewis! Seven lizards out of one sore in his leg.'

'You better walk your road and not

cross her path,' he warned, his eyes squinting. 'She'll put you in the shadow,' and, shaking his head knowingly, he started home, as if washing his hands of all responsibility.

The yellow man's derisive cackle followed the little boy across the field. But when Neal was beyond hearing, the cackle subsided. For minutes Charlie stood still, as if pondering. With a sly glance at Runa's house, he slowly climbed the opposite bank.

VII

Charlie quickly mastered the details of his work. Mrs. Prescott grew more and more to feel that she had an almost perfect butler. Even the Doctor's prejudices against 'trade-school niggers' were gradually overcome by the man's thoughtful initiative and smooth, intelligent execution of orders. Ere harvest time Charlie was considered a fixture at Kennon Hills.

In spite of any small disturbing thoughts locked tight in his own breast, or any little irritating incidents known only to himself, he maintained for the most part a friendly, smiling exterior. Seldom, at first, did he vary from a suavely polite, if condescending, manner toward the negroes. If they sensed his tolerant, patronizing attitude, they did not outwardly resent it. Though perhaps critical of his early assumption of social leadership, yet they tacitly recognized his superiority of education, his fine manners and sophistication; and felt more than a little flattered at his camaraderie — somewhat as they felt toward the preacher when he deigned to step down from his pedestal to become humanly one of them at their social gatherings. Never did he actually boast of his own advantages of learning and modern point of view, or directly belittle their old-fashioned tenets and customs; but a subtle prop-

aganda of indulgent suggestion, colored with veiled derision, emanated from him. With his innuendoes against the whites, his insidious preachments of race equality, and his bold, smiling disregard of old beliefs and superstitions, he made his presence felt.

The servants began to assume little airs, and attempt the use of unfamiliar words. They became not quite so shy of his criticisms of the whites, sometimes actually joining him in such critical discussions. Since he had shown no baneful effects from his casual ignoring of Runa, his complete disregard of her established position, they ventured, in her absence, even to snicker over his quips at her expense. But when he threw out derisive or belittling insinuations in her presence, they held themselves to sly, half-insolent looks. Charlie's attitude was becoming the mode, and Charlie was growing popular below stairs — particularly with the women. Even the middle-aged cook had a sly glance for him. Special tidbits, previously saved for Aunt Runa, began to find their way to his plate.

Not a shade of these insidious changes escaped Runa; but, other than for a hurt, puzzled look, and a withdrawing deeper into her own sombre silences, she gave little outward sign. Smouldering flame, however, would creep into her half-veiled eyes at some passing look of understanding between Lila and the yellow man, with his straight hair and slick tongue.

As for the girl, Aunt Runa had always kept her in easy check. And now, when she berated her for wearing her Sunday dress on week nights, and for coming home later and later, — with a look in her eyes, the hussy, — the old expression of fear would come back over Lila. At the girl's cringing under her sharp invectives and dire threats, Runa's old eyes would lose

some of their scathing fire and become dubiously content. But at the sight of that pale nigger sitting there glibly talking, everyone hanging on his words, herself forgotten, her face would settle into a look of stark, inexorable portent.

VIII

Queer little things, petty happenings, quite insignificant at first to a man of his enlightenment, had been irritating Charlie since his first week at Kennon Hills. So futile, so meaningless, were they in the beginning that a careless observer might have attributed them to the mischievous mind of a child.

They began with his finding a red flannel ball no bigger than a hickory nut tied to his broom handle. Curious, thinking it some joke, he detached it and casually rolled it over in his hand. Smiling, he slit the stitches with his knife. Funny stitches they were, too — neatly laid in the form of little crosses. And the thread! He felt of the severed ends. They were stiff, bristly — like horsehair. Peeling back the flannel cover, he disclosed a ball of evil-smelling yellow gum. Across the ball, adhering to the gum, were two downy

black feathers — laid in a cross. Gradually his expression changed, the tolerant smile became a fixed, silly one. Suddenly he gave a contemptuous sniff, and viciously threw the thing out of the window.

Following this, at more or less regular intervals, there had come many trivial but strange meddlings with his possessions — some so intangible, others so insignificant, that he wondered if his imagination were not playing him tricks. He could, himself, have subconsciously cleaned his comb of all hair — and forgotten it. A small piece dug out of his soap, the uncertain rearrangement of articles on his shelves into vague patterns — these might have been coincidences. And the puppy might have dragged away his missing shoe. But, again coming upon indubitable evidence, — concrete things, unnatural and disturbing, — he would feel afresh the uncomfortable, irritating sense of a malevolent spectral hand prowling among his effects and leaving its signs.

Then a small triangular piece was cut from his undershirt.

Charlie's suave, friendly good humor became broken with recurrent days of petulance — barely noticeable.

(To be continued)

THE LARGER AGNOSTICISM

BY BERNARD IDDINGS BELL

I

WHEN I was beginning my ministry, eighteen years ago, the chief task facing those who wished to be prophets of religion was apparently to persuade people that God was important. There was then abroad a skeptical agnosticism about the Central Person beneath and behind and through the visible universe. That agnosticism is common to-day. It is a thing even harder to combat than it then was — not because the idea of God is less reasonable than it was then, but because our contemporary pessimism has widened its scope. A generation ago men might doubt God, but they doubted little else. They did not, for example, doubt themselves. They did not doubt the worthwhileness of humanity. Indeed, there was about that time much in vogue a thing, vestigial remnants of which still are lying about, which called itself humanitarian religion — a faith which regarded man in himself as almost, if not quite, divine. People who scorned supernaturalism told you with enthusiasm that they believed in man and in his future. They sought to promote natural honor among men, for men, in a true fraternity. They were convinced that in human love was to be found a perfect substitute for that divine love the existence of which seemed to them at best only of academic interest.

Nowadays men may not believe in God more, but they certainly believe in man less.

There are reasons for the growth of this newer and wider agnosticism — this doubt about the worth of human beings. The war was a bitter blow to human self-esteem. The whole struggle was brutal, stupid, out of harmony with the higher humanitarianism. Our vaunted progress, our supposed emancipation from what we called the superstitions of religion, our trust in human reason, all our deification of humanity, resulted only in the most horrible, and futile, butchery in history. We who had said that men were as gods found out, or so it seemed to us, that men were merely stupid, self-destructive beasts. The war did indeed help on the new agnosticism.

Other things helped too. During the last century science rediscovered for us that in respect to our bodies we were animals and from the animals. This was a great opener of eyes. We dwelt upon it and talked about it and taught it to our youngsters, with marvelous forgetfulness that because we were beasts it did not of necessary logic follow that we were nothing but beasts. If you tell a generation, from babyhood through the university, that it is animal, and fail to tell it about the parts of human living that are not animal, it is apt to believe what it has been taught. And it is partly at least for that reason that in the ears of a generation so taught, as ours has been, the higher humanitarianism is apt to sound supremely silly. The result of this partial, lopsided education is horrid, even though it has its amusing side.

A generation which sought not to love God, but in His place to enthrone man, finds it has children who find the new deity more absurd than the older one.

The youngsters have discovered that man is not divine; that he is very, very much of the earth earthy. Our forefathers knew that too. The only hope, as they saw it, for humanity was that it might struggle on toward God with the compassionate help of God. They believed in human depravity, but they also believed in God's grace. Our children believe in the depravity, but they know next to nothing of the grace. In our youth we, as a generation, believed in neither of these things. Our children know at least this much more than we knew, that in our overestimate of man's natural ability and virtue we were fools. They cannot see that we behave like gods at all. They have no faith in human divinity, even in that of their fathers and mothers. They insist that men are beasts, born to live for comfort, for appetite, for sensory enjoyments, and for wealth. It is as aspirants for such things that they esteem us, their elders. Our pretensions and our accomplishments seem to them contradictory. They smell an odious hypocrisy.

II

The higher humanitarianism is to-day knocked into a cocked hat. Thomas Huxley doubted God a bit, but waxed almost tearful about the worth of man, and rhapsodized of human love. His grandson, Aldous Huxley, laughs pityingly at man and pours gentle scorn upon love. He writes long, and horribly tiresome, novels to show that love is only a rather nasty physical appetite which rules us, and fools us in the end. Dear Vida Scudder at Wellesley has recorded how shocked she was to find that her students in later years laughed

at Wordsworth's great 'Ode to Duty,' 'stern Daughter of the Voice of God. . . . Who art a light to guide,' because Duty was such an antiquated and ridiculous concept in their eyes. Professor Krutch in the *Atlantic Monthly* for August puts the whole point of view with candor, even with bluntness. 'Many other things,' he says, 'we have come to doubt, — patriotism, self-sacrifice, respectability, honor . . . the wreck of love is conspicuous. . . . We have grown used . . . to a Godless universe, but we are not yet accustomed to one which is loveless as well, and only when we have so become shall we realize what atheism really means.' Dr. Krutch's words seem to imply that this ultimate atheism is going to mean something very fine. When religion, duty, honor, patriotism, self-sacrifice, respectability, and love are all discarded as ridiculous superstitions, then the race is going to be emancipated. But as you read him you perceive that even he is whistling hard to keep his courage up and is inwardly somewhat appalled at the outcome of his own logic. If this were merely a matter of an article by a single misanthropic philosopher, it would not matter much. Its significance, as those of us well know who live closely with people from eighteen to thirty-five years of age, lies in the fact that this way of looking at things is common. Our children are saying — maybe some of us are — what the cynical author of *Ecclesiastes* said long ago: 'That which befalleth the sons of men is that which befall-eth the animals — the same thing to both. As the one perishes, so perishes the other. Man hath no preëminence above the beasts. All is foolishness.'

What is to be said about all this larger cynicism? The thing that needs to be said about it is that this sort of talk is both buncombe and a bore. We must admit, of course, that man is

a beast. That is where he starts from. The thing that always has distinguished him, however, from the rest of the beasts — the thing which the cynicism of the moment forgets — is that man has not been and is not content to remain on that beastly level. He is ever struggling toward a kind of living, a set of values, that are not beastly at all. He is bent on discovering some queer thing called Truth, for instance. To get toward it he will deny animal urges and rewards. He will starve for it, slave for it, suffer for it, die for it — and count himself happy to have had the chance. The modern behaviorist may call him a fool for his pains. Dr. Krutch may esteem him an unemancipated ass. But he *will* do it and rejoice in it. He will value Truth higher than wealth or popularity. And when he does deny the quest, and behaves as a rational animal would behave, it makes him miserable and he knows that he is a cad. Beasts who are nothing but beasts do not behave that way. Man also, starting on the animal level, pursues a thing he calls Beauty. The funny fellow cannot even tell you what Beauty is. It is a will-o'-the-wisp, but he struggles toward it. He even tries to copy it, in what he calls the Arts. To express one tiny bit of it he will endure privations, bitter ones. And whenever he gives up the search for it, if he does, he knows himself for a poor thing and hates his own abandonment. In the pursuit of this Beauty he knows lies a part, at least, of his destiny. This is strange conduct for beasts who are nothing but beasts. And man also, starting from the level of the animal, pursues Love — not merely love in a physical or mating sense (which apparently is the only kind of love known to such persons as Carpenter and Ellis and Krutch), but love as a passionate surrender of self — sacrifice of one's own happiness to others, that in one's

dying there may be for them new life. And man, starting from the level of the beasts, pursuing Truth, Beauty, Love, has perceived that these are all attributes of a great Reality — for the perfectness of which his heart is hungry. He calls this Reality God, and he knows that when he turns toward this God, God somehow lifts him up into being more real than beastly being.

All this is an integral and vital part of human experience. Yet the modern cynic scorns it. All human history cries that life is a search for a Reality far beyond us. It is this struggle which makes life the magnificent adventure that it is. The cynic denies the reality of the struggle, because forsooth it is a struggle. Because man has not arrived he shouts that man has never started. To him all man's good dreams are nightmares. To his mind man is less worthy than the beasts; he is a beast who, alone among beasts, supposes in a ridiculous idiocy that he is not a beast. From the points of view of logic, common sense, pragmatic test, and fact, the whole of this position, despite its scientific pretensions, is foolishness. Happily there are many who realize this foolishness. What can be done for them?

At least we must recognize that the old humanity worship cannot be brought back. Man is not a noble hero. He is in constant struggle from beastliness to godliness. In him is the great warfare. The animal within him urges him to remain content with the pursuit and ownership of things and with the fulfillment of appetite. But Reality keeps calling him to an adventure toward Truth and Beauty and Goodness. The beast within him cries 'Grab!' while something else cries 'Give!' He knows the worth of honor but he is not always honorable. He sees the beauty of courage, but frequently he is a coward. Duty is to him compelling, but it does not always

compel. He knows what love may be, but over and over again he degrades it or denies it. He is not to be trusted, though he is to be loved. He is not to be worshiped, though he is to be respected. He is pitiable. He is enviable. His life is a joke, and a tragedy, and a sublime quest. It is not in him as now he is that his true significance lies. He is only on the way. As Aristotle said, the significance of anything, including man, lies not in its origin, but in its destiny. Whence man came may be interesting, but whither man tends is what really matters.

III

The end and the meaning of life lie in God—in a final Reality now aspired toward but hard to understand, apprehended but never comprehended. Contemplation of the end toward which mankind is struggling is what the world needs now, as it has always needed it. It is in this contemplation that religion consists, religion which we must have if life is to regain its dignity. It must, of course, be *real* religion, not a socially conventionalized substitute, of the sort ascribed to the heroine of a late popular novel, of whom it is written, 'She had no religion beyond a sufficient initiation into its ceremonies to permit attendance on them, on social occasions, without a *faux pas*.' Religion is to a human being either the most serious and vital of human activities or worse than nothing. Our religion must be emancipated from social humbuggery, with all its apparatus of dress clothes and rented pews and sycophantic parsons and patronizing people. Ours must be a mystical and sacramental religion, wherein and whereby you and I and our children may lift our hearts in self-freed adoration toward that Perfection which we long to embrace; religion wherein and whereby we may forget food and drink

and clothes and motors and worldly position and organized amusements and clever trickiness of speech, and all the rest of the animal palaver which owns and hampers us, — none of which satisfies us, most of which stifles us, — and feed in our hearts on Him who — cynics to the contrary notwithstanding — is all that we long to be. We need religion, religion wherein and whereby we may look on One whose suffering-tested eyes speak Truth, whose torn body is more beautiful than flesh can be until the Spirit has battled with it and conquered it, whose Goodness both shames us into penitence and cleanses us into decency. We are really athirst for God, we modern people — but afraid to drink the wine of Him lest journalistic cynics with sharp tongues perhaps may sneer at us. How long shall we thus be self-conscious and cowardly? How long shall we ignore the race's age-bought wisdom? How long shall we deny the validity of that struggling on toward God which alone makes man's life a thing of meaning? Not long, I think.

And how long shall we remain content with an irreligious educational system, with schools and colleges and universities which regard the mystical experiment as a polite appendage to life, whose chapels are tolerated survivals of the past — schools and colleges and universities where youth is initiated into almost every craft except that craft which matters most to the race; where men and women become alert and skilled in looking back and down, but awkward and self-conscious when they try to look forward and up; where all man's dreams seem fanciful and all man's heroisms futile; where students are taught all things else but how to approach in natural and unaffected adoration that destiny of man which is God? Let us pray to that same God, not long!

DR. COIT OF ST. PAUL'S

BY OWEN WISTER

I

THE first Headmaster of St. Paul's School was twenty-six when he opened it alone, and with three boys. Three hundred and thirty-nine were there, and thirty-six masters, on the winter day when he died, at the age of sixty-five; and a hush fell upon the hearts of those who had gone out of that school into the world. The master builder of their consciences and characters would never again look at them with his searching blue eyes. His marble effigy, recumbent in the School Chapel, is rightly clothed in a monastic gown, with a rope knotted round the waist. The sculptor knew that time had misplaced him, as an April day will sometimes appear in January. His well-known fellow churchmen and acquaintances, Phillips Brooks, Bishop Doane, and the three Bishops Potter, were at one with their epoch; he came as straight from the twelfth century as John Brown from the Old Testament, or Napoleon from the age when invaders could change the course of history.

His spirit was felt to be so remote from the present that to see him do some everyday thing, as when by a quick light touch from behind he knocked the cap over the eyes of a little new boy who had forgotten in his general timidity to take it off as he was entering the Chapel, never ceased to be incongruous; or as when, in the midst of reproving two boys who had together destroyed a posted bulletin not to their

liking, he pulled himself up short on the brink of a joke: —

'Then I'm to understand that Tom tore it down, and Jack tore it — to pieces.'

He adjusted himself to his age in little that was not needed for the welfare of the school that he created, and in his creation he found his context, the medium for his genius; during forty years he filled every cranny of St. Paul's with his tremendous personality.

Few boys over whom his spiritual fire passed ever forgot it, or the tall black figure in which it blazed. Whatever religious observance they may have dropped away from, whatever scruple of their boyhood they got over, him they never got over. Twenty-five years after he was dead, and three rectors had succeeded him, a lady who came to live at the school found that she met his legend at every turn; he was still present in the place, pervading it; while out in the world he lived so deep in men of forty and fifty that his formidable shape would appear to them in their dreams.

Henry Augustus Coit was born on January 20, 1830, seven hundred years later than the days of his spiritual kin. Behind the times he was not; he was keenly alive to them, found them little to his liking, and withdrew from them to live devotedly in his work, and deeply within himself, in perpetual communion with something eternal. Had he come into the world at Assisi or Siena, when Innocent II was pope,

instead of at Wilmington, Delaware, when Andrew Jackson was president, it might well be that the calendar would now include another saint, that another order would be numbered with the Franciscans and Benedictines, and that his portrait — possibly even his martyrdom — by Pinturicchio or Pietro Vannucci would hang treasured in the hill-town cathedrals of Italy. Instead, there is his photograph in the Alumni House: a stern sad man in clerical black; a broad brow, a keen eye, the beard and shaven upper lip of other days; obviously a man of war and a captain; less obviously a prophet of poetic vision, and a tender, very human heart; a true and vivid likeness of the man's aspect in his full prime. To catch the vision and the heart, his youthful face must be studied, his ardent face when he was twenty-four: beardless, a brow that might be Shelley's, thick waving hair massed above this, an eye of wide-open wistfulness, a mouth of marked purpose, not yet chiseled by strife, and the fashion of choker and collar to be seen round the neck of Daniel Webster. In this early likeness noble and serious dreams can be read, dreams meant to come true through action; the face in the Alumni House has been hammered into austerity by forty years of fighting with the beasts at Ephesus, and the knowledge that nothing comes wholly true. He is reported to have said once that boarding schools were a necessary evil: if he ever did, it was a momentary lash, an overstatement of his feeling that the best he could do must fall short of what, in the beginning, he may have hoped to do. And possibly this, with his native bent for indignation at the evil in the world, rather than compassion over the good, may have set a stern sadness in the depths of his countenance, in spite of the drollery and humor which often played over its

surface. His lightning perception of the ludicrous did little to help the mood that dwelt inmost in him.

At morning service in the Chapel, when he said, 'Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labour until the evening,' there was an overtone in his arresting voice which seemed to be almost fatalistic, almost to ask, 'And what does it all come to?'

When he gave out such hymns as 'Abide with me! Fast falls the even-tide,' 'Weary of earth, and laden with my sin,' 'Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,' and many another that bore upon the tragedy of life, the music of his utterance fitted those words closer than when he stood tall and majestic in the white amplitude of his surplice, and read, 'The day of resurrection! Earth, tell it out abroad!' or, 'The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handywork.'

This spirit in exile, separated by seven centuries from its native epoch, could not sing the Lord's song in a strange land jubilantly, like Phillips Brooks, who was at home in his times, and splendidly buoyant, and could make it sound like a trumpet. 'Life is so simple!' Brooks exclaimed exuberantly, one Sunday morning in his pulpit. It was not simple to Henry Coit: better to hold aloof from it, and put armor on young souls to encounter it and prevail. Behind every sentence that he preached in Chapel, every page of Greek or Latin which he put with such grace into English for his stumbling boys, every game that he countenanced outdoors and in, lived the unswerving purpose to equip young souls to meet a life that was mostly evil. In him, more than in any of his remarkable brothers, the heritage of Celtic twilight prevailed, and his New England ancestors held his stormy temperament in their grip. The sombre

cast of Puritanism dimmed the natural sun of mirth and humor that constantly struggled to shine out in him, and checked, too often to his own loss and the loss of those around him, the impulse of laughter and fun which bubbled up liberally in him. It almost seemed as if he felt it wrong to relax. In his spontaneous distrust of any indulgence, he was more like John Knox than like the converted troubadour of Assisi, at whose touch the rose tree lost its thorns: the discipline of the thorn was to him more desirable than the smell of the rose. He had never been converted, like Saint Paul, or Saint Francis, or Saint Ignatius; he had never needed conversion; the straight line of his life was from its beginning to its end without a break, and all his days he walked humbly in the sight of his God — but not much so in the sight of men.

His ecclesiastical chief, and affectionate friend, Bishop Niles, a trustee of the school, was explaining to him once why he could not attend the approaching functions and prize giving of Last Night; Last Night at his own school in Holderness came on the same date, and claimed his presence. And while he talked Dr. Coit kept his back turned in annoyance.

'Henry Coit,' said the Bishop at last, 'when I am speaking to you of serious things, you will please look at me.'

The trustees of the school, a chosen group of men capable in their various callings, were humorously aware that when they convened at the Rectory to discuss and decide upon whatever of importance had come up they were little more than what is termed rubber stamps, ratifying the decisions of their Headmaster. They sat and heard him; they learned what had been done, and what was to be done, and the reasons for it; in their submission they were not unlike boys being lectured in his study.

The chief difference was that, being mature men, they recognized to the full the extraordinary quality of their Headmaster, his sagacity and integrity, the success he was making of his work — and so they were glad to give him his head. Such a way to conduct a complex institution could never last, except during the same exceptional state of things, as when some nation is ruled for a while by a benevolent despot.

'When our meeting is over,' said a trustee, Dr. Samuel Eliot, to a parent of one of the boys, 'Dr. Coit waves a hand toward the dining room, and tells us that we shall find sherry and cigars there. None of us ever dares to go in.'

His attitude about tobacco was something quite peculiar, and must be laid not alone to his innate distrust of any mere physical indulgence; a delicate and extreme fastidiousness marked his taste in a multitude of directions, and this the smell of tobacco evidently offended. In his summer holidays, late in life, when he sat with his family on the deck of some Canadian steamer, and cigar smoke floated his way, he would give the characteristic wave of his hand to waft it off, and a sniff of his nose, and a blow with his lips, while the gleam of irony twinkled in his blue eye.

When Augustus Swift, who brought much-needed liveliness and liberality in living to the school early in 1874, came to establish his rooms full of good water colors, bright shelves of books, comfortable curtains and chairs, across the hall from the Doctor's austere study, and the doors of both rooms would be open, the Doctor would interrupt what he was saying to some boy by a turning of his head and a searching sniff, and, 'My dear, don't you notice an odor of nicotine?' And the ironic twinkle in the blue eye would follow, and win the delighted boy's confidence.

Less playful was his remark to his

son when he appeared one day with a cigar in his mouth: 'And when did you assume that badge of manhood?'

That was the father; the host did not carry it so far. For the trustees cigars and sherry were always ready, and prejudice was waived for other guests. In the upstairs apartment of his son and daughter-in-law during the later days when they lived with him, the badge of manhood was allowed. And when a certain prelate was staying in the house the Doctor, after dinner, would say to his son, 'Take the Bishop upstairs and see that he has all the necessary apparatus.'

Dr. Coit's fastidiousness came out in his dress; never a wrinkle in his severe coat, or a fray in his white collar, or a speck on the polish of his long, narrow, well-made shoes. At his right hand on his desk lay always a row of pencils, symmetric and sharpened to the finest point; his swift handwriting, though traced by a flying pen, was exquisitely formed and delicate as a thread.

Fastidiousness came out in his choice of words, in his literary taste, in his severity or his laughter over the English into which the boys would put their Horace or their Euripides.

He was holding an oral examination in sixth-form Latin, and had invited an old boy, arrived from college for a visit, to sit beside him on the platform.

'You may scan the first line of this ode,' he said to one of the form.

'*Vitas me hinnuleo similis, Chloe,*' the boy read in correct rhythm.

'That will do. Now translate it.'

'You shun me, Chloe, like a mule.'

'Oh, my dear! A mule! Do you think calling her that would soften her heart?'

'It's in the dictionary, sir.'

'Did n't you notice any other word there? Did n't you see "fawn"? Well, go on; and remember it's a lover addressing a young lady.'

And while the boy continued the Doctor, quietly mirthful, turned to the visitor and said, 'You see, we're still going at it on all fours!'

II

Going at it on all fours under such discipline as Henry Coit's trained many a clumsy mind to go upright with a good carriage. This advantage has befallen youth before. Arnold of Rugby, Fellenberg of Hofwyl, and Muhlenberg, who taught Henry Coit — these were all of the race of great civilizers. Whenever you had Mark Hopkins at one end of a log and a student at the other, it was said that you had a university. Arnold not only licked drunken, lawless Rugby into shape; his work there reformed Harrow and Eton, and ordained a new decency in the brutal schools of Britain.

Henry Coit had nothing to reform; he had something to create out of almost nothing — a farm in the wilds, and three boys driven there with him in a carriage. He played on an old square piano to accompany them in their evening hymns; and, since Henry Coit, every preparatory school in America has had its eye on what he made out of that beginning in 1856.

Without pretensions to erudite scholarship, he gave young brains the secret of taste and discrimination, set intellects, when an intellect could be discerned, on the right road. Through the unerring felicity of his comments, Cicero, Horace, Homer, Euripides, set their seal upon every young intelligence that was congenitally capable of taking this impress; and the seal remained long after the syntax had evaporated.

St. Paul's boys were noted for their good use of English; it was recognized by the boys from other schools who met them at Harvard, where they

anticipated the required course in rhetoric without effort. Why did they find this so simple a matter? Because Dr. Coit's strict and delicate taste pervaded St. Paul's from top to bottom. Not alone his classes in Greek and Latin, but those of his assistant masters also were equally lessons in English. No going at it on all fours if the boy could be lifted to his feet; accuracy even to the last shade was demanded, but merely as the necessary root of the matter. This must bloom into the natural idiom of the Mother Tongue; it could not be left a dislocated jumble of gerunds and ablatives absolute.

Sweet when she smiles my Lalage I'll love,
Sweet when she talks to me,

is the English into which Dr. Coit turned two lines of Horace, as he sat with his sixth form. It was quite often his way toward the end of the hour to hold the book up, and lean back, and read to the boys his version of whatever Latin or Greek had been that day's assigned work; and once a boy returning from Harvard, disappointed with some readings of Homer to which he had listened there, begged him to write out and publish his own translation. The suggestion was whisked to the winds by a sweep of the thumb over the long fingers, and a sound in the throat, which could express every shade of disapproval from diverted irony to corrosive scorn, and at which the boy had frequently shaken in his shoes.

Personal questions, attempted compliments, brought instantly the whisk of the thumb and the sound in the throat. To that same boy, on another visit, the Doctor ironically narrated a conversation with a President of the United States, who had inquired by what methods he was so successful in impressing himself on his scholars. It was the Founder of Christianity, Dr. Coit had retorted, whose words and

example he strove to teach; and to the alumnus he added, 'Impress one's self. As if one wanted a set of young apes!

But when the alumnus broke into laughter at this a quick 'Pssh!' cut him short. At that sound he had also often shaken in his shoes.

To provoke mirth and cut it short was one of the strange traits of this strange man. It was as if his humor had escaped from him unaware, and was not to be countenanced. Yet he could relax in the heartiest laughter.

Two old boys came up to the Anniversary, and interpolated an Italian number in the concert programme. One, in a wild wig, sat pounding the piano, while the other, got up like an operatic prima donna, rushed about the school-study platform and shrieked scales and trills in a high falsetto. Dr. Coit, in one of the stalls at the end of the room, sat rocking backward and forward, and at last put his hand over his face.

When his humanity came uppermost, he could be like sunshine; the blue eyes ceased to pierce, and twinkled or shone with an understanding that warmed many a boy's heart to strive with all the strength that was in him. The appeal and the exhortation were in essence always religious; the same talk from other lips has left many a boy cold; it was the fiery spirit that burned in Henry Coit which opened young hearts and minds and touched to life the aspirations latent there.

With forty years of boys to deal with, nothing short of omniscience could have steered free of mistakes. Henry Coit's genius with youth did not save him from misreading some characters whom their contemporaries saw through easily. He thought too well of some, and of some not well enough. There was a boy who received the school medal, the crown of all honors, given in token of character, influence, loyalty,

good standing. No one watched this boy walk up and get it with any hearty enthusiasm; the school knew better. Many years later, when the boy had come a good deal to the fore through exercise of the same assiduity, adroitness, and colorless adaptation which had won him the school medal, somebody arriving at the Rectory spoke of having seen him in a train.

'Poor potatoes,' remarked Dr. Coit.

Because of his never dropping his old boys out of sight, but always following up their careers, he had long since taken his former medal boy's true measure, and could be philosophic over the error.

Philosophy was not always at his elbow; he could treat a boy's translating Chloe into a mule lightly, but when fastidiousness was outraged he was at times less calm.

A small boy received a hamper from home. He must have been meant to share the good things in it; instead, he ate them all in his alcove, alone — candy, cake, pickles, and preserves. In the middle of the night terrible results followed; the whole dormitory was startled from its sleep, and every window had to be opened.

The small boy did not perish, but he was not at his desk in the schoolroom next morning; and another boy, on going to speak to Dr. Coit, found the door of the study closed, and stood outside, appalled by the words that came through it: —

'You will pack your trunk immediately. The carriage has been ordered to take you to the train. Your parents are expecting you. *Dirty little pigs like you shall not stay at this school.*'

The blast in those last words was described by the boy who heard them. It seldom broke forth, and only when Henry Coit had no time to think second thoughts. It fell once on the head of a graduate in his mid-twenties, who

had been asked if he took the Sacrament regularly, and had told the truth, that he could take it no longer with sincerity. But on this occasion, when Henry Coit had talked himself out of his storm of disappointment and indignation, he quieted into affection and concern for the old boy's soul; and their relations thereafter became more close than they had ever been before.

The same graduate did not tell Dr. Coit the truth upon an earlier occasion, when he was being questioned too closely about some reported irregularities of one of his friends, a sophomore at that time. The sophomore, after being ejected from a Boston theatre, had spent the night in jail. The papers had mentioned the incident. The graduate did his best. He affected surprise, and was certain that nothing of the sort had happened. But Dr. Coit merely sat shaking his head.

'To think of those delicate little features relaxed in drunkenness!' was his only observation.

One momentous event became a legend through the stir it made. On his way from the schoolroom to recitation on the third floor, a fourth-former, loitering at the rear of his class, turned the key in the door of Dr. Coit's study on the second landing. The imprisonment lasted but a moment. A master happening to arrive and knock heard the quiet voice of the vice rector, Joseph Coit, telling him to unlock the door. Out of it Henry Coit issued, and is described as mounting the stairs three steps at a stride. The fourth form was hardly settled in its seats when the door burst open, and the black apparition, with blue eyes blazing, towered before the class. The revolutionary deed was announced amid petrified silence. Who had done this? No one spoke. After a pause, whoever had done it was commanded to stand up. There was no move, but only more silence.

'If the boy does not come to me by to-night,' said Dr. Coit, 'I shall dismiss —, —, — (naming three boys in bad standing) to-morrow.' He went, leaving a right guess among those three picked out.

This stroke put on the screws. The recitation was adjourned, the fourth form held a meeting. Every name was called; each boy rose and absolutely denied it to his classmates. But the truth was known by two there. A fourth-former, still tardier than the culprit, had come up the stairs behind him. Wrung between telling tales on the guilty or seeing the innocent suffer, this witness broke silence at last. Among his peers, in their teens, he never recovered his standing: had he not gone back on the code? But had n't the Doctor's threat forced him? Bated fourth-form breaths recovered themselves and argued fiercely. What right had the Doctor to make a threat like that? Well, did n't the Doctor have to keep his school going? They thrashed it back and forth. The telltale lost caste, still more the culprit who had serenely lied to his comrades; Dr. Coit came out of it justified, on the whole. Somehow their young eyes saw it as he saw it, that codes have to give way in given cases. It is interesting to remember that Arnold of Rugby would say to a boy, 'If you give me your word, of course I am bound to take it,' while to one boy, who happened to be telling the truth, Dr. Coit said, 'Between your word and a master's, I am bound to take the master's.' The boy never forgave him. All commanders must at times suffer from having to justify their means by their end.

III

When, like most temperaments of genius, he fell victim to his mood, the lightning might strike other victims.

Close to the end of a school year, out of a clear sky, he sent for a fifth-form boy and ordered him to go home by the next train. The boy asked the reason. Merely that he was doing no good, was 'disloyal,' not with 'the spirit of the place' — words often used by Henry Coit. The boy left the study.

Later, when Joseph Coit was in the study with his brother, the boy's roommate appeared at the door.

'Well, sir?'

'Dr. Coit, you're sending H—— M—— away.'

'Yes, sir.'

The roommate knew that he was taking his life in his hands.

'Dr. Coit, the Anniversary is next week. In a month we shall all go home. If you expel him now, everybody at home will hear of it. To say that he was not satisfactory to you will make them all sure that something which cannot be told is the cause of his sudden dismissal so close to the end of the year. That will put a cloud on his character which will darken it for a long while. If you allow him to stay the term out, and he does not come back after the holidays, no one will notice it much, or think that he was guilty of something that he never did.'

Henry Coit sat awhile, looking at the roommate.

'Joseph,' he began to his brother at length, quite mildly, 'do you hear what the boy is saying? He says I must n't send H—— M—— away.'

'Oh, let him stay!' said Joseph, always looking out of the window.

'My dear,' said Dr. Coit to the roommate, 'you may tell H—— M—— from me that he need n't go.'

Another boy braved him quite differently. He was seventeen, and saw college life drawing near. Although head of his form month after month, as good at his books as in his conduct, he had no intention of becoming a book-

worm; his imagination was filled with the freedom which all his friends at college were enjoying. He alone in his form had hung back from being confirmed. The Doctor had hoped that he would join the confirmation class in his fourth form. He had steadily expressed his unwillingness for two years, and the chances of his ever consenting were coming to an end. Once again Dr. Coit sent for him and made his friendly, apprehensive, urgent appeal. When the boy stood before him unmoved, he gave it up, but dwelt earnestly upon the necessity of prayer night and morning, if the soul were to continue safe. It was all friendly, fatherly, and sacred; and the boy was deeply touched. At the end, Dr. Coit handed to him a slim book, saying that its daily use would be of help. It was entitled *Private Prayers for School Boys*.

In surprise at himself, and in trepidation, the boy said, 'If you please, Dr. Coit, I would rather make my own prayers.'

The Doctor received the book back from his hand and laid it down without a sign of anger.

'Certainly, my dear, you must do as you feel about it.' Then he looked at the boy with his charming smile. 'But take care about being too self-reliant.'

Another wrestling contest occurred in the sixth-form Greek. The boys were seated around the room with the Doctor at the end of the long table.

'You may begin,' he said to a boy who ranked second in the form.

'Sit down, sir!' he interrupted imperatively after a few words had been translated. 'Take it up, next, and see if you can do it properly.'

The next boy repeated verbatim the translation of his predecessor.

'That is right,' said the Doctor. 'You may continue.'

'That's exactly what I said!' loudly blurted the first boy.

'Pssh!' went the Doctor, like the lash of a whip.

'It is, though,' the boy muttered.

No notice was taken of it. The *Alcestis* went on, while the boy smouldered over his injury.

At the end of the hour, as the form was leaving the room, the Doctor spoke to the boy, who stopped beside the chair.

'I had a curious dream last night,' said the Doctor, amicably. 'I dreamt that you were impertinent to me, and apologized.'

'Did you dream that I apologized?'

'I did.'

'It was a curious dream.'

And the boy, still a mere bomb of fury, left the Doctor sitting alone in the recitation room. He did not expect it to end there; in his state of mind he would have been expelled with pleasure. Nothing followed. In the Doctor's manner when they next met there was not a symptom of their collision. So this lion could be bearded in his den.

This same boy was Library poet. When his effusion appeared in the *Horæ*, the Doctor sent for him. It lay open upon his desk, near all the finely sharpened pencils; beside it lay a blue book, containing the boy's recent Latin examination.

'My dear,' said the Doctor, tapping the poem, 'this — well — it does n't amount to very much. But here' — he touched the blue book — 'is a true achievement. Such good work means something. But don't lie back on it. We should never remain entirely pleased with what we do, and — well — is n't that one of your dangers?' With his winning smile, the Doctor handed the blue book to the boy. It had received a perfect mark.

Upon whomsoever Dr. Coit bestowed full praise, it lived with him, one of the glowing moments of his school life. The threshold of the

Doctor's study was like a gate of judgment. In the forty years of his reign, what thousands of handdog steps crossed it, what thousands of fluttering hearts entered there, and issued heavy with their sentence, or lifted upon the wings of the morning! Only in the room where a man like that presides can be heard the words that scorch or heal beyond forgetting.

IV

There is no mystery about Henry Coit, save the eternal mystery of genius. His forefathers account for him; his blood had been two hundred years in the country when he was born, the second in a family of nine, his father a clergyman, and behind him other clergymen, and families of eight, nine, ten, and fathers who lived to eighty. John Coit came from Wales to Salem in 1636, and was a shipbuilder in New London in 1650. Shipbuilding Coits followed him; and a Coit commanding his regiment at Norwich; and graduates of Harvard, Columbia, and Princeton; merchants in Boston and New York, Congregational ministers. Their wives were mostly from New England. It is a typical case of energetic colonial blood. Henry's brothers were men out of the common; two of them — Joseph and Milnor — laid important stones in the edifice of St. Paul's, particularly Joseph.

With his descent, it is curious how little he suggested New England, save in his suspicion of all gayeties and pleasures not intellectual; but he had grown up in the Middle and Southern States, and this it must have been that abolished whatever else of New England might have lurked in him.

The asceticism was pretty steep when he began at St. Paul's at the age of twenty-six. On Sundays, those three small scholars might merely, by way of

relaxation, walk sedately in the vicinity, hair brushed, hands washed, and in their Sunday best. One fall afternoon they met some sheep in a field, and forgot to be sedate. In the middle of the chase a tall black figure strode upon them over the field, and their hearts fainted away.

'Little boys, expedite!' commanded the figure; and herded them to their penance. It was heavy: three days without any play!

Although Henry Coit's asceticism mellowed as he matured, and his eyes were gradually opened to the good in cricket, and hockey, and rowing, and football, and track athletics, he never went further than approval; they stirred no chord in him. He watched them with a whimsical detachment.

It cannot be said that he was always genial in manner; the younger boys especially regarded him with awe, and his own sense of the intense seriousness of life and duty gave a sternness and austerity to his aspect which made many of his pupils afraid of him. He liked to encourage games and sports . . . his sympathy with these pursuits showed itself mainly in hasty and occasional visits to the playground. . . .

I should describe him as a great prophet among schoolmasters, rather than as an instructor or educator in the ordinary sense of the term. . . . The dominating idea . . . was that a headmaster is called of God to make his school a Christian school. . . . This idea pervaded not only his chapel sermons. . . . In his lessons, his study of history, his discipline, his exhortations addressed to . . . the whole school, he is felt to be always striving to infuse into the common life his own enthusiasm of Christian earnestness. . . .

It is not necessary that this should be a school for three hundred or even of one hundred boys, but it *is* necessary that it should be a school of Christian gentlemen.

Any St. Paul's boy who knew Dr. Henry Coit would recognize him in

these paragraphs — which are quoted from a life of Arnold of Rugby.

This remarkable parallel is matched by one remarkable divergence. Arnold constantly spoke out on public questions, wrote numerous pamphlets, and took the chair of London University. In his sixty-five years Henry Coit wrote once to a newspaper, and once for a magazine. It is a piece of the cloistered, twelfth-century inner man, the haughty withdrawal from things temporal, the ardent dedication to things eternal. Fastidiousness plays a part in it, and social shyness as well. He was shy when he met parents; few of them ever saw the true man at his full stature, as he was in the pulpit, or on Thursday evenings in the school-room, or at times in his study, dealing with a difficult case.

'If a boy has set his mind to do nothing, but considers all the work here as so much fudge, which he will evade if he can, he is sure to corrupt the rest, and I will send him away without scruple.'

His voice can be heard in these words — but they are Arnold's.

Again the striking resemblance, but always inside the cloister. Henry Coit seemed unaware of the United States, and the President, and all others in authority, save when the Episcopal service obliged him to pray for them on Sunday mornings.

What had his attention been doing between 1830 and 1865? The clash of slavery and abolition began in the year of his birth. Bleeding Kansas, John Brown, King Cotton, John C. Calhoun, Lincoln and Douglas — the whole of the one great drama our history holds so far, the long tragedy that marked American faces with a spiritual depth now vanished, unrolled while Henry Coit was growing up in the Middle and Southern States. What had all this counted for him?

Some thought his sympathies were with the South. If so, his conscience must have raked him fore and aft when Sumter was fired on. He offered himself for Union military service, and was rejected. Most Americans who lived through all this showed it till their deaths, referred to it almost daily. Never Henry Coit. Away off from it at St. Paul's School, it had been out of sight, and in after years seemed out of mind. It must be supposed that he turned the whole of himself like a burning glass upon one spot, and set that spot aflame; what lay outside the periphery of his mission did not count.

Although the founder and several of the other trustees lived in Boston, Boston sent but few boys; more came from both New York and Philadelphia, while the masters of the formative years were from Maryland, Pennsylvania, and New York. New England influence was negligible, if not nil; the High Church tradition, both sacred and secular, endowed St. Paul's with the full, unbroken inheritance of the Anglican liturgy and humanities, the flavor of England, Italy, and Greece, as transmitted through the Renaissance. Cromwellian dissent was as absent from the precepts as fish balls from the cuisine, and Henry Coit's asceticism neither held him back from Horace nor inclined him to Emerson.

'The man was good,' he remarked of Emerson one day, to an old boy. 'That is perfectly obvious. But do you know his poems, my dear? "And yielded myself to the perfect whole." The perfect whole! And what may that be? Well, perhaps they have them in Massachusetts.' The blue eyes twinkled, and the long leg, crossed over the knee, swung as the boy had seen it swing many a time in the study, when the voice had been saying 'It is perfectly obvious' about one thing or another.

V

That a flower so alien to the granite and pines of New Hampshire as St. Paul's School should bloom in their midst is due to the accident of the founder's first choice for his headmaster declining the invitation; and that Henry Coit, in soul a monastic of the twelfth century, should have sprung from six generations of New England shipbuilders, merchants, and divines must remain a mystery. Ecclesiastical as he was, yet he would not consent to the boys making auricular confession as part of their discipline, which it is said had been suggested to him. Father Hall's ritualistic services in the Church of the Advent went too far for him in that direction, while the liberal doctrines of Phillips Brooks went too far in the other.

He paid the schoolmaster's usual forfeit to his calling. Phillips Brooks expressed it once to a freshman who had come from St. Paul's to Harvard:

'When my classmate Dimmock took the Adams Academy at Quincy, of course we bade him good-bye as a companion. After a man has acquired the habit of talking to boys, real conversation with him is over for his old friends. Coit is a curious man,' Mr. Brooks added, and laughed jovially.

Whenever Phillips Brooks came up to make the Anniversary address in the Chapel, the sight of assembled youth lifted him above even his usual eloquence, and it poured out like a burst of sunshine. After service he was to be seen from afar, beaming and huge, moving about the grounds, Dr. Coit escorting him.

'A curious man!' he exclaimed to the freshman. 'He dislikes Harvard on account of the irreligious influence which he has seen it exert, and he consulted me as to what clergyman he should tell his Harvard boys to seek

out for guidance. He said, "I don't quite wish them to go to Father Hall, and of course I can't send them to you."'

'Where did you tell him to send us?'

'How could I tell him? I said, "Well, Dr. Coit, it hardly looks as if I were the man to advise you!"' And again Mr. Brooks (he was not yet a bishop) laughed out jovially, with Christian tolerance for a great brother Christian.

For one so steeped in the classics, the great brother Christian showed by occasional flashes that Emerson was by no means the only contemporary writer of whom he had an opinion; he recommended *Balaustion's Adventure* very highly to his sixth form when they were reading *Alcestis* with him. On the other hand, he began one Thursday evening in the schoolroom:—

'I find little books lying about,'—and the thumb flicked slightly over the fingers,—'little novels with all sorts of little titles. "Red as a rose was she." Hmp! Black as a crow was he.' The school giggled. 'Pssh! When you read a novel, choose one that has something in it. Go to Thackeray. Go to Scott.' And the rest of that Thursday's discourse was on fiction, always with the background that any novel which did not hold up right living and Christian faith was 'poor.' Nothing said on Thursdays was ever said in the Chapel, nothing in the Chapel was ever said on Thursdays.

On his vigilant round one day, he leaned over a boy's shoulder, and saw *Atalanta in Calydon*.

'What's this, my dear?' He picked it up and turned the leaves back and forth, shaking his head. 'Yes—beautiful words: "Time with a gift of tears, Grief with a glass that ran." Hmp! He could n't say "Grief with a gift of tears," because he preferred more alliteration to more sense. . . . My dear, don't read Swinburne. I'd much

rather have you read Byron. Byron was a man.' He handed the book back. 'Don't lend this to anyone.' And with this mark of confidence he proceeded on his solitary walk.

He possessed the rapid eye that could seize the whole content of a page with a glance; and the booksellers of Boston knew him well. Whenever somebody else took morning Chapel, the boys understood that the Doctor was not at the school. They did not know that he timed these absences by the length of his hair. When it needed cutting, and only then, he left his post and went straight to the Parker House. There, in quiet, he spent one night, his presence in Boston known only to the barber and certain shops. The booksellers desried the tall, intent figure in black, circulating slowly among the shelves, picking up a volume, putting a volume down, and departing with an armful to read undisturbed, relaxed, in his room at the Parker House, and in the train next day. The train always rested him; and beside the books he would bring back little tokens for the family.

Best to the family, and to the New Hampshire neighbors, was this affectionate side of him revealed. The farmers with their families became his devoted parishioners; he held special services for them, he won them to his faith. In times of illness and of grief he went to them and sat comforting them. He was to be met among the hills and the pines, driving his buggy to visit some home in need, often with special food cooked at the Rectory or a bottle of wine — a lonely figure, unforgettable, with something majestic about it.

When he spoke in a sermon of 'the eternal solitude of the human soul,' that word came from the experience of his own soul; when in another sermon he said, 'Therefore we pray,

Empty us of ourselves that we may be filled with Thee,' it was the heart of his attitude toward life. Besides the gentle and wise lady who was Mrs. Coit, and Joseph, his more equable and judicious brother, was there any other who served to steady him when the blasts of his temperament broke from the stern repression under which they were held? Who else was admitted to the privacy of his brooding meditations? To many a fortunate boy Joseph's warm heart gave the shelter and the anchor of his intimacy, and was a human providence to him at critical moments which he could never have brought himself to confide to Henry. It was well for St. Paul's School, very well, that Mrs. Henry Coit was there at the actual beginning, and that Joseph Coit went there only nine years later. The presence of neither caused bated breaths; when Henry appeared on the scene, awe came with him, leapfrog ceased, caps were touched in silence. His response often mystified some boy; what had he done now? Very possibly nothing to deserve the haughty coldness which had made him wonder; it is certain that Henry Coit sometimes was sunk in his inner mood, and unaware of the effect his manner produced. But this was never the case on Sunday nights, when he stood on the schoolroom platform after the Sunday evening hymn, and the whole school filed by to shake hands with him. Then indeed his good-night conveyed unmistakably his opinion of each boy's recent record. Mostly this was correct; sometimes utterly unjust.

Henry Augustus Coit may be said to have died in his boots, kept going by his will and his conscience after his vital fires had burned low, and an accident had lamed him, and the loss of his wife had plunged him in deeper

loneliness. His vital fires burned out early in 1895. After three weeks at home for Christmas, the school returned to work. Dr. Coit had not left work. During those weeks he is said to have written five hundred letters. He had no secretary. One Sunday morning, after receiving the Sacrament at early celebration, he was seen to leave before the end of the service. He was found fainting in the vestry. For a few hours next day he struggled on in his study. That was the last of him. A few days later he was lying face to the wall, silent even to his brother Joseph, who was overcome in telling of this afterward. Henry Coit had no more to say to any man.

The news stunned the old boys of St. Paul's, scattered over the country. The Doctor was not their parent; he was their tribunal, still living in their

conscience as their exalted and uncom- promising mentor. They had never known any man like him; they were never to know any man like him again. Many started for the school, but the great tempest of that winter prevented their arrival. Nevertheless, some hundred of them got there, and followed in their carriages through the deep drifts. And so, while the gusts of snow raged, they stood watching the body being lowered into the ground.

On his birthday in after years, two old boys walked to the grave on the hill among the pines, and met there an old servant of the school, all alone giving way to his grief. Upon their speaking to him, he slowly drew a gold piece from his pocket and held it out and said:—

'He gave me that, forty-two years ago.'

AN ANCIENT FRENCH HOUSE

BY LLEWELYN POWYS

I

A TRAVELER in France who is on the lookout for what is secluded and indigenous could do nothing better than to journey eastward from Lyons until he reaches the small town of Belley. It is true that the ancient cathedral church was demolished in the nineteenth century to be replaced by the white modern building that at present is a conspicuous feature of the upland valley. But the sleepy market town retains still an atmosphere of the past. Many of the houses in its main streets were built in the fourteenth and fif-

teenth centuries. I have been admitted through a modest doorway to enter an interior with beautiful passages, white and arched, like those of a wine cellar—passages that give glimpses through narrow, ancient doorways of hidden gardens, heavy with the damp foliage of sun-sheltered flowers and trees. Also if one walks outside the town, it is possible to imagine that the old city walls are still standing, so compact, so closely built together, are the houses that border the open meadows. The reiterated calling of the peasants, as they encourage and direct their yoked oxen, can be heard by the shop people

in the main streets, by the children playing at leapfrog in the rue de Baron and in the rue St.-Martin. Indeed, a wayfarer who explores the country in the vicinity of Belley will gradually realize that he has at last reached the France of his imagination, the France that was before the Great War, before Napoleon's wars, before the religious wars. The appearance and the manners of the countryside belong to the Middle Ages. Still up and down the stony lanes oxen drag forward small, lumbering carts of mediæval design. Still the wide valley is dotted with women, with old men, and with children standing sentinel, with an infinite patience, through the long hours, over their few head of cattle. A fence, any kind of protection, would relieve them of their year-long, their century-long, task, but in this district, known as the Bugey, innovations come slowly. The ancestors of these people spent their time knitting in the sun and turning their errant sandy-colored cows toward the pasturage allotted them — and for what reason should their descendants do otherwise? They no more desire to bring alterations to this uneconomical manner of living than they would wish to alter the appearance of Mont Blanc, whose snow fields are visible on clear days sixty miles distant. On the higher slopes of the hills, which so softly intersect the lower lands, the grape clusters burgeon and ripen in long lines, in preparation for coppered vats, while down by the river men make hay out of the rushes that grow in the rough, undrained levels. And how gently the year turns to autumn in these forgotten acres!

In summer time, of all rivers the River Furens is the most happy. Slowly through the long September hours it winds its way through the silence of its reeds, with nothing to disturb the unbroken stillness save the rustle of

grasshoppers, the fluttering of butterflies, or that most soothing, most harmonious of all possible sounds, the sudden, unexpected splash of a river fish rising to a fly. The rushes of the Furens are tall, and covered with feathery pennants. They sway gently to and fro with the movement of the breeze, or with the slow, persistent current of the cool, deep water. Their stems are filled with white pith, and they can easily be hollowed out to make pipes suitable for the protruding lips of a god.

It happened that I was fortunate enough to be walking by the banks of this river on a late summer afternoon of the present year. A fisherman had showed me his catch, and I had held in my hands two beautiful fish. The rim of their eyes was golden, like the rim of an eagle's eye. Their backs, when I rubbed away a few silver-white scales, revealed themselves as possessing an emerald peacock sheen, smooth and slippery, and smelling of that indescribable smell that belongs alone to fresh-water fish.

How the great Montaigne would have relished the scene, I thought, had he in his journey to Rome passed through this ancient valley. When I think of the French countryside, it is always to his writings that my mind reverts. How he loved to observe its sluggish life unroll before his indolent scrutiny — season merging into season, the grape harvest into the days of mud and rain, the time of sowing into the time of budding. There is no château in France that I would rather see than Montaigne's château, with its tower and chapel, as they say, still standing. How extraordinary to enter the very chapel where the great good man, his wits awakened with red wine from his buttery, would indulge in his wry devotions! Montaigne, indeed, was still in my mind when I left the fisherman

to follow under some poplars, which bordered the riverside meadow where men and women were so diligently employed in piling the rough fodder on to their squat carts. I did not know that I had only to pass the last tree and there would appear high up on the hillside, with a command of the valley as far as eye could see, a veritable duplicate of the famous house dedicated to the Muses. 'What is that château over there?' I asked a woman who, islanded in her wooden sabots, was watching her cows. 'It is the Château de Vieugey, monsieur,' she answered. 'It is very old — so old that the period of its building is forgotten.' I noticed that her tone seemed hushed as she referred to the antiquity of the place. To simple people the past carries weight, is to be revered. They regard all that comes out of it with religious awe, as they might regard relics from the obscure recesses of some venerable sanctuary. 'Great seigneurs lived in it once, but now it is owned by those who till the ground with their hands.'

II

Slowly I mounted the winding road that ascended the hill beneath the walls of the place. I found a portion of the great gateway that had been at the entrance of the courtyard still standing. The door of the farm upon which I now knocked opened into a round mediæval tower built of enormous stones. Above the mullioned lintel a headstone protruded, chipped and shattered. Presently I heard the sound of steps, and I was admitted forthwith. The woman who had opened the door proved to be the farmer's wife. She was very affable, but could tell little of the history of the dwelling. 'My mother knows; you must ask her,' she said. 'It is a sad story.' She took me to the top of the tower, where, through gaps broken in

the masonry, I looked out at the opposite mountains, and at the peasants working in the fields, with their yoked oxen appearing like beetles trudging with burdens behind them between the small round foreign haystacks. She took me through great halls with faggots and out-of-use farm implements lying on the floors, and with their spacious stone fireplaces littered with hay and straw. Some of these rooms were fitted with stone seats, in alcoves, on each side of the iron-barred windows. What men and what women of the old days, dressed in their stiff, proud garments, had rested on them? In these rooms, how many children had been brought up and taught to control their insubordinate wills!

In yet another wing of the place was a small square chamber — the chapel. Near the door was the stoup for the holy water, now half full of owl's pellets. Here it was that the owners of the land had expressed each morning and evening their unsuspecting, mediæval faith in the Christian religion.

When we came back to the kitchen we found a man there, the farmer, of enormous stature, come in from the fields, his blue shirt open. I never have seen such a chest — it was hairy as a gorilla's. And there rose from the fellow a rich, rank, animal smell, like that which rises from a cow stall or from a stable. He was very friendly. I asked him how it was I had seen so many ash trees pollarded, and he explained to me that in the dry season they supplement the winter's fodder with their faggots. Both cattle and sheep fatten on dry ash leaves, but the faggots have to be got ready for the cows, whereas the sheep nibble the leaves adroitly and take care not to hurt their mouths with the twigs or splintered branches. To bring home the point to my intelligence, and for want of words, he simulated with his

own jaws the clumsy, unseeing manner of eating that belongs to a cow, and the mincing eclecticism that a sheep displays when feeding. 'I wish I could speak another language than French,' he suddenly said. 'It is useful.' I was surprised at hearing this uncouth peasant give utterance to such a desire. 'Every hedger and ditcher,' I thought, 'has now learned the value of culture.' But it turned out that his words were prompted by a very practical consideration. The man had been called up in the Great War to defend France. He had a mother and father and a wife and four children dependent on him, and it was with the greatest reluctance that he left the old château. At the front he picked up a few words of German from a prisoner who was a farmer and liked to talk with him about country matters. A little afterward, when his troop had been ordered over the top, he had suddenly found himself, in the confusion of the battle, confronting one of the enemy in a narrow dugout. Each was about to shoot the other down, when the Frenchman called out in the few words of German he had learned, 'Brother, let us not kill. Let us return alive. Let us shake hands' — which they did with tears of friendship. 'Ah, monsieur,' he said, 'it was those few words that saved me, that allowed me to come back and walk in front of my oxen. Who would have been the gainer if we had both been killed! As it is, I am still blessed by feeling the sunlight on my shoulders.'

Extraordinary how the simple desire to get home to his family had taught this son of the soil a reasonableness of vision not often to be attained even by wiser heads. I asked him about the château. He knew nothing. He had heard that it once belonged to two brothers who killed each other. His old mother would tell me. She was out

with the cows in the field next the river. He would show me where — and he led me to the window and indicated a tiny black speck, small as a jackdaw, far away below. Where we stood was his kitchen sink, and I noticed how its surface was polished like marble, that surface sloping down to a drain of ancient workmanship that led out to a stone gargoyles. 'Voilà, voilà ma mère,' he kept repeating, and, as I stood by him with the sour-sweet hayseed sweat of his muscular body in my nostrils, I was able to appreciate the depth of his affection for his secluded locality, peopled with the familiar characters that he knew, and where in the long twilights there would come against his face puffs of wind cooled by the dew of numberless vineyards, and by the water contained in the huge stone troughs, large and oblong as abbot's coffins, out of the mossy hollows of which, each morning and evening, his great subject beasts raised their dripping muzzles.

I found the mother sitting on a rush-bottomed chair in the middle of the meadow, near a row of poplars. She was an old woman dressed in black, and was occupied in knitting a sock out of rough, unbleached wool. I asked her for the story of the house. 'I will tell you,' she said. 'It was long ago, and the property in those days was in the possession of a family called Rigaud. The last heirs were two brothers. There had been a fête, an entertainment, at the château, and these young men, after it was over, went to rest out here, near where I sit, under a large mulberry tree that now is cut down. They slept, and the stars came out. Presently an owl awaked them, calling its call in the branches above their heads, and one brother remarked to the other, "I wish I had fields as large and wide as the firmament," and the other replied, looking at the night sky, "I

wish I had cattle as many as the stars." "What would you do with so many oxen, brother?" "Drive them to graze in your meadows." Then the other brother answered fiercely, "If you sent them to graze in my fields I would cut off their legs." And the other replied, "If you served me as mower, I would serve you as butcher." And a quarrel rose out of the dispute of so violent a nature that they drew their rapiers and ran each other through the body. When the great new church was built, at the time I was a child, they dug up the bones of these two unfortunate ones who were buried in the same grave, and behold! none could tell them apart. That is the tale as my husband used to tell it, but in the library of the college they have papers. It would be best to go there. My husband loved the place. When he was so poor that he had to work for another he would come for miles so that he could dig in the garden under these old walls.' At the thought of her good man tears began to trickle down her cheeks, which were brown as nut leaves in autumn. 'He was a good man, my husband was. He would make the coffee in the morning, and at any hour of the day would come into the court and say, "What can I do, Gabrielle, to help?" He was an innocent, and the good God took him.'

III

The next morning I consulted a priest at the College of Lamartine, and after some negotiations had sight of the necessary documents. Little by little I filled in the old woman's story from recorded facts. The château was built about 1303. It was first held by the family Rigaud. They were of impor-

tance in the neighborhood, and one of them, toward the end of the fifteenth century, became the Archbishop of Rouen. This prelate presented the cathedral with a monstrous bell, which in his honor, was called 'La Rigaud' — and so heavy was it that to ring it a man had often to revive himself with drink, which gave birth to the expression, 'Drink while pulling the Rigaud.' It was the two great-nephews of this archbishop who killed each other in the way retailed by the old woman. They were twins, and though they loved each other dearly they would often quarrel. They looked so much alike that even their parents could hardly distinguish the one from the other, Gaston de Pompée from Pompée de Gaston. Until the rebuilding of the cathedral church there was to be seen near the high altar a Renaissance monument. It marked the place where the two boys were buried. It was found necessary to remove the tomb, and when it was opened two skeletons were seen with bones intermingled. In this way the truth of its Latin inscription was proved — *Mens una, cinis unus*. Mind one, ashes one.

I revisited the château once more before I left Belley, and my memory of it remains clear as I saw it for the last time — that house with its tragic story, standing in silence above the wide enshadowed valley of the River Furens. It was here that those ill-fated children used to pursue, between the gnarled stocks of the grapes, the great green lizards peculiar to the country. And above the small red tiles of the château are still to be seen, significant of this land of wine, along the ridges of the upland slopes, uneven rows of vineyard stakes.

THE KING'S DAUGHTER

DARKNESS was on the countryside.

'O love, O little love,' he cried,

'Reach out your hand to me!'

And to the pleading shepherd lad

She reached her hand out, proud and glad;

'With all my heart,' said she.

'The way is sharp,' he said, 'and slow.

The night is thicker as we go.

Lean not so long on me.'

She drew her eager hand away.

'Have cheer, for surely comes the day

And journey's end,' said she.

'Choose now a way less black and steep.

I must lie down awhile to sleep.

I can no more,' said he.

'Alas, but for my father's sake

There is no other way to take.

I go alone,' said she.

ROSALIE HICKLER

THE HOUSE OF THE FALSE LAMA

BY OWEN LATTIMORE

[In 1926, Owen Lattimore traveled the length of Mongolia to Chinese Turkestan, following the haziest and least known of all the ancient caravan routes, to which the caravans have turned again in recent years because they have been barred from other roads by the troubles that increasingly possess Central and Eastern Asia. The episode which the *Atlantic* prints below recounts his experiences in the crossing of the Black Gobi and about the ruins left by that picturesque figure of recent legend, the False Lama.

— THE EDITOR]

I

For many days all the talk among the men had been of this crossing, the *han tsan*, the Four Dry Stages and the Three Dry Stages. 'These are the Big Sand Hollows,' they had said among the dunes that we crossed from Kuai-tze Hu; 'they can be bad enough when the wind blows and the road is covered, and evidently they are not easy walking. But still, it is the Dry Stages that are bad; there you will see men worn out and camels thrown away.'

The main Gobi is a desert running on its longer axis, east and west between Outer and Inner Mongolia; but west of the Edsin Gol it takes an incline south and west, spreading on until it reaches the limits of the Takla Makan. This region west of the Edsin Gol is the Khara Gobi, or desert of black gravel, in which the confused ranges of the Peishan stand up like barren islands in a desolate sea. We were to cross the

desert in its broadest and most waterless part, following a route not only unmapped, but utterly unknown. Absolutely nothing is known of the country I crossed for two hundred miles or more between the West Edsin Gol and the route taken from north to south, between the Altai and Hsü Chou in Kansu, by Ladyghin, a member of Kozlov's expedition of 1900.

We left the softer soil and reliquary growth of reeds about the Lu-ts'ao Ching almost immediately, ascending to the plain of the full Gobi at a higher level. The character of the desert was constant throughout, giving a weird but superb impression; it was of flat fragments of black gravel, like shattered slate in formation, laid thickly over yellow sandy clay of an unknown depth. After slugging for twelve miles at least across this plain, we dropped off the flat into a gully that ran across our front, and, as the night fell with a keen chill after the heat of the day, began winding confusedly among low hills. We continued through these hills until one in the morning, when we finished a march of well over thirty miles.

Kuai-tze Hu, the dune belt, and the Edsin Gol valleys are depressions where the average temperature, to judge not only from my own experience but also from what I heard in the descriptions of the caravan men, is much higher than in Mongolia generally. We were now, however, back in plateau country, and in October the plateaus of Mongolia are cold the moment the sun

goes or a wind comes up. The cold of the next day was an abrupt contrast to the easy warmth of the low-lying countries. There was a thin leaden band of cloud across a sky that even in mid-morning had a pale, enameled, lucid brilliance like the dawn, and a cutting wind blew from the northwest.

Our camp, beside a big *obo*, was in a wide, flat, circular black plain, walled in by smooth black hills of a suavely grim outline. The hills appeared to be of exactly the same formation as the plains — deep yellow clay covered with black gravel. The manner in which the flat stone fragments ever came to be scattered so widely and uniformly is a mystery to me. There were very few outcrops of the stone from which it came, and no loose pieces of larger size. Wherever the stone could be seen, at the sides of hills, it was thoroughly shattered, cleaving always in flat pieces. I thought it, rather hesitantly, to be of volcanic origin.

On the second day we marched again more than thirty miles, keeping our westerly direction, though turning in and out among the black hills. The growth, even of plants found in the most arid deserts, was more scarce than any I had ever seen. Scoring the flanks of the slow-curving hills were faint depressions, in which were a few tamarisks of small size. They say that little snow falls on the Khara Gobi, but what there is must run down these channels at the thaw. In the same runnels were a very few tiny, close-growing, shrubby plants. None of them seemed alive, and none of them mitigated the profound and sombre desolation of the dominant Gobi. I remember that at the time it seemed to me more magnificent than fearful; but then I was exhilarated by the effort of the forced marches. Now, in remembering, I seem to look down at it from a height and watch the thin

caravan crawling through the black scene, and to admit the deathliness of it. Still, it is not as though that desert has an active threat, like the threat of shifting dunes, and I think that the horror of it which the Chinese have is perhaps in the main a practical dread of losing their camels, heightened by the effect on their minds of the monotony and the fatigue; for it takes a full twelve hours to cover thirty miles, and putting one foot in front of the other for twelve hours at the lagging gait of traveling camels is weariness to the body and crippling to the spirit.

Our third day in the Khara Gobi was full of happenings. Both my servant, Moses, and I had suffered from the cold the night before, so I discarded the socks I was wearing for a very heavy pair of camel hair, knitted for me on the journey by a camel puller, and, though I still wore a battered old pair of shoes while marching, I got out a pair of thigh boots of antelope skin, lined with felt, to wear while riding.

While we were marching, I suffered my first casualty in eyeglasses. I had stooped down to mend a shoe lace, and the wind blew the glass out of my eye on to the gravel, where it perished with a tinkle. I had worn it for months and months, and it had an honorable history, and more than one chip on the rim, where I had dropped it before on stone floors and bricks and a variety of things. It was the same glass I had worn in the very beginning of the year, when, on a shooting trip in the Ta Ch'ing Shan, I had had my ears frozen. That time also the wind — but a real wind, not a silly gust — had blown it out of my eye into a snowdrift, whence I had been at some pains to recover it. It was more than an ordinary eyeglass: the Eyeglass Inordinate. The assembled caravans mourned over it; they had never seen one before. But

what capped all their previous amazements was my fetching out of another one the next day.

We left at half-past one, and five hours after that I saw a camel die; in fact, I killed it. There are many dead camels on the Khara Gobi. The caravan men say that they lie end to end, all across, and it is a fact that there is hardly a place on that narrow yellow track from which, if you look, like Shelley, before and after, you cannot see dead camels. The Dry Stages are in the middle section of the Winding Road, and the camels must make the biggest effort of the journey when they have worn off their pride of condition. Simple exhaustion accounts for many deaths in the cool months, but it must be worse when the weather is hot and the camels feel the lack of both food and water. The dead lie thickest at the two edges of the desert, many of them only a few hundred yards from the wells, proving that the four-march distance with almost no feeding and no water at all is just too much for laden camels that have traveled at least a month without feeding full. Over and above these, many are killed by the Khara Gobi that do not die until a week or two later — those that have been so knocked up by the crossing that their weariness is too much for their power of recuperation.

This camel, however, died of an outright sickness, which had started the day that we left the West River. The nearest account of the sickness that the Chinese could give was that a *hsieh feng*, which I take to be a slantwise or malicious kind of wind, had got into the animal's throat; though some of them did admit that it might have eaten something not meant even for camels. It suffered a paralysis of the jaws and throat which must have come on suddenly, for its cheeks were puffed out with a large cud it could neither

swallow nor chew nor spit out. After six days with neither food nor water it was terribly weakened. Its legs grew rigid so that it could hardly walk, and its eyes bulged as though it were choking. At last it stumbled while we were on the march; it toppled over flat on its side, and was quite unable to get up, as its legs would no longer bend at the joints.

The caravans had gone on, for no one stops in the Gobi — unless he is an Elephant's Child of a foreigner, full of 'satiabie curiosity' — for another man's business. Then the *hsien-sheng*, or caravan master, of the House of Chou rode back and delivered the Funeral Oration for Camels About to Be Dead, in a very cross voice. 'For what are you waiting?' he shouted. 'Do you not know that this is the Business of the Gobi? We buy camels with silver and throw them on the Gobi. There is no way out.' Still we lingered for a moment, while I asked the owner to let me shoot his camel. It was the only time on the whole journey that I interfered with this law of the caravans and obtained a swift mercy. The owner agreed because he was a boy after all, and, in spite of his despondency, curious to know how big a bang my revolver would make and how big a hole. There was, however, a good deal of head-wagging in camp, and after that I left the camels bought with silver to be thrown on the Gobi according to the Business of the Gobi.

II

The weariness of those marches across that black gap between water and water was cumulative, and I remember that I was heartily tired and heavy-footed in the last night hours. Hills and darkness had begun to close in on us at the same time; thus far we had been rising slowly, but now we

crossed a low divide. The descent was just as gradual, almost imperceptible; but at last, at two in the morning, after slugging away for twelve and a half hours, or about thirty-one miles, we struck into a knot of hills. Then we dropped into a pit of more agglomerate gloom and camped. We had achieved the Lien Ssu Han, the Four Drys Together, in three stages. The distance is at least ninety, perhaps nearly a hundred miles. Even if four days are taken, it means four swinging marches. But the four-march division is more usually made in winter. Water can then be poured out in pools at the last well, allowed to freeze, and carried in lumps of ice, a sack or two on every camel. They say that once a caravan started on the Four Dry Stages without enough spare camels, and all of them weak. By the second march so many camels had been 'thrown away' that the caravan master had to abandon a lot of loads. Two men were left with the dump, and they lived there for at least two months on flour and ice given them by passing caravans before spare camels could be sent back for them.

The well, or rather pair of wells, marking the end of our last long stage was known as the Shih-pan Ching — the Stone Slab Wells. To me the place seemed much more sinister than all the desert through which we had been traveling, for we were camped in a straitened pocket among the everlasting black hills, which here, from the way they crowded about us, looked much more steep and menacing. There were also a few big pieces of black rock, which gave the place its name. At the foot of the highest hill, in the crotch of a dry watercourse, were a pair of wells ten, or at the most fifteen, feet deep, — a good deal deeper than most Mongolian wells, — giving an unlimited supply of water that was a little salt, but clear and drinkable.

Here we caught up with the Mohammedan House of Liang, which had raced away ahead of us from the West River, to be beforehand with the water at both the near and the far edge of the Khara Gobi. Our Chinese cursed this caravan heartily, there being little affection between the Great and Little Faiths, saying that they had gone ahead when it was to their advantage, but would cling to us from now on, for the sake of company through the chancy country of No Man's Land, where there is danger of raiders.

Though the Chinese cordially extended their dislike to the whole caravan, it contained only two Mohammedans — the owner's son, who represented the 'house,' and one camel puller to do the cooking that it might be 'clean.' Mohammedans prefer to employ a majority of Chinese, because their own people are touchy and undependable and will leave their jobs for a whim or a fancied slight. Like most foreigners, I rather warmed to the Mohammedans, and liked especially the young son of the House of Liang. He was a fine lad of twenty-three or twenty-four, of one of the Mohammedan types which show traces of other than Chinese blood. This young Mohammedan employed a Chinese caravan master, but himself took far more than the usual initiative in handling the affairs of the road. He seemed to me more prompt and energetic in his measures and decisions than the Chinese. The Mohammedans are credited by the Chinese with courage and enterprise, and are said to be persuasive in talk and in blarney, but they are debited with being undependable in business. 'Eat the food of a Mohammedan,' they say, 'but do not listen to his talk' — take, that is, what he offers, but do not believe in what he promises. Indeed, they talk

about the way the Mohammedans talk much as the English talk about the way the Irish talk; and there is something in it at that.

It is also recognized that a Mohammedan Chinese is cleaner than a pagan Chinese. Even with a Mohammedan Chinese, however, cleanliness has nothing to do with godliness — only with churchliness. Now this is one of the sundering differences between the Asiatic and the European. If a man says to you, 'Of course his house [or his tent] is cleaner than mine; he is a Mohammedan,' you know that you are indisputably listening to an Asiatic. It does not matter what kind of Asiatic he may be or what kind of European you are — the broad difference is there. Only the Asiatic is inherently unable to detect that different ways of life are admirable or imitable or attainable in different degrees. His way of life is to him something to be accepted. He may despise a man born to a different way of life, but he does not necessarily despise that way of life.

There is another well, but of inferior water, a few miles beyond the Stone Slab Wells, in a small drift of sandy country. Overpassing this, we camped in blank desert, and the next day passed through narrowing valleys choking us at last into a gorge, to Yeh-ma Ching, the Wild Horse Well. Taking up water here for ourselves, but leaving the camels still without, we camped a mile or two beyond. These marches took us through the same kind of Khara Gobi country, but with higher hills, a pasture rather better, or at least not quite so bad, and at times an outlook southward to a distant red desert. They say that on this fringe of the Khara Gobi there are wild horses (*Equus przewalskii*) and wild asses.

The Wild Horse Well is on the very brink of the central plateau of the Black Gobi. From it we had descended

so gently into a deep, wide valley — which declined with a gentle pitch toward the north — that only when looking back the next morning over the last part of the ground covered in the night could it be seen that we had come down from a wild table-land, with ramparts of barren hills buttressed by long sweeping slopes of detritus. On the other side of the valley or basin we ascended to another, lower plateau to undertake the Lien San Han, the Three Drys Together or Three Dry Stages, which complete the crossing of the capital desert of Mongolia. Caravans often force the crossing in two marches, though it is reckoned at three regular stages; but we took the full three, because at the end of the first stage unusual rains in the summer had formed a mere, of which a few pools and mudholes remained at which the camels could be watered.

At the very start we met a caravan traveling in the come-one, come-all fashion of the Mongols, so different from the orderly line of march of the Chinese traders. They were Torguts of the tribe who herd their famous ponies in the mountains near Karashahr. They were going in the train of a relative of the Han Wang, their Prince, on pilgrimage to Peking to adore the Pan-ch'an Lama, the great ecclesiastic and quasi divinity of Western Tibet, who was supposed to be the head of an anti-Lhasa and anti-British party and to have left Tibet for political reasons.

There was something stupendous in the march of these tribesmen from Central Asia, from one of the most outlying Mongol communities, with their women and children, their camel loads of treasure and offerings, their gowns of yellow and purple, red and green, their bold, determined faces, their assured carriage, their mixed armory of matchlocks and breech-loading rifles, swords and assorted pistols, bound across the

desert for China to acquire merit by abasing themselves in the presence of the holiest of the Incarnate Divinities of Tibet — for the Pan-ch'an Lama is nearer to God than the Ta-lai Lama, though not so high above men.

In the Three Dry Stages the character of the desert changes gradually to a grittier kind of sand, overlaid not with the unbroken glossy black of the Four Dry Stages, but with what seemed to me fragments of quartz, red, brown, and white, — though the black stone was also present, — melting at a distance into a gray tinge. Nor is the desert quite so bleakly barren as the central Khara Gobi, for there is more variety, and a little more abundance of desert scrub. By the third day there were even a few wild onions, which caused almost a stampede among the camels, which for days, as the men said, had been chewing nothing but firewood. They were so difficult for the herders to control that we had to break camp much earlier than usual, in spite of a high wind. From the east the country of the Three Dry Stages can be seen as a plateau, but on the west it subsides gradually to lower levels. When, coming down from it, we struck the first well, we had left behind the greater deserts and were engaged among the oases of No Man's Land.

One stage more to the west from this well is a half-dry mere called Kung-p'o Ch'üan, the strategic point of the region which the caravan men call the San Pu-kuan. In a depression deepest at Kung-p'o Ch'üan, and running from southeast to northwest, is a series of marshes, half dried-out at the end of October, but kept alive by unfailing springs. To the northwest is a sterile gathering of low hills, waterless and seamed with waterless gullies. On the south and running to the west is the blue main range of the Ma-tsung

Shan, distant perhaps thirty or perhaps fifty miles. The whole is one of the most lightly mapped provinces in the world — a big, empty, uncrossed country full of uncertainties. In the depth of it is an unknown oasis, and there, on a knot of reddish rubbly hills, looking to Outer Mongolia over the yellow reed beds of the largest mere, are the strangest ruins I ever saw. They might in all seeming be 'half as old as time,' yet many who had a hand in their building are still alive. This deserted citadel is all that stands — except the confused story that is on the tongues of a few men who spend their lives tramping up and down the desert — of the works of the False Lama. It is from these ruins that the mere is called Kung-p'o Ch'üan — the Spring of the Hillside of the Duke. Already the legend of the False Lama has been elaborated beside the tent fires into many versions, but from the choice of details it is possible to throw together a picture with life in it, of an adventurer who, during those years when Mongolia echoed again for a while with the drums and trappings of its mediæval turbulence, proved himself a valiant heir in his day to all the Asiatic soldiers of fortune, from Jenghis Khan to Yakub Beg of Kashgar.

III

I have heard men say that the False Lama was a Russian. Certainly the thing they remember most vividly about him — next to his harem — is the habit he had of changing his clothes every day or so, dressing at different times like a Russian, a Chinese, a Mongol. Others maintain that he was true Mongol, so it may have been that he was a Buriat, a Russianized Siberian Mongol. The most substantial story of all is that he was a Chinese from Manchuria who had served in Mongolia

as a herder of ponies for the princely firm of Ta Sheng K'uei. In this employment he learned the language and customs of the Mongols. They say that he rose suddenly to power and notoriety during the violent period about 1920-21 when first the White and then the Red Russian 'Partisans' overran Mongolia. He began by proclaiming himself a lama, and a lama of high rank — a Bogdo, or Great or Holy One, taking a title that belongs only to the several degrees of Living Buddhas. While winning his early successes he got himself the repute of being immune from fire and invulnerable to bullets. It is declared positively that he was captured at Kobdo by White Russians who burned him for three days, but to no purpose. Escaping from them, he led the Mongols back to the sack of Kobdo, the massacre of the Chinese, and the eviction of the Whites.

The caravan men never seem to have counted it against the False Lama that he gave over their countrymen at Kobdo to a Mongol massacre. For one thing, the men of their calling never had much feeling of kinship with traders sitting on their hams in privileged marts like Kobdo, Uliassutai, and Urga. For another, their simple realism accepted the fact that the adventurer was playing for power. They know that buying a camel and working a camel are things that admit of different attitudes and different words.

The detail of those wars in Mongolia is a confusion of murder and riot, but their main course is plain enough. At the collapse of the Russian Empire, which had in latter years exercised a powerful indirect control over Mongolian affairs, the country was invaded by a Chinese military adventurer, whose ambition was to reassert the nominal Chinese suzerainty and to create in fact a satrapy for himself. He was defeated with great massacre by

White Russians, a broken soldiery from the Imperial Armies, together with Mongol levies. The Whites, who under the leadership of the 'Mad Baron,' Ungern-Sternberg, had swept over a kingdom with wolfish ferocity and courage, were quite incapable of rule. They lost their ascendancy over the Mongols, who turned to the Red Russians, and the Whites in their turn were overwhelmed. The idea of Chinese domination had gone by the board, but the Mongol chiefs were not equal to their chance of fortune, and the Red Russians were not yet collected and organized enough to take over the country. An uneasy period followed in which the Living Buddha at Urga was declared the Spiritual and Temporal Sovereign of the Mongols, under tentative Soviet guidance.

This period lasted only until the death of the Khutukhtu, or Living Buddha. By a peculiar fortune, it was known in his lifetime that he was to be the last of his succession. A Living Buddha is only the vehicle, generation by generation, of a cycle of incarnations; it is decreed at the beginning of each cycle that it shall last for a stated number of generations, after which the spirit which informed it is caught up to a higher plane. The Urga cycle came to an end with this Khutukhtu, so that after his death the Mongols were left under scattered hereditary chieftains, with no central figure round which to rally. The Soviets in the meantime had confirmed their own power and were able to carry out their own designs. They took over Mongolia, working on the young men in order to discredit and disestablish the princely families; and that is how Mongolia stands to-day, except for the Inner Mongolian tribes which have remained under Chinese rule.

When the Urga Khutukhtu (Living Buddha) was acclaimed ruler of all

Mongolia, he gave to the False Lama — or so it is said — large territories in Western Mongolia for a fief. The False Lama, however, afraid either of intrigues against him or of the recoil of his own intrigues against others, fled westward to these oases in what for many years had been a No Man's Land.

This No Man's Land is a country not adhering clearly to either Inner or Outer Mongolia. It came by its name of San Pu-kuan, or Three Don't Cares, because none of the big Mongol groups, nor yet the Chinese provinces of Hsin-Chiang or Kansu, had cared to push a claim to it. It was too remote and too inaccessible. When the Huns in the fifth and sixth centuries were centred about Barkul, it may have been one of their outer ranges, but there is hardly reason to think that at any time since then it has been much in use. The few Mongols of the Ma-tsung Shan are mostly Torguts, of that portion of the tribe whose proper range is in the Zungarian trough, between the Altai and the T'ien Shan, dividing Western Mongolia and Chinese Turkestan proper. Although the False Lama had been in touch with their kinsmen near Ku Ch'eng-tze, he did not attempt to lead them as a tribe or in any large numbers to the new principality he was marking out for himself in the Three Don't Cares. His followers were a mixed lot lifted from all over Western Mongolia, some of them his own fighting retainers, the rest whole families that he had swept up on his way in order to establish a population about him. This was in the end the weakness of his position, for not only had a large number of his subjects not come with him willingly, but they did not like his high-handed way of keeping all the men at call for service under arms and of seizing women at his will for the harem that was his especial princely

recreation. For a year at least he ruled boldly and successfully at Kung-p'o Ch'üan. He must have been a man of vision and energy, for the caravan men say that it was he more than anyone else who pieced together the Winding Road, linking little-used Mongol routes to the byways of the opium runners. His masterwork was in establishing the crossing of the Khara Gobi by the Three and the Four Dry Stages, thus making it possible for large caravans to travel from Ku Ch'eng-tze to Kuei-hua in a zone protected by the desert from all but the boldest marauders from Outer Mongolia, and offering, then at any rate, little temptation to tax farmers on the Chinese borders.

Whether or not he was a Chinese, and however many Chinese he may have slaughtered in his Kobdo days, he made it the forefront of his policy, from the time he set up in No Man's Land, to encourage Chinese trade. Until his time, it is said, no regular Ku Ch'eng-tze heavy caravan had been over this road. He not only invited one, — with the approval of the Governor of Hsin-Chiang, who wanted the trade of his province to recuperate from the loss of the Great Road, — but escorted it through the Gobi. Thereafter he kept patrols out in the direction of the Two Dry Stages and the most dangerous approach from Outer Mongolia, and gave armed safe conduct free of charge across his domain.

The False Lama was more than an opener of roads. To encourage traffic, he hired and sold camels at cheap rates to caravans whose cattle were worn out by the desert stages. He drafted off some of his disgruntled Mongols to cultivate crops in the better oases to feed his own people, and planned to establish a constant supply of grain and flour for the caravans by finding touch with Hsü Chou on the other side of the Ma-tsung Shan. For the Mongol side

of his enterprise, they say that he talked of founding a fair, for the full scope of his ambition was to build up a whole trading city, fed by the new road, about his fortalice.

His road, however, was not more than well founded, and his fortress well built about him, when the wrath of Urga sought him out — in the year 1923 or 1924, as I understand it. Ten men rode out of the desert to his north, saying that they were lamas of the Bogdo Khan, sent to invite him to council at Urga on matters of high policy. Three of them, as chiefs of the mission, were admitted to his chamber in the central keep, from which he could overlook almost all the frontiers of the kingdom he had brought into being as if out of a vision. When they were brought before his face, at the same moment that they saluted him they shot him with automatics, thus ending a legend with murder and with the vulgar proof that his invulnerability was not equal to his incom-bustibility.

Other ways of telling the story are that the emissaries from Urga came in one or two motor cars; that the False Lama was taken out and shot before his people; that he was taken to Urga and shot; that his head was cut off and his body bound down with chains to make sure of him; and that he was never captured at all, but another man in his stead, and that he is yet alive, an outlaw in hiding.

IV

We camped about five miles beyond the Chia-lama Pan'rh at the next group of springs. I walked back the next morning to see the ruins, taking with me one man, a favorite of mine from the House of Chou, because it was a bad country, no place for a man alone. I think the caravan men were as much

afraid of ghosts as of men in the flesh, but they were sure that plenty of both were about.

The fortified quarter is built partly of mud bricks, partly of mud and stones, and partly of uncemented boulders and slabs of rock. On the east hillside just under it are the foundations of a temple — for men do not build in a wilderness without making a house either for the spirit of the place or for the gods they bring with them. This temple has been utterly razed, because it would never have done to allow the ghost of so dangerous a man as the False Lama to come back to a house ready prepared and to the converse of assembled spiritual powers. The main gate of the fortress is entered sideways by a ramp, and opens into a wide lower court with stabling, or rather shelter yards, and garrison quarters. This is overlooked from one of the side walls by a tower which, with a gallery connecting it with the upper works and the keep, was designed for the central defense. The crown of the knoll is a rats' delight of a place, a maze of passages like tunnels and stairways like wells, and rooms and cells locked and piled and nested one within another without any regularity or plan. From the look of things, the man who planned this place was a Mongol, with no idea of how to go about the making of walls and roofs.

The core of the whole is the keep, where lived the False Lama himself. This room, which was furnished with the luxury of a sleeping kang heated by flues, has been wildly knocked about, even the brick and stone kang having been pulled to pieces in the search for the tyrant's treasure. All the buildings have been unroofed, and most of the floors in buildings of more than one story have been destroyed, partly in the search for treasure, and partly to free any spirits that might have

gathered in the living places of men. The weakness of the position is that it is commanded at barely more than a stone's throw from another hill. This is guarded by an isolated tower, but it would have been hard to keep the garrison in food and water.

From the keep one looks down on the whole mass, with the ground plan of the temple before the gate, and the mud yurt-foundations laid out in ranks in front of the fort and in groups all about the sides, and northward over the sloping marshes to the narrow trail, looking like a footpath, trodden by camels coming from Outer Mongolia. In the fortress itself there is a cramped and sinister atmosphere. I did not feel happy. Withered in the light of the noonday sun almost to the dingy color of the hill on which they stood, and lying so empty and quiet in that utter emptiness of marsh and hill, brief patches of living land, and long stretches of desolation, the rifled ruins seemed to be oppressed by something uncanny. I did not wonder that the few frequenters of the wilderness should avoid them and whatever ghost they harbor.

On our way to the ruins my camel-pulling friend had seen a wild sheep. When I got my glasses on him I could see that he had a superb head. Standing nearly a mile away on the ridge of the low hills of rotten rock behind the House of the False Lama, he gazed down for a long time on the plain across which we were walking before he trotted away toward the distant mountains. I was told that it was a very dry autumn after a dry summer, which perhaps accounted for the wandering of a ram of his many years — for by the curl of his horns and his loneliness he must have been a very old and very lordly ram — so far from the higher hills, with swards of turfy grass between the rocks, which are the proper

haunt of wild sheep. When we got to the ridge we looked for his spoor, somewhat idly, but did not find it among the stones. I thought nothing of this until we got back. After my friend had told of the lonely wild ram, the men began to fidget and mutter. The general finding was that we had seen the spirit of the Chia Lama, departing after a visit to the castle of his former power.

Our own camp, all night, was in an uproar of frantic dogs. To this whole series of springs there come at night antelope, wild asses, and, they say, wild camels. Their unseen presence kept the dogs awake, and later when a wolf howled here and there they went into pure frenzy. In the daytime there was not a glimpse of anything alive, except sand grouse flying furiously overhead, several hundred together. At a little distance from the trampled margins of the drinking pools one could see the narrow paths by which the desert animals approached the water. The tracks which were pointed out to me as those of wild camels were frequent. They were more than half the size of the tracks of a caravan camel, and more elliptical in shape. It seemed to me, too, that the toe-prints were not quite so deep — perhaps because the wild camel, whose gait is not affected by the carrying of loads, places his weight differently. The caravan men were positive that the tracks were not made by half-grown camels belonging to Mongols.

This camp was called T'iao Hu. When we got there we found an enterprising Barkul trader in camp. He had brought out flour for men and barley or dried peas for camels, and was prepared to hire out the camels that had carried them to caravans in need of fresh transport. We halted here for a whole day, to let our camels rest their gravel-fevered feet in the

soft soil. The great quantity of soda in the soil healed them amazingly. There is also saltpetre, and large pits filled with water show where it was dug and washed for making crude gunpowder in the time of the False Lama.

The big caravans were running out of *ts'ao-mi* and *ts'ao-mien* (roasted millet and oats), so the men spent the day in baking bread, to their great joy. They made ovens by digging small pits near to steep clay banks. When the pit was dug, a boring into it from the bank would be made, in order to give a draft. Then fuel was lit in the bottom of the pit. When it had burned to red ash the draft bore was stopped, the bread put on the coals to bake and covered. By putting crude soda in the dough, the cooks raised it very creditably.

My own camel man made bread for us occasionally as a luxury. It is a simple trick, but requires the knack, and few even among the caravan cooks can do it neatly. Dough is made in the ordinary way and hung up in a damp cloth to the ridgepole of the tent, where it gets the warmth of the fire, which ferments it overnight. The knack is in judging the heat and time required for the fermentation. The next day this sour dough is rolled out into pancakes, which are baked in the bottom of a dry cooking pot. It rises very fairly, and at the same time the sourness is baked out of it. This kind

of pancake bread is best eaten after being fried in mutton fat.

As usual after a day off, the men sat talking late around the fires, visitors going the round from tent to tent. In my tent the talk ran on cinemas, or 'electric shadows.' It was agreed that they are all about brothels, though adorned with other humorous matter. Even to the Kuei-hua camel pullers, whose women have far more freedom than most Chinese, pictures that have so many women in them going about publicly must be indecent. These pictures, by general admission, can do anything but talk, and even then, no one has any bother in supplying the talk. Thus one man had seen a cinema in which a foreigner had ridden up to a brothel on a horse — I suppose in the original he was courting a 'pure flower of womanhood.' There was a good-for-nothing opium smoker (tramp) outside to whom he gave his horse to hold. The opium smoker, going to sleep, let the horse run away. When the man came out of the brothel after some gay business with a girl inside, he said to the opium smoker, 'Curse you! Where is my horse?' The opium smoker replied with appropriate profanity. Then they both went to a policeman, who said, 'May dogs defile him! I have n't seen him!' And so on.

And that was the way we went to bed, five miles from the House of the False Lama, where ghosts walk.

A CHRISTMAS PARABLE

BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

ONCE there was a King who always had his own way. He had always about him people who looked up to him, and so he had formed the bad habit of looking down on them. He had a great contempt for common people and common things.

On Christmas Eve the people young and old wanted to come to the palace and sing a song of peace on earth, good will to men. But they were very common people who made their living by digging in the earth and caring for the things that grew out of it.

'The song is all right,' said the King, 'but I don't care to hear these people sing it. They are not my kind, and there are too many of them anyway. But I should dearly like to hear the angels sing up there in the sky. I have a taste for things spiritual. I should dearly love to see the harps of gold.'

So on Christmas Eve he forbade the people to come near the palace. The crier made proclamation that the King must not be disturbed. He and the young prince would sit up on the holy night to hear the angels sing.

For the King was very religious, and, as he was used to being obeyed, he had no doubt that the angels would sing for him when they learned that this was his royal pleasure. He was anxious that his young son should be with him to enjoy the miracle.

They waited for the midnight, but no angels came.

'That is strange,' said the King, who was accustomed to promptitude. He went to the window and saw a star.

'Who are you?' asked the King.

'I am the star which guided the Wise Men to the place where the Young Child lay.'

'Is that all?' said the King. 'Stars are common. I have seen thousands of them and have not enough interest in them to ask their names. There are so many of them. They are like the dust which rises from my chariot wheels. One can see a star on any night.'

So the star faded away and the King saw it no more. But the young prince went out and stood under the sky full of stars. There were thousands of them, and each one was wonderful. And to think that they had been shining there before he was born!

When he came back his eyes were glowing. 'Father, you should go out and look at the stars. How they shine!'

'I have seen them before,' said the King.

As they looked out from the palace they saw the shadowy forms of three ungainly beasts. Their steps were noiseless and they moved slowly as if they had come from a great distance. And one of them was lame.

'Who are you?' said the King gruffly.

'We are the three camels on which the Wise Men rode when they followed the star to the place where the Young Child lay. We have crossed wide deserts and we are hungry and thirsty and tired.'

'What is that to me?' said the King.

'My son and I are waiting to hear the angels sing — we have never seen an angel or heard one. But we can

see camels any day. Begone to your deserts, you ugly brutes.'

But the young prince slipped out into the dark and gave the camels food and drink. 'Angels,' he said, 'can take care of themselves, but camels must be fed.'

Then in the darkness appeared other creatures' moving forms.

'Who are you,' said the King, 'that you come to disturb my royal meditation?'

'We are the oxen who stood by the manger in which the Christ Child was laid.' And other voices added, 'We are the sheep that were in the fields of Bethlehem.'

'Camels and oxen and sheep!' said the King. 'Why should I be troubled with these earthly things on the one night when I want to feel religious?'

Then there came from the shadow of the trees in the King's park three poor men in rough clothing, leaning heavily on their staves.

'Who are you?' asked the King.

'We are poor shepherds of Bethlehem who watched over our sheep on the night when we heard a multitude of the heavenly host singing, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."'

'You heard it? A multitude of the heavenly host singing to such as you? You come to mock me.' And he drove them away.

His young son said not a word, but stole softly after them. For he wanted to talk with the friendly shepherds and hear their tale.

Still the angels delayed.

At last a young boy came unannounced.

'Who are you?' growled the King.

'I am the Christ Child.'

'I did not recognize you,' said the King. 'I thought you would be different. You look so much like the children I have known.'

'Did you know them?' said the Christ Child. 'If you had really known them, you would have known Me.'

THE MIND OF THE MASTER

THE GREAT GALILÆAN. II

BY ROBERT KEABLE

I

THE mediævalists—as their brethren, the modern Catholics—cannot face one fact especially about the historical Christ which is ultimately the most arresting in its significance. Modern Protestant churchmen shrink almost equally from it. It is that Christ was

an ignorant man. Catholic doctors have taught that the knowledge in the brain of the child Jesus in the cradle was infinite, and that had he pleased he could have argued with an Einstein or anticipated the discoveries of Edison. More modern theologians, shrinking from this, have elaborately argued that the person Christ was not without all

knowledge, but that he deliberately limited it in himself, as it is thought that by the Incarnation he deliberately limited in some respects his divine power.

All these are the speculations of theorists, who are driven to them by the necessity of supporting a case. They are fantastic excursions into fairyland. The fact is that the historical Jesus, who steps on the world's stage at the preaching of John the Baptist, was what we should unequivocally call to-day an ignorant man. We have a considerable number of instances of the ignorance of Jesus. He seems to have believed that Moses wrote the Pentateuch, that there had been a prophet Jonah who had spent three days and nights in a whale's belly, and that the Old Testament story of the Jewish kings and patriarchs was good history. It would, of course, have been extraordinary had he thought otherwise; but the portrait of the traditional Jesus has so obscured the historical figure behind it that it comes to devout persons as a shock to put his ignorance into plain language. Thus Jesus no doubt had no idea as to the existence of the New World, the most crude knowledge as to the properties and functions of the human body, and an ignorance of the heavens and the earth which would seem abysmal to a modern schoolboy.

It is well to bear in mind here, however, that the really arresting thing is not that he was ignorant, but that he escaped in a most remarkable manner the results of his ignorance. An ignorant human mind is not, as a rule, a blank slate. It is a slate blank of true knowledge, but it is a slate scribbled all over with writing, the writing of prejudice and superstition which distort the judgment of its owner. The trouble with a savage is not that he does not know his multiplication table or his elementary geography, but that he thinks he knows the exact number of

devils which roam the world, and that disease can be driven from a sick person by the administration of some nauseating filth or the beating of tom-toms. Jesus, while ignorant enough, had not a distorted mind. He had, on the contrary, an unusual and penetrating common sense which set him head and shoulders above the men of his day, and, as a matter of fact, still keeps him there above the men of our own.

To return, however, to the question of mere knowledge, not only is it pretty evident that Jesus had no particular knowledge of biology, or of science in any of its forms, or of history, above the abysmal ignorance of his day, but it is also fairly clear, and of much greater importance to us, that he had no particular knowledge of God. Herein we reach something which the most modern of modern Protestant churchmen have never dared face. A convention of modern churchmen, recently held in England, horrified the orthodox by asserting unusually unequivocally a good deal of what has already been written in these pages, but it maintained that the great contribution of Jesus to ancient and modern thought was his statement that God was our Father. The Fatherhood of God was, they said, Christ's revelation to the world.

But that doctrine was not so much a revelation as a guess, and it was a guess that was wrong. If modern science has shown us anything at all, it has made unquestionably plain the fact that, if there be a Supreme Being at all, it is only by the greatest possible stretch of imagination that one can conceive of him as in any sense exercising fatherly qualities toward us. Thus Jesus beautifully said that not one sparrow falls to the ground without its death affecting the Father's heart, but we know that, if that Father exists, he has contemplated for æons countless stark tragedies of animal life without lifting a little

finger to prevent or ameliorate them. Nor is this all. Jesus said that the very hairs of our heads are all numbered by that same ever-watchful and loving Father. Does he, then, number the microscopic cells in the embryo which are blindly developing into a moron or a criminal lunatic? Jesus said that an earthly father would not give his son who asked for bread a stone, and that just so our heavenly Father knew how to give good gifts to them that asked him. But there are really no two opinions about the value of imprecatory prayer. Prayer may subjectively benefit the one who prays, but prayer never turned aside the bullet from a modern rifle or saved a man who fell from a liner in mid-ocean and who could not swim. There are good Christians among us who shrink from such a bald statement, but we know that it is simply so. Jesus deduced that our heavenly Father was good because he made his rain to fall upon the just and unjust, but the illustration, considered scientifically, simply provokes a smile from a modern mind. Our heavenly Father has nothing immediately to do with the rain at all. If he did have, we could only conclude that he uses his power exceedingly foolishly. He gives millions of gallons to the little salt-water fishes who do not want it, while a land, no distance at all away in his eyes, is suffering a drought causing the death of millions.

This doctrine of a Father-God is now centuries old; we have accepted it indeed from the lips of the historical Christ, but on the assumed authority of the traditional Christ, whose voice was none other than the voice of God; and it is a comfortable doctrine. But comfortable or not does not matter; the fact is that it is not true. Jesus had no special knowledge of God. He dredged his knowledge of him out of the depths of a peculiarly sincere, pellucid,

and loving heart, but it was a human heart at best. The fact that the man Jesus believed in a heavenly Father is not the last word on the subject and does not place the matter beyond dispute for all time.

II

It is of much practical concern that Jesus was essentially an ignorant man. He was the child of an amazingly crude and ignorant age, whose crudity and ignorance it is difficult to exaggerate. Its very crudity and ignorance remove from us, in point of fact, all real difficulty in reading the Gospels. From the fishermen to the then accounted learned Pharisee, who constituted his band of apostles, there is no doubt, as Dr. Sanday says, that what the disciples thought they saw when they watched our Lord's miracles was not what we should have thought we had seen had we been there. A child of ten would give a very different account of an entertainment by a conjurer from that given by an adult of fifty. A savage gives a very different account of a phonograph from that given by a civilized man. But it is exactly the implications of this crudity and ignorance to which Jesus, alone of his age, rises superior. We can understand that what seemed a miracle to the disciples might have seemed to us but the exhibition of a superior and undaunted will.

Those of us who have traveled in savage lands have seen many such miracles. A doctor can cure with a bottle of colored water, or even a few firm words, a savage who is about to lie down and die, and who if left to himself would die, and concerning whose illness and death his savage friends would relate the most astounding stories of supernatural happenings and appearances. It is, in point of fact, neither the colored water nor the formula which cures him, though the savage will

think that it is. It is the impact of an unsuperstitious and common-sense modern mind upon a superstitious and nonsensical one. Thus even to-day do the blind receive their sight and the lame walk. No less may common sense and an undistorted mind have used a little clay or a formula in Christ's day.

It was, apparently, this superiority and clarity of mind which provoked the hostility of every vested interest and authority in Christ's day. It was not any revelation that he made or the exhibition of any peculiar knowledge which brought him to the cross, but it was simply his common sense in an age of fanatical nonsense. The miracle of it would be startling enough and disturbing enough to bring him, or any minister of his who exhibited it, to the equivalent of the cross in our day. It is worth our closest examination.

For, while Jesus was an ignorant man, he was also, in the true meaning of the word, the wisest of men. How he came to be such is beyond our knowing, and a like phenomenon astonishes us as much to-day as it did the crowd in Galilee. How or why a Napoleon is born in an obscure island village, of parents undistinguished by any particular military or political genius, or why a William Blake is born in a family which never wrote a line of poetry, is beyond our understanding. And it is much the same in the case of Christ.

It is a dazzling wonder how the mind of Christ came to be so pellucid and unbiased. An ignorant Jew, born in a crude and superstitious age, without having had, apparently, any opportunity to escape from it, he rivaled the men who possessed the greatest learning of his age in having a perfectly undistorted mind on every question. We may still envy him that and stand in adoration before it. Our own minds, after a lapse of two thousand years, are still incredibly distorted and incapable

of sane judgments. The common sense of a question is the last thing that we see, and the more vital the question, the less capable we are of treating it in a rational manner. Who was rational upon the nature of Germans during the Great War? What temperance advocate is rational upon the subject of prohibition? What theologian is rational upon the subject of God?

Let us take an example. Countless preachers have dilated on the wisdom shown by Jesus when they brought him the tribute money and asked him whether or no they should pay tribute to Cæsar. But there was no wisdom, in the accepted sense of the word, in his answer. That was what staggered them. When they held out their penny, their own petty minds were as confused and angry as a hive of disturbed bees on every conceivable and inconceivable issue of politics and religion. A clever man would have entered lengthily into a discussion as to whether the head of Cæsar on the coin did or did not break the law of God with respect to the making of graven images; he would have discussed learnedly the implications of the text and have argued that while, of course, the nature of God was unchangeable, it was possible that he might 'wink' in the peculiar circumstances of the case. Saint Paul would certainly have done so. A really clever historian would have spoken for hours upon the exact meaning of sovereignty and political right. And so on, and so on, endlessly. But Jesus snapped at once to the answer, which was not a learned answer, or an answer to suit the times, or an answer at all so far as these men were concerned. He gave them sheer common sense when they had expected a rigmarole of wise nonsense. And, as always, they were dismayed and at a loss before it.

We tend to congratulate ourselves on seeing for our part the amazing

common sense of Jesus, and we can even chuckle with amusement at the discomfort of the Jews when he wades through their ridiculous Sabbatarianism and the like, but are we, in point of fact, wholly lined up with him? Did this radiant common sense flash out only once or twice, or was it characteristic of all his sayings and doings? And, if characteristic of all his sayings and doings, whose side are we really on, the side of him and common sense, or the side of the world and fanatical nonsense?

Imagine Jesus arraigned before the Supreme Allied War Council, in 1914. He stands there, a little commonplace man, who might, to judge by his bearing and dress, be indeed nothing but a peasant carpenter. But his eye is clear. It does not see things through the lenses of centuries of hate or political expediency or worldly well-being. It is not the eye of a great general, or of a business man who sees immense opportunities for great business, or of a newspaper proprietor, or even of a mother crazed with grief. He says: 'Love your enemies.' 'What!' exclaims the great general. 'In the face of an enemy armed to the teeth?' 'Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also,' replies Christ. 'But what of atrocities?' demands the politician. 'Do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you,' returns the Christ imperturbably. Is this common sense? Would not the War Council have treated such a man in almost the same way as the Jews and Romans treated Christ?

Or take another startling case. Here is a woman taken in adultery, 'in the very act.' Imagine her dragged before a circle of our police officials, our Bishop Mannings, our secretaries of societies for the suppression of vice, the Pope himself, if you will. Two thou-

sand years have elapsed since it first happened, years in which we have learned psychology, years in which we have studied the curious spectacle of the mixed impulses of the human mind in the light of our knowledge of the unexpected workings of inherited sex impulses and repressions and the like; years, too, in which we have had plenty of opportunity to observe what terrors and crimes can shelter under a respectably legal and even spiritually solemnized union of man and woman, and what nobility and devotion there may be where all this is lacking. Is there one high-placed official among us who would turn away his face not to shame the trembling woman, and say gently, 'Neither do I condemn thee'? Would not one and all conceive it to be their public duty to act otherwise? Would not one and all, in summing up, argue theologically, or from the point of view of moral science, or legally from the words of the law, that while pitying, etc., etc., and making every allowance for, etc., etc., it was their painful duty to . . . commit . . . or refuse the Holy Communion . . . or . . . ?

Did Jesus exhibit common sense? Was his mind clear, undistorted, pellucid, clean as the flash of a sword?

That we have hitherto unreservedly accepted that it was not is common knowledge. So far as the churches are concerned, books have been written and heaven only knows how many sermons preached to show that he spoke in a parabolic or a mystical manner, or in a manner indicating what our general mental attitude should be, but not, of course, how we ought particularly to behave in every instance. It is to their undying shame that scarcely one prominent Christian minister, in Europe or America, dared to say, 'Love the Germans,' during the Great War. A prominent English

ecclesiastic has not yet wholly escaped from the opprobrium he incurred by saying, in 1914, that the Kaiser, as he had known him, had been a not unpleasant and even a religious man; and the writer knows an obscure curate, the least pugnacious and dangerous of men, who was driven from his curacy and stood actually in need of police protection because he invited his congregation to pray for the enemy dying and to have sympathy for enemy women in suspense and bereavement. And when administrators of law and order are confronted with the literal keepers of the Sermon on the Mount they imprison them as conscientious objectors or bound them to exile or death as dangerous communists.

If, however, we unreservedly accept that the mind of Jesus was an undistorted mind, we shall feel that the world has as great need for his common sense to-day as it had in the days of his earthly life. This is his great contribution to the history of life and manners. It is for this that we can bow down before him almost as before a God. There are ten thousand questions which wreck and ruin human life on the earth for which we need the common sense of Jesus. Our marriage laws, and also the matter of our armaments, would be straightened out if we could approach these questions with minds untainted by inherited superstitions, by national and class prejudices, or by dire mistrustful forebodings. We argue at immense length as to what he did or did not mean by some traditional saying, and as to what implications follow from it. We vest his words with an authority which they never had and which, probably, they were never meant to have. As a result of such a confused approach to him, the world has experienced such horrors as the Spanish Inquisition and a modern statute book. If we need the traditional

Christ as the God of our imagination and the inspirer of beauty, we need the historical Christ as the God of common sense.

III

The common sense of the Great Galilean was never more strikingly exhibited than in his whole attitude toward sin and the forgiveness of sin, and upon no subject was he in more definite opposition to the ideas of his time. Yet, while the churches that call him Master credit him, contrary both to reason and to evidence, with all wisdom, they have not accepted in the least his common sense in this. They follow, on the contrary, the Old Testament point of view of his historic enemies. They have, moreover, so successfully imposed their mind upon the world at large that even our statute books agree with Moses rather than with Christ. And the churches, with their traditional portrait, have so far displaced the historical Jesus that we are unaware that it is so.

The Old Testament regards sin as principally an offense in the eyes of Jehovah which requires purging by a bloody sacrifice. In the days of the historical Jesus, the temple courts were a shambles in the process of this expiation. Nor is it too much to say that the whole attitude of the traditional Church is a following of the Old Testament rather than a following of Jesus. In the first place, it is not possible to deny that all the weight of traditional theology has been placed upon the cross. For this reason the cross became the symbol of Christianity, and the three great historic branches of the Church have with equal emphasis insisted that what Christ did upon the cross was the reason for his coming into the world at all. The offering of himself as a sacrifice for sin was by far the most important aspect of his work. That

the Mass is the centre of Catholic faith and devotion needs surely no proof, but Protestant churches no less than the Catholic have asserted that what the Mass stands for is the very backbone of their being. It is not a Catholic or Greek, but a Presbyterian, confession of faith which says that 'the Lord Jesus, by his perfect obedience and sacrifice of himself . . . hath fully satisfied the justice of his Father; and purchased not only reconciliation, but an everlasting inheritance in the kingdom of heaven, for all those whom the Father hath given unto him.'

What can wash away my stain?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

The blood of Jesus is more efficacious blood than that of sheep and lambs — that is all.

Once again, let us make no mistake about it: this aspect of things is as old as the Gospels — that is to say, as old as the traditional Christ himself. It is this which is the substance, almost the sum, of Saint Paul's teaching. It is for this reason that he cares so little to relate to his converts the parables or the miracles of the historical Jesus. It is not too much to say that it is for this that he throws overboard the whole import of the moral teaching of Jesus. He does not say, 'Blessed are the poor,' but 'Be not slothful in business.' He does not say, 'Consider the lilies,' but 'If any would not work, neither should he eat.' He does not say, 'Love your enemies,' but 'Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness.' He sends a slave back to his master — which would, however, be a small thing if he did not send sinners to the Cross rather than to the Sermon on the Mount. But that is his whole message. That the first man, Adam, sinned, and through him sin, leading to destruction, became the heritage of all men; that the second Adam was the Christ from

Heaven, the man Jesus in whom 'ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ. . . . And that he might reconcile both unto God in one body by the cross.' 'We preach Christ crucified.' 'Christ sent me not to baptize, but to preach the Gospel.' And the preaching of the Gospel is the preaching of 'Christ, and him crucified.'

That Christ offered a bloody sacrifice of himself; that he paid a price; that sinners are lost eternally unless they are washed in the blood of Jesus; and that Christ is preëminently the Saviour through his own blood — this is the key message of Protestantism, as it is the basis of the Catholic sacraments. Yet absolutely nothing of all this appears upon the lips or is revealed in the mind of the historical Jesus. It is a direct development of Old Testament teaching and not of his. The historical Jesus calls himself a Light to reveal God; a Shepherd to lead a flock from an old pasture to a new one; Bread for the soul's hunger; Water for the soul's thirst; Leaven to ferment the world's sodden life; Salt to keep life wholesome; the Physician of men's diseases; the Vine, the Door, the Strong Man, the Bridegroom — but he never calls himself the World's Victim or the World's Priest.

In the second place, it is most noteworthy that the historical Jesus has a different category of sins from that of the Old Testament or of Paul or of ecclesiastical writers after him. The sins which occupied the attention of Jesus were hypocrisy, worldliness, intolerance, and selfishness; the sins which occupy the principal attention of the Church, as everybody knows from experience, are impurity, murder, the drinking of alcohol, swearing, and the neglect of the Church's services and ordinances. A man may be a notoriously sharp business man, a hard man,

a man in whose home there is neither love between husband and wife nor love between master and servants, but he may be an excellent churchman for all that. His minister may have an uneasy suspicion that he is hypocritical, but he will denounce him from the pulpit only if he keeps a mistress or gets drunk in the street. But the scribes and Pharisees did not keep mistresses or get drunk in the street. Yet the denunciation of them by Christ was shocking in its virulence. They prayed, they relieved the poor, they kept the Ten Commandments, they set the Church before themselves and the State, but he said to them: 'Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?'

It is not that the historical Christ has nothing to say about sin. It would not be an exaggeration to say that half of the 'Q' document is taken up with a discussion of it and its forgiveness. But the reader of Paul's Epistles literally rubs his eyes as he turns the pages of 'Q.' The kernel of the difference lies in this: that the sins which Christ denounced were social and of the spirit, and the sins that Paul denounces are theological and of the body. Of course the distinction can be fined down, argumentatively, on either side; but it is sins such as the various kinds of impurity and drunkenness that religion to-day denounces, while it was sins which ground down the widow and the orphan, which caused his little ones to stumble, or which made of men 'whited sepulchres,' which called forth the anger of Christ. It was man's inhumanity to man much more than man's offenses against God which roused his wrath. If he ever took the scourge of small cords to cleanse the temple, it was not so much, as religion has it, because the temple of God was defiled, as because that which should have been a place of safe retreat for the

poor of all nations had been made a den of thieves.

The full import of all this is a proposition enormously more startling. Jesus did not regard as sin at all a great deal of what the modern Church calls sin. Why did the religious leaders of his day call Jesus the friend of publicans and harlots? Let us translate the thing into modern speech. Why might virulent prohibitionists call a modern minister the friend of drunkards? There might of course be nothing more in it than 'sound and fury, signifying nothing.' There might be in it the implication that the minister was a friend of drunkards in order to effect their conversion to prohibition, when the phrase would probably carry some such adjective as 'good,' as it was said of many broad-minded padres during the war that they were good fellows. Or there might be the terrible suspicion that the minister was tolerant of a glass of beer; or even the damning accusation that he did not think a tot of whiskey sinful. Which of all these accusations prompted the taunting of Christ? We may quite reasonably argue that it was none other than the last. It certainly signified something. It certainly was not in praise of him. There remains the last: that he did not think the publicans and harlots sinful as the scribes and Pharisees thought them sinful.

Let us read again what he says: 'John came neither eating nor drinking. . . . The Son of man came eating and drinking, and they say . . . a friend of publicans and sinners.' Why did Jesus eat and drink? Was it not because he saw nothing wrong in either eating or drinking? Why was he so often found eating and drinking with publicans and harlots? Was it not because he liked the company of publicans and harlots? Maybe he liked their company a great deal better than the company of his

critics. Maybe he did not think their sins quite so blatant or damning as the sins of the religious men of his day. Perhaps he thought an honest harlot refreshing company after that of a hypocritical priest. Perhaps he was a friend of publicans and sinners because he genuinely liked them, not as a pitying philanthropist, not as the redeeming Son of God, but as a human being.

Then there are the occasional anecdotes which have strayed, we do not know whence, into the Gospels. They were unquestionably anecdotes commonly told about Jesus by the crowd of his day, and the crowd may have exaggerated, it may even have lied, as crowds generally do. But there is often more truth in the legends of the common people than in the sober statements of learned men. And it certainly seems here as if the Evangelists inserted these things because they were too strong to be resisted, or because they did not understand them, or because they thought they might be interpreted in the newer theological manner. But why did Christ say to the woman taken in adultery, 'Neither do I condemn thee'? It is always presumed that he had some subtle reason, for her reformation or for the discomfiture of her accusers; what if it were merely the simple truth? What if to his unbiased and farseeing eye there had been reasons for her moral weakness, reasons which he felt he could not condemn? What if this spiritual genius saw that even the harlotry of a harlot did not kill the living impulses of a soul as did the theological subtleties of the chief priests? The point can hardly be pressed home more strongly than by contrasting the attitude of some modern preacher of righteousness. The fact of adultery, grieving God and damning the soul to Hell, would be the one thing that mattered. No extenuating circumstances could in his eyes do away

with her rightful condemnation. Under no circumstances would he say, 'Neither do I condemn thee.' And is not this because this particular sin has an aspect for a modern minister which it had not for the historical Christ?

Or take the question of the forgiveness of sin. If we can believe the records, Jesus forgave a number of people their sins, from the man sick of a palsy to the thief upon the cross, but in no single instance did he allege as the reason for forgiveness what is urged by the modern Church as necessary. The most outstanding and all but incredible example occurs in a no less known and widely used document than the Lord's Prayer. It is amazing that the import of it has escaped us. Here was the Great Galilæan teaching his followers to ask forgiveness of their God. And on what are they to base their plea for God's forgiveness? A Salvation Army captain would say, 'Pray thus: Father, forgive us our trespasses because of the sacrifice of thy Son on the cross.' A Catholic priest would say, 'Pray thus: Father, forgive us our trespasses because we unfeignedly believe in the Church and have used, or are willing to use, the sacraments.' There can hardly be a minister who would not teach his people to say, 'Pray thus: Forgive us our trespasses because we repent and have faith in thy Son and will not trespass again.' But Jesus said: 'Pray ye, Forgive us our trespasses, *as we forgive them that trespass against us.*' This can only mean that the reason we should urge for our own forgiveness is that we have forgiven others. It might even mean that the measure of forgiveness we should demand is to be the measure of forgiveness we have granted. In either case the underlying thought is, as it were, social and not theological; it is as far removed as possible from the idea of

angry God who needs propitiation through the blood of a victim. Even more strikingly it does more than suggest, it definitely implies, another attitude toward sin altogether.

And so with the rest of the stories. It is a mere assumption that Jesus forgave the sick of the palsy because of his faith or the faith of his friends. Apparently he simply saw that the sickness of the man's spirit stood in greater need of healing than the sickness of his body. He waits for neither repentance nor faith, still less for theological acceptance of the atonement, but as simply as he says later, 'Rise up and walk,' he says now, 'Thy sins be forgiven thee.' It was as if he freed the man from a distorted mind as he later freed him from a distorted body. Or the thief on the cross. It is mere supposition that the thief either repented of his robberies or accepted the atonement or made any gesture whatsoever toward the theological conception of forgiveness. He simply echoed the current speech of the crowd that had heard Jesus talk of his spiritual kingdom. That was enough for Jesus. As to the woman who anointed him in the house of the Pharisee, — a plot, it is presumed, of many loves, — he said that her sins were forgiven for she loved much.' What does this mean but that a loving heart toward him, even in harlotry, was enough to ransom her forgiveness? The common use of it is that she must have repented, she must have lied, she must have been hypocritical as all harlots sometimes have to be. These were bad sins' which impeded her spiritual life, but they were eclipsed by the fact that she had honestly loved, and that she freed even a man scorned by the rich and religious, increasingly facing an eternity which might mean death. There are so many straws blowing on this wind that one does not know how

to reckon them all. There is the gospel of forgiveness 'until seventy times seven,' to which nothing like justice has ever been done. Christ's words do not admit of any modification or belittling. They were apparently meant to be applicable to all the varied circumstances of life. The only hope for a sinner, Jesus thought, lay in other men's habitually and constantly forgiving him, as indeed their own hope of forgiveness lay in such conduct. 'How often, O Lord, shall we forgive a German submarine captain who sinks a hospital ship? Until he has sunk seven hospital ships?' 'Verily I say unto you, until he has sunk seventy times seven.' 'How often, O Lord, shall we forgive a man who has sinned against a woman by making the mistake of asking her to marry him? Seven times?' 'Never!' says the modern priest; 'it is irrevocable.' 'Never!' says the modern magistrate; 'let him pay alimony for the rest of his life.'

IV

Such illustrations as these will be read with a smile, but they are not written with a smile. The implication of them is much too serious. The implication of the Christian religion is that the sin behind them is too monstrous and fettering, too altogether a question of an outraged God, for any other attitude save its attitude to be possible. The sacrifice of blood is a necessity. But all this is additional, not to say foreign, to the mind we dimly glimpse of the historical Christ. His was the mind that argued apparently in some such way as the following: 'The righteousness of the spiritually alive man must exceed the righteousness of the normally accepted religious man. He cannot enter into the real Kingdom of the Spirit unless it does. Thus the normally religious man says, "You

shall do no murder," because that is the commandment of God, and its breach incurs his wrath. But I say unto you that it is enormously more important that a man shall not be angry with his brother. It is useless for him to approach God at all unless peace reigns in his heart. The normally religious man says, "You shall not commit adultery," because it is a breach of the law of God and incurs his anger. But I say unto you that for a man to lust after a woman, like a brute beast only, is just as harmful to his spiritual life as you think the sin of adultery is.'

The man who said these words was not, if we may say it so, a theologically-minded man, but a socially-minded man. His social-mindedness was also a spiritual-mindedness. It soared infinitely above the petty-mindedness of the Church in our own or any age. He was two thousand years and more before his time. It is small wonder that neither his followers nor his enemies understood him in his own day, for we who would be as liberal as he fail to understand him in ours. He went lonely in those days, and he goes lonely in these. His is, and was, the loneliness of a spiritual genius whose like has not been seen on earth, and whose like we may well think we shall never see again.

In the face even of such scanty evidence as we have, we cannot doubt that the historical Christ would dissent as vehemently from the judgments the Church to-day makes in the name of the traditional Christ as he dissented from those of the scribes and Pharisees two thousand years ago. To him the sins that matter are the sins that hamper the growth of this spiritual life in a man's own soul, or that, committed by him, hamper the growth of his brother's soul. It is thus of man, rather than of God, that man has primarily to ask forgiveness, and he can neither ask forgiveness nor expect it unless he has

forgiven. We cannot doubt that part of the topsy-turviness of the world to Jesus was precisely this. A man might grind the faces of the poor and be accounted righteous if he wore a small box upon his head containing a few words of Holy Scripture. A woman might have no love in her heart toward her husband and even nag at him from morning till night, and be accounted righteous if she had been married by the Law of Moses and kept the observances of that law. But a man whom the hard law of necessity had driven to unpopular service of the Roman conqueror, no matter what else he was or did, was a publican and outcast. A man who foolishly drank too many cups of the good wine of the earth in the hours of his necessary ease was damned before God, no matter what his other virtues. A woman who committed the animal act of copulation outside the formal law was damned to eternity, no matter how generous and loving her heart might be.

He would think that we had got the whole thing topsy-turvy. He would think that we were condoning glaring sins in our haste to condemn moral weaknesses which are not, rightly understood, sins at all. He would think that modern Christians, in their eagerness not to bring a frown upon the face of their heavenly Father, had forgotten the evil of bringing tears into the eyes of their brethren. He would think that in pleading the merits of his death upon the cross for our forgiveness we had forgotten the essential teaching of his Gospel. He would not draw aside, as if there were nothing to be said for them, from the prostitutes of Piccadilly, or turn from jovial men whose main fault is their incredible blindness to the things that really matter in life. But he might enter, with a scourge of small cords in his hand, the doors of Westminster Abbey.

GOLDEN SPRING

BY J. M. WITHEROW

I

TREVOR SILCOT, after fifteen years in an accountant's office, had saved some fifteen hundred dollars. A lucky speculation in cotton increased this capital to five thousand. Then Silcot conceived the idea of floating a company.

The company would solemnly promise to do something exceedingly profitable, but after a decent interval announce regretfully that 'it had proved impossible' to earn anything. Then the company would go into liquidation, a receiver would be appointed, and the last obsequies would be duly administered. In the meantime the sums, large or small, contributed by the credulous public on the strength of the promoters' promises would be handled by the promoters, devoted to necessary expenditure of various kinds, and in the final investigation would appear to have been carefully but fruitlessly consumed.

Fifteen years in a Broad Street office, London, E. C., had taught Silcot all he wanted to know about the flotation of companies — bogus and genuine. Hitherto, however, he had taken quite a subordinate part. Now he would take a hand as principal. Confederates like-minded with himself were soon found, who brought a certain equipment of banking and legal experience. All the usual preparatory measures were taken, and Silcot sailed in the Dunottar Castle for Capetown. He had determined that his company would discover and promise to develop

a mine in South Africa. He had already named it Golden Spring.

On the voyage out Silcot made a careful study of such large-scale maps of the district north of the Transvaal as he had been able to procure in London.

On arriving in Capetown he investigated thoroughly the mining regulations, existing prospecting rights, and the location of all districts known to have been already surveyed by the large mining interests. He was not taking any risk in that quarter.

Finally he selected a certain unsurveyed area, some ninety miles northwest of Bulawayo, bought a few small lumps of gold-bearing quartz in Capetown, and set off to discover Golden Spring. At Bulawayo he learned that the land near the spot he was making for was owned by two farmers, William Blumton and Norman Fowler. Silcot made first for Blumton's house, where he was very hospitably received.

'We see white folk so rarely, Mr. Silcot,' said Mrs. Blumton, 'you will be doing us a real kindness if you stay two or three days with us and tell us all the news of the Old Country.'

Silcot readily assented. It was quiet and dull and hot, but he was tired of traveling and glad to have a little rest. Besides, if Blumton refused to do what he wanted, he might easily visit Fowler once or twice and capture him instead.

'Talking of white folk, Mrs. Blumton,' said Silcot, 'you surely see the Fowlers?'

'Oh, yes, of course; they live only three miles away, and we see them

every three or four days. But I thought of them as part of ourselves. There are no other whites for thirty miles.'

Silcot thought to himself: 'This locality will suit Golden Spring all right, if Blumton comes up to scratch.'

That evening the two men sat on the verandah smoking their cigars and discussing the black problem and the Indian problem and the future of South Africa. Every now and then Silcot got in a question about crops or cattle, and soon made sure that Blumton had a hard time of it and was not making a fortune.

Next day, in walking over the farm, the Londoner came to the point at once.

'Blumton, would you object to making some money easily?'

'Silcot, would a duck swim?' was the reply.

Silcot smiled, and went on: 'I am out here after gold.'

Blumton interjected: 'There's no gold here.'

'That may well be true, but you and I between us might persuade a lot of people there is gold here. They would get no gold out of this ground, but we should get gold out of them.'

'Good business,' replied Blumton, 'but I know nothing about these city games; where do I come in?'

'In two ways,' said Silcot. 'First, sell me all mining rights on your land; second — but wait a bit,' and, stopping suddenly, he kicked over four stones and, stooping, laid a lump of quartz where each stone had been and gently replaced the stones. Then he went on: 'Would you mind lifting these stones away and picking up what you find there?'

Blumton did so, somewhat amused.

'Now,' said Silcot, 'you could swear in a court of law you picked up these lumps of quartz on your own land?'

'Certainly I could.'

'Right!' said Silcot. 'Hold on to

them; they are yours. They may be the only gold ever taken out of your land, but they may draw a lot into your pocket and mine. The second thing I want you to do is to write me a straightforward letter saying you found these specimens, and sign your name and address and give me authority to print the letter.'

'And what am I to have for my share in it?'

'For mining rights in your land that has no gold in it I'll give you two hundred pounds down directly you sign the contract papers. For the letter I'll give you a hundred pounds in cash when I receive it, and allot you five hundred shares free when the company is floated.'

Blumton hesitated. He knew no one had been over his thousand acres prospecting for ores in any serious fashion since he had come there twelve years before. He knew that many a scallywag and broken man from the south had passed through the district trekking north or east, and their unanimous opinion was that there was no hope of ores of any sort in that region. Still, if this man, for purposes of fraud, wanted to buy mining rights, why not sell them as dear as he could? But Silcot had mentioned 'swearing in a law court.' Plainly there might be trouble, and Blumton wanted no trouble. So he said at last: 'I'll think about it, and let you know in a day or two.'

After some further talk the two men went home. That night Mr. Blumton told his wife of the scheme, making no secret of its fraudulent character. Somewhat to his surprise, she took the same view that he did. 'The fraud is no business of yours,' she said. 'Besides, if silly people give away their money because Mr. Trevor Silcot tells them to, they deserve to lose it; and if he is willing to part with it to you for value received, you're not cheating anybody.'

'That's right, my dear; that's just what I think myself,' replied her husband. 'But if somebody prosecuted him, they would very likely include me for aiding and abetting. They would have my name to a published letter on the strength of which they gave their money.'

'I would risk that,' said Mrs. Blumton. 'You'll never make a hundred pounds so easily again in all your life. Besides, the losers will be certain to go for Silcot, and not dream of coming after you, from whom they could recover nothing.'

'That's all very well,' said Mr. Blumton, 'but I don't want to find myself in jail for conspiracy to defraud.'

'I would risk it,' maintained his wife; 'they never could prove conspiracy.'

'I am not so sure,' answered her husband. 'I will ride over to Wankie, where there's a lawyer chap, and see what he says.'

'Well, mind what you tell him,' said Mrs. Blumton. 'If you give the show away, Silcot will find his mine somewhere else.'

Blumton left for Wankie on horseback early the next morning. He cunningly gave a false name and address, laid the main facts before the man of law, and for a couple of guineas was told he might sell mining rights if he liked, but that if he took payment for publishing false information he might find himself in jail.

He came home thoroughly cowed two days later, and, much to the disgust of his wife, told Silcot he must refuse to furnish the letter, but would sell the mining rights for five hundred pounds.

Silcot, however, had been making progress in Blumton's absence, and was neither disappointed at his host's announcement nor eager to do any business whatever. Finally, however, he allowed himself to be persuaded into buying the mining rights for two

hundred pounds, to be paid when the contract was signed, and gave a written pledge to that effect.

Mr. Silcot had been calling on Mr. Norman Fowler, who entered into the project with zest. Silcot had made him the same offer, going through the same pantomime with three more lumps of gold quartz. Fowler was quite as sure as Blumton that no other gold would ever be found there, and quite as clear that he was being asked to help in a swindle. But he had no immediate objections to Silcot's proposals, and promised to sign the contract as soon as presented, and to write there and then the letter reporting 'discovery.' Silcot, however, had decided to draw up this letter himself, and said he would only trouble Fowler for his signature when he returned in a week or two with the necessary legal documents. After Silcot was gone, Fowler told his wife, who listened with growing anger.

'The thieving scoundrel!' she burst out at last. 'You sent him about his business, I hope?'

'Oh, yes,' said Fowler, somewhat weakly; 'but I did n't see why I should not make some money out of him.'

'Oh, Norman, Norman!' she cried. 'You surely never agreed to sign that lying letter?'

'I don't see any lie in it. I'll not be saying anything in it that's not true.'

'Oh, Norman, how can you argue like that? You know you will be helping him to deceive thousands of people and helping him to steal their money. Else he would never pay you for it.'

'If people are foolish enough to give Silcot their money for an idiotic project, I don't think it fair to say he steals their money.'

'And will your letter tell them how idiotic the project is? Oh, Norman, I never thought you would sink so low as to help a swindler to swindle people and take money for it.'

Then Fowler lost his temper and began to curse. His wife said no more that day.

It must be remembered that both Fowler and Blumton lived hard lives and made little money. To them a hundred pounds seemed quite a large sum. Both had in a sense fallen before the temptation, but Fowler began to recover himself with the help of his wife's reproaches. He never thought such a thin, meek, clinging creature had such fighting spirit in her. Lying awake in his bed, he began to think of poor farmers like himself being persuaded by his letter to give their money to this rascal Silcot, or poor workingmen like his own brothers in Northumberland losing all their little savings because of a letter signed 'Norman Fowler.' If ever he met one of them afterward, what should he say? 'I was greedy, and wanted a hundred pounds.' What else could he say? Fowler was far from shameless. The more he thought of that letter, the more it revolted him.

Finally, after a day or two of reflection on his part and wise silence on his wife's, conscience had her way, the hundred-pound bribe was dismissed with many fond lingering looks, Fowler promised his wife that he would sign no swindling letter, and Mrs. Fowler on her side conceded that there was nothing wrong in selling Silcot or anyone else the mining rights, however valueless, for a sum agreed on.

Silcot returned from Bulawayo within a fortnight, bringing with him an attorney and his clerk, and obtained the signatures of Blumton and Fowler to very carefully drawn deeds, which gave him all the powers he required to work minerals on their united lands. He paid them each two hundred pounds in Bank of England notes the same day. He concealed his disappointment when Fowler in a shamefaced way declined to sign the letter drawn up announcing

the 'find' of gold. 'Broke your word,' was the sole reproach.

On his way home Silcot had the good fortune to meet two capable young brothers called Murray, living in Johannesburg. One was a fully qualified mining engineer, the other an accountant. Both were at the moment in poorly paid positions, making a bare living. Silcot, after some careful inquiries, engaged them both, gave each a retaining fee of a hundred pounds on the spot, and appointed them to have supreme control of his prospecting enterprise at Golden Spring in Rhodesia. They were to go down there and commence operations when he sent word, and word would come as soon as he was in command of the necessary funds. In the meantime, they were to keep all this strictly secret. They were to send him weekly reports of work and expenditure. If they came on anything profitable, they were to cable immediately one word — 'Congratulations.' And Silcot added, without a smile: 'And if you come on a certainty of large profit, such as will enable me to double your salaries, you may cable "Heartiest congratulations."' Meanwhile he promised them eight hundred pounds each for the first year. The two honest young faces glowed with pleasure and gratitude.

'It is the first success, the first real kindness, we have met with in this country,' said the elder Murray. 'Depend on it, Mr. Silcot, my brother and I will serve you loyally, and work to the bone to make you rich — if only the stuff is there,' he added, after a pause.

'I have secret information,' said Silcot bravely, 'but if you come on nothing I will not blame you.'

'Thank you, sir. You may be sure we will do our best.'

When Silcot reached London, he found his two confederates had already sketched out the prospectus and secured

two M. P.'s as directors, whose names would carry weight in ignorant quarters. Fifty thousand pounds were asked for in a hundred thousand shares of ten shillings each. The statements and promises and prospects were most adroitly expressed — nothing too glowing, but a hint here and there that a chance like this rarely came on the market, and that more could be told were it not likely to attract competitors, et cetera, et cetera. A certain discovery had been made, and a competent investigator had reported most favorably. The list would close in a few days, and so on, with all the names, as usual, of the respectable bankers, lawyers, and accountants who would act for the Golden Spring Mining Company, Limited.

Big people in the financial world sniffed audibly when they read this document. Big people in the mining world snorted. But whether because of the fat dividends paid that half year on the Rand, or the weighty names of the two guinea-pig directors, the money poured in. Five days saw the whole amount applied for. Silcot and his friends were staggered at their own success.

'What's the game now, Trevor?' asked the banker comrade.

'My idea,' said Silcot, 'is to stow away, under various plausible headings of expenditure, fifteen thousand pounds for us three — five thousand for you two, and ten thousand for myself. You brought in a thousand pounds each to the expenses of our preliminary inner cabinet, and you get more than double that. I am taking only double my original five thousand.'

'Quite fair and kind of you; but what about the remainder?' asked the legal brother.

'Oh, I have cabled Murray to go ahead up to a limit of twenty thousand, and I am holding the rest in reserve.'

'Well, I only wanted to know. It's a

lot of good money to put in a hole in Africa.'

'We can't help ourselves, Joe. Don't you see we must do something straight with part of it, anyway?'

II

Six months afterward Silcot sat in his own new office in Coleman Street, E. C., busily engaged with the second and final installment of the ten-shilling shares. The adverse opinion of all the important people had told on the market from the first, and the new shares, though now fully paid up, were quoted at 50 per cent discount. A steady stream of inquiries and complaints from anxious shareholders kept Silcot in a state of nervous irritability. The clerks and the girl typists hardly dared to speak. A storm was brewing.

A knock on the door, and the commissionaire entered with a cablegram. Silcot tore it open, and gazed at it so long, with motionless eyelids and changing color, that the commissionaire, in an anxious tone, asked: 'Any answer, sir?'

'No, Johnson, no — and take this shilling and bring me a brandy and soda quick.'

It was no wonder that Johnson, coming out from the inner sanctum, whispered to one of the clerks: 'The boss has had a knock-out.'

But he was wrong. Even five minutes after taking the brandy and soda Silcot was gazing speechless at the three-word cable from Golden Spring: —

HEARTIEST CONGRATULATIONS MURRAY

Words need not be spent in describing the measures which followed immediately. All thoughts of fraud were dismissed. Silcot and his co-directors absorbed all the shares offered at a discount without betraying that they knew

anything. But the secret could not be kept. Rumor soon got busy. The share price steadily mounted. As soon as the upward movement seemed to have spent itself, Silcot published part of a detailed report which by that time had arrived from his engineer-manager Murray, and the world learned that a gold-bearing reef as rich as any on the Rand had been reached at no great depth and proved to be at least half a mile in length.

Amid scenes of unusual excitement in Throgmorton Street, the ten-shilling shares rose to four pounds in two hours, and after some violent fluctuations achieved steadiness round about six pounds. The dividends began modestly, but in the third year reached 65 per cent per annum. Further capital was obtained with the greatest ease. In ten years the property of the Golden Spring Mining Company was valued in millions. Silcot and all who trusted him had then achieved wealth beyond their rosiest dreams.

III

The two hundred pounds which William Blumton and Norman Fowler each received were soon spent and forgotten.

When the two Murrays arrived with their gangs of black boys and their dozen white foremen, Blumton and Fowler made some little profit selling farm and dairy produce, and made a good many jokes about the supposed treasure that was to be unearthed.

One day Mrs. Blumton came home from the local store and said: 'William, something has happened. A fence is being put up all round the works, and fifty police have arrived, and they are to stay. The Fowlers say Murray has found something. They think it's diamonds.'

'My God! And Silcot offered me five hundred shares!'

'Aye, and you refused him.'

'Well, you know I did n't want to do anything wrong.'

'I know you had n't the pluck.'

This was the beginning of many bitter wrangles. To his wife and to the Fowlers, Blumton always cursed that fool lawyer at Wankie. To the overseers whom he met at the new public house, he cursed Silcot as a thieving rascal who had tricked him, a poor innocent farmer, into selling all his mining rights for a mere bagatelle of two hundred pounds, when all the time he, Silcot, must have known there was plenty of the stuff in that ground. To this audience he never disclosed the story of the quartz and the offer he had refused. But one day, when he was denouncing Silcot as a liar and a plunderer, the elder Murray came in and listened.

'Mr. Blumton,' he said, very quietly, 'if you bought a ram at Bulawayo and paid in full for him on the spot in good hard cash and took him home, and a month after the vendor came down here and said he had discovered this ram was a pedigree ram of special breed and that you must make an additional large payment for him, what would you say?'

A bystander broke in: 'Blumton would tell that ass to go to hell!'

A roar of laughter followed, in which Blumton, in spite of himself, had to join.

'And let me tell you, Mr. Blumton,' Murray went on, 'the expressions you have used in a place of public resort against the character of Mr. Silcot, if repeated, may have consequences for you that you will regret.'

This hint had an immediate effect. Blumton henceforth held his tongue.

When the astonishing truth about Golden Spring became known to the Fowlers, Norman felt a somewhat painful shock. He had plumed himself on his rectitude. He had patted himself on the back for behaving like a man of principle. And now he was to suffer more and more for his honesty. God

was punishing him for doing right! What kind of God was that? The higher the shares of Golden Spring went, the angrier he got. At last he burst out upon his wife.

'Your scruples, my woman, have proved very expensive!'

Mrs. Fowler stood her ground. 'A lie is dear at a hundred pounds,' she retorted.

'A hundred pounds!' he shouted. 'Silcot offered me five hundred shares as well! Do you know what those shares are worth to-day?'

'If they were worth a million, I would not blacken my soul before God for them by telling a swindling lie!'

'Oh, shut up, you idiot!' roared her husband. 'I was a fool when I listened to you and your religious blethers.'

When the *Bulawayo Morning Post* reported Golden Spring shares had reached six pounds, Fowler came home drunk. He was rather ashamed of himself next day, but refused to apologize. He had missed the chance of his life, he said, and it was all her fault.

'Norman,' protested the woman, 'you know I saved you from doing wrong.'

'Yes, and I'll be sorry to my dying day that I did n't do wrong!'

The wrangling went on and the drinking went on. Finally, after a year of misery, Mrs. Fowler borrowed her fare from Mrs. Blumton and returned to her mother's house in Moffat, Scotland.

IV

Fifteen years after the opening of Golden Spring, Mrs. Blumton came back to her old home in Lockerbie, a few miles south of Moffat. The two friends often met. The young minister of Moffat, the Reverend Vincent Masson, got to know them, and, being a man of warm sympathies, soon learned the whole story of Golden Spring as

these women knew it. In the summer of that year Mr. Masson went on a lecturing tour in the United States. He crossed the Atlantic on the Carmania, and found that one of his fellow passengers was a young widow, Lady Silcot.

An introduction was soon effected, and after several pleasant conversations Mr. Masson one day near the end of the voyage turned the talk to Golden Spring.

'Do you mind telling me, Lady Silcot, who guided your husband to that part of Rhodesia rather than any other part?'

'Nobody, Mr. Masson,' Lady Silcot replied.

'Oh, but surely he had some secret information?'

'None whatever, Mr. Masson.'

'Then your husband, Lady Silcot, must have had the eye of genius to discover gold-bearing possibilities in a locality where nobody else thought of looking. There are men who spend their lives traveling and prospecting and never find anything to speak of.'

'I think Sir Trevor *was* a genius in his own line, but I know he started Golden Spring without a glimmer of hope he would take a grain of gold out of it. I can see by your face you disapprove, but I may tell you I put it straight to Sir Trevor, when he first told me the whole story, that it looked to me like a swindle. He replied, with a proud toss of his head: "I swindled nobody! I kept all my promises and discharged all my obligations!" And, now that he is gone, I get real comfort from the Scripture that says men shall be judged by their works. Think of the misery caused by men like Thackeray's Colonel Newcome going into business for which they were grievously incompetent. The principles of the old Colonel were blameless, his ideals high, his intentions pure; but the damage was done and the misery inflicted, and they must be answered for somewhere.

Think of the misery caused by incompetent parents, incompetent trustees, incompetent statesmen, incompetent generals, whose motives and aims were above suspicion, as noble as Colonel Newcome's. Is incompetence going to escape under a cloak of fine purpose? Not if God knows it.

'Men shall be judged by their works. I know I found in Sir Trevor's papers hundreds of letters from tradesmen, artisans, doctors, ministers, and widows, who thanked God for the man who induced them to take shares in Golden Spring.

'Some of those letters, Mr. Masson, describe agonies of grinding poverty, and fear of worse, which vanished like snow in thaw the year of our great boom, and it is hard even yet to read them without emotion; while the letter that came from Mrs. Murray, the wife of a blacksmith in Dundee, telling of the toil and privation out of which she and her husband extracted enough money to educate their two boys, and invoking God's blessing on Trevor Silcot for raising their salaries to two thousand pounds a year each — that letter, Mr. Masson, would have drawn tears from a heart of flint. So, when everybody's accounts are made up, I think my husband will not fare so badly.'

Lady Silcot spoke with conviction, and the minister, touched by her loyalty and her loneliness, suppressed all he thought of saying in reply.

After a while he murmured: 'Yes, it is a glorious privilege to be able to use wealth to make people happy who deserve to be made happy, and a glorious memory to know you did so use it.'

A silence of nearly half a minute followed, and then the first gleam of the lights of Nantucket and Long Island gave pretext for a change of subject.

That night, however, Mr. Masson pondered long on the respective demerits of the three men, Blumton,

Fowler, and Silcot, who were willing to do wrong, but accidentally did no actual wrong in the flotation of the famous mine. When he had given his lectures at Boston as agreed on, he struck westward on a tour through Albany and Niagara to the Mississippi, and eastward again by Kentucky and Virginia to Washington, Philadelphia, and New York. A few days before he sailed for his own land, Mr. Masson, with two new American friends, sat in the verandah of a villa on the slopes of Mount Mitchell, commanding an extensive view of Sandy Hook and the busy waterways of the most opulent harbor in the world.

One of these friends was Samuel Rawson Sandyford, president of the Allied Potteries of Philadelphia; the other was Dr. Victor Lansing, senior minister of St. Barnabas's, Brooklyn. Catching sight of the four funnels of the *Mauretania* passing far off on her stately way, Masson was reminded of his own last voyage, and something moved him to tell the story of Golden Spring and Lady Silcot's defense of her husband.

'Well, Mr. Masson,' said President Sandyford, with drawling but emphatic enunciation, 'I don't confess to being perverted by Lady Silcot's sob stuff. She must know in her heart what you and I might not venture to say to her face — that her husband was a determined villain, though he failed to commit any great villainy, through no fault of his. If you had had a chance of winning those three men to the side of right, and honor, and goodness, you might have succeeded with Fowler, who gave some sign of having a conscience, and you could have certainly captured Blumton with a judicious employment of Hell — but there, you good ministers are shy of the brimstone argument nowadays. Silcot — I know the breed — would have made light of all your

church candies and all your spiritual horsewhips.'

But, to Masson's astonishment, Dr. Lansing took a different view.

'I think, President,' he said, 'you put too much weight on the one wrong dominating choice of aim which Silcot made at the outset of his career. Before I would call him a determined villain, I should like to ascertain whether in matters unconnected with that aim he was given to deceit or theft or cruelty, and how far he managed to win and retain the trust or affection or respect of his clients and subordinates, of his closest intimates, and of the public generally. Meantime, I cannot withhold my admiration of the man's courage. Think of the risks he ran — the liability to exposure, the possible treachery of his confederates, the prosecution, the heavy sentence, the lifelong disgrace. He laid his plans, took the main burden on himself, sheltered behind no innocent agent, held to his purpose through those months of waiting with a nerve of steel, and all with no apparent escape from an explosion of investors' wrath and a racketing investigation. How could he stick it? I tell you, I call it magnificent. You think me quite wrong, do you? Well, what do you say to Browning?

'Let a man contend to the uttermost
For his life's set prize, be it what it will! . . .
And the sin I impute to each frustrate ghost
Is, the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin,
Though the end in sight was a vice, I say.'

'Browning, Doctor,' interrupted Sanddyford, 'yes, perhaps — but how about Scripture?'

'I thought that challenge was coming,' rejoined the Doctor, with a smile. 'Well, I seem to remember a story of a dishonest steward, who for a certain line of action was held up to admiration

by a very great Authority. Something very fine may be found in a bad man. And as to Silcot's line of action, read over the eleventh of Hebrews, and consider whether that element of discernment and forceful, unconquerable courage there glorified was not evident in him. Apart from the one wrong indefensible choice of purpose with which he started, I should say Silcot was not far from the kingdom of God.'

'And about the other two men, Doctor?' asked Masson.

'About the other two, Mr. Masson,' replied Dr. Lansing, 'I should say this. Probably you have found in Scotland what I have found in New York. Our churches are cursed with Blumtons and Fowlers. To use friend Sanddyford's language, 'we have thousands of people living most decorously because they smelled brimstone. These people would sin in certain ways and enjoy it, and the one real reason that prevents them is that they are afraid. The horror is that they imagine their decorous cowardice is Christianity.

'As for the Fowlers — well, there's a touch of Fowler in us all. Obey conscience and Christ as long as it pays. When your skin or your pocket or your pride is hurt, deny the good, deny the truth, and revile God. Isn't it contemptible?

'And the Church and the nation and the world are all in such need of men who can bear to be hurt and are not to be cowed by any hurt, burning for achievement and service. Give me a converted Silcot, say I.'

The talk then diverged to other regions. Mr. Masson, on returning to Scotland, made a careful study of Browning's 'Statue and the Bust' and the eleventh of Hebrews. Even now he is not sure whether Dr. Lansing was right.

SONNET

By many paths we reach the single goal,
And all our quarrels deal but with its name;
There is no soul so different from my soul
As in its essence to be not the same.
No warrior but in his heart must know
How triumph is not proud nor vengeance sweet,
For he beholds, who slays the kindred foe,
Himself, self-murdered, lying at his feet.

It has been written that we are the islands
Which, ocean-sundered into seeming twain,
Are truly of one continent, the highlands
Wrought of one rock and rooted in one plain.
Bright Himalayan peace! the humblest crest
One with the splendor of Mount Everest.

ROBERT HILLYER

AN APOSTLE TO YOUTH

BY JOHN MCCOOK ROOTS

I

WHEN the Church fails, God sends a man.

Since the Middle Ages there have been three awakenings, each about two centuries apart, each of which forced upon a reluctant world some neglected aspect of truth. Saint Francis sought to free men from bondage to things, Martin Luther from bondage to institutions and dogmas, John Wesley from lethargy.

Since Wesley nearly a century and a half has passed. The language with which he stirred the placid rationalism of two hundred years ago would not arouse a flicker of interest to-day. But something is needed to do for the twentieth century what he did for the eighteenth. It is not something new that is needed so much as a rediscovery of the power which lies hidden in the simplest Christian platitudes. As Coleridge has it, 'Truths, of all others the most awful and interesting, are too often considered as so true, that they lose all the power of truth, and lie bedridden in the dormitory of the soul, side by side with the most despised and exploded errors.' His remedy is not easy, but it is simple: 'To restore a commonplace truth to its first uncommon lustre, you need only translate it into action.'

A small but growing group of people with whom I have only lately become well acquainted seem to me to be doing this. They seek to apply in their own lives the teachings of the New Testa-

ment. They work so far as possible within the established churches, but they also reach and reach effectively people, particularly young people, who ordinarily would never darken the doors of a church. Masses mean little to them; individuals everything. They are interested not so much in theoretical aspects of religion or God or Christ as in the daily life which these demand. Each one is convinced, on the basis of personal experience, that God is a reality; that the only barrier which can prevent a man from knowing God is sin, conscious or unconscious; that Jesus Christ is the saviour from sin, and that a man is cleansed in so far as he wills to receive Him, recognizing his faults as sins and turning from them to a life of unflinching devotion to the particular will of God revealed through prayer, expectant listening, and active witness with others. They hold nothing that is not taught in the Gospels and described in the Acts and Epistles. They believe nothing that Christians of all creeds do not profess to believe. Their chief difference lies in the uncompromising manner in which they apply their beliefs to life.

Many people to-day, whatever they profess, assume that for all practical purposes Christ's standards must be adapted to human nature. This group act on the assumption that human nature must be adapted to the moral standards of Jesus Christ. They believe that human nature can be remoulded radically toward meeting those standards. In other words, they believe in

Conversion. Many people to-day, while professing belief in prayer and a divine purpose, pray only in spasms and have never stopped long enough to consider that God might have a purpose for them at variance with the one they are restlessly or recklessly or hazily pursuing. This group take it for granted that a converted life can be guided in all things by God's Holy Spirit working through the human mind. They believe that prayer for most people who ever pray consists too much in petition. They too believe in petition. But they believe first in submission and audition — surrender and listening. They aim to shape their daily course of action on the basis of luminous thoughts which may come at any time, but come most fruitfully in the quiet of the early morning, and which can never come at all except as their own lives are purged of self-will and remain perpetually poised in eagerness to receive and follow the divine direction. They are convinced not only that this sort of active communion with God is interesting and satisfying, but that it is available to all. In a word, they believe in Guidance, and this involves not only guided work, sleep, eating, recreation, and rest, but also guided witness. Some people may find that they must talk less; others that they should talk more; others that they simply talk differently. But on each one who has found this quality of life is laid the obligation of mediating it to the world — a world composed not of humanity but of human beings. With everyone a worker in his own environment for the same end, there has been born among this group a richness of spiritual fellowship which is the rarest thing I know.

II

My junior year at Harvard, during the winter of 1923-1924, was the

occasion of my first contact with it — a small cluster of college men, mostly young, gathered over the week-end at a wayside inn near Cambridge to talk honestly about what life had meant so far and what it might mean. I had just come from one of the great student conventions whose business it is to discuss religion, and was in no mood for more. But the friend who asked me had said that this was a 'house party,' that I should meet there an interesting person who had known my father in China, that I could say whatever I wished and leave at any time.

Two characteristics of that group particularly impressed me. One was its difference from much which I had previously associated with religion — the people were happy without being professional, the leaders were sympathetic without being solicitous, and there was no formality or programme. The other point was the transparent honesty of the atmosphere. The first quality made me feel immediately at home. The second conveyed the thought, to me a discovery, that God is real to a man only in proportion as he seeks to apply in his own life the moral standards of Jesus Christ. I had known and accepted the idea in theory. Never before had I heard any normal person of my years speak of Christ as a cure for impurity or a power for honesty. I left this house party realizing for the first time that many of my professed beliefs or unbeliefs had a moral basis, and knowing that there were abroad in the world modern people whose religion was a tempting reality.

The movement of which this was my first glimpse began, as most spiritual movements have begun, with an individual. He is F. N. D. Buchman, an ordained Lutheran minister, just turned fifty. Born in an obscure Pennsylvania town, recipient of an A.B., A.M., and D.D. from Muhlenberg College, of no

extraordinary personality, he is hardly the sort one would expect to recapture for the twentieth century something of the radiance of Saint Francis, the mysticism of Fox, the evangelism of Wesley.

Like the founder of Methodism, he finished his seminary course still a stranger to the white heat of Christian experience. There followed a year or two of desultory social-service work and foreign travel, and in 1908 he found himself at Keswick, England. He was unhappy and perplexed. Resentment against certain religious people had been festering in his heart. For some time he had had an uneasy feeling that this was causing him the trouble. Always his pride had forbidden humiliation before his enemies.

While in this state of mind he wandered one day into a little country church where a woman was speaking on some aspect of the Cross. He does not know her name, but something in what she said stirred him to the depths, and he saw himself for what he truly was. It marked the turning point. Next day he mailed to America six letters of simple apology, and at the head of each he wrote: —

When I survey the wondrous Cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

He never heard from those six men. But for the first time in his life he felt the power of Christ as an inward reality. It was what Johann Tauler, Luther's spiritual father, used to emphasize as the 'unmaking' of a man that he might be 'made again' of God.

From then on his doubts left him. 'Sin,' he has since explained, 'is anything that keeps one from God or from another person.' The sin of pride had been burned away, and the explorer set out to share his discovery with others.

In 1909 he was recommended by Dr.

Mott to head the Y.M.C.A. at a large state university. It was no sinecure. The students were hostile, the faculty politely skeptical. Mass evangelism obviously had no place. Personal contacts had. Religious societies in university centres are apt to count heads. The young 'Y' secretary knew better. He believed that no man was fully won to Christ until he himself was winning other men.

Three men stood out to him as the key points of the situation — the college dean, a popular and cultured graduate student, and Bill 'Pickle,' the leading bootlegger of a ring that was the despair of the college authorities. The student, who had a fondness for codes of ethics, had styled himself a Confucianist. To his surprise, Buchman took him seriously, and banteringly suggested that if Confucianism was good for him it should be good for someone else. He dared him to try it on Mike Milligan, a chicken thief with a wide reputation in the neighborhood. By this time they were close friends, and the challenge was accepted. He was to have three months preaching Confucianism. Week after week the earnest young altruist called on the family. He was kind to the wife, gave presents to the children. But Mike remained unchanged. At the end of his period the student returned to admit defeat. 'I can't do anything,' he said. 'The more I give the more they want.' Buchman suggested they start together on Bill the bootlegger. He won the man's confidence; and before long the worst influence in college was not only changed himself, but determined to win his fellow professionals to Christ. The undergraduate was so struck by it all that he decided to try this religion which had succeeded where he had failed. The dean was a confirmed agnostic, but, finding his disciplinary duties lightened by the improvement in

the liquor situation, he was increasingly drawn to a faith that could achieve such modern miracles, and finally put himself on record as an active believer. Within three years there were twelve hundred men in voluntary Bible study.

III

Leaving this university in 1915, Buchman toured for a year in India, Korea, and Japan with Sherwood Eddy, returned in 1916 as an extension lecturer at Hartford Theological Seminary, and spent 1917-1919 again in the Far East. During these years there were gradually crystallizing in his mind the principles of Christian work with individuals which he felt the world most needed. A letter written at that time states clearly his purpose: 'This principle (of personalized evangelism) is the essential of Christianity and the absolute essential of all progress. The depersonalization of all activity is one of the great problems of our day. In business, education, and in every mission activity we must return to the fundamental principle of Christ as a constant and get into touch with men individually. Those whom we long to win must be in touch with the soul of the movement, which is any human heart aflame with the vital fire.'

His principles of action centre about five words — Confidence, Confession, Conviction, Conversion, Continuance. The first is the natural development of friendly acquaintance. The second is the normal result of intimate friendship, when barriers are leveled and each sees the other as he is. The third, conviction of sin, is the normal result of the impact upon a man of a quality of life which he instinctively knows to be superior to his own, the lack of which he recognizes as an offense against God, and as his fault and only his. Conversion is the radical change of values

brought about by God's Spirit working in the heart. Continuance is that life-long process of growth familiar both to religion and to psychology. In the realm of religion it involves personal discipline — prayer, Bible study, times of quiet for listening to the direction of the Holy Spirit, and it involves personal witness, mediating to others what conversion to Christ has meant to one's self. In the realm of psychology it involves an outlet in intelligent expressional activity for the emotion which otherwise would either die or show itself in undesirable ways.

There is a further point involved in the principle of Continuance which I feel is a unique contribution to the religious life of to-day. This is the principle of training leadership to carry on the work, not as a loose confederation of units, but as a body of men going forward as they did after Pentecost 'with one heart and mind.' It is a principle which takes pains and time. It means laying one's life alongside another's and staying by him until he is not only changed himself, but able under God to change others, and until he is willing to work in harmony with those engaged in like tasks.

Four friends of Mr. Buchman occur to me as illustrating this principle — three Americans and one Scotchman. They are all college graduates and could have had the best the world affords had they so desired. What is more, they craved it in one form or another until the day when they met a man who asked them to forsake all for Christ. They had met less radical challenges with which they had toyed or which they had ignored. This idea caught their imagination. It was new. It was startling. It was presumptuous. But it gave them pause. Then, month after month, as they saw more and more of this interesting person, — sometimes traveling, sometimes resting, but

constantly in touch with human problems, constantly amazed at the miracles of regeneration which took place, seeing more and more how they themselves could be used to like ends, — gradually there unfolded within them a picture of what they might do for the world were they to give their *all*.

It would have been so easy for any one of these four to have filled his conventional niche in the business or professional or religious world. But it was not such a spirit that once turned the world upside down.

IV

During the years immediately following the war, the conviction grew on Mr. Buchman that the most neglected and ill-handled field of spiritual endeavor in the English-speaking world was to be found in the colleges and universities of Britain and America. He saw, too, that there was no group of people better able to bring about a vital Christian movement. They were young, intelligent, cultured, but for most of them conventional religion was at best a burden to be endured, and at worst a myth to be ignored. To awaken interest something distinctive was needed. The week-end house party, an established channel of social intercourse, offered an evident solution of the problem.

In the summer of 1918 the first house party took place at Kuling, a Central China summer resort, with a group of about a hundred Chinese and foreign Christians — missionaries, pastors, statesmen, business and professional men. They were together for two weeks, talking about the deepest things in their own experiences, acknowledging frankly where life had been a failure, and seeking to find whether it held more in store for them than they had already found.

Two years later Buchman was in Cambridge, England, with letters to sons of a number of men he had met in the Far East. Two young Englishmen returned with him to visit certain colleges in the United States, and the next summer (1921) there was held in Cambridge a week-end group for university men from both Oxford and Cambridge. A member of Parliament, who was present, set the tone of the gathering by frankly acknowledging that he had spent his life seeking things for himself, that he was dissatisfied, unhappy, that he wished the young men present to profit by his mistakes. Harold Begbie, widely known journalist and author, attended a similar house party later on as a rather critical observer, but was so impressed by the phenomenal change in certain individuals over the week-end that he went to Frank Buchman and asked permission to write a book about his work. The latter consented, provided no mention were made of his own name, and the book, entitled *Life Changers* ('More Twice-Born Men') was subsequently published both in this country and in England.

Since then there have been a growing number of house parties in both England and America. The name has held because it best describes the atmosphere of these gatherings, which in their general setting more closely resemble a secular house party than the usual religious 'conference' or 'convention.' E. S. Martin has called them 'the church in the house.' They range in size from twenty to a hundred and fifty or more. The place is a country inn, a hotel, or a private residence, according to the demand for space. The period of time extends from a week-end to a week or ten days. Youth in the twenties is more in evidence than age, but there are now a growing number of parents, teachers, and older people who

come and have learned that a searching Christian experience is no prerogative of the younger generation. Professions represented are apt to run all the way from selling newspapers and bootlegging to presiding over schools and theological seminaries. Younger business men and their wives, college undergraduates, society girls, and stenographers make up the balance.

Groups are held in the living room, and people are free to go or not as they choose. Informality is the order of the day. The basis of invitation is friendship, and this, together with the times when simple introductions are in order, makes for a relationship among those present that is warm and personal.

The object of the house party is frankly to relate modern individuals to Jesus Christ in terms which they understand and in an environment which they find congenial. The fundamentals of the Christian message are covered in a series of informal talks on Sin, Surrender, Conversion, Guidance, and the rationale of intelligent Witness, or how to mediate to another one's own experience of Christ. Bible study usually takes up an important part of each day. Separate groups for men and women, often divided as to age and profession, provide an opportunity for discussion of various problems connected with sex or money or life work in a more intimate vein than is possible in a mixed gathering. Each morning opens with a time of united quiet, during which thought is directed toward God in full conviction that, to a mind and heart eager to discover it, He can make known His will. The evenings provide a period when anyone can talk who wants to.

A bishop of the Episcopal Church who attended a house party last June has noted down some of his impressions as follows:—

The Minnewaska house party, June 21-28, was a revelation to me. It revealed a kind of vitality which seems to me the fundamental need of the Church and of individual Christians, men and women, to-day. The good fellowship was striking, for it appeared not simply in fun and good times but seemed to go to the very bottom of the deepest things we know or hope or fear. The emphasis upon the possibility and need of daily, indeed constant, communion with God, and guidance by His Spirit, echoed the many-sided appeal of Saint Paul 'to the saints that are in Christ.'

Sin was dealt with in the frank and direct way which youth demands. Nothing was glossed over, yet there was no morbidity. Chief attention, in the public meetings, was given to those sins of envy, pride, censoriousness, cowardice, sloth, uncharitableness, and insincerity which are so often fatal to fellowship and spiritual vigor just because they are not recognized as equally serious with the gross and carnal sins. The aseptic atmosphere of these discussions owed much to the fact that the ludicrous stupidity of many sins shone out vividly in obviously sincere confession, and brought out spontaneously the cleansing laughter of the whole group.

Frequent reference was made to the need of discipline, beginning with the regular observance of the morning watch or times of quiet, but refusing to stop short of whatever is required to bring us up to our *best* in body, mind, spirit, and social relationships.

Most significant of all, I think, was the group life there described and for a few days lived out by a large proportion of those present. 'Sharing,' or manifest willingness to 'share,' to the limit was at work before our eyes, and through it the Holy Spirit was giving courage to the timid, hope to those on the verge of despair, insight to the blind, in some cases life out of spiritual death, and initiating all who were willing to the hope and joy and strength that come from creative experience in the moral and spiritual realm.

Most people to-day are facing two problems, sex and money. These house-party groups, I believe, are helping to solve them.

The question of sex needs no emphasis to bring it into the open. It is already emphasized, not to say over-emphasized, in literature, moving pictures, and social relationships with a freedom unheard of for over a century. Psychiatrists say that it is an important factor in a great majority of their cases. Doctors state that in some form or other it is a nearly universal problem with both men and women. Every minister who deals searchingly with any form of the confessional knows that he cannot avoid meeting it. Yet the attitude of most parents, teachers, and churches toward this problem in all its perplexing ramifications is marked by timidity and clumsiness if not by sheer cowardice. Sex is discussed nowadays in nearly every conceivable atmosphere but that in which it is most likely to find a solution, namely, an atmosphere dedicated to Jesus Christ.

This group of people, in the first place, recognize the sex problem as one that exists. What some call sexual experimentation they would call sin. In the second place they recognize that the instinct is at bottom a God-given one, and while they do not condone any perversion of thought or word or deed, they know that the real problem is not one of suppression but one of control and sublimation. As in the case of other problems, they believe that the cure lies ultimately not in mere human force of will, but in the cleansing stream of spiritual life that follows upon a genuine conversion. It is what Saint Paul means when he writes, 'Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh.' It is what a great psychologist has called 'the expulsive power of a higher affection.'

It is, of course, not a subject for discussion in mixed groups. In separate groups for men and women it is not infrequently brought up, and real help afforded by a frank and aseptic can-

vassing of various aspects of the problem, including the problems of marriage and divorce. In dealing with individuals it is considered advisable to be alert to its manifestations, to be ready, if necessary, to discuss it very personally and very frankly and always to indicate that the only adequate solution comes from God, whose renewing moral power flows into the life of one who wholly surrenders to His will as revealed in Jesus Christ.

Then there is the problem of money and possessions, with its related problem of social injustice. This is the crux of the communist hatred of Christianity, and is the chief reason why one sees over against the Chapel of the Iberian Virgin in Moscow the Russian motto, 'Religion is the opium of the people.' It must be faced by anyone or any group that wishes to commend the gospel of Christ to our modern world.

Much is to be said for the communist ideal—from each according to his ability, to each according to his need. Something like this state *ought* to exist, but it does n't. The problem is what to do about it.

It is in his method of solution that the Marxian communist takes issue with the follower of Christ. Michael Borodin, two years ago the dominant figure in South China and chief Soviet adviser to the Nationalist Government, once told me in his picturesque way what he considered the chief difference between pure communism and pure Christianity. 'You,' he said, 'undertake to bring in the Kingdom of God through love. We are striving to bring it in by force.'

The members of this group of which I have been speaking accept this challenge. They sympathize with efforts to remedy economic ills by legislation and to awaken a more sensitive social conscience. They realize, too, that

these, like the communist appeal to armed force, are not final solutions, because they seek to mould men's conduct in one area without sufficient reference to men's primary need in every area, which is God. They are palliatives, not cures.

Jesus appears in a sense to have chosen between social leadership and spiritual leadership. He recognized that the problem at bottom was an individual one. What counted first of all was not environment but character. He can be said to have founded the 'social gospel' only in so far as this is derived from a radical application of the personal gospel. So I feel that this group is true to what was most distinctive in Christ's method, when it lays its main emphasis not on modifying men's actions but on changing men's lives.

Money and possessions are treated simply as belonging to that whole category of material things which are not in themselves either evil or good, which are given for our use, but which, in proportion as our desire for them overrides our desire for God, can effectually keep God out. In so far as they do this, they are a cause of sin, and must be dealt with like any other sin. In a word, they must be 'surrendered.' To a man sincerely trying to do God's will rather than his own, and seeking daily guidance toward this end, there is no problem either of pride in receiving for his own needs or of miserliness in giving to supply the needs of others. There results a form of practical sharing of possessions which seems to me to hold the germ of a truly spiritual solution for the problem of material inequality. There results, too, a literal casting of all *anxious* concern, for the world and for the individual, upon God, with a resolve to give to the limit whenever guided to do so, but not to worry in general where one cannot

help in particular. They and all they have belong to their fellow men, but only because first of all they belong to God.

V

I am reminded of a reflection attributed to Goethe — 'Truth can never be expressed; Truth can only be lived.' After all, the unit of interest, like the ultimate unit of value, will be the individual life. Nothing that lacks capacity for radically altering lives is likely to stir the Church, the nation, or the world. I say 'radically' because I am convinced that nothing short of a coalition of individual spiritual upheavals will serve to produce the corporate religious upheaval which we so sorely need.

Now an individual spiritual upheaval need not be spectacular. Occasionally it is. It was spectacular when a veteran bootlegger in an Eastern city recently found Christ and started out to vend his discovery in place of his liquor. It was spectacular when a still youthful son of privilege from the South, versed for ten years in the more sordid ways of the world, changed his course and decided on the ministry. It was spectacular when his own experience, shared with a college graduate in an hour of need, proved the medium for a cure which had been beyond the power of psychiatry. But even more impressive, it seems to me, is the experience of a young New York business man¹ and his wife who found in Christianity lived to the hilt a joy they had vainly sought in the glamour of their own social set.

We are reasonably well accustomed to the conversion of a 'down-and-outer.' His need is obvious. When vital religion lays hold on an 'up-and-outer' — one of that growing body of

¹ 'In Spite of Himself,' in *Children of the Second Birth*, by S. M. Shoemaker, Jr. Revell, 1927.

pleasant pagans who apparently have all they want in this world and the next — it is time for the professional Christian to be concerned. Something explosive is on foot.

I am told they were the last people one would naturally consider as candidates for conversion. Till two years ago their lives were like the lives of hundreds of other young couples scattered over our broad land. He was a popular member of his class at an aristocratic Eastern university. She was a sought-after débutante in New York a few seasons ago. Together they went everywhere and did everything. Life rested lightly on their shoulders. They were lovable, attractive, unselfish in a self-centred sort of way, approved religion, and attended church in so far as this was fashionable. To them might have been applied literally the remark attributed by a friend to Dr. Alexander Whyte of Scotland — that they had every virtue but a sense of sin.

I asked him for an autobiographical sketch down to date, and this is the result: —

From 1913 to 1925 I managed a complete spiritual vacation while accomplishing prep school, college, four years of business, and, in 1924, an exceedingly happy marriage. I had been raised on the customary Presbyterian Sunday-school diet and graduated into prep school with well-defined notions about religion and God. My beliefs were that religion was bounded on all sides by the duty of obeying the Ten Commandments, that God was a combination of school-teacher and policeman, and that if you obeyed the Commandments fairly well He would let you alone. I began then to live without Him. Nothing terrible happened, so I proceeded to forget about Him except when I was in trouble.

I had managed to retain from the boy stage a fairly clean way of life, a high sense of duty toward civilization in general, and a desire to help others — all of which were based on family pride, Mother and Dad

having instilled into me the firm belief that people who were anybody showed it by the fact of their desire to help others, and by setting an example that would be a little above their environment. I, personally, thought I had a lot to give other people, and that I could make their lives work out better if they would only ask my advice. No one did ask, however, so I had no chance to find out how useless I was on the deeper levels.

My wife and I thought it was the thing for representative younger married couples in New York to have a church connection and, from many which we tried out, we selected Calvary Episcopal because we found there a younger crowd of people enthusiastic about something. What our life lacked was a joint enthusiasm for something bigger than ourselves, so we started to try to find what seemed to give these Calvary people such a zest in living. They made a natural humorous crowd from all walks and stations of life, but they all seemed to have a definite purpose in view. To my real-estate-broker mind, each one seemed to have a big deal on.

We became more and more interested. But I had entered in as an equal with these people, and I found by the contrast of our lives as the year went by that I was not even born spiritually, whereas they were actively growing up. It took many months for my imagination to be sufficiently developed to see clearly a quality of life which was miles above ours. An entirely new picture of sin became clear to me, and many things in my life showed the necessity of being weeded out, not because they were bad in the world's sense, but because they stood in the way of my drawing closer to God and to the people around me. Among these was my independent attitude toward God — leaving Him out of my whole daily scheme of thought and never asking Him to make plans for my life.

It might be remarked at this point that most people have a distorted notion of just what constitutes sin. Most of us would concede that murder and theft and adultery were sins. Many would be inclined to include lying. Some would add bad temper. Few

would be likely to give the definition which is implied throughout the Gospels — that fundamentally sin is independence toward God. Most of us incline to take a passive and negative view of sin as transgression of an ethical code. Jesus went deeper and placed the emphasis on an active and positive quality of life: 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart . . . [and] thy neighbour as thyself.' Not so much by what a man does as by what he leaves undone will he be judged. The criterion is Christlike-ness. It would have been hard to convict this young business man on the basis of the Ten Commandments. What did convict him was a power in others which he coveted for himself. He felt no sense of need until he realized that he had nothing but impotent sympathy for a friend in need. That lack he had to recognize as sin.

It is commonly stated that religion would be all right were it only practical. I recall in this connection the distinction drawn by a biographer of Saint Francis of Assisi between a practical life and one that is merely 'immediately practicable.' Our business friend's conclusion follows: —

Difficulties very soon arose in my business because I did not want to let this field into the new scheme of things. It is difficult to turn over your life completely on a basis of faith; and I decided that God could run my social relationships, but that my wife and I would probably starve if I let Him into my business affairs. I dreaded being thought an impractical idealist. So I kept very quiet around the office about religious matters. This was unnatural and double-faced, and therefore uncomfortable. But certain questions had to be faced and decided because God seemed to want me to stay in business. If I was to control the making of money, could I let God have control over the spending of it? And the questions arose of what to do about time taken out of business hours for guided spiritual

contacts, of God's time crossing my time, of money spent or given away under guidance in amounts that I did not seem able to afford humanly, of what to tell the office people about the times when I disappeared from my desk for an afternoon or an hour, of the question of office allegiance and duty to my employer. It had to be one of two ways — God to have all or nothing. Finally I took the full plunge, surrendered to God my desire for business success, my fear of needing money, my cherished reputation as a hard-headed, practical person, and decided to let Him have His way in all things. Immediately the fears were solved, and business people turned out to be just like everyone anywhere. Where I did not fear the individuals, contacts have become real, business affairs go far better in less time, and the relationship of time spent on different things is now solved because all time belongs to God.

God makes a difference. The step which these two people took shows not alone in a serenity of look and thought and action, and in a quiet joy which the world may ruffle, but which it cannot disturb. It has shown itself also in its direct effect on others. In a little book published some forty years ago, entitled *Modern Christianity: A Civilized Heathenism*, a cultured Parsee inquires of a worldly Anglican divine just what difference exists between a nominal believer and a high-minded unbeliever. And he continues with this challenge: 'If the age of miracles has ceased, it must be because the age of personal witness has begun. Never yet was a man asked to believe in a supernatural God without evidence supernatural. This is the evidence which I demand.' This demand for evidence is one which the world has a perfect right to make of a Church and of people who claim to have found something worth spreading. It is the scientific attitude. It is the legal attitude. It was Christ's attitude — 'By their fruits ye shall know them.'

I could gather the stories of a hundred or two hundred people on both sides of the Atlantic whose lives have been changed as radically. They come from all walks of life and are of all ages, although the majority are young men and women. They do not represent any unique dispensation of the Spirit. They bear witness to that dispensation which has been abroad in the world ever since Christ died. Only they have received it in terms of their own generation, and they tell of it in the language of to-day.

Throughout the English-speaking world and beyond — in churches, in homes, in offices — little groups are meeting to conserve, strengthen, and

transmit to others their new-found secret. It is indeed an open secret. But to each one it comes as a fresh and luminous discovery. Do not be surprised to hear them speak of this 'way' with the disturbing authority of firsthand experience and in full conviction that it is available to all. It was a distinguished professor of philosophy who wrote, commenting on a certain 'divine right' implied in the apostolic message, 'Historically speaking, the crux of Christianity is its element of presumption.' These people have found what is a very rare thing in this modern world — a core of inward spiritual certainty. They have, not a question, but an answer.

PROFESSOR

BY ALLAN HOBEN

I

THAT was a wise Bostonian who introduced Booker T. Washington to his meticulous Southern friend as Professor Washington. He avoided offense because, in point of social status and claim to equality, that title left more room for mental reservation than any other in common use. 'Mister' might have implied full human rank; 'Doctor' would have carried distinction ranging from a Mayo to a country preacher or a chiropractor; 'President' would have meant rule over some group or other; but 'Professor,' with its innocent and pallid assumption, quite solved the ticklish situation. We who endure the mild epithet sometimes wish that the pseudo-psychologists, the success ex-

perts, the snake-oil brethren and circus trainers who seem to derive both profit and pleasure from this embellishment, would appropriate it exclusively, if by this release we might rise to the status of 'Mister.'

Whenever the business man says in his opulent drawl, 'Well, Professor,' we detect a slight contempt, not indeed intentional, but more baffling on that account, and making one feel as much at ease as those dreams of appearing in public with only scanty bedroom attire. The most frequent exceptions among business men belong to the 'peculiar people,' so often maligned as money-getters and nothing else, who, contrary to popular fancy, evince a genuine respect for learning and graciously clothe us with robes of gratifying prestige.

How often have they said or implied, 'Ah, money, that is nothing; but to master ancient lore, that is noble and worthy, that makes one truly "rabbi."' So have they strengthened the feeble knees of scholarship.

When the reporter calls up for a statement, within or without our field, we know that he expects some foolish utterance, or one that will appear so; while the promoters of submerged lots, dry oil wells, and Alaska orange groves pay us an amount of attention by circular and personal solicitation that is too often successful from their point of view and embarrassing from ours. Not only so, but the student holds it against us. He thinks that because we were all 'A' and not fitted for practical affairs, we are perforce alien to his world; and the manifesto of this separation is 'Professor.'

We are an odd lot, rejoicing in the cadence of language and in its transfer from one set of sounds or symbols to another, poking about to find the historical mouse in the musty cellar or the cluttered attic, prying into the ways of nature and unearthing secrets that make others rich or healthy or suicidal, taking the wrong side in politics and advocating the impossible, forgetting everything that is irrelevant, much to the merriment of thrifty folk, and adorning ambitious social gatherings and women's clubs, as occasion may demand, with that awkward, scholarly remoteness which a portion of the dear public adores and avoids.

While we have no labor-union rules covering classroom duties, nevertheless our college presidents and trustees are reasonable in their demand of from ten to fifteen hours of teaching per week. They recognize the fact that this work is difficult and taxing, so that, whereas some laborers may put in that many hours in a day or two, our effort is more mercifully diffused, and when exhaus-

tion comes, by the middle of June, we are granted three months' vacation to recuperate. This free summer period is our lucky inheritance from rural America, which was brought up on winter schooling and summer farming.

Faculty meetings are held fortnightly, or from time to time, for the purpose of discussing, refining, and multiplying our differences. They are enjoyed mainly by those who participate — which seems fair enough. Premature action is avoided by virtue of the fact that every one of us has his own way of looking at a given problem, and because everything that we take up is a problem. Perhaps we are most nearly at one in regarding our president as an uneducated man. Although he has a degree or so, he frequently settles matters before all of the evidence is in, thus violating true scholarly method.

For example, our faculty has been making a five-year study of the question whether a student should receive credit toward the bachelor's degree for time spent in the library and certified by a monitor. Our questionnaire covering one hundred and thirty-seven considerations has been sent to all of the principal colleges and universities in America. Three per cent have responded with complete answers, 9 per cent have covered about half of the questions, while some 80 per cent have failed to reply.

With this vital study at so incomplete a stage, and after only five years of investigation and discussion, the president took the very unacademic course of vigorously favoring the allowance of credit, contending that the atmosphere created by so many books, — many of them very old, — the opportunity and posture of meditation on the part of students when in the library, and the good impression made on visitors seeing the library well patronized, were sufficient to warrant a

small minimum of credit toward the degree. It is precipitate action of this sort that has removed nearly every college president from the ranks of the truly learned.

One could multiply instances of such presidential folly, often endangering professorial freedom of speech. It is rumored that our professor of geology was reprimanded for taking the greater part of an hour to show his class why Herbert Hoover could not be a good president of the United States; that our professor of modern poetry was taken to task for telling the Centerville Women's Club that the college stands for companionate marriage; and that the professor of physics was told in so many words that, if his research was so engrossing as to prevent teaching altogether, he should find a new position that would better suit his programme.

But it is mainly in contact with the students that we have our greatest joys and perplexities. Taken singly, they are immensely satisfying, but the aggregate, known as the student body, is another matter. Individual virtue combining into collective 'cussedness' is as marvelous as chemical reactions, and often equally malodorous. The separate ingredients, so smooth and docile, often become T. N. T. in action, when touched off by a football victory or rushed into collision with 'the authorities' by some rumor-inflated Falstaff.

Perhaps we tend to forget the dear days of long ago, when in 'dorm' or 'frat' we proved to one another that the whole 'shootin' match' was crooked, hypocritical, mercenary, and cowardly; when we really thought that we were being gouged, coerced, restrained, and pushed about by the paternalistic hand in a way that evoked such satanic ability as we could muster. Alas, we cannot teach what has been committed only to Time.

II

For my part I know not how to rectify the assumptions which lured me into a professorship of Greek. Is it not the perfect language in point of exactness? Does it not carry the treasure of classic literature, the key to art, and the soul of philosophy? What could Rome have been without it but an army and some bags of gold? How could Europe have awakened from its long sleep and found its mind but through the renaissance of Greek language, thought, and culture? Was it, then, utterly foolish to believe that something similar to the historic fact might recur in the education of youth? Perhaps it would happen if I could only get young men to expose themselves to this palpitating glory, these ultraviolet rays of learning. But Smith, Jones, and Cohen do not care. They say, 'Show me how to build aeroplanes, to sell bonds, to capture South American markets.'

I cannot complain of our Curriculum Committee, for they have given me a fair chance to display my wares in a large orientation class, where many of us cast various forms of bait and draw attention to the history, nature, and aims of learning and civilization. But I'm afraid that I rather spoiled my chance on the last occasion when I confronted this mess of freshmen. I thought that I was at my best in flashing before them the brightest jewels of the Age of Pericles, but they were restless, noisy, and discourteous, some even rising to leave the room before I had concluded. Whereupon, perhaps through the love I bear my subject, but possibly from some lower motive, I blurted out, 'Wait a minute, please; I have a few more pearls to cast.' If I am not blacklisted for that it will be because so few understood the allusion.

When I came to my present position

I was intolerant of coeducation. I thought that, while love-making must somehow be admitted as part of the general social economy, it should not be admitted to classroom practice. In trite phrase, I believed in education rather than coeducation. Possibly the fact that some of the best women students have taken my courses has made for conversion. And now that I have made or experienced this adjustment to new conditions, why may I not hit upon some way of connecting Greek with business administration or short-story writing, movie scenarios or journalism? There must be some way of proving that I am not an utter utilitarian, a candidate for a bench in the public park. Twelve years ago when I finished my doctor's thesis on 'Homer's Use of ἐπι with the Dative Case,' I felt somehow a confidence which I now lack. Still, my colleagues in modern language are not much better off, and I'll wager that five or ten years from now my Greek students will be more at home with the *Anabasis* than their mob of young convicts will be in, say, French or German or Spanish, which they took as the easiest way to meet the 'requirement.'

I have often thought that I should write or turn my scholarship to additional remunerative use, as the men in engineering, law, and theology so frequently do. It must be very pleasant to advise people how to build bridges and factories, how to avoid or escape legal difficulties, and how to stand in with the Almighty. I am told that textbooks pay well, and that big money has been made by merely selecting and editing Biblical passages. But, if my effort were to be literary, I should like to be more creative than that, and I am sure that if I only had the time I could break through with an epoch-making work.

But what with ten hours of classroom duty per week, thirty-three stu-

dents on my hands, the careful reading of current periodicals on Greek, and the care of keeping my notes and texts where I can pick up the right ones when the lecture bell rings, and with only Saturday, Sunday, and Monday free and a three months' vacation, I am so rushed that any serious consideration of creative writing is possible only in sabbatical years, which some hold should be given solely to rest and recuperation, but which I think might be used in part for literary work and extra earnings. The expense of living in a college town and educating our daughter can hardly be met by a meagre salary of five thousand dollars.

But there are other compensations to be found in youthful minds quickened to beauty, attaining their own sure right to critical judgment and their own power to carry on; in graduates who have scaled the heights and are noted authorities; in now and then a letter of gratitude and understanding, and in one's ever-present opportunity to consort with the choicest minds of history. The tendency to take refuge in this platonic company to the exclusion of the raw human stuff now in the making is, no doubt, one of the major dangers of my cult.

It took several years for me to grasp the fact that in so puzzling a world of men and affairs my opportunity for the give and take of friendship lay in the members of my classes, and that perhaps they would let me know them if I would let them know me. This policy has involved, I hope, no let-down in standards either academic or social, no thought on their part of currying favor, and no 'dear children' condescension on mine. In the meantime the joy of teaching has become more and more a fellowship and a mutual quest, and, with the best of my students, a covenant also against sham and claptrap.

As I look back, I fear that my art of

teaching at the outset was very much after the manner of certain young army officers at the beginning of the World War. I knew the manual, but not men. Getting the thing done by all and sundry exactly as ordered bulked large with me. That was morale. I had a theory of education as an entity detached from persons, and had not realized that loyalty and the will to achieve derive from personal relations and from the decent mutual revelation of friend to friend. In this I have made some gain, as did our best officers, when, in the gaunt hazard, they were transformed from inspection machines to flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone.

My colleagues on the faculty yield still other compensations by impinging their delightful obsessions on mine, and by intimating that the world does not stand or fall by Greek alone. Some ten of us enjoy rare fellowship in what we have dubbed 'The Blind-Alley Club.' It is an amorphous group, without officers, rules, minutes, or precedent. From October to May we meet fortnightly at some member's home to chat about things literary, philosophic, and educational. By twelve o'clock we have had three hours of first-rate powwow and are ready for a substantial meal. After that we tend to pair off for an hour or so of *tête-à-tête*, according to our several mental proclivities. Of course we never vote on anything, since majority opinion has no relation to truth, never reach a verdict, and always bring up collectively in a blind alley, or finish in pairs like two pups tugging at either end of a rope. Being somewhat cognizant of the vast ranges of knowledge and of the measureless areas beyond such vantage points, and being also rather adept in argument, we escape the plebeian habit of 'concluding' — that is, of closing the double doors of ignorance and compromise only to imprison the question in that dungeon

where dogmatic minds forever dwell. We even decline to 'report progress'; so another session is always possible, with the joy of free minds at play in the mental empyrean.

III

It was after one of these sessions, in which we had applied *reductio ad absurdum* to schools in general, that I had a dream of the educational Utopia. In spite of the heavy meal and the hilarity of discussion, I dropped off to sleep almost as soon as my head touched the pillow. A delightful mood that — when day ends in pleasant futility, and the joke of it all, erasing our small conceits, gives us back again the clean slate of unconsciousness.

Was the dream that followed upon my amiable acceptance of defeat evidence of some deeper longing which the logic of my colleagues had not fully quenched — an answer of full tide to frothy waves, remembrances ancient and mediæval of the fair life of scholars impractical, unhurried, and few?

The place was as fair as any at Oxford, with quad and garden, playing fields and river. Opposite the gate, and on the far side, a chapel, the only building of prominence; all the rest faculty homes built in the wall, and each with its own close. The school had no ambition to teach everything or to attract numbers and publicity. It recognized the fact that it must be supplemented by various forms of training in skills and professions, trades, business, apprenticeships, and by the firm hand of life itself.

Hence the educational plant was merely the faculty homes, each with an ell accommodating twelve students, an ample library with fireplace, a dining room for twenty persons, and living quarters for the professor and his family. And there were but seven such

houses: History, English, Romance, Germanic, Philosophy, Fine Arts, and Classics — no gymnasium, stadium, coaches, tutors, readers, instructors, assistant professors. In each group only the professor and not more than the twelve who had been chosen to live with him for from six to eighteen months in the enjoyment of his speciality, the sharing of whatever might be gained from travel, research, and mutual stimulation. There were no entrance requirements, examinations, degrees. One could have a statement from the professor saying that he had been a resident of the house for such and such a time. Admission was controlled by the professor, who, on recommendation of any three members of the house, invited the prospect to spend a week in their fellowship. In this informal way the tastes and abilities of the candidate were ascertained, and the relationship continued or terminated accordingly.

There were no classes; but the honest quest of knowledge and improvement brought the house members to the professor for criticism, counsel, and encouragement. The initiative was wholly theirs, and the private interview was the high place, the holy ground of enlightenment. The evening meal — which, with its general conversation, required about two hours — afforded always a happy opportunity for the exchange of ideas.

The parish house of the chapel provided a commons for the mingling of all the groups, for programmes put on by the several houses, and for formal discussions. No win-or-lose debates were

held; each speaker contended for the purpose of having his idea included in the formulation which, when drawn, should incorporate the valid points advanced and established by the various speakers. In the parish house was also a dining hall with capacity for one hundred and twenty guests. Here the associated houses gathered every Saturday night for dinner, and also on special occasions when some renowned scholar, statesman, author, or artist was guest of honor.

Whether a similar school for women existed in that idyllic country I did not ascertain; nor did I learn anything about endowment, per-capita cost, salaries, standardizing agencies, teaching methods, intelligence tests, ultimate aims of service to Church, State, or business; but as I came reluctantly awake I felt grateful to my colleagues who had driven me so far afield from the collegiate sausage machine, where the well-hashed ingredients are stuffed into casings all alike. And, what was better, although I had faltered and groped in the academic groves a long time and had had many sparkling ideals go sour and had often winced under the jibe of 'Professor,' and although I had slowly conceded the strategic value of the physical sciences and of the vast concerns of business, still, for the making of men who, turning this way or that, should attack the world's work with the grace and serenity of masters, and who should be neither slaves nor dupes, I found this dream school a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night, leading toward the promised land.

HOW MUCH COAL IS ENOUGH?

BY GEORGE J. ANDERSON

I

FOR the first time in history, bituminous coal finds itself a national issue. Suffering from nearly the same economic ills as agriculture, — and nearly as prolonged, — the industry has become an object of political concern. Impressed by its serious predicament, both major parties voiced in their platforms a consciousness, apprehensive though vague, of its import.

My purpose is not to prejudge the case. Within the necessary limits of a brief statement, I propose to touch upon a few salient points in this complex situation. Thereafter it is for the reader, if and when a legislative remedy is offered him, to assay the efficacy of its cure.

In the attempt at diagnosis, let us begin with the consumer of bituminous coal. What are his just demands on the industry? They are, I take it, essentially two: first, an adequate and continuous supply; second, a reasonable price. Has the coal consumer any present grievance on these two points? Personally, I think not.

For five years, at least, the industry has stood prepared, by actual demonstration, to supply two tons of coal for every one the consumer normally requires. During that period, with large numbers of mines either shut down from lack of orders or idle from other causes, it has not only met a high level of usual demand; in addition, on two occasions, it has also supplied, concurrently for months, large deficits caused

by the strikes of the anthracite miners at home and of the British miners in markets abroad.

But how about prices? Again it seems clear that the consumer has no grounds for complaint. Throughout these five years, the price level of the industry has been continuously falling. To-day it rests approximately on the basis of twelve years ago. During the current season, the consumers of bituminous coal will pay possibly a billion dollars less for their annual supply at the mines than they paid in 1920. (I say 'at the mines,' for the coal producer is not responsible for and derives no income from those changes in the consumer price due to freight rates.) At least one half of these huge savings has gone to increase the net income of more favored industries, the railroads and the power utilities, over whose own revenue rates the public stands guard. Indeed, the prices now realized by the producer are so low that the annual loss to the industry is estimated at sums reaching far into nine figures. As with supply, the consumer has no grievance over cost.

If the consumers are not the victims in the present grief, we must needs look elsewhere. From the public point of view, assurance that all is well with one party, even though he be regarded as party of the first part, does not end the matter. When the country finds that a great basic industry, vital to all the rest, is desperately sick, it cannot remain unconcerned. The social and economic welfare of millions of its citizens

is involved. The fact that the injuries seem to be internal cannot lead to the curt and indifferent judgment: 'They have made their bed; let them lie in it!'

What, then, is the trouble with coal?

I doubt if any other question about industry can be put in this country to which the reply will come back so readily, so tersely, so unvaryingly. Issuing alike from legislative halls, public platforms, editorial rooms, and the chummy conclaves of Pullman smokers, reiteration has made the verdict unanimous. The diagnosis has already been adopted by acclamation:—

'Too many mines and too many miners!'

Each doctor to the dilemma, of course, states the case according to his own therapeutics. 'Too many sidings and too many coal cars,' complain the railroads. 'Too many coals and too many salesmen,' growls the buyer. 'Too many wage cuts and too many idle days,' pleads the miner. 'Too many expenses and too many price cutters,' moans the management. 'Too many competitors and too many losses,' states the investor. 'Too many risks and too many failures,' decides the banker. 'Too many strikes and too many alibis,' says the public.

In brief, everything about coal is too much or too many. Nevertheless, beneath this apparent conflict of opinion lies an essential unity. It is excess. And the root of all the evils is the excess capacity for coal production. That much is clear. The real confusion begins when one poses the second query, short, simple, but full of high explosive for the unwary:—

'How much is enough?'

II

Try to apply this test to some of the chief factors, and one is at once

bewildered by the labyrinth of chaotic corridors that is coal. Let us rush in, however, where angels might well fear to tread. For the moment let us assume a dictator appointed, and armed—under the Constitution we know not how—with full power to straighten out this economic snarl. To decide where his Mussolinian methods should be applied, his tools at the start need be only a pencil and a pad of paper.

Our first problem is a relatively simple one, and simply arrived at: How much coal is enough? That is to say, — looking only at total requirements, based on a normal cumulative average, — what is the annual output of bituminous coal that will meet the country's needs? This is well known to be something over 500,000,000 tons. If it be true, then, that present mines can produce twice this supply of coal, our dictator is next faced with the problem: How many mines are enough? And now he is fairly launched on his sea of troubles!

Far more light-heartedly than the dictator, we shall pass serenely by some stubborn facts. Coal is produced in more than half the states of the Union, and in several times that many separate districts. Between these districts — even among mines of the same district — exist wide variations in the coal, both in size of vein and in chemical analysis. While pigs may be pigs, coal is not just coal, for different uses in the same market require unlike fuels. Even similar coals for like purposes are restricted to different markets by an intricate structure of freight rates. Adjacent mines of nearly identical coal, reaching the same markets, contrast not merely as to management but in natural conditions. Mine capacity differs radically from factory capacity in many particulars. Among these are the process of growth and decline in underground development, unrestricted

by four walls; the daily struggle with nature as to gas, drainage, slate, and the like; an output dependent not merely upon these factors of physical extent and natural obstruction, but upon a constantly changing railroad system to move the product from vein to surface; a labor capacity affected not alone by mobility and numbers, as the factories are, but by shelter and supply, as an army in the field. And so on.

Any one of these details will provide an interesting afternoon for our dictator when he comes to the leisurely selection of enough mines, and no more. However, just as we have not questioned his legal powers to eliminate the surplus mines, so likewise we shall not doubt his ability to choose the fit for survival. We rest secure in the faith that his decision on all these points, affecting thousands of mines scattered from Pennsylvania to the Pacific, and from Michigan to Texas, will be somehow good. In the end, we shall have not 'too many mines,' but just enough to produce our half-billion tons.

The next problem is to man the mines. Obviously the list of factors just cited will affect the decision as to the force at individual mines. We are now interested only in total man-power. Our dictator knows — as who does not? — that we have 'too many miners.' How many are enough? According to the latest government reports, there were something over 590,000 men employed in the mining of bituminous coal. This is a marked reduction from the peak force in 1923, when the figure was 110,000 higher. It will, of course, not be difficult to decide, in theory, how many more men can be released.

Without trying to decipher all the calculations on the dictator's pad, we know he will take into consideration the following: full-time work, daily output per man, and an allowance

for absenteeism. All industry has to reckon somewhat with the latter item, but it is abnormally present in coal. From its involuntary aspect it must be noted that mining is a hazardous trade, with even a normal injury rate that accounts for a considerable decrease in force. Its voluntary phase is perhaps even more unusual. The miner is traditionally an independent artisan, seldom successfully ruled by the disciplined routine of his factory comrades. The fortnightly pay days in mining are notoriously accompanied by widespread lay-offs. If the miner chooses to take a week-end jaunt, he considers it no one's affair but his own. The coal not dug to-day will be mined some other time, and idle days will still intervene. It is the experience of most companies that the rate of voluntary absenteeism tends to rise with increased rate of operation. Consequently even a dictator may well pause to estimate conservatively his practical power to enforce a veto on 'the miner's freedom.'

In brief, my personal guess is that he will decide that a maximum of 440,000 miners is enough, and that consequently there are now about 150,000 'too many.' Happily, being assigned only to solve the problems of coal, it need not concern him what is to become of this tragic army of toilers. His is not the task to decide what communities are to receive them, or what industries — many of them also overequipped and likewise steadily reducing their labor force — are to employ them. It is sufficient for him that they are numbered among the 'too many,' and that they must go — somewhere.

At this point, however, it seems essential to interrupt the swift motion of the dictatorial pencil. Inclined, as we are, to have faith in his selection of both mines and miners, it is not agreeable to suggest any added problems, or to perplex him with any statistics other

than his own. Nevertheless, for his sake as well as ours, we submit the following. Granting that the owners of the 'too many mines' will submissively close their properties, and that the 'too many miners' will, with equal docility, transfer themselves from the partially employed to the unemployed, at this juncture there is another group with whom to reckon. They are the coal consumers.

Now do not misunderstand me. There are not too many consumers. Rather are there too few! The problem here is of different stuff. We do not have 'too many mines' merely because the owners of coal properties insist on staying in business at a loss or refuse to go into bankruptcy with good grace. We do not even have 'too many miners' merely because the employees insist on their freedom to work part time with decreasing income. A goodly number of both continue in part because the consumers' habits of buying create the fascinating mirage of an oasis of work in a desert of idleness.

Our dictator, for example, has no doubt planned on the eminently sound premise that his task is to ensure an adequate and uninterrupted supply of coal; to select for this purpose a minimum number of the best adapted and most efficient mines; to man them properly with a minimum force of employees to whom full-time work will be given. Quite clearly, however, this assumes an even, regular flow of coal from the mines to the consumer. Ah, there's the rub! There is so little of flowing regularity about coal consumption. As a matter of fact, our friend the consumer does not need, often will not use, sometimes cannot possibly store or receive, an even supply.

What are the facts? As I have remarked, it is not my wish to add perplexity by a maze of statistics. Some time ago, however, I made a foray into

this most baffling of all problems in coal production — its seasonal and cyclical variations in demand. The raw material from which my data were assembled for analysis is available in government reports to those with an urge for figures or a desire to check the findings. For the present purpose I ask you to accept a general summary.

III

Going back over a decade or more, and omitting certain months distorted by strikes or other causes, the average swing between spring and fall daily production is nearly one third. This tendency seems to be on the increase rather than otherwise. For example, the difference between April and November daily outputs for the period 1916-1923 was 23 per cent; for the years 1924-1926 it averaged 56 per cent. Throughout the entire period of twelve years the absolute difference between the high and low months of the calendar year, regardless of season, was nearly 50 per cent. In other words, our dictatorial friend will early confront this knotty fact: within any typical calendar year — if current consumer practice continues — he must be equipped in mines and in men to supply half as much coal again at some period as he does at others.

Nor is this all. Bituminous coal is chiefly used for industrial purposes — for transportation and the production of power. In other words, it is inextricably bound to the ebb and flow of our industrial tide. As the cycles of general production come and go, in similar ratio will the needs of the coal market wax and wane. Let us pause to consider a few percentages again. In this case I shall confine myself to the recent period of 1921-1928.

In the month of April 1923, our dictator would have needed to have the mines

and the miners produce nearly 67 per cent more coal daily than was required in the same month two years before. In the month of November 1926, he would have needed to supply nearly 62 per cent more coal than in the same month of 1921. Just as we have noted a seasonal swing of from 30 to 50 per cent within calendar years, so now we observe a cyclical swing of over 60 per cent at the same season between different industrial years. A combination of the two reveals a spread between the daily output of April 1921 and that of November 1926 amounting to nearly 120 per cent. Yet only eighteen months after, in April 1928, this latter output would have been 85 per cent too much. In the period July to June, 1926-1927, coal production was over 107,000,000 tons greater than in the same period of 1927-1928.

All these swings combined indicate a reserve army of at least 150,000 men — the very number our dictator is trying so hard to release! Yet, throughout the period of twelve years under consideration as a whole, it is clear that normal annual requirements changed but little. The variations are due to those disruptions of normal which must be expected and which the soft-coal industry must be prepared to face.

Now it may be admitted that nearly all industries face these twin problems of seasonal and cyclical variation, and not a few, like coal, in some aggravated form. It may be conceded further that some have measurably succeeded, by planning and foresight, in reaching a degree of stabilized operation. But in behalf of the bituminous coal industry it must be said that its problem is rendered doubly difficult by two peculiar features.

First is the inability, to any large extent, to store or warehouse its product. Even if such problems as handling cost, inventory losses on a constantly

fluctuating market, and fire damage (from spontaneous combustion) are omitted, physical conditions at the mines are usually ill adapted to storage. An even greater complication is the question of sizes. Much coal is not sold as simple 'run of mine,' but is prepared over screens as lump, egg, nut, and so-called 'slack,' the final resultant. These sizes result from the same operation, pour simultaneously into the waiting railroad cars, and obviously must be moved quickly out of the way. Yet orders in hand for the various sizes may not be so nicely balanced; seasonal demands for the different sizes do not always coincide; and a sudden cancellation from a large industrial consumer of slack may play havoc with the deliveries to a multitude of coal yards serving the domestic furnace.

Now other industries produce a variety of articles under one roof, and doubtless they suffer at times from cancellations. But rubber boots do not *result* from balloon tires, or roadsters from limousines, or a keg of nails from a steel rail, with no chance to put either in a warehouse, with inability to deliver the one unless the other is sold, and with traffic urgency, rather than orders in hand, forcing out the loaded cars.

All these facts were doubtless in the minds of a special committee of the American Engineering Council when they issued, a few years ago, their report on *Industrial Coal*, which is one of the most expert studies yet made in this much-investigated industry. Covering, as it did, in thorough fashion the whole question of coal purchase and storage, the report contains one conclusion, important to note: 'It is the coal consumer who must start the cycle that will bring about a stabilized industry. The producer of coal, the carrier, and the public official collectively are

helpless without the active aid of the consumer.'

I pass this on without further comment to my friend the dictator. In addition, as a summary of this whole phase, may be cited the opinion of John Hays Hammond, one of the world's foremost mining engineers and also chairman of the commission which made, to date, the most searching government inquiry into coal: 'The operation of the coal industry is probably beset with more difficulty than any other of the great American industries, due to prevailing intermittence of operation.'

I am sure our dictator has already begun to suspect this very thing. However, with us helpfully at his side, he must press on; for, in the cheerful lingo of the lads, 'the worst is yet to come!' He is next confronted with that hardy perennial of the coal industry — the question of wages.

There is a reason for the storm centre. To the producer, labor represents at least two thirds, frequently more, of the total cost of coal. In settling his wage scales, therefore, our dictator will have taken the largest single stride in his financial problem. To the miner, on the other hand, all those complexities which exist in the mines, as described in the task of selection, make possible an infinite variety of earnings found in the pay envelopes as the result of any scale, high or low.

Now I confess to having too little knowledge of our dictator personally to know what approach he will use. If he be of the school of humane dictators, I suppose he will first determine a living wage, in terms of annual income, and then, using his former data of work days and tons per man, arrive at his scales in that fashion. Yet even a dictator, and a humane one at that, must recognize that mining wages are at all times an integral part of the national wage

structure; that they can hardly be lifted, by their bootstraps as it were, out of any correlation with the farm and factory wages around them. We have already seen one attempt of that kind come to an untimely end, itself tending to aggravate the very evils it was designed to allay. For wage scales above the prevailing level bring in more men where there are already too many, to accomplish in a shorter time the work which already offers too much idleness, and to divide among still more the annual earnings which are now too small.

If our dictator be of the hard-boiled view, he will no doubt take his going market wage for skilled, semiskilled, and unskilled labor, and reach his goal by that method. In any event, having qualified as an expert, he will be tutored enough to understand that wage scales, wage earnings, and labor costs are not to be used as synonyms; that not only are they different things, but they result from different facts; that, in mining especially, combinations of highness and lowness in these three are infinite in number, depending upon the mine, the man, and the market. Management and nature will grapple underground to produce a multitude of results on any scale, while, above the surface, organized consumer and organized labor battle for their respective shares.

When all is said and done; when a small army of accountants and statisticians have determined the basic wages suited to the varying conditions of many thousand mines; when the dictator has covered the scores of additional items of cost other than labor, all important to him and most of them obscure to the layman; when he has seen to it that all industries which provide essential supplies are ready to function as his coal organization will function — he will have arrived at the delicate task

of fixing a price for his wares. From this income — so much per ton times half a billion tons — he must carry on. No doubt certain stern gentry, cold of eye and hard of head, will already have explained in succinct tones: —

‘Remember! We are supporting a dictator, not a deficit.’

We shall assume, therefore, that he will manage, if not a profit-making, at least a self-sustaining enterprise; that he will not seek, as the present industry does not, a subsidy from the taxpayers; that out of his total receipts he ‘will allow capital and labor a fair share of prosperity, with adequate protection to the consuming public.’ So reads the gospel according to the Democrats. Yet our dictator must fix a price. Shall he go by present fact or by past precedent?

During the war we had a semidictatorship in the Fuel Administration. Ten years ago, after an examination of hundreds of mine costs and with due regard to the consumer, it fixed prices at something like an average of eighty cents a ton above present fact. Consider what has happened to many items of expense since that time. Consider the cost of coal as our dictator has just computed it, in his efforts to ‘work justice to the miners, consumers, and producers.’ For so runs also the gospel according to the Republicans. Consider, in brief, the unhappy dilemma of our dictatorial friend. Either he will conduct his enterprise with \$400,000,000 less than his forerunner considered equitable in the light of conditions now ten years past, or he will announce the unwelcome news that the consumers must contribute that much more, at least, than they now pay under the present ‘disordered public service.’

At this point, shall we not be considerate enough to leave our dictator solitary in his troubled meditation?

IV

Now that we are alone together, may I whisper something confidentially? If and when our friend inside has solved these problems, and a few more, relating to the production and sale of coal, his job is far from done. There are some minor details. In addition to his mines, he will find himself possessed of a choice assortment of coal railroads, collier fleets, docks, and other enterprises which he must fit efficiently into his scheme of things. He must maintain a housing plant to shelter the population of a great city. To avoid public criticism, he should have these houses commodious, modern in convenience, attractively painted, well groomed as to fencing, walks, and garden space. His rents must not be so high as to exploit the tenant, nor so low as to incur a loss. He will need to run a commissary system whose thousands of stores will rival his largest chain competitor. Prices must here also be neither too high nor too low; if the one, he will anger thousands of his employees, salaried as well as day labor; if the other, he cannot provide the service, quality, and variety on which they rightly insist. Owing to the isolation of his plants, he must often provide adequate medical and hospital facilities, theatres and playgrounds to counteract the sombreness of the mining towns, schools for the young, churches for the devout, law and order for the wayward.

If our dictator does not do these things, they will in large measure remain undone, and which of them are luxuries in community life to-day? And when he has achieved the proper standards, if unhappily there be a deficit, he must not only add it to the cost of coal; even more definitely he must persuade the consuming public that such things socially need be, that they are not merely desirable but

essential — that the consumer, in short, must foot the bill.

Let us sum up. The present problem of coal is basically one of flood control. The huge excess of productive capacity — due partly to expansion for war-time needs, to overinvestment, to the substitution of oil, natural gas, and water power, to increased efficiency of combustion, and due partly also to chronic causes, such as transportation factors, labor strikes, and the practices of the buyer, willful or otherwise — holds more mines in operation than can profitably be sustained; retains more men than can be fully employed; pours forth more coal than can be adequately sold. This entails not merely a deficiency in the income to be shared by all parties. The price level, thus depressed, results in an actual deficit for the industry as a whole.

Anyone may be pardoned his inability to see clearly how a hasty levee of political sandbags will restrain this economic flood.

Such is the situation with which hundreds of my fellow coal producers are now struggling. I seek to present no brief in their behalf, for I see their faults and their failures even more clearly because I share them. But I would have them seen by others, as I view them, with sympathy rather than blame. We are in the grip of a severe and relentless malady, and we must fight our way back to economic health without the quick and easy remedies of dictatorship.

It should also be understood that our efforts hitherto have been made against some odds in an external sense. Scattered as sheep without a shepherd, the thousands of coal producers have dealt with consumer groups, often few in numbers and strong in organization. They have had to reckon with what was, until recently, one of the largest, strongest, and most uncompromising

labor unions in the world, now wrecked, like the industry, on the same economic reefs. Coal producers have to reach their markets — where the *delivered* cost of coal awards the battle to the cheap — through an entanglement of freight rates wherein the most powerful of government commissions holds the fate, not of a mine or a company, but of entire coal districts. They have endured sixteen government inquiries in less than as many years, and yet after all this research, unmatched in any other trade, theirs is termed 'the dark industry.' While paying the highest wages, mining by the most advanced methods, and selling the cheapest coal of any section of the industry in the world, they have been assailed for 'inefficiency.'

Finding coal in chaos, priest and Levite have passed by on the other side; what it needs is the understanding of the good Samaritan.

For the rest, I believe the industry must look largely to self-help. It is my own opinion that the keys to the quickest, though not to the most complete, relief are in its own hands. Closer co-operation between districts, mergers of existing properties, a new attitude of mind — these can all be vital elements in the cure of the industry. And the greatest of these is a new attitude of mind. Better means of coöperation may involve a long process of education in an enterprise noted, even notorious, for its individualism. Mergers, especially in the ownerships of natural resources, require difficult appraisals and prolonged negotiation. But for a new attitude of mind all a normal man should need is a few frank hours with himself.

V

It seems obvious that without more organization, without changes in control, there are certain things which

every producer of coal can do to help himself; which, carried out as a new attitude within the industry, would shortly restrict existing evils. To the efforts of our own company in formulating such a policy I owe my present privilege of discussing the troubles of coal with so intelligent an audience as this magazine provides. Coming under the alert eye of its editor, our announcement brought the invitation I gladly accepted.

By way of preface, let it be modestly explained that our company has for several years been the largest producer of bituminous coal — modestly, because even as such we have marketed less than 3 per cent of the national output. Far more important than size, to my mind, is our diversity. We are peculiar in the industry for the variety of our coals. Our company faces, on the broadest scale yet organized in a single unit, the complexity of all those diverse conditions which I have already sketched. Hence it seemed to us that we were confronted, in the present situation, not only with a great opportunity, but with a commensurate duty to our industry.

In pursuance of this thought, the following declaration was formulated, approved, and announced to our fellow coal producers:—

‘The Consolidation Coal Company believes that the present plight of the bituminous coal industry will not be remedied by forcing unwanted coal upon an unwilling market. It sees no relief, either to the industry or to any producing company, by cutting prices to a level that permits a mine to remain in production with its natural overhead unabsorbed in its average realization.

‘The Consolidation Coal Company believes that no present useful purpose nor any contribution to future stability is to be gained by further cutting wages

below a sound economic level. Whatever may be the temporary relation of labor costs to selling prices, it holds that the primary object of both mine labor and mine management must be the most regular work-time possible under a proper wage base.

‘Holding, as it does, these beliefs, the Company is attempting to bring both its marketing and operating policies into line with what it conceives to be a constructive economic basis. To that end it is closing for an indefinite period some of the least efficient mines, and consequently must dispense with the services of a considerable number of valued and loyal employees.

‘The Company is confident that the elimination of these mines will not only be to the advantage of the industry at this time, but that the greater concentration, thus enforced, will yield benefits to the labor remaining and to the Company as a whole.

‘On the other hand, it is recognized equally that there would be a loss to the industry if many of the experienced employees, thus displaced through no fault of their own or by any dissatisfaction with their services, were unable to continue in bituminous coal.

‘The Company has, therefore, taken this opportunity to give to its fellow producers a frank statement of the policy thus adopted. Further, in behalf of any former employees seeking affiliation elsewhere in the industry, it wishes earnestly to bespeak all proper consideration and courtesy for their applications arising out of this action.

‘If the industry is to progress rapidly toward its rightful economic recovery, the Consolidation Coal Company believes each and every producing unit must make some sacrifice to that end. We speak only for ourselves and only in the spirit of friendly coöperation. The retention of the most economic mines, and the present elimination of the

least efficient, adopted voluntarily as a general programme, seems to offer the speediest and most effective relief for all.'

The response was not a little amazing to us — outside the industry. Originally prepared as an advertisement for the coal-trade journals, the statement found its way to the front page of the *New York Times*, and thence into the news channels of the world. Literally hundreds of newspapers published editorials on its text. Leading economists in France and England seized upon it for application to the coal industries of their own lands. Other ailing industries, such as the textiles of New England, discussed its possible implications for them. Illustrative of the general tone of appraisal is this sentence from the *New York Evening Post*, by no means, certainly, a wild-eyed commentator: 'The step is one of the most important advances which have been made in the industrial world in a generation.'

I say that we were surprised. To us the sentiments appeared obvious, perhaps even trite; the action suggested seemed equally plain. We tried to carry out our plan with a minimum of hardships, giving preference to the employees with families, and seeking otherwise to soften the blow. Then we turned to await the reaction within the industry. Obviously we could do little else than lead, and our single action without followers on a broad scale must clearly be inconclusive. It was heartening to find, almost instantly, a small but enlightened group whose corporate action proved their accord in similar purpose. The oral response from many more was also encouraging — and in some cases diverting.

Attention seemed to be drawn rather exclusively to one phase of the policy — the concentration of mines. Producers who were known to all men as active in a combined wage-cutting,

price-slashing, output-forcing policy boldly affirmed their hearty agreement and even claimed to have pioneered before us — simply because they had closed some of their mines!

Be it said frankly to all, both within and without the industry, mere elimination of mining units, with no effect upon production and without similar expulsion of companion evils, gets the industry nowhere. Before taking this step our company had already, over a five-year period, reduced its productive mines by nearly half — but our output had increased rather than diminished. Our aim was now to abandon mines indefinitely, not to hold them temporarily in reserve; to forgo intensive development of those retained, rather than expand them as substitutes, unless a genuine economic market could be found.

The policies as to marketing and as to wages must be vital complements of the rest. Under the fierceness of present coal competition, it cannot be denied that the most ruthless group sets an inevitable and compulsory pace for all in both wages and prices. Yet these dripping knives, for all their cutting, perform no surgical operation at all. The organic disease still remains, unless probe and lance are directed toward the real infection — excess capacity in both mines and men. Otherwise the sole results are a constant beating down of labor standards and a further decline in the already deficient income of the industry. Repeatedly within three years, in one district or another, our company has found itself practically last and alone in a prevailing wage scale, forced to reduction in order to meet not only the price decline, but the slow, insidious loss of sales. For the individual, the case is one of the half loaf being better than no bread. For the industry, it is folly without end.

The opportunity for self-help still remains. Yet, whether grasped or not,

the ruthless drive of economic survival, more painful and less discriminate, will eventually work its way. It will not so much trim here a little, there a little; it will crush entirely some who stand athwart its path. Voluntary sacrifice and the strategic retreat are surely the lesser of evils.

VI

Coal is the lifeblood of industry. As it flows between subterranean veins and the arteries of commerce, coal gives not merely strength to the steel hands which make the world's goods, but life to the swift feet which speed them from factory and farm. More than this, as an organism coal offers a panorama of human life. We in the coal industry are not merely capital and labor. True, we are employer and employed, but we are also landlord and tenant, store-keeper and patron, doctor and patient, counsel and client. Sometimes through several working generations mine management and mine labor have known each other — not as their mates, in mill and factory, toil together for a transient daily shift, but as neighbors the round of the clock. For they have been together at birth, at school, at work, at play, and finally at the last solemn rites.

Quarrels there have been, sometimes violent ones, but the disputants have returned to dwell side by side again in peace. Catastrophes have fallen, but after fire or flood were conquered soldiers were at their posts, and the army resumed its march. Public blame in time of failure has come without award of merit in time of crux, but modern Atlas has still shouldered his burden of the working world.

What a drama is coal!

So I have tried to paint hastily for you a picture of this troubled community. Others could have wielded the brush with better skill, and would have filled in detail with greater care. Whole canvases have been covered by things which I have omitted or to which I have given but a daub or a line. If any part of my picture, however, random and inadequate as I know the whole to be, will provide even a glimpse into this most complex of industries, I shall be content.

When next our troubles burst upon you beneath a barrage of headlines, as they often have and as they sometimes will, do not think of us merely as 'too many mines and too many miners.' Try to envisage us as human beings, perhaps with too many burdens, but surely not with too many friends.

THE DISCOVERY

A NEW STOREHOUSE OF LINCOLN MATERIAL

IF there is one life of which the American people wish to know everything, it is Abraham Lincoln's. And it is probable that no life in history has been studied with more eager care than his. Historians, students, collectors, lovers of his name, have for three generations followed his every footstep, run down a thousand false trails and a hundred true ones, uncovered all that letters, recollections, tradition, even rumor, had to tell. And in all that career, already in our ears half legendary, there is no chapter which seemed more utterly closed, or which most of us, men and women, have more eagerly desired to open, than the idyll of New Salem, the love of Abraham Lincoln and Ann Rutledge. Historians have for the most part passed it over as casual fancy of boy and girl. The romancers have had a truer inspiration, but, in the absence of tangible facts, a vague tradition was but slender nourishment for the imagination. A few patched-together references, an occasional letter, records of a scattered group of places and people completely outside the fairy circle of the two to whom for a season it was all in all — such scant fare was all that the most industrious research supplied. Obviously the evidence was in. The whole book was closed, and that chapter had not even been really opened.

Such was the situation. It was hardly to the editor's discredit that, when he heard that the letters which once passed between Abraham and Ann still existed, he remarked, 'Inter-

esting, if true,' and went on with his work. But the thought, once entered, would not leave his mind. He investigated. Rumor turned to evidence, evidence to proof. In this place he would like to put on record the *Atlantic's* gratitude for the kindness and helpfulness of Miss Wilma Frances Minor, who, when a strange turn of fortune presented her with a treasure beyond price, felt instantly her responsibility. In the brief period during which she has owned the materials by which the love story of Lincoln and Ann can be fully told for the first time, she has by travel, inquiry, and unceasing effort sought through living tradition, wherever it could be found, material which might add still more to the picture of Lincoln in the New Salem years.

Her collection itself is amazing. There are letters, passionate and real, which Abraham wrote to Ann and Ann to Abraham. There are other letters of Lincoln's own, written to his benefactor John Calhoun, telling of the love he bore Ann Rutledge. There is the most natural and human of diaries kept by Ann's cousin and bosom friend, Matilda Cameron. There is the affectionate record of 'Sally' Calhoun, daughter of John Calhoun. There are touching examples of Ann Rutledge's needlework, and a silver pin which Lincoln salvaged from the barrel which yielded him a treasure-trove of books. There are books, brittle and stained with age, Lincoln's daily companions during his odd-job and post-office days, containing marginalia of intensest interest,

including the Bible given him by Ann herself, bearing her own and Lincoln's signature.

What a collection! Here is the human Lincoln, before the sterility of his deification.

Picture an orderly and prosaic office when Aladdin's treasure was dumped on the editor's desk! First, accompanying Miss Minor's manuscript, came photostatic copies of the original documents in the collection. These photostats were in themselves cogent evidence, but in matters like this the mind must shut itself against the will to believe. Every expert knows that examination is worthless until the veritable documents have been scrutinized and tested.

With the helpful coöperation of Miss Minor, we received in due time a mass of original evidence — actual letters and diaries of the principal actors in the New Salem drama, together with books bearing signatures and marginalia in Lincoln's hand. Such was the body of material which we subjected to expert trial as well as to our own most careful scrutiny. No reader will be more incredulous than was the *Atlantic* when the collection was first brought to our notice. Very gradually, as step by step we proceeded with our inquiry, conviction was forced upon us.

One fundamental test was obvious. Paper of the period of these letters was not made, as is most paper to-day, of wood pulp. It was composed rather of linen or cotton rags. If any trace of pulp could be found in them, it was evident at once that the letters were not genuine. We accordingly submitted specimens of the paper — minute bits clipped from the originals — to the distinguished chemist, Dr. Arthur D. Little, and to his associates. The resultant analysis showed 'pure linen with a trace of cotton.' No suggestion of pulp!

So much for the paper. For the more general physical characteristics of the documents, we had not only the evidence of our own eyesight, but the assistance of experts, who examined with the wisdom born of experience and knowledge the faded ink, the browned and stained paper, the fragile creases and folds. Other questions apart, there could be no doubt of the age of the collection.

It is well to emphasize the importance of the books in establishing the genuineness of the whole group of documents. These books, in their original bindings, and, save for a crudely mended page or two, wholly in the natural state in which they have been handed down through the generations, form a *prima facie* case of the most convincing import to laymen and scholars alike, once the handwriting of the signatures and other marginalia has been satisfactorily compared with Lincoln's own.

Our first step had been accomplished when we subjected the physical characteristics of the collection to exacting tests. Our next step was to subject the documents to tests of handwriting and internal evidence. To this end we submitted the letters and books to scholars familiar with Lincoln's handwriting, character, and personal history. Dr. Barton, distinguished Lincoln student and collector, kindly gave us his personal help in our consideration of the evidence, but unluckily it was necessary during his visit to work only with photostats, since the originals were in the mail. With Miss Ida M. Tarbell, who during her long and distinguished career has unearthed no less than three hundred previously unknown letters of Lincoln, the editor passed several afternoons comparing under a magnifying glass the original letters and books of this collection with known Lincoln letters of the corresponding period.

This is not the place to go into the minutiae of the investigation. With greatly enlarged facsimiles, *a*'s were compared with *a*'s, and so on through the alphabet. Upstrokes, downstrokes, flourishes — every characteristic of penmanship was carefully considered. With every test the genuineness became more and yet more certain.

As students know, Lincoln had two definitely distinct styles of writing his name — the formal signature, identified with legal documents or public business, and the more rambling and haphazard hand of friendly and familiar intercourse. The letters in this collection were of the second category, but fortunately it was possible to compare them with unquestioned letters of the identical period. No letters of Ann Rutledge apart from those which are in Miss Minor's collection are known to exist, nor have we been able to find other specimens of the hand of Sally Calhoun.

In a discovery of such importance it is proper to give scholars and serious inquirers free access to the original material. The editor has, therefore, shown a large number of items in the collection to Mr. Herbert Putnam, Librarian of the Library of Congress at Washington. Mr. Putnam has invited the deposit of the entire collection in the Treasure Room of the Library. With Miss Minor's consent, we have arranged for its public display at an appropriate time in the great collection of Lincolniana which forms a precious part in the heritage of the nation.

The reader must remember the scene. New Salem, a straggling village of twenty families, with Sand Ridge, a 'suburb,' its near neighbor. The characters are Newton Graham, the beloved schoolmaster; John Calhoun, the surveyor; Matilda Cameron; the Clary's Grove boys, forming a sort of

hoodlum's chorus; Abe Lincoln, in the early twenties; and Ann Rutledge, at their first meeting eighteen. To tell by what strange and happy fortune the record was preserved we must quote verbatim Miss Minor's fascinating account: —

My greatest indebtedness is to Matilda ('Mat') Cameron, cousin and confidante of Ann Mayes Rutledge, who preserved the letters and added her own illuminating diary. From the Camerons the letters passed to Sally Calhoun, daughter of John Calhoun, who employed Lincoln in New Salem and became his intimate friend.¹ Sally alludes to her possession of the documents in a letter dated from St. Joseph, Missouri, June 16, 1848.

In 1854, President Pierce appointed John Calhoun Surveyor-General of Kansas, and in Joplin, Missouri, Sally became the friend of Margaret Morrison (my maternal grandmother), daughter of a Baptist minister. Later, while living in St. Joseph, Missouri, she met a young school-teacher named Elizabeth Hirth. Eventually Sally left with the two girls a most valuable Lincoln record in her diary, the original love letters, and several more letters her father had received from Lincoln in later years.

When Elizabeth Hirth's brother Frederick married Margaret's sister, Sarah Frances Morrison, and Margaret married William Mickle, both Elizabeth and Margaret decided to give their collection of Lincoln keepsakes to Frederick, because he had twice enlisted for service in the Civil War, served under Grant, and was devoted to Lincoln's memory. Once in his care, into a secret compartment of a massive old secretary the keepsakes went, not to see the light of day until his widow, my great-aunt, Sarah Morrison Hirth, found them after his death.

Following her husband's example, she in turn treasured and guarded the packets until her death, at which time they came into the possession of my mother, Cora Mickle deBoyer. My mother has handed

¹ To the degree of this intimacy the letters themselves amply testify. — EDITOR

them on to me with the understanding that they must be given out to the people of America.

I am a descendant of the Andersons, who lived near the Lincolns on Anderson's Creek, Indiana. Major Robert Anderson, who was a lieutenant in the Black Hawk War with Lincoln, and later commanded Fort Sumter, at which time he was made a Brigadier General, is a forebear.

The Anderson branch of the family now living in Missouri have been most helpful in furnishing authentic data for the book, and likewise Scott Greene, now eighty-two years old, son of William Graham Greene, the 'Billy' who was such a close friend of Abe's that the two boys slept together when they worked in the same store in Salem. Lincoln was twenty-two at the time, and Greene nineteen. The friendship thus started endured through their lives, and Billy has left a wealth of Lincoln lore with his family, especially of the romance with Ann.

Mrs. John B. Dennis and Mrs. Margaret Rayburn, both of San Diego, California, have assisted me materially. Lincoln lived for some time in the tavern built by their father, Dr. Bennett, in Petersburg, Illinois. Mrs. Dennis was born at Sand Ridge, where Ann lived and where she was buried.

It is surprising how very little has been given out to biographers by the very people who knew Lincoln best. The above-mentioned friends have supplied me with the most consistent pictures of the New Salem episode that we can find — intimate day-by-day reminiscences, mosaics that complete the whole. I have also been assisted by William A. Clark, a resident of Sangamon County until 1853, a man now one hundred years old, who knew Lincoln personally, as did his father, Oramel Clark, before him.

I have found very little need to quote from other writers, but I do feel under obligation to the Reverend William E. Barton, whose exhaustive researches have been a valuable aid in connecting important links.

It will be observed that the descent of the documents as traced by Miss

Minor through the Cameron family to Sally Calhoun is entirely natural, and is founded upon persons whose existence is known to history. We have not even passed beyond the circle of Lincoln's intimates.

The reader will notice next that Sally delivered the keepsakes to two friends, Margaret Morrison and Elizabeth Hirth. Margaret Morrison was the maternal grandmother of the present owner. From Margaret Morrison and Elizabeth Hirth the documents passed to Elizabeth's brother Frederick. Here is a person in the chain whose identity it obviously becomes necessary to establish as clearly as possible.

Our efforts in this direction have been abundantly rewarded. We have on file a letter from the Adjutant General's office of the War Department at Washington giving the dates of Frederick Hirth's two enlistments in and discharges from the Federal service in the Civil War. Hirth also was awarded a pension for wounds received in action. After the war he resided in Emporia, Kansas, where he owned a furniture factory. He was a prominent Mason and a well-known citizen. William Allen White, the distinguished publicist, writes us that he himself knew Hirth and attended his funeral in 1907.

A brother of the Margaret Morrison (Miss Minor's maternal grandmother) who at one time enjoyed part ownership in the documents became a doctor associated with the Santa Fe Railroad. His son, Dr. Wayland Morrison, is now living in Los Angeles, and has a musket given him when he was a boy by his uncle Frederick Hirth.

It will thus be seen that the chain of descent of the documents is through a series of well-identified persons. It is a chain of actual flesh and blood.

— THE EDITOR

LINCOLN THE LOVER

I. THE SETTING — NEW SALEM

BY WILMA FRANCES MINOR

LINCOLN's life in New Salem has been known with a considerable degree of fullness to biographers. But the episode which must have seemed to Lincoln himself to transcend all other experiences in that brief but important period — his love for Ann Rutledge — has been the subject of conjecture, confusion, and doubt. Eminent students have denied altogether the reality of Lincoln's passion for Ann; others have accepted the tradition in general outline.

Now it becomes possible to reveal in full light and at first hand the story — so full of tenderness and hope, so tragic in its close — which has hitherto rested on contestable report. Not only did Lincoln and Ann hold each other dear; the actual letters which passed between them remain. We have also a diary kept by Ann's cousin and intimate, 'Mat' Cameron, naïvely recording her observations of the courtship. With these precious letters and Mat's unstudied diary have been preserved other fresh and valuable memorabilia of Lincoln. We have letters which he wrote to John Calhoun, former Surveyor of Sangamon County, Illinois, who employed Lincoln and was closely associated with him during the New Salem years; a memorandum written by Calhoun's daughter Sally in 1848, embodying her father's recollections of Lincoln and containing characteristic anecdotes; and, finally, books

owned and freely annotated by Lincoln himself, which have descended to me. These materials, never before known or published, form a collection of unique value.

Before presenting these precious memorials it is important to fill in the original setting of the story.

I

New Salem, Illinois, was a rude log settlement on the Sangamon River, not many miles northwest of Springfield. The town had been established by two families who were related by marriage. James Rutledge, a native of South Carolina, was a kindly, generous man of deeply ingrained religious principles. In January 1808, he had married Mary Ann Miller. They had nine children; Ann, the third child, was born in January 1813, while the family lived in Kentucky; Sally, the youngest, was born in the Tavern at New Salem, October 20, 1829. A sister of Mrs. Rutledge married Thomas Cameron; their son, the Reverend John M. Cameron, born in Kentucky in 1791 and ten years younger than James Rutledge, was thus his nephew by marriage.

The two families decided to move from Kentucky and to settle in Illinois. In February 1828, they bought adjoining farms in a little community at Sand Ridge, a short distance from the

later site of New Salem. On the nearby Concord Creek, Cameron erected a small gristmill. But with the coming of summer the flow of water was so meagre that the two men decided to look for a better location.

They followed the heavily wooded road that skirted the Sangamon until they reached an abrupt turn of the river from southwest to north. Rising from the river — beautiful at this sudden sweep — was 'a promintory of land that shot out like a peninsula a hundred feet high and approachable only from the west — the brow of the ridge was 250 feet broad, gradually widening as it extended westwardly.' They climbed the steep bluff and looked out over the surrounding country. To the west lay a darkly tangled forest, and beyond that broad meadows veined with many little streams that hurried along to empty into the Sangamon. All about lay hills dense with timber, — ash, elm, oak, hickory, and basswood, — while below the river curved about the wooded point.

Here it was decided to settle. Two cabins of rather pretentious size were erected to house the eleven Rutledges and the thirteen Camerons. The two families moved from Sand Ridge to the new community on July 29, 1828. A grist- and lumber-mill took shape, and then a dam, which cost heroic effort. The mill and the two substantial cabins attracted other settlers, and the community began to expand. While new dwellings were in the course of construction the hospitable Rutledge shared his home with the settlers. From this practice he conceived the idea of turning the cabin into a tavern and general store, where meals and supplies could be served to the stragglers who drifted in and out. Finally the settlement assumed the outlines of a village, and its founders, not forgetting their Bibles, christened it New

Salem. On Christmas day, 1829, the post office was established.

The people of New Salem were their own carpenters, masons, wheelwrights, and cobblers. The few shoes worn were generally made from the hides of steers, and kept well rubbed with heated mutton tallow to exclude water. 'Vittles' were cooked in black three-legged pots which hung on hooks over the flames on the open hearth. Corn pone was baked in covered iron ovens which sat in the hot coals. Diet varied little; pork, corn pone, hominy, mush, and flapjacks, with sorghum molasses for 'long sweetening' in beverages, were the principal articles of food. Milk could seldom be obtained, and potatoes were a luxury, often eaten raw.

Tables and chairs were for the most part crude slabs, roughhewn with an axe. Hickory was the favorite wood for furniture and for the staves of barrels and buckets; baskets were made of white oak splits. One family in New Salem owned a shaving horse and foot lathe for turning posts. The women grew proficient in making chairs. They 'biled' the backs to make them pliable, then bent them into the desired shape. 'Settin' chairs had curved backs and rocking-chairs had straight backs. Beds were formed of interlacing rawhide strips suspended from wooden frames. Over the rawhide, straw ticks were spread, or, in families which had the good fortune to own them, feather beds. For the men, board bunks and straw mattresses were provided.

Most citizens of New Salem had never seen a piano or an organ, and their only musical instruments were the jew's-harp and a solitary fiddle. Even at church they sang without accompaniment. The women all had spinning wheels and roughhewn looms, often made by their menfolk, with which they spun their flax into bed linens. Starch had not been introduced

in backwoods households, and the voluminous petticoats were made to stand out by the use of a cooked paste made from gluten.

Of the twenty cabins which the town boasted in its heyday, not one was painted either inside or out. The only newspapers or periodicals were those which occasionally found their way to New Salem from other settlements. Light was provided either by whale-oil lamps or tallow candles. Sometimes, when bears intruded in orchards or gardens, the men 'kilt' them with pitchforks or guns; then the candles were made of bear fat.

II

A certain morning in April, 1831, was the occasion of an incident which brought the entire population of New Salem to the river bank. On the Rutledge mill dam a flatboat had stranded, its snub nose hanging perilously over the water. On the boat was a grotesque figure, tall and gangling to a degree surpassing anything which the people of New Salem had ever seen. His buckskin trousers, much too wide, were rolled up, revealing long bare legs and great feet, blue from the cold water in which he stood. A linsey-woolsey shirt — a size too small — and a rusty, low-crowned felt hat with a broad brim completed his costume.

Near the Rutledge mill was a store owned by the Clary brothers, and out of this came Abe Clary with an auger, which he handed to the young fellow on the boat. When this loose-strung giant prepared to bore a hole in the bottom of the boat, the group on the bank felt their sense of the ridiculous almost painfully gratified. Among the onlookers who took in the delicious sight and guffawed, no doubt Ann Rutledge and her cousin, Mat Cameron, were present. But the hole in the bow, where the

boat projected over the dam, allowed the water which had accumulated in it to escape, and, together with the transfer of part of the cargo to the bank, helped to float the stranded craft over the dam. The talents of the gangling young fellow began to command respect.

Noon brought the crew of the flatboat into the Rutledge Tavern. They were Denton Offutt, owner and commander of the boat; Abraham Lincoln, whose exploit with the auger had already made him conspicuous; John Hanks, a distant cousin to Lincoln and John D. Johnston, Lincoln's stepbrother. They gathered about the rough table for the noon meal, and we can form the picture of Ann Rutledge waiting on the hungry men and listening to the talk and stories of the tall young fellow called 'Abe.'

Ann was eighteen years old at this time. She was beautiful, popular, quick, industrious, and an excellent housekeeper; not cultivated, but richly endowed with natural graces and refinements. Her quilting, embroidery and crochet work were the talk of the countryside. Ann was engaged to marry John McNeil, a prosperous young merchant who had come to New Salem in 1829.

During the meal Lincoln asked questions about New Salem, and said that if ever navigation up and down the river were established from Illinois to New Orleans 'he guessed he'd stop off some day at Salem and see what he could do to hurry the town up a little.' The same sort of talk continued that evening when the flatboatmen and a number of townspeople gathered in the Tavern to enjoy the warmth of the log fire after supper. Ann, when she had finished her work, found a place in the shadows and listened to the general talk. The subject uppermost in the minds of the group was the navigation

of the river, and Lincoln dwelt at length on the experiences of his own first voyage to New Orleans. His hearers were not long in recognizing his whimsical humor, and the qualities of his alert mind. As he talked, he became the dominating figure in the little assembly.

In the spring of 1828, James Gentry, the founder of Gentryville, Indiana, had hired Lincoln to build a flatboat. In April the boat was finished, loaded with pork and grain, and started down the Ohio for New Orleans, Gentry's son, Allen, in charge, and Lincoln serving as bow hand. Lincoln was paid eight dollars a month. It was during this voyage, while the boat was moored at a plantation not far from New Orleans, that a party of negroes with clubs boarded the craft as Lincoln and Gentry slept. Lincoln woke, seized a cudgel of his own, and laid about him furiously. With Gentry he drove off and pursued the marauders.

The voyage which had brought Lincoln to New Salem had been undertaken when John Hanks had asked Lincoln to go to Decatur to meet Offutt. Lincoln and Hanks agreed with Offutt to man a boat carrying pork and grain to New Orleans. The boat was to be loaded in Springfield, but the man who had promised to furnish it to Offutt disappointed him. Lincoln, Hanks, and Johnston, who had joined the expedition, splashed back through the mud as far as the Congress lands on the Sangamon, where they cut logs and floated them down to a mill in Sangamontown. In four weeks a boat had been built and loaded, and this was the craft which had caught on the Rutledge dam.

During Lincoln's recital, he had been holding Ann's little sister Sally on his lap with much enjoyment. She was a baby of two years, and used to the petting of the Rutledges and their neighbors. Ann at length offered to take

the child, but Lincoln said, 'Let me hold her a little longer. You know, I've a sister Sally myself.'

'And do you hold her?' asked Ann.

'It would not be befitting, as she is two years older than me,' was Lincoln's answer.

Sally had dropped asleep, however, and Lincoln remarked, 'She has winked out.' This was a favorite expression with him when someone fell asleep or when a project failed.¹

III

Next morning the flatboat continued its journey toward New Orleans.

At the time of this second voyage, Lincoln was twenty-two years old. He had been born on February 12, 1809, in a little dirt-floored cabin in Kentucky, the son of Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks Lincoln. The extreme privation of his first years is well known. In 1816 Thomas Lincoln made his way by flatboat to Indiana, and there chose a new site for a home. He returned for his family—Nancy, Abraham, and Sarah, his sister. With their painfully small array of household goods tied to their horses, they set out together on the exhausting journey to Spencer County in Southern Indiana. Abraham, seven years old, was required to walk many weary miles ahead of the horses, slashing right and left with an axe to cut a passage through the thick growth.

Their first shelter in Indiana was a pole shack, open on one side, in a half-acre which Thomas Lincoln cleared on Little Pigeon Creek, not far from the Ohio River. Later they moved into a more substantial cabin; but about them grew a poisonous plant, variously

¹ Many of the details of this scene in the Rutledge Tavern I owe to Scott Greene, son of William Graham Greene, one of Lincoln's closest intimates in New Salem. — AUTHOR

known as snakeroot, deerwort, squaw-weed, or by other names. Cows eating it developed a strange malady which attacked also the people who drank their milk. With this mysterious disease Nancy became infected. Betsy and Thomas Sparrow, Nancy's aunt and uncle, who, with her cousin Dennis Hanks, had come to live with the Lincolns, had already been stricken and died. Now, in October 1818, Nancy herself succumbed.

Existence had been bleak enough for the Lincoln children in the cabin without door, floor, or windows. It sank now to a lower level of dreariness. But a year later their father returned to Kentucky, and married Sarah Bush Johnston, a widow with three children, John, 'Betsy,' and Matilda. Thomas Lincoln's second wife was kindly, capable, of strong and decisive character, and she was an ideal mother, fostering her stepchildren with the same loving care which she gave to her own brood. She brought bedsteads and bedding, tables, chairs, cooking utensils, whale-oil lamps, a spinning wheel and a loom, and other improvements to the backwoods cabin, and at her insistence doors and windows were provided.

A great affection soon sprang up between the boy Lincoln and his new mother. She was his friend and confidante, and to her he owed much of the shaping of his character. Years later, in 1848, when Lincoln was in Washington as representative in Congress of the Seventh District of Illinois, he wrote to his friend John Calhoun, whose acquaintance he made during his life at New Salem, a letter in which occurred an eloquent tribute to this second wife of Thomas Lincoln. The letter, from my collection, should set at rest the question whether Lincoln, in his familiar tributes, referred to Nancy Hanks or to his stepmother;

that it must have been the latter is evident from the fact that John Calhoun never knew Nancy Hanks and could not have rendered her any service:—

H. R. WASHINGTON, *July 22* — 1848

DEAR OLD FRIEND

Yours of May 6th received, it greatly amused me to note your comments on our recent House conflict. You are right, no sooner do we battle one thing through—than we gird on our armor for the next fray. Sometimes I feel a very tired old man doubting my efficiency for this position, then again I hoist my colors and rejoice in my opportunities. Jed was here and called on me about a month ago. he told me of your trip to Gentryville and your clearing the boundries, titles etc; Dear John at this time I want to extend my deepest gratitude for the service rendered my Mother; 'God bless my Mother' the part that is best in me, and the ability to give it to the world, is my inheritance from her. that is the reason John I will never stop in my endeavor to achieve that which is best for the people as I see it. I shall await with joy the prospect of your early visit as I know you to keep your promise Mary is well thank the Lord and joins in love to you and yours.

Yours forever

A. LINCOLN

JOHN CALHOUN

In 1830 occurred another epidemic of 'milk-sick.' Mrs. Lincoln was alarmed, and again the family moved, Thomas Lincoln disposing of his land to James Gentry, and journeying with his wife and Abraham two hundred miles through forest and swamp and over rolling prairies to a thickly wooded spot on the bluffs of the Sangamon River about six miles west of Decatur, in Macon County, Illinois. Sarah, who had married Aaron Grigsby, remained behind.

Across the Sangamon and three miles from the Lincoln farm was the home of Major Robert Warnick, sheriff of Macon County. Abraham

H. R. Washington, July 22-1848

Dear Old Friend

Yours of May 6th received,
it greatly amused me to note your com-
ments on our recent Shore conflict. You
are right, no sooner do we battle one
thing through than we gird on our
armor for the next fray. Sometimes I
feel a very tired Old Man struggling in-
efficiently for this position, then again I
loist my colors and rejoice in my opportuni-
ties. Joel was here and called on me about a
month ago. he told me of your trip to Quincy-
ville and your carrying the banner, littered the
Dear John, at this time I want to extend my
deepest gratitude for the service rendered
my Mother. God bless my Mother the part that
is best in me, and the ability to give it to
the world, is my inheritance from her.
that is the reason John. I will endeavor
in my endeavor to achieve that which
is best for the people as I see it. I shall
depart with joy the prospect of your early
visit as I know you to keep your promise.
Many is well though the Lord and yours are
lost to you and yours.

Your former

John Calhoun

Abraham Lincoln

was hired to split fence rails for him, the famous three thousand. At Major Warnick's the project of the second voyage to New Orleans had been broached to him by John Hanks, the voyage which first brought him to New Salem, and from which he returned to settle there.

It was about the middle of May when the flatboat reached New Orleans. John Hanks had left the expedition at St. Louis to return to his family. Offutt, Johnston, and Lincoln spent the succeeding weeks in the town disposing of their cargo.

New Orleans in 1831 was a commercially thriving and cosmopolitan city, abounding in contrasts between the Creoles, the rising native American party, and the groups of Germans, French, Spanish, negroes, and Indians who made its life still more complex. Godey had begun the publication of his *Lady's Book* in Philadelphia, and it became the criterion of style and etiquette for all fashionable America. Frivolous lacy parasols, sheer dresses of many saucy ruffles, twinkling slippers with high French heels that clicked their way along, must have met the unaccustomed eye of Lincoln as he strolled about the streets. His first stay in New Orleans had been brief, and had not afforded opportunities for sight-seeing; but now, at twenty-two, possessed of what may well have seemed to him a princely wage, he had both leisure and inclination to look about the city. He saw men in white flannels topped by finely woven straws at the horse races, eating, drinking. He saw them in evening clothes escorting lovely, bejeweled women to the opera. From the levee where darkies sang as they grappled huge bales of cotton, through the length of Canal Street to the quaint cemeteries at the far end, Lincoln wandered. Down at the great market place he

marveled at the huge gray mounds of oyster shells, and watched old men with queer knives extracting the oysters.

Presently his wanderings took him to the slave market. An auction was in progress; planters were weaving in and out among the frightened groups of negroes. On the block was a young mulatto woman. . . . So, at least, we may picture the scene which has passed into tradition. It is a familiar record that on such an occasion 'the iron entered his soul,' and that he made the vow, 'If ever I get a chance to hit that thing, I will hit it hard.'

Among the letters which have descended to me is one written by Lincoln later to John Calhoun — a letter reflecting the emotions to which his experience in New Orleans gave rise. Its date torn off, and its first lines defaced, it speaks from the heart the first instinctive reaction of Lincoln to the problem of the slave.

DEAR JOHN

Yours
I regret you feel so
of the opposition reg . . . me a
I am not a 'nigger lover' by any
also know how greatly disturbed I ever am
over distress of man or beast, unwarranted
abuse is a repulsive thing to my mind and
John I never have forgotten a single
instant of my memorable stay in New
Orleans which was so marked by the
atrocious cruelty practiced by many slave
holders, at this writing comes an instance
to my mind, I had stopped to question an
old slave who appeared dejected at his
task. I questioned him, are you happy in
slavery? the old fellow unbent his back as
much as possible and raising a face of
hopeless resignation answered — 'No — no
Marse I nevah is happy no mo. whip-
pins is things that black folks nevah can
stop remembrin about — they hurt so.'
this is one I forgot to tell you before. but
John I guess it takes a queer fellow like me
to sympathise with the put upon and down
trodden. those blacks John dont live —
they simply *exist*. I never trapped an

John

1837

I regret you are not
of the opposition now
I am not a negro however by any
also know how greatly distressed I ever am
over clothes of man or beast, & in particular
above - is a repulsive thing to my mind and
John I never have forgotten a single instance
of my memorable stay in New Orleans which
was so marked by the atrocious cruelty practiced
by many slaveholders, of this writing comes
an instance to my mind, I should like to
to question an old slave who appeared disre-
spectful of his task. I questioned him, are
you happy in slavery? the old fellow went
his back as much as possible and raising a
pace of hopeless misery in our world - No No
Ma'am I never is happy no No. Whipping is
things that black folks inside can stop over
me in about they don't do this is one I
forgot to tell you before. but John I give it to
a good fellow like one to sign on this with the
put upon and down to do those blacks.
John don't live - they simply exist. I have
trapped a animal in my life and I know
to me is just that, both killing my soul with
abhorrence. do not expose my religious in
only the tongue of the wise will can offend and they
at incapable of such an act. Since I shall find
myself told even though half the world disagrees
with me. I feel I am right. my knowledge of things
to your esteemed friend.

Yours friend A Lincoln

LETTER OF LINCOLN TO JOHN CALHOUN DESCRIBING
HIS FIRST IMPRESSION OF SLAVERY

animal in my life and slavery to me is just *that* both filling my soul with abhorrence. do not espouse my vindication, it is only the tongue of the wise who can offend and they are incapable of such an act, hence I shall pursue my wonted course though half the world disagrees with me. *I feel I am right.* My tenderest greetings to your esteemed family

Yours forever A. LINCOLN

Offutt often discussed Lincoln's attitude toward slavery in the Tavern in New Salem. And Scott Greene, the son of William Graham Greene, the 'Billy' who was such a close friend of Lincoln that the two boys slept together when they were employed in Offutt's store in New Salem, recently said to the author, 'My father, then a lad of nineteen, was clerking in the same store with Abe, and the two became fast friends. Abe often told Father about the slave market in New Orleans, and how, even then, he was formulating plans to stop that practice of selling.'

IV

Early in June Offutt sold the flat-boat, and the men boarded a river steamer for the return voyage. Lincoln had been impressed with New Salem, and suggested to Offutt that it might be profitable to try a business venture there. Offutt warmed to the scheme at once. It was agreed that Lincoln should go to New Salem and find a place where merchandise, which Offutt proposed to buy in Springfield, might be stored. At St. Louis the friends parted. When Lincoln returned to New Salem, he found an abandoned shack near the mill, and, learning that he might use it to store the goods which Offutt intended to secure, he put up shelves and set out promptly for Springfield. The twenty miles between New Salem and Springfield were not a difficult walk for the

young man who, in his boyhood in Indiana, had often tramped farther in a day to hear lawyer Brackenridge plead his cases.

Lincoln spent a week with Offutt choosing the stock for the store. Then he returned to New Salem and secured room and board at the Cameron cabin. At supper he was dismayed to see eleven girls, the daughters of the Reverend John Cameron, file in and take their places at the table. After their first appearance, they seem never to have made a perturbing impression on Lincoln.

As usual, Offutt was delayed. Lincoln was still without employment when, on the first of August, an election for Governor and members of Congress took place. The voting was in the Cameron cabin, and one of the clerks, none other than John McNeil, had been taken sick. Newton Mentor Graham, the schoolmaster, who served as the other clerk, asked Lincoln if he could write, and learned that he could 'make a few rabbit tracks.' Lincoln was enlisted as assistant clerk, and so made his first entry into politics.

At last Offutt and his goods arrived. In September, Offutt bought for ten dollars a site for the store on the river bank near the Rutledge mill, a spot which he hoped would prove strategic in catching the river trade. A log structure was thrown up, and the two men entered actively into business.

Offutt, whom biographers have in turn called a 'rogue,' a 'schemer,' a 'noisy braggart,' a 'wild and reckless speculator who would not disdain fraud when it served his ends,' a man windy, rattle-brained, unsteady and improvident, had more truly the character of the inveterate promoter. If at times he erred in judgment on account of his impulsiveness, his honesty forbade that others should suffer by his misadventures.

On either side of the crooked lane that was the Main Street of New Salem, Reuben Radford, the Crisman brothers, the Herndon brothers, and John McNeil in partnership with Sam Hill had set up stores. The Clary boys ran a smithy and repair shop for farm implements near the Offutt store and the mill. All these establishments vied with each other for the meagre trade of a town which never boasted more than twenty buildings, or a population of over a hundred souls. Very little money was exchanged; credit played a large part in every transaction; commodities were purchased 'on tick'; land and stores frequently changed hands with signed notes in lieu of money, and interest was seldom demanded.

Offutt soon realized these conditions, but he believed too that, if navigation were established on the Sangamon River, New Salem would become a thriving little city. He placed his store near the proposed steamboat wharf, rented the Rutledge mill, and formed ambitious plans for buying out most of the other merchants.

From the outset he had a great admiration for Lincoln. He placed him in charge of the store and the mill at a salary of two dollars a week. Since Lincoln had to divide his time between the two establishments, a clerk was needed. William Graham Greene, then a lad of nineteen, was employed for this purpose. Lincoln presently moved his scant belongings from the Camerons' to the back of the store and slept with Billy. Such was their intimacy that 'when one turned over, the other did likewise.'

V

The qualities by which Lincoln endeared himself to his fellow men are now known to all the world; but the

range of his friendships in New Salem, and the odd contrasts between different members of his acquaintance, form an extraordinary picture. Besides the Rutledges and the Camerons, with whom he was always on cordial terms, he acquired a wide variety of followers. Newton Mentor Graham, the mild-mannered Scots schoolmaster, a tall, gaunt man with a long, narrow face and deep, intelligent eyes, suggested books which would be useful to Lincoln, helped him to borrow them, and helped also to make their meaning clear. He taught in a log schoolhouse, where Lincoln often went to sit among the children. An associate of Mentor Graham in founding a temperance society, Dr. John Allen, was also a staunch friend of Lincoln. He had organized the first Sunday School in New Salem, and was its superintendent.

But not all Lincoln's friends were as reputable as Mentor Graham and Dr. Allen. About six miles southwest of New Salem was a strip of timber known as 'Clary's Grove.' It was the headquarters of a group of young toughs, wild, rowdy, lawless, fond of crude practical jokes, heavy drinkers, but with the rough virtues of loyalty and honesty. Their leader was Jack Armstrong, who had enjoyed but three weeks of schooling in his life, but 'reckoned he did pretty well because he learned all but two letters of the alphabet.' He was champion wrestler of Sangamon County, and in the natural course of events the gigantic and powerful Lincoln was brought into contest with him. It was a memorable fight — so memorable that accounts of it have differed. Whether Lincoln was merely unsubdued, or whether he gave Armstrong the thrashing which some reporters have declared, he made a friend of his opponent and acquired the entire Clary's Grove gang as a devoted and boisterous Prætorian Guard, which

formed, indeed, the nucleus of Lincoln's first political success.

Lincoln was welcomed into the Armstrong home as one of the family. Hannah, Jack's wife, mended his clothes, and in return he chopped wood, carried water, and rocked the eight children. It was William 'Duff' Armstrong, one of these children, whom Lincoln later defended against the charge of murder in the most famous of all his cases at law. The distracted Hannah came to appeal for her son, and was rewarded, although the boy was acquitted 'not by any want of testimony against him, but by the irresistible appeal of Mr. Lincoln in his favor.'

Another friend who was of great service to Lincoln was John Bowling Green, the influential Justice of the Peace in New Salem. Bowling Green was corpulent and jovial. Lincoln contrived a crude checkerboard, with a little box to hold the checkers. He had a passion for the game, which was shared by Bowling Green, and before long the two became the best players in the country.

In 1833, when Lincoln was acting as postmaster of New Salem, he made the acquaintance of John Calhoun, County Surveyor of Sangamon. The district was being rapidly settled, and Calhoun needed an assistant. This post Lincoln secured, and by a remarkable feat of application he acquired the necessary knowledge to perform his duties, although he had a poor head for figures. It was to John Calhoun that the two letters already quoted in this text were written, and the surveyor observed Lincoln's advancement in mind and position with the confidence that he was watching the first steps of a great career.

We have a crude surveyor's sketch of New Salem in 1832 made by John Calhoun which serves to bring the little

settlement before our eyes almost in its native likeness. But more precious is a memorandum which Calhoun's daughter Sarah wrote out in 1848 at her father's suggestion, containing what he remembered of Lincoln and what he thought of him in those significant New Salem years. The diary was composed in St. Joseph, Missouri, while Lincoln himself was in Washington serving as a Representative in Congress. Fresh and natural as a conversation with a citizen of New Salem itself is Sally Calhoun's diary in the anecdotes and memorabilia of Lincoln which it preserves. What better picture could we form of Lincoln's relations with another of his New Salem friends — the scholar, idler, and drunkard Jack Kelso, who whiled away his days on the river bank fishing for croppies and catfish — than this initial page of Sally's manuscript?

ST. JOE MO. *June 2nd 1848*

Page I (Lincoln Memo.) of Sarah Calhoun

Father predicts great things in the future for Lincoln, for he says Lincoln has character, Lincoln never holds a personal grudge, but will fight bitterly for the right of the masses. Father says he therefore should be a great man for the benefit of the masses. Father also says the 'under-dog' is Lincoln's first consideration. that for instance one time shortly after Lincoln came to Salem — Jack Kelso (who was the villiage drunkard) got into a fight in front of the Tavern and Lincoln rescued him and the villiage folks asked him why he should take the part of such a fellow when they knew he did not like drunkards. he answered 'I don't care what you folks do with the drunkard part of him — but I will not allow you to thrash up the intelligent part of him, because he is teaching me to read Shakspeare and I am not through my studies.

It has been said that Lincoln was unresponsive to nature, but Calhoun's recollection, as reported by Sally, was otherwise. Besides the backwoodsman's intimate knowledge of the types

St. Joe Mo. June 2nd 1848

MEMORANDA.

Page I (Lincoln Memo) of Sarah Calhoun

Father predicts great things in the future for Lincoln, for he says Lincoln has character, Lincoln never holds a personal grudge but will fight bitterly for the rights of the masses. Father says he therefore should be a great man for the benefit of the masses. Father also says the "nigger-dog" is Lincoln's first consideration. That for instance one time shortly after Lincoln came to Salem - Jack Reko (who was the village drunkard) got into a fight in front of the Tavern and Lincoln rescued him and the village folks asked him why he should take the part of such a fellow whom they knew he did not like drunkards. he answered "I don't care what you folks do with the drunkard part of him - but I will not allow you to thrash up the intelligent part of him, because he is teaching me to read Shakespeare and I am not through my studies."

and uses of trees, and of the habits of animals, Lincoln possessed the faculty of looking imaginatively upon nature. Here is another leaf of Sally's diary.

ST. JOE MO. 1848

Page V of 'Sally' Sarah Calhoun

Father says Lincoln was a great lover of nature, he would wander to the wood any where they chanced to be, he says Lincoln used to name certain trees for certain people, he said they reminded him of his friends and acquaintances. the tall straight ones, the bent narled ones, the cowardly ones that allways bent before the wind and let their branches grow that way. then some would lean on another tree and some were spinless allways weaving hither and thither. some were sturdy with knots all over them, they were the aggressivies. Father is allways amused at the unusual things Lincoln thinks and does. he seems to partake of every character who crosses his path or is unlike any body else in the scope of Fathers observations. he very often refers to himself as 'a queer fellow' when he read he allways forgot to eat otherwise he was a great eater. a healthy one.

Lincoln was now living in a religious community. Dancing, naturally, was forbidden; church, 'huskin'' and 'quilt-in'' bees, and spelling matches were the social outlet of the godly. Drinking, wrestling, and chicken fights satisfied the instinct for self-expression in the rowdies.

Important in Lincoln's life were the debating societies to which he gave a great portion of his time and effort. The New Salem Literary Society had been founded by James Rutledge, with meetings in the Tavern, and Lincoln allied himself with it. Debating brought Lincoln in close contact with Rowan Herndon, and night after night the two sat closeted for hours in Herndon's house working up material. Both men enjoyed these sessions in the extreme, and placed a high value on the exercise of their persuasive powers.

Late as their vigils kept them, Lincoln was up with the dawn next day.

The people of New Salem and Sand Ridge never forgot Lincoln's first debate. He had worked on it for weeks, declaiming it to the trees by the river and rehearsing it to stray dogs. At last he rose to face his audience in the crowded little Tavern. Ill at ease and uncertain, he shuffled to his post, lifted his heavy eyebrows, shifted his weight, and began in a thin tremulous voice, at a loss for words. A titter ran through the crowd. But as Lincoln overcame his self-consciousness, his awkward frame acquired dignity and his voice fullness and earnestness. Gradually he drew his hearers under the spell of the natural qualities of his mind, and the final impression which he made was gratifyingly successful.

A picture of these contests and of Lincoln's charm is preserved for us by Sally Calhoun. Two other leaves of her diary remain to put us as much in the presence of the eager young debater as written words can well hope to do:—

Lincoln used to quote poetry and prose at the Literary Society in Salem, he had a remarkable memory, but his selections were mostly about deeds of valor and high-minded themes. Father says he is a great one to tell jokes, that he usually tells them to cheer some one, if he sees anyone downcast he will say — 'Oh! I get that way often, but let me tell you something which has struck my funny-bone' and then he would soon have them smiling.

Father says Lincoln is a clever debater he remembers at New Salem that Lincoln and Newton Graham were to debate 'Fire vs: Water' and Newton said Lincoln knew too much about water, so he should take fire. Lincoln laughed and said 'all right I'll take fire — you see I may have to know a lot about fire in the here-after, so its well I should be beginning to enlighten myself now' and he won the debate. he took 'Dog

instinct vs: Cat instinct' once, he chose the dog, and after winning so easily some one asked him how he knew so much about dogs — he replied 'I was never above speaking to any dog I chanced to meet hence they have given me a lot of information' Father says dogs really did follow him about. he was kind to all animals and that was one reason any one would loan him a horse to ride, they knew the horse would receive good treatment.

VI

Settled in business, Lincoln found larger opportunities for study. In the store he read 'stretched at full length on the counter, his head propped on a stack of calico prints.' At other times he would sit under the shade of some inviting tree and study 'barefooted and grinding around with the shade, varying his attitude by lying on his back and putting his feet up the tree.' Another favorite spot was the cellar door, where he would lie prone for hours, a book propped before his eyes. He always read aloud, and even 'when he wrote he spoke the words as he wrote them; weighing each one as he uttered and recorded it.'

Books in New Salem were few and far between, and many are the miles Lincoln walked that he might borrow one. He had already at various times read with remarkable thoroughness such books as the Bible, *Æsop's Fables*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Pilgrim's Progress*, the now notorious Parson Weems's *Life of Washington*, and the *Statutes of Indiana*.

Two volumes and the title-page of a third have come down to me which are of especial value for the notations in Lincoln's own hand which they contain. The title-page is that of a work comprising the first six books of Euclid, with supplements by the author, John Playfair. The volumes are Samuel P. Newman's *Practical System*

of *Rhetoric*, and *An Essay on Elocution*, by Samuel Kirkham. Playfair's *Elements of Geometry* was published at Philadelphia in 1832. On the page which is all that remains of Lincoln's copy the owner's name is written across the top in large letters, while lower down, in Lincoln's own hand, appear the words: —

from M. D. JUDKINS.

to

A LINCOLN

At the bottom of the page his hand again appears. He has written: —

I have greatly appreciated this gift. 'the good that men do live after them.'

A LINCOLN.

More fully annotated and more significant as a record of Lincoln's mind are the brown leaves of *A Practical System of Rhetoric: Or the Principles & Rules of Style, Inferred from Examples of Writing*, by Samuel P. Newman. This book was published in 1829 by Shirley and Hyde, Portland, and Mark Newman, Andover. It is inscribed on the flyleaf: 'Miss Susan Y. Baker, March 15 Eastport Academy.' At the bottom of the title-page is the signature 'A. Lincoln; Gentryville.' At the top of the page appear other lines in Lincoln's hand: —

this book —

Into my hand from valued hand of friend
She gave — that better style unto my english it
would lend;
Gratitude to Miss Baker and hard for me to
construct.

A. LINCOLN

One could brood over the notes which Lincoln has left in this quaint *Rhetoric* and record many degrees of charm, respect, and pleasure which the casual words evoke. On the page opposite the title Lincoln has scribbled, somewhat imperfectly, the famous

stanza of Burns, 'Many and sharp the num'rous ills Inwoven with our frame,' underscoring emphatically the concluding lines, 'Man's inhumanity to man Makes countless thousands mourn!' And below appear the lines:—

To be, or not to be? — that is the question. —
Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer —
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune
Or to take up arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing, end them!

Again the last line is underscored, and beneath are the words '(quoted) A. Lincoln.'

It would not be unprofitable to go adventuring in the pages of Newman's *Rhetoric* even where they have not been annotated by Lincoln, if only to see what sort of intellectual nourishment he found there. We may notice at least two examples which Mr. Newman quotes for the edification of his readers.

We shall choose from a passage in which he is expatiating on the force obtained in description when all the details are appropriate to a well-conceived general purpose.

The following example [says Mr. Newman] is taken from Everett's description of the Pilgrim Fathers on their voyage to America.

'I see them driven in fury before the raging tempest, on the high and giddy waves. The awful voice of the storm howls through the rigging. The labouring masts seem straining from their base; — the dismal sound of the pumps is heard; the ship leaps as it were madly from billow to billow; — the ocean breaks and settles with engulfing floods over the floating deck, and beats with deadening, shivering weight, against the staggered vessel.'

The design of the writer in this passage, is to excite emotion in the minds of his readers. He would have them shudder in view of the dangers, by which the frail bark he describes is encompassed, and regard with deep commiseration the noble

adventurers it bears. If now we notice the circumstances which make up the description, as they tend to this design of the writer, we may learn at once, why the passage, as a description, excites our admiration. The 'howling voice of the storm,' 'the straining of the masts,' 'the dismal sound of the pumps,' 'the leaping of the ship,' 'the overflowing of the deck,' and 'the deadening shock of the ocean,' all tend to impress the mind most deeply with horror at the scene, and commiseration for those who are exposed to its dangers.

I give one example more, in which it is the design of the writer to excite emotions of a ludicrous nature. It is Irving's description of Ichabod Crane.

'He was tall, but exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves, feet that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame most loosely hung together. His head was small, and flat at top, with large ears, large green glassy eyes, and a long snipe nose, so that it looked like a weathercock perched upon his spindle neck, to tell which way the wind blew. To see him striding along the profile of a hill on a windy day, with his clothes bagging and fluttering about him, one might have mistaken him for the genius of famine descending upon the earth, or some scarecrow eloped from a cornfield.'

Now there is no one, who, in reading this passage, does not admire it as a description. And any one in assigning the reason of his admiration, would at once pronounce it a fine description, because all the circumstances mentioned tend so admirably to the design of the writer.

We may pause in admiration not only before the picture of Ichabod Crane, as commended by Mr. Newman for its literary taste; but also before the picture of Lincoln, lying, perhaps, on his back, with his feet 'up a tree,' studying a portrait for which, with a few features amended, he might himself have sat.

Among the passages which Mr. Newman quotes was one which struck home to Lincoln with peculiar force

of truth to nature is most deeply felt, when the writer lays open to our view the hidden workings of the mind and the strong affections of the heart. That the student may more fully understand what is meant by the phrase "truth to nature," which is of frequent occurrence, I here introduce two passages, which happily illustrate its meaning,—one, the description of a familiar scene, the other, of the affections.

The following description of a country inn is from Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*.

Imagination fondly stoops to trace
 The parlour splendours of that festive place;
 The white washed wall, the nicely sanded floor,
 The varnished clock that ticked behind the door;
 The chest, contrived a double debt to pay,
 A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
 The pictures placed for ornament and use,
 The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
 The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,
 With aspin boughs, and flowers and fennel gay;
 While broken teacups, wisely kept for show,
 Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

Mrs. Hemans thus describes a mother's love ;

There is none
 In all this cold and hollow world, no fount
 Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that within
 A mother's heart.—You ne'er made
 Your breast the pillow of his infancy,
 While to the fulness of your heart's glad heavings
 His fair cheek rose and fell ; and his bright hair
 Waved softly to your breath!—You never kept watch
 Beside him, till the last pale star had set,
 And morn, all dazzling, as in triumph broke
 On your dim weary eye ; not yours the face
 Which, early faded through fond care for him,

*No truer words were ever
 Spoken, I feel the import of*

A PAGE FROM LINCOLN'S COPY OF NEWMAN'S 'RHETORIC'

*It is interesting to compare this with the reference in his letter to John Calhoun
 reproduced on page 843*

and which touched upon an emotion that he has dignified in unsurpassed tributes.

Mrs. Hemans thus describes a mother's love;

There is none
In all this cold and hollow world, no fount
Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that within
A mother's heart. — You ne'er made
Your breast the pillow of his infancy,
While to the fulness of your heart's glad heavings
His fair cheek rose and fell; and his bright hair
Waved softly to your breath! — You never kept
watch

Beside him, till the last pale star had set,
And morn, all dazzling, as in triumph broke
On your dim weary eye; not yours the face
Which, early faded through fond care for him,
Hung o'er his sleep, and duly, as heaven's light;
Was there to greet his wakening! You ne'er
smoothed

His couch, ne'er sung him to his rosy rest,
Caught his least whisper, when his voice from
yours

Had learned soft utterance; pressed your lip to
his,

When fever parched it; hushed his wayward
cries,

With patient, vigilant, never-weared love!
No! these are woman's tasks!

Lincoln has drawn irregular lines in ink across the top and down the sides of the first lines of this passage; and in the lower margin of the page has written:—

no truer words were ever spoken. I feel the import of them.

Another passage Lincoln has significantly scored. After quoting a writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, Mr. Newman remarks:—

The same writer, in describing the sophistry and unfair statements of those, who tell us to judge of Civil Liberty from the outrages and violent acts which attend revolutions, says,

'It is just at this crisis of revolution that its enemies love to exhibit it. They pull down the scaffolding from the half finished edifice; they point to the flying dust, the falling bricks, the comfortless rooms, the

frightful irregularity of the whole appearance; and then ask in scorn, where the promised splendour and comfort is to be found.'

Lincoln has underlined the words 'who tell us to judge of Civil Liberty from the outrages and violent acts which attend revolutions,' and has again drawn marginal lines about the passage.

Chapter V in Mr. Newman's *Rhetoric* is entitled 'On Style,' and, save for a group of exercises and specimens, concludes the volume. It is a quaint discussion of elegance and propriety and vivacity, — the latter one of Mr. Newman's favorite eulogisms, — but it concludes with a few sentences on which the hungry Lincoln must have seized like a creature suddenly breathing his native element after forced respiration in an alien atmosphere.

A good style is an attainment, which amply repays all the effort that has here been enjoined. It is to the scholar, a summation of his intellectual discipline and acquirements. He, who in this land of free institutions holds an able pen, has a weapon of powerful efficacy both for defence and attack; and if this weapon be wielded with honest and patriotic motives; he who wields it, may become a public benefactor.

Again Lincoln has drawn his irregular line across the top of this passage and down either side. Underneath he has added:—

a truth very well constructed. A. L.

An additional evidence that this passage impressed Lincoln seems to appear in the fact that he has written it in another book which he later owned, apparently forgetting the authorship of the words, since below them he has made the note:—

quoted from 'Hooker and Barrow.'

A. LINCOLN.

The volume in which these sentences have been jotted down is *An Essay on Elocution, Designed for the Use of Schools and Private Learners*, by Samuel Kirkham. It was published in New York by Robinson, Pratt and Company, in 1838. Lincoln has underscored the words 'private learners' in the title, and has written below, 'especially me.' At the bottom of the page appears the signature:—

Property of
A LINCOLN

On a flyleaf preceding the title is the penciled endorsement:—

Permealy C. M. Corbett to Abe Lincoln
and below, in ink,

Springfield 1839
A. LINCOLN

The volume is rich in annotations. In the table of contents Lincoln has marked such titles as 'Messiah,' by Pope; 'On receiving his Mother's Picture,' by Cowper; 'The Broken Heart,' by Irving; 'Parting of the Three Indian Friends,' by Moore; and 'The Wisdom and Majesty of God, attested by the Works of Creation,' by Dr. Chalmers. He has marked in the text the famous stanza of Byron containing the line 'On with the dance! let joy be unconfined,' and concluding with the sullen interruption of the cannon of Waterloo. He has marked also these other lines of Byron, which have been entitled 'Bliss of the Future State.'

In darkness spoke Athena's wisest son,
'All that we know, is, nothing can be known:'
Yet doubting pagans dreamed of bliss to come —
Of peace upon the shores of Acheron.
'T is ours, as holiest men have deemed, to see
A land of souls beyond that sable shore,
To shame the doctrine of the sadducee
And sophists, madly vain of dubious lore:

[This line heavily underscored]

How sweet 't will be in concert to adore
With those who made our mortal labours light!

To hear each voice we feared to hear no more —
Of Christian martyrs, prophets gone before!
Behold each mighty shade revealed to sight,
The Bactrian, Samian sage, and all who taught
the right!

Byron again drew Lincoln's fire with the lines:—

What is the end of fame? 't is but to fill
A certain portion of uncertain paper.

Lincoln has underlined the words 'to fill,' and has written in the margin 'a grave of certain feet.'

Three couplets have been singled out for emphasis; they are marked by parenthetical strokes of ink.

A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty,
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

Shall I, too, weep? Where, then, is fortitude?
And, fortitude abandoned, where is man?

Place me where winter breathes his keenest air,
And I will sing, if liberty be there.

Two other fragments of verse received Lincoln's especial attention.

If hinderances obstruct thy way,
Thy magnanimity display,
And let thy strength be seen;
But O! if fortune . . fill thy sail
With more than a propitious gale,
Take half thy canvass in.

Alas! alas! doth hope . . deceive us?
Shall friendship, love — shall all those ties
That bind a moment, and then leave us,
Be found again where nothing dies?
Oh! if no other boon were given
To keep our hearts from wrong and stain,
Who would not try to win a . . HEAVEN,
Where all we love, shall live again?

In the margins beside these verses, irregular lines have been drawn in ink. Lincoln has underscored the last six verses, and close by them has written the words, 'Thus I pray.'

Mr. Kirkham has suggested the declamatory emphasis which he desires his readers to cultivate by means of italics and other devices. Lincoln, however, evidently read the selections

with more at heart than the study of elocution. Beneath the first stanzas of 'The Burial of Sir John Moore,' Lincoln has written the rather curious comment:—

If my Publick whom I have served,
would lay me away like 'Sir John' I could
rest in peace,

A. LINCOLN

The stanza of Burns which he wrote in his copy of Newman's *Rhetoric* Lincoln has again signalized in Kirkham's volume. Two pen strokes lead out from the last two lines, —

Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn,

to a note in Lincoln's own hand: 'and enslaves his fellow-man.'

Lincoln has so left his impress upon his fellow men that we should not willingly lose his most casual marginalia. But of no casual interest for these New Salem years are many entries in Kirkham's *Elocution*. Here, for example, are further lines which Mr. Kirkham quotes:—

If that high world which lies beyond
Our own, surviving love endears;
If there the cherished heart be found,
The eye the same, except in tears;

How welcome those untrodden spheres!
How sweet this very hour to die!
To soar from earth, and find all fears
Lost in thy light . . . Eternity!

Beside these lines are the simple words 'To Ann,' and the signature 'A. Lincoln.'

On the back flyleaf of the volume is an endorsement in the hand of Sally Calhoun:—

ST. JOE MO. 1859.

This was the property of Mr. Lincoln, he left it with my Father on a visit to our home in Springfield Ill; I shall all ways cherish this book as it is so intimately marked in memory of his little sweetheart Ann. Mr. Lincoln recited many of these poems.

SARAH CALHOUN.

The relations of Ann Rutledge, John McNeil, and Lincoln, and the brief courtship of Lincoln and Ann, so bright in its inception, so tragic in its conclusion, must be recounted in further papers. It will then be my privilege to present to readers of the *Atlantic* the actual letters which passed between Lincoln and Ann—messages precious, unstudied, and moving—and the opinions of those who knew and watched them as recorded in their diaries and recollections.

(*'The Courtship' is the title of Miss Minor's next Lincoln paper*)

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE MILKY WAY IN CHINA

ON the seventh day of the seventh moon there are no birds to be seen on earth. They have all gone into the heavens to make, with their wings in close formation, a bridge across the Golden River, a bridge on which big sister Kiao Miao goes reluctantly to her husband's home. And how bitterly she weeps! On earth her tears are called rain. This is her story:—

Ages and ages ago a poor young cowherd, pasturing his buffaloes near a lake, saw a wondrous sight. Ten celestial virgins, granddaughters of the Heavenly Mandarin, came down to his lake to bathe. He could not keep the matter to himself. He must confide in someone. So he told his favorite old buffalo. His intelligent friend instructed him in this wise:—

'Next time they come down you let nine of them put on their clothes and return to the sky. But you hide the garments of the tenth and take her home to be your wife.'

The youth was more than willing to do his part.

Again the damsels came to bathe. The nine put on their beautiful clothing and flew aloft. The tenth searched in vain for hers. Without it her feet were earth-bound.

The cowherd took the unwilling but helpless maiden to his home, where she lived the life of an earthly wife and mother. Her first child was a boy, the second a girl.

She hunted continually for the celestial robes, without which she could not rise above earth. Her husband had hidden them down in a well.

Day after day she begged him tearfully, 'Tell me where to find my clothes.'

'Stop crying. I won't tell. You'll leave me if you have those clothes.'

Her ceaseless lamentation was trying to the patience of even a cowherd. He thought, 'By this time the clothing is ruined anyway, and besides, she would hardly be willing to leave her children. I'll tell her where to find her old clothes to stop her crying.'

At the very first chance she pulled the bundle up out of the well, and tried on the garments of her maidenhood. Their power was not diminished. She was carried away into the heavens.

The husband was disconsolate. His old friend the buffalo said, 'When I die, preserve my skin, for with that you too can rise to heaven.'

The time soon came to put these words to the test. But the man would not leave his children behind. He put each one into a basket and suspended these baskets from either end of a carrying pole. With the pole over one shoulder and the buffalo hide and a yoke over the other, he mounted to the skies in search of his runaway wife.

She saw him coming. Even the sight of her children did not reconcile her to the prospect. Quickly she took a golden hairpin from her head, and with it drew a line across the heavens to keep the man at a distance. This is the Heavenly River flowing at her feet. With such a poetic and appropriate name, who would call it the 'Cow's Milk Road'?

The wife further manifested her displeasure. She threw the spindle with which she had been weaving. Her aim was not good, and it fell some distance

from her husband's feet. In retaliation he threw at her the buffalo yoke. His marksmanship was better. He almost hit his angelic wife.

There, in the seventh moon, you can see on the east side of the Milky Way, almost within the river, three bright stars in a row. The brightest one is in the centre, and that is the father. The fainter ones on either side are the children. Not far away is the diamond-shaped constellation popularly known as Job's Coffin. That is the spindle.

Just across from where the father stands is one bright star, his wife, and the three stars of the triangular yoke, fainter, as befits their earthly origin.

The wife was powerless to escape her fate. In duty bound, she must spend part of each year in her husband's home. The magpie was used as a messenger to carry the demands of the one and the answers of the other across the river. The wife consented to give her husband twelve days each year, spending the rest of the time on her own side.

The bird, perhaps malignantly, perhaps ignorantly, changed the message and promised that she would spend all but twelve days with her husband.

In anger at such perfidy, this granddaughter of the Heavenly Mandarin snatched the bird bald, and to this day, in the seventh moon, the magpie has no feathers on the top of his head.

But this act of vengeance did not relieve her from fulfilling the contract.

In the copious summer rains people say, 'Big sister Kiao Miao' is crying. She mourns for her home on the other side of the Heavenly River.'

For several years past the summer rains have been scant. They say, 'Big sister is getting old. She no longer weeps as once she did.'

But this year, on the seventh day of the seventh moon, she crossed to her husband in a veritable tantrum of rage — thunder, lightning, wind, and hail.

HOW I GOT TO THE TOP

ALL that I am to-day I owe to the magazines. Once upon a time I used to buy them from the news stands exclusively. And then somebody gave me a subscription to the *Era*. It was the turning point in my life. No, I don't mean intellectually. I had always been a reasonably active reader. I'm talking about material things, plain dollars and cents. Until then I had been able to earn money — after a fashion. But I had never been able to accumulate it. I had, alas, never realized the truth of that splendid old proverb, 'A penny saved is a penny earned.'

Shortly afterward — or so it seemed — I received the following message printed on a green slip and inserted in my copy of the *Era*: 'Your subscription expires with the next issue, and we are, accordingly, giving you an opportunity to take advantage of our Special Offer which holds good only until February 15. A year's subscription to the *Era* costs \$4.00. *McClenan's*, taken alone, is \$3.50. Fill out this blank, enclose your check for \$5.50, and we will send you *both* magazines for one year.' I calculated rapidly: \$7.50 minus \$5.50 equals \$2.00; \$2.00 on a \$5.50 sinking fund is 36 per cent. Was I a man to give the cold shoulder to a 36 per cent investment? I sent them my check.

Not long afterward I received a square, spotlessly white envelope addressed in faultless Spencerian handwriting to 'Parke Cummings, *Esq.*' — the italics, of course, being mine.

'Aha,' I mused. 'Here is that long-awaited invitation to the Hallowsays' dance. It almost looked as though they were going to forget me.' Eagerly I tore open the envelope. Inside, sure enough, was an engraved invitation — to take advantage of the *Woman's House Builder's* kind offer to send

me, free of charge, one dozen handsomely initialed handkerchiefs as a slight token of appreciation for my subscription (\$3.00) to the *Woman's House Builder*. I accepted — with pleasure. And anyhow I learned later on from a friend that the Hallows' dance was a washout.

This stroke of fortune I followed up with a few more investments. It was then that I happened to encounter Len on the street. Len is a Wall Street man, and naturally our talk drifted on to finance.

'Have you anything good up your sleeve?' I asked him with studied nonchalance.

His eyes sparkled. '*Have I!*' he replied enthusiastically. 'Five hundred shares of Consolidated Lightning Arrester at 112½! *That's* all! Can you beat it — with an almost certain merger with U. S. Oscillating Transformers? Man, it's a gold mine! And how about you?'

'I,' I began calmly, 'have two years of the *World Explorer*, 1929, 14 per cent, three years of *New Psychology-South American Humor* combined, 21 per cent with quarterly Gillette Razor Blade dividends, five years of *Horses and Huntsmen*, a set of O. Henry maturing in three years, and a lifetime subscription to the *Pacific Quarterly* which will net me a seven-room bungalow with two baths by the time I am forty-five.'

I could see he was impressed and confused. He fumbled for words for a moment or so and finally sputtered, 'Well, I stand to clean up between seven and eight thousand. That is, provided —'

'*I can't lose,*' I interrupted brusquely, and walked away.

From then on success became positively monotonous. I began to receive checks. Not real checks, of course, but enticing green, blue, and yellow slips

with perforated edges saying, 'THIS IS WORTH \$5.00 — if you take advantage of our renewal offer. — Joseph Walton, secretary.' These I cashed into subscriptions for myself, my friends, my cousins, my uncles, my aunts, and my future children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren.

My possessions now are legion: Sets of Dumas, De Maupassant, Poe, the Five-Foot Shelf. Books by Plato, Darwin, Huxley, Wilde, Dreiser, Upton Sinclair. Reams of monogrammed stationery. Cocktail shakers. A tea set — which I presented to my mother. Castile soap. Tennis trousers. A magic-lantern slide — I gave this to Cousin Richard. Radiator tops. Copies of the *World's Best Pictures*. Memberships in lecture courses. Smoking sets. Electric irons. A vacuum cleaner. Booklets on *How to Build Ship Models*, *How to Sprint*, *The Voter's Duty*, *The Truth about Sacco and Vanzetti*, *The Truth about Nicaragua*, *The Truth about Psychiatry*, *Do the People Want Democracy?* These and a thousand other things.

And besides all this my books to date show a profit of \$684.50 saved by taking advantage of offers in time. Only once did I act too slowly. This was when I replied in November to an offer which expired the preceding January. I was informed that the magazine in question would gladly have complied with my request but for the fact that its publication had been permanently suspended.

But you say these six hundred odd dollars are only paper profits? True, but what a trivial objection! The whole point is in my change of habits, my new point of view. I am no longer a drifter, a wanton spender, a hand-to-mouther. I have now gone far in the world. And, mark my words, I shall go farther — for I have learned the Secret of Thrift.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

WRITING from South Dakota, **Archer B. Gilfillan** describes himself in these words:—

I do not know that there is much to say about myself except that I am a Phi Beta Kappa gone wrong. When I left the University of Pennsylvania in 1910 I came to this country and bought a bunch of sheep with my patrimony. I lost everything through mismanagement, went to Chicago to a theological seminary for three years, left just before graduation on account of a loss of faith in that particular brand, came back to this country, and went into the sheep business again, only this time I grabbed the stick by the small end as I should have done in the first place. I have gradually been getting a few sheep of my own which I lease to my boss on shares, each receiving half the lambs and half the wool. . . .

In this age of debunking, the one person that needs debunking most of all is the cowboy—that is, if you can debunk someone who has ceased to exist. There is a traditional dislike between the sheep herder and the cowboy, and there is abundant reason for it. The cowboy has been romanticized and all but translated. The herder has been correspondingly vilified, and with just as little reason. Both are stock tenders, and the herder is the better paid of the two. The cowboy is as cast-iron a type as Punch and Judy. The herder is simply one more human being. The cowboy has had his day in court and is still having it. Is it too much to ask that the sheep herder shall at least have a hearing?

Our new-found friends the bootlegger, the hi-jacker, and the racketeer are attributed by **James Truslow Adams** to a tradition of lawlessness that dates back to Colonial days. △ A new Virginian author, **Pernet Patterson**, makes his second appearance in our pages with a two-part story depicting negro life below the Mason-Dixon line, where the black race is still untouched by the ways of the white man. **Bernard Iddings Bell**, a familiar figure to all *Atlantic* readers, takes issue as a churchman with the agnosticism of Joseph Wood Krutch and other disillusioned moderns. △ As an old St. Paul's boy, **Owen Wister** knew Dr. Henry Coit while he was building up the

first and largest of those quasi-English church boarding schools that now abound in New England. △ Straight from France comes **Llewelyn Powys's** vignette on an ancient house in Belley. The author is at present headed for Palestine. △ The stanzas of **Rosalie Hickler** would seem to indicate that the ballad has not entirely disappeared from the field of modern poetry.

Son of an English civil servant in China, **Owen Lattimore** was born and bred in the Far East. After a few years' schooling in England he returned to Tientsin, where he worked for an exporting firm and later for a Peking daily as a traveling correspondent. When his duties began taking him into the hinterland where the caravans started, he determined that he would himself cross the Black Gobi. We give here one of the more thrilling passages from the book that he wrote on completing the trip, which will be published in January. Its author, incidentally, is the husband of Eleanor Lattimore, whose account of sledging across Siberia appeared in our pages early this year. △ 'A Christmas Parable' is the last of the posthumous essays by **Samuel McChord Crothers**. △ The second installment from **Robert Keable's** forthcoming book about Jesus continues to present the Founder of Christianity in an unconventional light. △ So many modern fictioneers deal with purely realistic themes that it is a refreshing surprise to come upon a man like the Reverend Dr. **Witherow** whose Scotch sense of values makes him concentrate upon the ethical aspect of every situation. **Robert Hillyer**, poet and essayist, is now teaching Dean Briggs's famous course in English Composition at Harvard.

John McCook Roots, son of one of the great missionary bishops in China, describes a religious movement that has made extraordinary progress among the young

people of both America and England. The concluding sentence of the article is based on these words of G. K. Chesterton: 'We have found all the questions that can be found. It is time we gave up looking for questions and began looking for answers.'

△As a college president himself, **Allan Hoben** is well qualified to depict the most charming member of modern society — the Professor. **George J. Anderson**, president of the Consolidation Coal Company, explains a pioneer step that his concern is making to solve the problems of overproduction, price cutting, and wage cutting that have been plaguing the bituminous coal industry. Two years ago this step was advocated by John L. Lewis, and it enjoys the endorsement of Labor in general.

Wilma Frances Minor, who has by inheritance come into possession of a remarkable collection of Lincolniana, is a professional journalist in the Far West. Of late years she has devoted much of her time and energy to the study and preparation of her documents and to the labor of assembling authentic oral traditions.

Professor A. Vibert Douglas's speculations concerning the energy of starlight and the nature of matter have brought forth the following letter. Perhaps we are irrelevant, but we cannot help thinking of Byron's lines: —

When Bishop Berkeley said 'there was no matter,'

And proved it, — 't was no matter what he said.

Anyway, here's the letter. No prizes are offered for correct translations.

WINNETKA, ILLINOIS

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In Professor A. Vibert Douglas's article, 'The Energy of Starlight,' in the October *Atlantic*, he says, 'Sometime and somewhere in the space-time universe . . . matter has come into existence.'

How can this be true? Why do modern scientists allow theological conceptions to sway their minds? There is no reason whatever in common sense or in scientific thinking for assuming that matter ever came into existence. Its indestructibility proves that it has always existed. Why

still bow to the ancient idea? Is the human mind incapable of grasping the fact that time, space, matter, and energy never had a beginning, have no limit, and will never have an end? The pre-eminent Einstein has hazarded the guess that the universe is some 600,000,000 light years high, wide, or long. What nonsense! Is the truth so overwhelming? Why do men of science still drop on their knees when they look at the stars? Have n't we outgrown the Aztecs?

Professor Douglas's assignment of the origin of energy to starlight is another idea that I decline to subscribe to. That we are of such stuff as stars are made of the spectroscope gives ample proof, but also we are of such stuff as nails are made of, and cabbage, and steers, and chicken à la king, and various elements less appealing than stars.

As we see energy manifested in innumerable ways — in lightning, life, action, intelligence, emotion, growth, changes — we seem, to me, to be looking upon no mystery at all. Energy I conceive to be stirred out of inertia by the tremendous dynamic motion of the earth itself, exactly as it is released by the motion of the dynamo in common use, and this vast energy, developed by the ceaseless action of the earth, is stored in it as in a battery; and this energy actuates all life and motion and force; and my suggestion is that after the planet-battery is fully charged or loaded surplus electricity flows out into space from the hub, at the poles — exactly as electric energy developed by dynamos is thrown out from their centres, to follow lines of least resistance over wires placed for it — discharged abroad (often visible as the aurora), finding its way, possibly, to the sun, feeding that light and power station, as similar streams of electricity from the sister planets of the solar system find their way, possibly, to the same centre, a great revolving electrical nucleus.

That starlight may in some remote way contribute in some measure to this tremendous stir of energy is possible, but my conclusions are based upon sound mechanical (mechanistic) considerations, and I believe that every known natural phenomenon points to the truth of my simple solution of the origin of energy — of life.

LLEWELLYN BICKNELL RING

What Walter Henderson Grimes called 'The Curse of Leisure' must be lying heavily upon many of our readers, to judge from all the correspondence we have had on the subject. Here, however, is a busy but modest lady, hiding behind initials and assuring this man-made world that there must be a hitch somewhere.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I was very much interested in what Mr. Walter Henderson Grimes had to say about 'The Curse of Leisure' in the September issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*. The title of the article arrested my attention at once, undoubtedly due to the fact that I, as well as the people with whom I come in daily contact, have so very little leisure. Of course, I discovered almost immediately that Mr. Grimes was talking about a different kind of leisure than the title suggests — a continued leisure imposed upon a rising percentage of our people who find themselves without work, due to modern efficiency methods.

It was shown that 85 per cent of the people employed in 1923 are to-day able to do all the work involved in providing food, clothing, shelter, and luxuries for all the rest, and that this percentage tends to drop, leaving the hypothetical 15 per cent (or more) without a means of earning their living. In other words, this is giving a certain percentage of our people more leisure than they want, and I believe if you were to ask any one of the others you would be told he has not leisure enough.

Then why don't we give everyone employment five days, or four and one-half days a week, and in so doing give more leisure to those who now have so little?

Of course it will be said that among those who now find themselves out of work are the 'hopeless dubs,' the 'trouble makers,' etc. Nevertheless, I am sure a place could be found for them all.

There is bound to be one other objection. If a man works only 85 per cent of the time he is now working (because the hypothetical 15 per cent Mr. Grimes speaks of are doing their share of the work), and his pay is reduced 15 per cent, he certainly is going to put up a fight. Instead of being able to have more of the world's goods that he desires, he will be able to have less than he has now.

There must be something wrong somewhere! There are enough raw materials to supply all our needs. There are enough people to convert these raw materials into finished products and to enjoy considerable leisure besides. Yet, if everyone shares in this work, there will be a large number of individuals who will not be earning enough money to buy all the things they need or desire. Should n't there be an adjustment of values somewhere? Increased efficiency, together with 100 per cent employment, would flood the market with goods. This would bring prices within reach of the consumer, would it not? I do not profess to know much about economics, but this seems logical to me.

The good an extra day of leisure every week — or, if allowed to cumulate, 52 days a year — would do for an individual is incalculable. I have

known times when but one or two hours of reading would put me in high spirits for days, and a week of life out of doors would give me incentive to face an otherwise dull and dreary world with courage and enthusiasm. If you don't believe people need more courage and enthusiasm for living their lives, then just stand at some street corner some night and watch them as they go home from work.

I can only wish that I and all mankind would have more spare time. Has it not been said that nations produce their finest art in periods of leisure? If we had more, would it not give rise to higher thinking? And, with higher thinking, would we have as many prisons, plagues, and wars? I am for leisure and more of it.

Sincerely yours,

F. R. B.

For the man's side of the case we turn to a civil engineer who says that the curse of too much self-respect — not leisure — explains our waves of unemployment. We must cash in on this curse if we would be saved.

SUNLAND, CALIFORNIA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I will say, and every honest man will say with me, that the American-born laborer, as well as he who has come to us from Northern Europe, is the best and most intelligent worker to be obtained for any kind of construction work.

Thousands upon thousands of this kind of men are out of work to-day not because they refuse to work for the comparatively low wages which are paid on these jobs (because this white man is fairly well balanced and knows exactly what he is worth, pink and yellow literature notwithstanding), but because these white men resent being herded into the same tents with a conglomerate of races that begins as low in the scale as the Cantonese coolie.

Now it is a well-known fact to all of those who have done construction work in the West that, when an American works side by side with a coolie or South European, for some unknown reason his boss permits himself to treat the white man with contempt. The white man feels this and consequently, within a very short time, there are two coolies working on that job and the white is looking for other employment for no other reason but that he suffers from the 'Curse of Too Much Self-Respect.'

So it seems to me, and many others like me, that, if we want jobs for the many thousands of common American laborers, then we must cater to their white man's Superiority Complex. And it is hardly necessary to say that the employer will profit by so doing, unless he is the kind of

man who tries to treat his help of American-born men as a Bulgarian voivode treats his serfs.

Ask an engineer whether he is willing to run original surveys with a crew composed of coolies or Montenegrins, on a job that will test the soul and fibre of every man in his gang. The engineer knows that, as sure as the sun rises, he would be forced to take coolies with him if his bosses thought that the coolie would and could do the work for ten cents less a day than the white man. This does not engender loyalty in the engineer toward his employers. At the same time he does his work, even if it should take the ultimate in nerve and physical strength, not out of any sense of respect or love for his bosses, but because of the white man's superiority complex that drives him to carry on long after his body has become a broken wreck.

Does history, as we know it to be true, prove that the darker races will do the same? Or is it not *they* who look to *us* for help?

There is an enormous amount of labor being done by dark hands in this country which could and would be done by native Americans if they had but the surety of a square deal.

I well remember the days when there were three crews on every construction job: one working, one coming, one going. Camp superintendents would take bribes from employment agencies for every new man they hired. This would naturally make business for the agency, but also would throw another man into the ranks of the unemployed, because the superintendent had to fire a man for each one he hired. These laborers knew what was going on and, automatically, this made them careless workmen on the next job.

To sum up: Give to American men the jobs held by dark-faced labor to-day. Permit the laborer to hang on to his self-respect, something he has never been permitted to do in the history of our country. Facts prove that he has the right to be suspicious of his bosses. It is a terrible indictment against cultured America that none but the I. W. W. cleaned up the vermin-filled lumber camps of the West.

An American miner will take pride in and brag about the amount of rock he has moved. The dark-faced foreigner is interested in his pay check only.

Give the American farmer helpful legislation, so that he may not be forced to leave the plough to the dark hands of Asiatics. God help the United States when it must depend upon the Asiatic to feed its people and to furnish its men of vision. Our great men have always come from close to the soil. Should we be willing to let Asiatics and kindred bloods fall heir to the lands that nourish the lifeblood of America?

In closing I would like to say that, some time gone, I read a speech of Judge Gary's in my asso-

ciation paper. In this talk he tried to impress upon the leaders of Federated Labor the necessity for the use of the Golden Rule in their dealings with STEEL. How the Devil must have chortled when he heard these pearls of wisdom as they fell from the lips of the estimable Judge Gary, the FRIEND OF LABOR.

Close the immigration gates and give American Labor a chance to hang on to its self-respect, and our children will bless us.

Very respectfully yours,

MAXWELL E. HILL, C.E.

P.S. May it not be well to keep American money at home? The first protest that was made against the immigration regulations now in effect was filed by the Rumanian ambassador. His statement was to the effect that 'it was a vital necessity that more of his countrymen be permitted to come to the United States. That Rumania MUST have the money that was being sent, year after year, from the United States of America.'

Is the above good business?

M. E. H.

These fears may find adequate basis in a letter we recently received from a Chinese in London, Ontario, suggesting that he alleviate the white man's burden by writing for the *Atlantic*. California papers please copy:—

My English is simple, here and there are some little mistakes I know I have, for my insufficient English does not permit me to collect. I am seventeen years of age. I came over from China five years ago and could not speak a word of English. Ever since I learn to read English I have been an *Atlantic Monthly* reader and now I came to love it. My present article was inspired by the articles on China in your great paper. Please let me know if you have any use for it. And I will send you for examination. It is the longest I have ever written.

Shorey was right. Thanks to the scientific devotion of our Darrows and Scopeses it is impossible to discuss evolution in the cool appropriate atmosphere of the laboratory. Instead we handle the subject as if it were prohibition, farm relief, or a new make of automobile. The October *Atlantic* gave over some dozen pages to a humanist criticism of the evolutionary propaganda that is stultifying our schools and colleges. A science-saturated public at once assumes that the whale did swallow Jonah after all — it said so in the *Atlantic*!

PARK RIDGE, N. J.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

When the name Paul Shorey appears in the table of contents in the *Atlantic* we turn to his contribution with pleasant anticipation. Not always to give unqualified assent, but always to find ourselves entertained. Is his defense of Bryanistic special creation to be taken as scientific criticism or is it only a literary tour de force? It is the last, but is it the first? Of this handicraft creation or mechanistic evolution we choose neither. The adventure of the Amœba who rose to the rank of Homo Sapiens is full of interest, and many of its steps may be traced, but at the same time countless grains of sand rolled on the ageless shores and neither lived nor died. Why did this amœba person get ahead and a head? Evidently for the reason that he was alive. Life is ever pushing out and up. Why? The answer is that life seems to aspire. If the word 'evolution' only means permutation and gyration, let us so name it. The fact seems to be that the poetry of to-day began to be written when the amœba began to get restless. The rest is only detail. Seek the meaning of the 'Ode on a Grecian Urn' in the amœba — no, seek the meaning of the amœba in the ode. The significance of the whole process is best seen in or at the most advanced point.

This tendency of life to get on may be capitalized and looked up to. It may not be a proper theophany, but we owe a good deal to it. Man may join the amœba in aspiration and so become as pious as he. Why not? It is easy to be hopeful when we see how far the amœba has already traveled. Biological evolution, going on all around us, moves to Wagnerian music and is as full of poetic suggestion as the old Hellenic mythology. It was the writer's good fortune to hear Matthew Arnold's 'Literature and Science,' in which he was at his best as a controversialist, but while he poked delicious fun at the hairy ancestor of Science — furnished with a tail and pointed ears — and his probable arboreal habits, we may be sure that he did not imagine that he had chased Science from the field never to return. Were he alive to-day he might see in our scientific conceptions of the Creation — particularly in biological evolution, so little understood — the same values which he saw in poetry at its best. The facts behind both are the same. The intelligence of our day may concern itself with the poetic task of discovering and clearly stating the living values of science for personal ends which are truly cultural.

Too many scientists are so much occupied with telling their beads that they cannot see these values, and others seem to hold a brief for making

this world as hopeless and meaningless as possible. They are afraid of the personal equation, but the whole significance of the Cosmos is in the personality of the one who has the mental curiosity to ask the significance of the world in which he lives. Let him interpret himself — and answer his own questions. Where else has Nature a spokesman? Any return to mythological interpretations of creation are now impossible. To suggest the return to them is idle.

F. O. EGGLESTON

A friend of the *Atlantic* was moved by Signor Nitti's recent paper on the 'Probabilities of War in Europe' to write to the distinguished Italian statesman, from whom he received the following reply: —

DEAR MR. FOX, —

I do not believe that the Kellogg Pact can prevent wars, but it is none the less very useful in that it puts any nation with bellicose intentions in a very difficult position.

As for the monetary stabilization in Europe, I do not believe that it is due to the lack of gold, but merely to the disequilibrium between production and consumption. Europe is almost as extensive as the United States of America, but it is divided into thirty-five countries, and any exchange between them is very difficult. Thus the vast resources of the Old Continent are in part not utilized. The greatest source of harm at the moment lies in the existence of the brutal and sanguinary dictatorships, such as exist in Italy and Russia. Bolshevism and Fascism are the shame of our European civilization.

My eldest son is now in America, making a speaking and lecture tour chiefly confined to universities, where he is explaining the Fascist situation in Italy.

With best wishes, I remain

NITTI

Former Prime Minister of Italy

Yes, we have no potato bugs.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I saw were you print essays in your magazine, so I thought I would write and ask if you print essays on muskrats, flies, potato beetle, digestion, and things like that. I had some essays here I would like to sell so I thought I would find out before sending any. Would you kindly tell me whether you do or not.

Yours truly,

G. W.



[illegible]

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Vol. 142

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July-Dec. 1928
Vol. 142 73786

